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We are glad to note since our last issue that a marked change is taking place in the attitude of the country on the Cuban question. We could not believe that the wild talk of the sensational newspapers and the wilder talk of the sensational senators voiced the opinion of the country. The Senate of the United States, instead of being a more conservative body than the House, is gradually coming to be looked upon as a cave of the winds. The sages who occupy the curule chairs of the United States Senate have been having their official

action upon the gabble of reckless newspapers. The Senate of the United States is gradually incurring the contempt of the people of the United States.

When the Cameron resolution recognizing Cuba was laid before the Senate last week, and was received with shouts of approval by the sensational dailies of the country, the Argonaut did not hesitate to express its unqualified condemnation of that measure, and to say that the people of the United States would disapprove of it. Already our words are being verified. Aside from the ignorant rabble, the foreign riffraff, and the nickel-hunting newspapers, there has been no popular support extended to the senators who wished to hully Spain into war. They have felt the change; like weather-cocks they are veering; already the signs point to the defeat of the Cameron resolution.

It is true that such senators as Morgan of Alabama, Mills of Texas, and Call of Florida, are still engaged in "denouncing" President Cleveland and Secretary Olney for their "arrogance" and for "dictating to the American people." We beg to point out to these windy gentlemen that the American Senate is not the American people. The Senate does not represent the American people, and never will until it is elected by popular vote of the American people. The Senate is more remote from the people than is the executive—two years further off. Under the operations of our organic law, it is possible for a senator to remain in office for years after he has ceased to represent the views of his constituency. But, fortunately for the country, several of the most noisy of these demagogic senators are nearing the ends of their terms. Call, of Florida, is one. Let us hope that he may, at its end, be relegated to private life.

In addition to the senators we have just mentioned, Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, controverts the position of President Cleveland and Secretary Olney. Concerning the constitutional powers of the President, Senator Chandler says: "He is to receive foreign ministers; yes, but only ministers from countries which Congress chooses to have recognized. If two governments are striving for control of a country, Congress may decide by law which government the United States will recognize."

By what law, we ask Senator Chandler? There is in the United States no law higher than the constitution. The only way in which a foreign government can be recognized under that law is by the President. Mr. Cleveland is entirely within constitutional limits in declaring that he alone may recognize foreign governments, and that Congress has no way of coercing him.

Numbers of constitutional lawyers have been interrogated upon this question. Naturally they have given different opinions. But the opinions of those having the greatest weight are in favor of the position taken by President Cleveland. Judge Cooley, of Michigan, who is recognized as an authority on constitutional law, says:

"The power to recognize belligerency and the lawfulness of action in defense of a government alleged to be *de facto* must devolve upon the executive power of the country, which can recognize no belligerent government until the fact is made clearly known to it that there is in existence a government maintaining itself and enforcing its authority against any other."

"But the President's power is not complete and final. The sovereign legislative power must provide for final intercourse and pass laws for the purpose—laws which the President would be impeachable if he should not join in executing."

The first sentence in Judge Cooley's opinion sustains Secretary Olney's view. The second sentence goes outside of the question. It is not denied that, when the President recognizes a government, subsequent legislation is necessary to make treaties, to bring about commercial intercourse, and to arrange the thousand and one things which result from recognition of a government. But, *ab initio*, recognition must be by the President. There is absolutely no way under the constitution by which Congress can recognize, except through the President. The attempt of Congress to force the executive to recognize a government is a usurpation of the powers of a co-ordinate branch of the government.

Senator Edwards—for many years United States Senator from Vermont—is also looked upon as a constitutional lawyer whose opinion carries with it great weight. He says on this disputed matter:

"The passage of the Cameron resolution would be so destructive to all the productive and business interests of this country, as well as so

contrary to the just principles that regulate intercourse among nations, that I can not suppose Congress will, after deliberation, take such a step."

"The right of Congress in its legislative character to declare war is expressly given by the constitution, but the power to make peace and preserve it is given by the constitution to the President, acting, in most cases, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. To say the least, therefore, the right of Congress to recognize the establishment of a new state in the family of nations against the judgment of the executive branch is extremely doubtful, and to do so would, under existing circumstances; necessarily produce evils the extent of which can hardly be estimated."

"Should the President veto the resolution, and it be passed over the veto, it would be a declaration of Congress which, perhaps, would have the same effect as if the President had signed it, if he as the executive should deem it had the lawful effect. But if the President should be of the opinion that the recognition of a new power was a purely executive function and refuse to carry out the instructions of Congress, there would be nothing left for Congress but either to submit or to impeach him for high crime and misdemeanor in refusing to do what they regard as a valid law. But I have no idea the resolution will pass."

Representative Dingley, of Maine, a congressman whose views are held in marked respect by the members of the House, says of the Cameron resolution:

"I have always believed that it was the best policy for Congress to leave diplomatic matters to the proper department of the government. When the legislative branch of the government attempts to interfere with the diplomatic, there are likely to be serious errors committed."

Representative Henderson, of Iowa, uttered these terse and pregnant words:

"As a citizen of a republic, my sympathies are strongly with the Cuban insurgents. As an official of this republic, I am in favor of attending strictly to our own business."

Representative Quigg, of New York, member of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House, said:

"If it requires the President's signature to change the name of a prairie post-office, it certainly ought not to be possible, without his signature, to change the status of nations. The Cameron resolution will not get past the House committee, in my opinion. The Cuban question must await the judgment of President McKinley. We are not going to start his administration with a war, at least until he has a chance to say whether in his judgment a war is what the people want."

Senator Hale, of Maine, said:

"Secretary of State Olney is clearly right. The resolution would be usurpation on the part of Congress of executive functions. Recognition rests with the executive."

But these opinions are merely those of individuals. The highest law we have is the constitution, that organic law on which President Cleveland and Secretary Olney now repose their case. The highest tribunal in the land has construed that organic law in a way which squarely upholds the views of Mr. Cleveland. In the case of the United States *versus* Palmer *et al.*, on appeal from the courts of Massachusetts, the decision was written by Chief-Justice Marshall. The court said:

"Of the existing relations of the United States as to foreign states, their colonies and dependencies, and whether any colony, district, or people has assumed the exercise of a sovereign and independent power, the courts of the United States are bound judicially to take notice by some public proclamation or other public act of the executive of the United States directly containing or announcing such acknowledgment."

The italics are ours. In another case, Williams *versus* The Suffolk Insurance Company, 13 Peters, 415, the United States Supreme Court said:

"Can there be any doubt that when the executive branch of the government, which is charged with our foreign relations, shall, in its correspondence with a foreign nation, assume a fact in regard to the sovereignty of any island or country, it is conclusive on the judicial department? And in this view it is not material to inquire, nor is it the purpose of the court to determine, whether the executive be right or wrong. It is enough to know that in the exercise of his constitutional functions he has decided the question. Having done this under the responsibilities which belong to him, it is obligatory on the people and government of the Union."

The same case was decided at circuit by Mr. Justice Story, one of the most profound commentators on the Constitution of the United States. In his decision, he said:

"It is very clear that it belongs exclusively to the executive department of our government to recognize any new governments which may arise in political revolutions in the world; and until such new governments are so recognized they can not be admitted by our courts of justice to have or to exercise the common rights and prerogatives of sovereignty."

Senator Morgan, Senator Mills, and Senator Call have cited a long string of precedents concerning the intervention of European powers in the affairs of other nations. These precedents were unnecessary. Any power can intervene in the affairs of any other nation if it has sufficient guns and men to back up its action. Nobody can prevent the United States from intervening in Cuba. The ques-

are discussing now is whether it ought to, and we think the people believe that it ought not.

As to the so-called precedents in the history of this country made by Morgan, Mills, and Call, they are utterly outside the issue. President Jackson, on December 21, 1836, sent a message to Congress concerning the recognition of Texas, in which he said:

"In the preamble to the resolution of the House of Representatives, it is distinctly intimated that the expediency of recognizing the independence of Texas should be left to the decision of Congress. On the ground of expediency, I am disposed to concur; and therefore do not consider it necessary to express any opinion as to the strict constitutional right of the executive, either apart from or in conjunction with the Senate, over the subject."

Again the italics are ours. It is quite evident from this quotation that President Jackson believed, as President Cleveland does, that he had the sole right to recognize the independence of a new government. But as he and Congress were of one mind, he allowed Congress to pass its resolution, and assented to it, reserving, however, his right to demur if he had chosen.

We began this article by noting the change in public opinion within the week. We are gratified to see that the largest commercial exchange in the world, the Chicago Board of Trade, has declared against the Cameron resolutions. That body met on December 23d, and in its resolution said:

"There being no evidence that a republican form of government or any other has been organized in Cuba, or that if such government exists it has a known habitat or any sea-port by which communication may be had with it; therefore,

"Resolved, That this board, while sympathizing to the fullest extent with any people striving for greater liberty, yet believe the time is inopportune for such recognition of the 'republic of Cuba' as is contemplated by the action of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, and respectfully but earnestly protests against the consummation of such proposed action by Congress. We are at peace with all the world, and justice and enlightened self-interest demand that we should so continue until our national honor may demand a different policy."

On the same day the Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce passed a resolution introduced by Captain F. H. Magdeburg, which ran thus: "We deprecate the action of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations in regard to Cuba, and trust that the same will not prevail." We notice in the Milwaukee papers that "Captain Magdeburg, the author of the resolutions, served with distinction in the Fourteenth Wisconsin Infantry in the Civil War, and knows something of the realities of war." We notice also in the Milwaukee papers that "Alderman Rudolph, whose voice is always for war, from a ward primary to a conflict with nations, says he could raise a regiment in his own ward to free Cuba if the opportunity was offered, but as he is a married man, he can not go himself." Despite the opposition of the war-like Alderman Rudolph, Captain Magdeburg's resolution was passed. Following the action of Chicago and Milwaukee, similar resolutions were passed by the boards of trade in St. Louis, Minneapolis, Kansas City, Boston, and Baltimore.

We recommend to the president of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce and the president of the San Francisco Board of Trade that they also hold meetings and pass resolutions condemning the action of the Senate in trying to drag the United States into a meddlesome and unnecessary war. It is possible that there may be in the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce men whose voice is still for war; but, if so, we think the war-cry will come from gentlemen who, like Alderman Rudolph, of Milwaukee, are married men, and can not go to the war themselves.

The Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, under the leadership of Chairman Dingley, is studying the question of preparing a new tariff law. Meetings of the committee are being held daily, and representatives of various industries affected by foreign competition are furnishing information as to the disastrous effects of the tariff law now in force. The Wilson tariff seemed to be aimed directly at the industries of this State, and, as would be expected, Californians have been prominent among those who have addressed the committee.

Under the McKinley tariff, the duty on wines was fifty cents a gallon, and, indeed, that had been the rate for twelve years. The Wilson bill reduced this rate to thirty cents, and the result has been a deluge of cheap European wines pouring into this country. The greater part of the native product is consumed by the poorer classes, and an increase in price would result in a greatly decreased sale. Appreciating this fact, the local producers feel that it is to their interest to keep prices down. But, at the same time, they are unable to compete with the cheap, adulterated wines of Europe. The lower duty under the Wilson tariff has so stimulated the industry of producing adulterated wines that the German Government has been compelled to institute an investigation looking to the suppression of the trade. A higher rate of duty would not affect the importation of the better grades of wines, but it would protect the consumer in this country from the cheap and worthless grades. Another product in which this State is interested is borax. The present duty of two

cents a pound not only affords no protection, but brings in a very small revenue, amounting, in 1895, to less than seven thousand dollars. The representative of the industry from this city advocated a duty of three cents, which, he claimed, would afford ample protection, and, at the same time, yield an increased revenue.

The fruit industry has suffered severely from adverse tariff legislation. The fruit crop of this State is estimated at \$27,000,000 annually, and during the last four years prices have dropped fully one-third. This represents a yearly loss to the fruit-growers of nearly ten millions of dollars. The duty on foreign prunes was cut from two cents to one cent. A duty of two cents was just sufficient to enable the farmer of California to lay his prunes down in the Eastern market and compete with the European producers. The result has been an increase in the importation of foreign prunes, to the detriment of the farmers of this State. In 1892, the imports amounted to 10,869,797 pounds; in 1893, they were 26,214,112. The prices of other fruits have declined in the same manner. Apricots have dropped from 10 and 15 cents to 6 and 9 cents; peaches from 10 to 3 cents; prunes from 9 to 3 cents; pears from 11 to 5 cents. Canned fruits have also felt the effect of the Democratic tariff. The fall in apricots is from \$1.50 to \$1.00; in peaches, from \$1.75 to \$1.10; in pears, from \$1.75 to \$1.15.

It is not probable that any tariff bill prepared at the present time will become a law during this session of Congress, and it is well that it is so. In order to allow the necessary time for discussion and amendment in both houses, the bill would have to be prepared in a hasty and unsatisfactory manner. But it is practically certain that an extra session of Congress will be convened very shortly after the inauguration. The friends of protection will then be in control of both branches of Congress and of the executive department, and more concerted action may be looked for. The investigation now going on is in the nature of preliminary work, and when the extra session is called, there will be so much of the labor finished, and the new tariff law may be enacted so much the more rapidly.

An excellent move is that of the Chamber of Commerce, which has called for the assembling of a tariff convention to formulate the demands of California. It is not probable that the tariff laws will be again amended for many years, and it is wise to see that the needs of this State are properly recognized. The orange growers of Southern California have already arranged to send a delegation to Washington to look after their interests, and it is well for the residents of this part of the State to adopt a similar plan.

The enthusiasm with which the New York *World* and New York *Journal* have been engaged in raking the sewers for filth, and the way in which they have bespattered other people as well as themselves when waving their muck-rakes, has excited the stormy disapprobation of the East. Mr. Pulitzer had for a long time been publishing a rather shady journal, but until Mr. Hearst entered the field as a competitor, Mr. Pulitzer himself did not know to what depths he could descend. The garbage rivalry between the two papers has reached such a point that the muttering of disapproval from the people of New York has risen to a roar. Press, pulpit, and people have been denouncing the *World* and *Journal* in such good set terms that it is having its effect. Both of them are toning down—or rather toning up—their columns. We have even heard that a truce has been arranged between the two rival papers, and it has been agreed that each shall leave alone the libidinous fields of naked women, ballet-girls kicking off men's hats, and bordel interiors, and that they will temporarily omit the morgue and the dissecting-room. A verbal arrangement has been made. But as it is impossible for a daily newspaper to keep any agreement—even the one which the Western Union exacts, forbidding them to print the President's message before it is delivered—we may therefore expect the agreement to be broken. A particularly filthy scandal coming to the ears of the crim. con. editor of the *World*, or a particularly nasty cancer case coming to the ears of the hospital editor of the *Journal*, will cause the agreement to be at once dissolved. But in the interim both papers are striving to be tolerably decent—with very indifferent success, we may remark.

The New York *Times* recently changed hands. Its new editor is Adolph Ochs, a successful newspaper proprietor of Chattanooga, Tenn. Realizing the fact that the sewer and morgue fields were fully occupied by the *World* and *Journal*, Editor Ochs determined to issue a clean paper for a change. Very much to the surprise of himself and of New York, he is making a success of it. A few weeks ago he announced that a prize of one hundred and fifty dollars would be offered for a motto for the *Times* which should indicate that it intended to print the news and all of the news that was clean. Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, the editor of the

Century, was selected as the judge to pass upon the successful epigram. During the past few weeks the *Times* has been printing the suggestions of its readers, and they have made from a column to a column and a half per day. It goes without saying that some were vealy and many were amateurish. But none the less the sentiment was sound if the rhetoric was not always. There were many thousands of postal-cards sent in, and from the comments which accompany them it is very evident that most of the writers were not so much in quest of the prize as they were at one with the *Times* in its attempt to purify the newspaper business. We give a few of the suggested mottoes merely to show the public's idea:

"Truth, purity, and justice."	"News for the million, scandal for none."
"Wide awake, educational, moral."	"All the news, but nothing noxious."
"Clean, concise, correct, comprehensive."	"Correct and clean news."
"All the news that's fit to be read."	"News for decent people."
"Cultivated, careful, clean."	"All the news that decent people want."
"Clean, correct, complete."	"A mirror of news, not a pool of crime."
"Comprehensive, cultivated, clean."	"All the decent news of the day."
"Truth without sensation."	"No lies, no filth, only news."
"News without indecency."	"The cleanest and latest news."
"Sound in views, clean in news."	"All the news worth knowing."
"Reliable news, common sense."	"All the best news—no trash."
"News that's worth knowing."	"Decent news for decent people."
"All the news fit to use."	"All the news that's true."
"Current, correct, and interesting news."	"Clean, clear, crisp news."
"Only the news that's fit to read."	"The people want clean facts."
"Conscientious, clean, and concise."	"All the news undefiled."
"The people want clean facts."	"Free from filth, full of news."
"All the news that's worth the telling."	"All the news that's fit to print."
"News devoid of falsehood."	

Out of this mass of matter, Mr. Gilder agreed with the *Times* editors in selecting—as being the most effective for use—the motto "All the news that's fit to print." Mr. Gilder also approved of the following mottoes: "Always decent, never dull," "The news of the day, not the rubbish," "A decent newspaper for decent people."

As we have said, it is a most encouraging feature of the life of the enormous city of New York that a paper which is trying to give only clean news should be making a success of it, and that while the two journalistic scavengers are doubtless largely extending their circulation among the rabble and riffraff of New York, they are earning only the contempt of the decent people of that city.

While we do not believe that President-elect McKinley has yet decided on a single member of his Cabinet, the indefatigable newspapers continue to make Cabinets for him. While this is only newspaper gossip, and therefore of no very great value, it may prove not uninteresting to California readers to see what are the speculations of Eastern newspapers concerning California's chances for Cabinet recognition. The utterances of the newspapers here are so entangled with personal and political affiliations that it is impossible to read them with any degree of confidence. The vaticinations of the Eastern papers may have no more solid basis than those of the California journals, but they at all events are free from interested motives.

We may remark that since last week a new name has been added to California's list. It is that of Colonel Otis, of Los Angeles. The list as at present composed runs as follows: Colonel Harrison Gray Otis, of Los Angeles, editor of the Los Angeles *Times*; Horace Davis, ex-president of the State University; Charles N. Felton, ex-United States Senator; Judge James A. Waymire, of Alameda; Elwood Cooper, of Santa Barbara; Judge J. J. de Haven, of San Francisco; Judge Joseph McKenna, of San Francisco; George C. Perkins, United States Senator from California; and M. H. de Young, of the San Francisco *Chronicle*.

We remarked last week that this list of names could be reduced by an obvious process of elimination; that Judge McKenna would probably decline a Cabinet position if President-elect McKinley offered it to him; that the salary of a Cabinet position is very little more than the salary now received by Judge McKenna on the Federal bench; that if he accepted a Cabinet position, he would be obliged to take up his residence in the expensive city of Washington, and would necessarily, as a Cabinet officer, be forced to do a certain amount of entertaining; that he would be sure of only four years of a Cabinet position, while his present post is for life. We are strongly inclined to believe that Judge McKenna would not accept a Cabinet position if one were offered to him.

As for Senator Perkins, he has declared that if he is re-elected senator, he would not accept a Cabinet position, and that he is sure to be re-elected senator. That strikes him from the list.

While Mr. de Young is evidently still a candidate, we do not believe that there is a ghost of a chance for his appointment. Mr. de Young, however, has not lost hope. It will be remembered that at the celebrated caucus of the California congressional delegation, Representative Loud withdrew

Mr. de Young's name as a candidate for indorsement, saying that he had Mr. de Young's authority for doing so. This was followed by the selection of Horace Davis as the choice of the delegation. In the New York *Herald* of December 18th, there appeared a cablegram from Mr. de Young, dated Paris, in reply to one asking about Representative Loud's action. Mr. de Young's cablegram ran as follows: "Loud's interference unauthorized and malicious. Please correct the statement." The *Herald* sent a correspondent to interview Representative Loud in regard to the cablegram, and Representative Loud replied that he "had nothing to say." The *Herald* says that Representative Loud in the caucus announced that De Young had told him that "he did not desire his name to be considered for a Cabinet post, and would not accept one if it was offered him." "On the strength of this statement," continues the *Herald*, "at least two members of the delegation withdrew their support from Mr. de Young." If these statements of the *Herald* be true, Mr. de Young certainly has reason to be incensed at Loud's unauthorized withdrawal of his name. But he has lost nothing by it, for we repeat with the utmost emphasis that he will not receive an offer to enter McKinley's Cabinet. McKinley requires that any one to whom he offers such a position shall receive the practically unanimous indorsement of California. This Mr. de Young will not receive. California has made up its mind not to oppose any candidate—with the exception of Mr. de Young. If he were to be selected, many, if not most Californians, would oppose him with the utmost bitterness, even at the risk of losing a Cabinet position for California. Further than that, as we have already said, Mr. de Young is not *persona grata* with the incoming McKinley administration. His newspaper gave but half-hearted support to the Republican party in the opening of the campaign in California, owing to its strong free-silver ideas. Although his name crops up in the Eastern papers amid Cabinet possibilities for California, it does not crop up in the Pacific Coast papers. Mr. de Young will not be chosen.

Another sequel to the famous caucus of the California congressional delegation has come to light. Senator Perkins is accused by the friends of Judge Waymire of having pledged his support to the Alameda statesman and then to have "gone back on him" in the caucus. It is said that Perkins spoke most handsomely of Waymire, and then voted for somebody else. In fact, there was but one vote cast for Waymire in the caucus, and that was not by Perkins. It seems that Perkins "spoke handsomely" of every candidate before the caucus; with the usual fate of such benevolent statesmen, however, he has apparently incurred the enmity of them all. Waymire is his most active enemy at present. In political circles it was considered agreed that Waymire would look out for Perkins's interests in the legislature, while Perkins was to look out for Waymire's interests as a potential Cabinet appointee. Rumor says that Waymire is out for Perkins with a large knife, and that he is determined to defeat his reflection to the Senate. Waymire's position as a member of the incoming legislature makes him dangerous. The convention which nominated Waymire for the assembly adopted a resolution indorsing Perkins, but Waymire was not personally pledged for Perkins, and does not consider himself bound. Waymire refuses to be interviewed, and contents himself with saying: "I will support Perkins until such time as the interests of the Republican party demand that I give my vote to another candidate."

Perkins's friends have claimed that he has an assured majority on joint ballot of the legislature. But his opponents claim that two-thirds of his supporters are pledged to him for one ballot only, and they also claim that they will succeed in "holding out" seventeen Republicans, which will insure the defeat of Perkins. If he be defeated, it will infallibly be the result of the ill-starred California congressional caucus in Washington.

The choice of that caucus does not seem to have made much impression on Major McKinley or his advisers. While Horace Davis is a man of high character and unquestioned ability, he either is not sufficiently well known to President-elect McKinley, or the President-elect has some other man in view for California. In the Eastern papers Davis's name is never mentioned in the gossip concerning California in the Cabinet. In fact, the name which most frequently crops up in those articles is that of Judge Waymire.

There is, however, a dark horse in the race. Within the last week the name of Colonel Harrison Gray Otis, of California, is assuming more and more prominence in the Eastern papers. Colonel Otis was in Canton on December 21st, and had a long conference with President-elect McKinley. It may be premised by saying that Colonel Otis served in McKinley's regiment during the war; that they are old comrades in arms; that he is an "original McKinley man" if there is one in the country; that he has advocated the claims of McKinley to the Presidential chair before three conventions, while as much as a year and a half before last July's convention he had "picked the winner." He was inter-

viewed in Chicago on December 22d by the *Times-Herald*, a semi-official McKinley organ. Colonel Otis spoke at length concerning the California campaign. He said:

"The attitude of the Republican party in California was unfortunate from the outset. The State convention in May declared unanimously for free silver at sixteen to one. When the national convention was held, the California Republicans had to reverse their policy and practically turn themselves inside out. The turmoil that this raised inside the party was frightful. To make matters worse, we had a Populist and Democratic majority of forty-one thousand to fight. The San Francisco daily papers were practically all for free silver. After the St. Louis convention, the *Chronicle* held its peace on the monetary question, but made a good fight on the protection issue. Mr. de Young, however, will not be offered a Cabinet position. We won the fight in California, but we surprised ourselves in doing it."

This is a fair and concise statement of the conditions here during the campaign. If California Republicans think that McKinley is not well posted on the ins and outs of the campaign here, or if they think that he does not know who were his friends and who were those worse than open enemies, half-hearted friends, they are very much mistaken. Colonel Otis was in correspondence with Chairman Hanna throughout the campaign, and is very near both to the President-elect and his most trusted friend. We have no means of knowing whether Colonel Otis desires to fill a place in the Cabinet. But we are quite certain that if he does so desire, such a position would be tendered him.

We note by the cablegrams that at Constantinople on December 28th, the ambassadors of Great Britain, Russia, France, Italy, Germany, and Austria had an audience with Sultan Abdul Hamid, in

which the representatives of the great powers warned the Sultan that if the affairs of the Turkish Empire were not better administered, "European control of the finances of the Sublime Porte would become inevitable." Such was the gravity of the session that De Nelidoff, the Russian ambassador, deemed it necessary to assure the Sultan that in case of war the Czar would guarantee his personal safety. Despite this concurrence of the representatives of the great powers and the imminence of war, the Sultan remained sullen, and refused to consent to any surrender of his powers, financial or otherwise.

It was on the seventh of December that a concert was reached between the great powers. Russia, France, and Great Britain had already agreed. There then remained the necessity of acquiring the consent of the other three powers signatory to the Berlin convention. Italy and Germany first agreed, but Austria hesitated long, and it was not until the emergency cabinet council was held in London on December 7th, that the Austrian ambassador notified Lord Salisbury of the hesitating assent of his government to the European concert, which means that the Russian, French, and British fleets will force the Dardanelles if necessary to carry out the behests of the powers. If Abdul Hamid fails to yield within not many days, the Russian Black Sea fleet and the British and French Mediterranean fleets will be mobilized in contiguity to the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles to enforce Europe's demand for reforms.

Inasmuch as the representatives of the great powers have taken this grave step only after an infinitude of pourparlers in order to bring about concert of action, it is evident that they will not stop at empty words. They will probably force the Sultan to accede to their demands. But Abdul Hamid is desperate, and it is equally evident that he will not accede without a struggle.

Here is a striking object-lesson for the United States Senate. Turkey is a crippled power. The Sultan possesses an obsolete navy and controls an unpaid army. There is no money in his treasury, and Turkey's securities have been repudiated until Turkish credit is a stench in the nostrils of the financial world. Creditors of all kinds, even tradesmen, clamor at the Sublime Porte for the payment of bills for even household necessities. Even in this desperate strait the Sultan defies the great powers of Europe, and it is evident, such is his doggedness, that Turkey will fight. Yet the Senate of the United States seems to think that Spain, a country not nearly so badly off financially as is Turkey, will at once accede to the demands of the United States through terror of war. If Turkey will not yield to six great powers, why should Spain yield to one?

A cable dispatch from Caracas, Venezuela, dated December 20th, from the New York *Herald's* correspondent, said:

"Minister Andrade and Mr. Storrow, counsel for the Venezuelan Government, sailed for New York to-day. President Crespo notified the minister and the counsellor that he trusted in their good offices to secure slight modifications in the proposed Anglo-Venezuelan treaty for the settlement of the Guiana boundary question. He thought the Venezuelan government was entitled to one representative upon the projected arbitration tribunal. That much the Venezuelan people demanded, and they were, President Crespo said, upheld by the government in that respect."

A dispatch from New York, dated December 26th, says that Minister Andrade and Counsellor Storrow had arrived that day. A special dispatch to the *Chronicle* reports Coun-

sellor Storrow as saying: "The treaty is satisfactory to the Venezuelans. A couple of correspondents attacked the treaty in the papers, but 'they went off half-cocked.' The people are well satisfied with the treaty, and consider it is about the best arrangement that could be made." From this statement it would seem as if the instructions delivered by President Crespo when his emissaries sailed experienced a strange sea change on the way from Caracas to New York. We are more inclined to believe the Caracas dispatch than the New York one. We still think that the Venezuelan people will insist upon a representative on the arbitration tribunal.

A matter of interest in this connection is the fact that the Brazilian Government, it is rumored in Rio Janeiro, claims that it has documents proving that the territory in dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela is properly within the domain of Brazil. It is also said in the semi-official Brazilian journals that "when the dispute between Venezuela and Great Britain is settled, Brazil will formally present her title to the territory, and expects to triumph over all claimants." This rather complicates the Venezuelan matter. Suppose the United States should force Great Britain to relinquish her claims to the disputed territory because she is a European power. Suppose that Brazil should then claim with force of arms the disputed territory from Venezuela. Brazil was a European power the day before yesterday, and as a republic has scarcely shaken off her shell. Would the United States intervene to protect Venezuela against Brazil? And if not, why not?

With this number, as its readers may observe, the *Argonaut* appears in a "new dress" of type, from imprimator to colophon. It is the same "face" of type which this journal has affected for so many years.

Not long ago, we looked into the "linotype" question. We found that it was feasible to turn out the *Argonaut* on "linotype" machines at a greatly reduced cost. But the "type faces" of the Linotype Company are not such as we desire; they are round, expressionless, heavy faces, suited, perhaps, for the slovenly work of daily journalism, but painful to the eyes of those used to chaste typography. We have noted with regret one monthly periodical after another pass into the "linotype's" maws. The *Forum* went not long ago, *Current Literature* followed, and now we see that the once handsome *Medical Bulletin* has lost shame, and become cheap.

There can be no question as to the greater cheapness of the "linotype," but cheapness is not everything in this world. The San Francisco *Chronicle* used to be the handsomest daily newspaper printed in the United States. Now it is one of the poorest—or rather it is like all the others, for they are all alike, and all bad. There is no individuality to the paper that uses the "linotype."

So, while it costs more, the *Argonaut* has determined to adhere to its more elegant typography, and pass the cheaper linotypes by. With this number, therefore, we put on a new dress of the fashion that we have worn so long—the beautiful and artistic Elzevirian type-faces which modern skill has never bettered since they were first cut by those cunning Dutch type-founders, the Elzevirs, three hundred years ago.

Does it not seem as if the dailies had given us enough of "La Loie Fuller"? For several weeks now we have been stuffed with Loie Fuller *ad nauseam*. From two to four columns per day seems to us a trifle too much. Miss Fuller's adventures, Miss Fuller's rejection of princes, dukes, earls, and things, Miss Fuller's designs for her "dances," Miss Fuller's calcium lights, Miss Fuller's mamma, Miss Fuller's domestic pets, Miss Fuller's love-affairs, Miss Fuller's headaches, Miss Fuller's engagements of marriage, Miss Fuller's managerial squabbles, Miss Fuller's wealthy suitors who beset her, Miss Fuller's performances for charity, Miss Fuller's tears, and Miss Fuller's tights—these have occupied the dailies for some weeks, to the exclusion of more valuable matter about air-ships, snakes, monsters, miracles, murders, and suicides. What is the reason of this? Were Miss Fuller possessed of all the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind, she could not pay the dailies for this valuable space, rated at their price per line. Can it be purely out of love and affection for Miss Fuller that the press hath done this? Yet, if so, they should have feelings of compassion for their readers, and let up. Give us a rest on Miss Fuller! Something too much of this.

In last week's *Argonaut*, there appeared on the first page the phrase: "The Democratic party has always inclined toward protection, annexation, and foreign wars." The cized word should have been printed "protectorates." The error was so obvious that without doubt it was apparent to the reader.

AN AMERICAN HEIRESS.

The Unexpected Outcome of a Match-Making Campaign in Paris.

Toward the end of last May, as we were getting up from table, my wife and I—also Mme. de Channeville, my mother-in-law, who dines with us once a week—we received a letter from America.

"It's news from Henri!" cried my wife, ripping the envelope open with a hair-pin.

Henri is my mother-in-law's nephew, who married a Philadelphia heiress on condition that he never leave America.

While my wife poured the coffee, I read the letter:

"Enid is going to Europe by the next steamer to see the Bayreuth performances. She travels with friends as far as Paris, where she intends to stay a month. Will you meet her at the Saint-Lazare depot, and take her to a hotel and secure an apartment for her? If you will do that, she will give you no further trouble, for my American sister-in-law is used to looking out for herself, and she makes friends wherever she goes. When you go to the depot, have a New York Herald in your hand, so that she may know you," etc., etc.

Miss Enid Walton, Henri's sister-in-law, as his letters had informed us, was twenty-five years old, not exactly pretty, but very agreeable, and she adored dancing, flirtation, and all the appurtenances of her state as an American girl.

The next day, as we were finishing our luncheon, Mme. de Channeville appeared again, which was contrary to the adopted *modus vivendi*; it had been agreed that she should dine with us every Sunday, when her cook took her day out.

"I haven't closed my eyes the whole night," my mother-in-law declared, as she sank into a chair. "Ever since last night I have been thinking of Maurice—and Miss Walton."

Maurice de Channeville is held up on every occasion by his mother as a model son and officer of artillery. The truth is that he has never attempted to oppose the respectable but autocratic personage who brought him into the world. He was a model pupil at school and at the Polytechnic, and he will be a model husband when the competent authority shall have found him a wife. He drinks neither coffee nor wine, and he detests tobacco.

"If I grasp your meaning," I replied, "you are thinking of having Miss Walton and her millions join the cavalry."

"Why not?" retorted my mother-in-law, removing her gloves, and she and my wife fell to planning the campaign. The chief point was to confiscate Enid, so to speak, immediately on her arrival, for Paris is full of voracious bachelors ready to fall upon a newly arrived heiress.

That very day I was sent off to secure an apartment at the Washington, a hotel near our home, where we should have the young woman constantly under our eyes. As Miss Walton was to pay the bills, I did not haggle over the price. The next day my mother-in-law and my wife went to look at the rooms, accompanied by the Marquis de la Pérade.

I shall insert a parenthesis here to say that Fernand de la Pérade is my pet abomination. He is a bachelor who owns up to thirty-five summers, though he is entitled to many more. At any rate, he was the running mate of my late father-in-law, who amused himself royally till the end of his days. Under the pretense that he had ruined himself for M. de Channeville, while he simply ruined himself with him, only more completely, Fernand has won my mother-in-law's confidence, and she does nothing without consulting him. He is not a bankrupt in the legal sense. He has never denied a single one of his debts. Two things in him excite my admiration without winning my sympathy: I do not know a better-dressed or more amusing man in Paris.

He announces everywhere that he will die a bachelor, which no one doubts, and to this reputation he owes the fact that he could be seen with the same woman twenty days running, and no one would think anything of it. By good luck, he gets thinner as he grows older, and he still looks like a young man. He rides, skates, dances, plays tennis, recites, and organizes bazaars and amateur theatricals.

La Pérade did me the honor to approve the choice I had made, but he turned the apartment destined for Miss Walton upside down, rearranging the furniture and covering the tables with vases of all shapes, in which, on the morning of Enid's arrival, a garden of roses bloomed—at my expense.

When the express rumbled into the Saint-Lazare depot, we were there, my wife and I, bristling with New York Herald's as if we had them for sale. A tall young woman, not pretty but graceful and well set up, came to us without the least hesitation, held out her hand, and asked how we were in the purest French. Then she announced herself ready to follow us, directing her maid to look after the luggage. But the maid did not understand the language of Racine.

"How provoking!" exclaimed the American girl.

All at once a providential personage bore down upon us like a cloud. To shake hands with me as if the meeting were by the merest chance, to bow to my wife, to ask what brought us there, and to be presented to Miss Walton—all this was the work of two minutes for La Pérade. And he could speak English!

"I was looking for a friend who has doubtless missed the train," he said, as soon as he was informed of the difficulty. "Allow me to help your maid, Miss Walton. What hotel are you stopping at?" and, while the ladies started on, this knowing individual whispered in my ear: "Madame de Channeville gave me the tip. My word, but she's going to have a stunning daughter-in-law!"

It was agreed that Miss Walton should dine with my wife and me. But she seemed so touched by the marquis's kindness, so anxious to thank him more cordially, that we had to telegraph to La Pérade to make a fourth at table. I must confess that, thanks to him, the new arrival laughed from one end of the evening to the other. And justice compels me to say that the parasite showed himself a skillful diplomat. He sang the praises of my mother-in-law in the most luscious way in the world. He related touching stories of Maurice's childhood and youth—whom he had known since his birth, he said. A French school-girl would have dreamed

of the handsome young soldier all night. But Enid was not French, neither was she a school-girl.

I soon felt the deplorable effects of the Washington Hotel's proximity. When Enid was not at our house, she was going about with my wife, who, in the interest of Maurice's future, had become her inseparable companion.

Personally, I had nothing to complain of. Fernand de la Pérade was regularly charged with escort duty. I can not imagine how that man contrived to have his pockets always filled with tickets for the theatres, exhibitions, and all the places generally considered interesting. The American girl dined at our house on the slightest pretext, and, as my wife said, it wouldn't do to offer stew and vegetables to an heiress accustomed to the luxury of the land of dollars, especially when it was a matter of having the heiress in question become a member of the family.

The presentation took place. Maurice de Channeville happened to drop in on us one evening at dinner-time. He was in full uniform—an idea of my mother-in-law's. But Miss Walton, with the frankness of a child, observed that the army, at any rate in the lower grades, did not count for much in her country. If she had been capable of intimidation, this tall, self-contained, and cold young man would have frozen her, if only by the too respectful way in which he kissed the tips of her fingers. The conversation suddenly languished, and for the first time in my experience a quarter of an hour passed without Enid laughing. I saw her eyes fixed with stupefaction on the pure water in Maurice's glass. We drank only champagne in my house from one end of the meal to the other, according to the American fashion.

As we were leaving the table—my mother-in-law and the marquis were of the party, of course—apropos of I do not know what pleasantry on Enid's part, La Pérade and my brother-in-law handed their card-cases to the young American. On Maurice's were to be seen simply the initials, "M. C.," his family being an ancient and honorable one, but not noble. On the marquis's, on the other hand, was a coronet as big as a dinner-plate. Enid exclaimed on the elegance of this heraldic attribute, and on its happy effect on linen, for La Pérade immediately showed us his handkerchief. He contented himself with this, thank heaven! so far as linen goes; but we beheld defile before us successively his pocket-book, his watch, the crown of his hat, his cuff-buttons, and the head of his cane. At each new coronet, Miss Walton exclaimed with new admiration, while Mme. de Channeville's brows contracted more and more. For the first time, I saw—not without pleasure—my mother-in-law absolutely furious at her favorite. But Enid, noticing "the old lady's" stony look, thought she was at fault in having shown this plebeian enthusiasm.

"You must excuse me," she said, frankly. "I am not accustomed to coronets."

"The La Pérades are like you in that, Miss Walton," responded Mme. de Channeville in a disdainful tone. "That is why they use the ornament so lavishly."

The first La Pérade received his title, and even his name, in 1829, in the person of Fernand's grandfather, a detail that the ex-young man was quite willing to forget. He made no reply, having none to make; but I saw in his eyes that he would not soon forgive this wound to his vanity.

From that time on we saw much less of the man with the coronets, though there was no open rupture. As to Miss Walton, she began to know her way about, and no longer troubled my wife to accompany her.

June soon came, and my brother-in-law, who was really hard hit, profited by his leave of absence to complete the conquest of the fair American. Mme. de Channeville was not ill-content, but I was by no means of her mind regarding Maurice's progress. That he was a model lover for a French girl of Musset's day there could be no doubt. But it remained to be seen if he was the model that would win a young American. When I expressed my fears to Mme. de Channeville, she complained that Maurice lacked only an opportunity.

"I don't think so," I replied. "What do you want? Must I get up a boating-party and have Miss Walton knocked overboard and brought to shore, fainting, in the arms of your son?"

My mother-in-law detests my ironies, and, as a general thing, retires trumpeting indignantly at the first dose. But this time she answered me with tranquil mildness.

"Perhaps you would do better to get up a little dance to amuse the girl. She has often told you that she adores dancing, and you know few men can waltz so well as Maurice. That is what you would do if you had your brother-in-law's interests really at heart. But—" a sigh, a significant nod of the head, her eyes raised to heaven, completed the sentence. I could see I was being accused of all manner of selfishness.

"Very well, madame!" I replied, angrily, "you shall have your little dance. Otherwise we shall never hear the end of how I kept your son from marrying an American."

But this time Mme. de Channeville was insensible to irony. She had gained her point; she was going to have her little dance, and she could afford to laugh at me.

They carried deference to the extreme of consulting me as to the day. Then all seemed to sleep about me in a deceptive calm. I was roughly roused from it one morning by opening a big bundle of engraved invitations.

"What the deuce is this?" I exclaimed, with a sudden intuition of the truth.

Mme. de Channeville was present. She rushed into the breach, giving her daughter no time to reply.

"Why, have you forgotten? You are to give a party, and these are the invitations."

"In the first place," I said, preparing for the fray, "it was to be a little dance, not a party. If you send out engraved cards as if it were a ball, our friends will expect a hot supper, with a band of musicians and jeweled prizes for the cotillion."

"Heavens, what a man!" exclaimed my mother-in-law, with a mellifluous laugh. "Don't be frightened. A pianist and two instruments, two or three bowls of punch, and a few

bouquets no bigger than your hand for the ladies—that is all we ask. Isn't it, Antoinette?"

"That is all we ask," repeated my wife, like an echo. "Besides, dear, Miss Walton is going away the day after the party. She has just been here to tell us."

My wife was not mistaken in supposing that this news would soften my wrath. "Very good," I replied, preparing to leave the house. "But tell Maurice he had better succeed this time. He'll die an old maid if he expects me to dazzle another American for him."

At early morning on the great day, the whole house was upset. Carpets were torn up, floors were waxed, great vans brought loads of chairs and potted plants. It was more than a little dance, it was more than a party that I was to give; it was a grand ball!

It is never agreeable to a man to find himself overreached, especially by his mother-in-law. I got really angry, and, Mme. de Channeville not being there to face the music—she had looked to that!—I opened up on her daughter, who at my first words burst into tears. All I could do was to seize my hat and go off to my club to nurse my wrath. I lunched there and passed the entire day away from home, dining with a friend. Finally, as it was necessary to put on a good face before the world, I went home at half-past nine to dress.

A letter brought a few hours earlier was awaiting me. I read it, and all at once my bedroom echoed with the sounds of my joy, savage, infernal, probably hideous to see. Then, humming a merry air, I completed my toilet. At ten o'clock I strode up and down the hall, not with the philosophy of a host who awaits his guests, but with the cat-like tread of a tiger watching the brook where a deer is coming to drink. The deer was my mother-in-law.

She came at last, escorted by her son, the irresistible Maurice. With a smile that was little expected, judging by her astonishment, I offered my arm to Mme. de Channeville. We all three proceeded to the brilliantly lighted salon. My wife was already there, radiant in a new gown. I closed the doors after us, not wishing to be disturbed. Then, planted before the mantel, my eyes fixed on my mother-in-law's face, in which I could still read defiance, I delivered the following discourse:

"Madame, do you know why the peace and quiet of my life has been destroyed for six weeks past? Do you know why my table has become that of a Rothschild, why I have sown gold broadcast in the theatres and the fashionable restaurants? Above all, do you know why I am giving this 'little dance,' which is going to cost me four thousand francs if it costs me a centime? It is to prevent Miss Walton and her millions returning to America. Well, madame, you may rejoice! The thing is done! We have succeeded! The charming American is about to become an adorable Frenchwoman. We shall very soon have the pleasure of felicitating her. She has just written me this letter, which I beg to read you before the arrival of our guests imposes other duties on us:

"DEAR FRIEND: You have always been so kind to me, you and your family, that I wish to tell you, before any one else, of my engagement to the Marquis de la Pérade. Be good enough to tell your family. And we beg of you, my friend and I, not to tell any one else of it at present, so that we can announce it at your ball."

"Sincerely yours, ENID WALTON."

Poor Maurice had become so pale that I felt really sorry for him. As to my mother-in-law, she was crushed and speechless for the first time since I have had the pleasure of being her son-in-law. But presently the war-like light of the old days flamed in her eye. Her lips moved, she was about to speak, Heaven knows what I should have heard—but Fate was against her. Two cotton-gloved hands opened the doors, and a stentorian voice announced:

"Miss Walton! Monsieur the Marquis de la Pérade."—*Abridged for the Argonaut from the French of Léon de Tinsau by L. S. Vassault.*

France has a good wine crop this year. According to the report for 1896, just issued, it amounts to nearly 1,000,000,000 gallons, and in French measurement 44,656,000 hectoliters, which is an increase of 17,968,000 hectoliters over last year, and 14,139,000 over the average production of the last ten years. Algeria and Corsica will bring this year's total up to 49,000,000 hectoliters. The increase is very uniform throughout the country, seventy-nine out of the eighty-six departments making better returns than last year. This is due in large part to the systematic renewal of the vineyards, which have been practically replanted since the terrible ravages of the phylloxera, about twelve years ago. The total value of this year's crop is estimated at \$234,800,000 at the vineyard, of which \$17,200,000 is wine of a superior grade and \$217,600,000 is the ordinary grades of wine, mostly intended for home consumption. This is one of the greatest crops France has ever had, and the simple statement of the figures shows what a wealth to the nation its wine crop is.

There is one State in the Union which permits the death penalty to be inflicted by shooting. That State is Utah, the newest of all. A murderer named Patrick Coughlin was lawfully shot to death in Rich County, a fortnight ago, by a firing squad composed of six deputy-sheriffs. The law, which is derived from the previous Territorial legislation on the subject, allows the convict to choose whether he will be hanged or shot. The validity of the statute was questioned some years ago in the Supreme Court of the United States, but it was upheld.

Young Gerald du Maurier, who is now acting in New York, comes forward at this late day with the statement that his father pronounced the name of Svengali with the accent on the first syllable. This is in accordance with the usual method of pronouncing Slavic names.

The Automobile Club, of Paris, has secured fifteen automobiles for the use of members. They are to have a regular "stand" in the Place de l'Opéra, but only members of the club may hire them.

A WHITE MAGICIAN.

The Late Alexander Herrmann, Prince of Conjurors—The True Story of his Life—Tricks he Played on Strangers—Fortunes he Made and Spent.

The sudden death of Alexander Herrmann last week while on the road startled New York. This amiable professor of "white magic," successor to those who practiced the "black art" in ancient times, was a great favorite with the big village on the Hudson. His face and form were well known on upper Broadway, and he was a constant frequenter of Delmonico's and the Gilsey House. Therefore, much space has been given to him in the newspapers, and he has been remembered for nearly nine days, a long time in New York.

The papers have doubtless already given you detailed accounts of his life, and I will not weary you by repeating them. On the other hand, some of the amusing anecdotes told of him will not be without interest. But it may be well to say briefly of his life that most of the newspaper biographies of him have been incorrect. He is not a relative of the famous necromancer, called "Herrmann the Great," who amused Europe for so many years. Alexander Herrmann, who has just died, was the son of a German physician who had settled at Paris, and he was born there on February 10, 1844. Although a physician, his father was an amateur conjuror, and from him young Alexander learned many tricks and acquired a taste for "white magic." As his parents were German and his schooling French, he became fluent in both languages in childhood. His elder brother, Karl, and he ran away from home in 1854, when they were still in their teens, and began giving exhibitions in Russia. Afterward they made a tour of Europe, and the public became hopelessly confused as to who was the genuine Herrmann out of the three Herrmanns then conjuring. At last the original Herrmann encountered them in Spain in 1860, and in order to stifle competition he attached them to his company, and Alexander and he came to the United States in 1861. The latter died about ten or twelve years later, and then Alexander Herrmann assumed the name and title of his master, and billed himself as "Herrmann the Great." Thus, if not a blood descendant, he is the titular representative of the great Herrmann. But when he went to London in 1873, on a professional visit, he became involved in so much litigation on account of having "assumed" the name of his patron, that he never again visited England professionally.

In 1875 Herrmann was in Boston—where he was naturalized, by the way, in that year—and there fell in love with a pretty ballet-girl, Miss Adelaide Sersey. Miss Sersey was noted for her beauty of face and form, particularly of form. The enamored magician used his necromantic powers to such effect that he succeeded in conjuring the young lady's heart into his possession, and they were married in New York in 1875. With his talent for advertising, the happy groom succeeded in getting the mayor of New York to unite them in marriage. The ceremony was duly performed with crowds of newspaper reporters taking notes at the time, and while the mayor was forging the bonds of wedlock, the groom deftly picked his pocket of a roll of greenbacks, which he subsequently presented to his honor as a fee.

Such tricks as these Herrmann delighted in playing wherever he went. It is told of him that he once encountered Bill Nye while out on the road. They stopped at the same hotel, and sat at the same table. They were not acquainted, although each knew the other by sight. In the midst of dinner, one evening, Herrmann suddenly leaned over and, separating the leaves of some lettuce on a dish in front of Nye, exclaimed with astonishment. Nye leaned forward and saw a large and brilliant diamond-ring lying under the leaves. Herrmann expected to see Nye start back in surprise, but he was mistaken. Nye at once took the gem out and remarked, coolly, "It's all right. I leave these little things lying around for the waiter-girls. But perhaps I had better give it to her and be on the safe side," and calling a waiter-girl, he handed the ring to her, remarking, "Here's a little present for you, miss." Herrmann's countenance fell, and after dinner it took him a long time before he could succeed in getting the girl to give up the gem.

It was his delight to "run up against" professional gamblers, and paralyze them by his deftness with cards. All who have seen him on the stage and remember his marvelous adroitness, can readily understand how dazed the average "top-and-bottom" gambler would be at his lightning-like manipulation of the pasteboards. Once he was going from Memphis to New Orleans by boat, and was asked by some gamblers, who did not know him, to take a hand at poker. At first the stakes were light, but, as there was no limit, the game speedily became a heavy one. At last, when everybody had apparently got excited, one of the "crooks" dealt Herrmann four kings. Everybody came in, and there was a big stack of chips and money in the centre of the table. Herrmann, the "pigeon," of course, bet heavily. When the first crook showed down four queens, crook number two laid down four aces, expecting Herrmann to lay down his four kings. But, instead of that, Herrmann laid down five aces and claimed the pot.

The trunk trick, which Herrmann has been doing of late years, where he puts a girl in a trunk elevated on a platform, and then, on opening it, finds that the girl has disappeared, attracted much attention. During the last few months he has been giving a variation of this trick by means of a confederate. A man in the house would cry out, "You could not do that with my valise," and Herrmann at once accepts the challenge. A policeman attempts to arrest the disturber, but Herrmann bids him let the man come forward. A typical countryman with a gigantic valise clambers up on the stage. Herrmann places the valise on the platform, then the young lady gets into it, and when he opens it again, she has disappeared.

Another of his recent tricks was the one where he had six United States soldiers fire at him with regulation rifles,

after showing the cartridges to the audience and allowing them to mark the bullets. Herrmann used to catch the bullets on a plate and then pass them around, that the people might recognize their private marks. The trick was simple. The soldiers were confederates. Herrmann used to carry the cartridges in an ornamental case, which he passed around, and when the case was handed back to him he turned it over, opening a secret slide, took out six blank cartridges, which were given to the soldiers, and passed the case to an attendant at the wings. The genuine cartridges were at once put into a vise, heated, the shells taken off, and the warm bullets were handed to him when he went to the wings to get the plate.

Rumor says that Herrmann died penniless. I am inclined to think, however, that he has left some property in his wife's name. He has spent money like a millionaire, or rather like a prince, for our American millionaires do not spend money freely. He had a magnificent country place at Whitestone, on Long Island Sound, where he entertained lavishly. He had a fine steam-yacht, the *Fra Diavolo*, which was always in commission during the summer months, and aboard of her he was a princely host. He belonged to the New York Yacht Club, the Larchmont Yacht Club, the Atlantic Yacht Club, and others, and was a welcome guest at all of their gatherings. He always traveled in his own private car, and carried another private car—a "palace horse-car"—in which he transported five or six handsome horses. He was in the habit of driving four and sometimes six-in-hand in the cities in which he performed, partly for his own pleasure and partly, as he said, because it advertised him. Those who know say that his income, from his performances, averaged from \$85,000 to \$100,000 per year. His troupe included over twenty people, although rarely more than four or five were seen upon the stage. Yet, like most men, he was not satisfied with confining himself to his own business. He made money hand over fist in the conjuring trade, but he wasted it in experiments in theatrical management. He lost nearly \$100,000 in this city trying to manage the theatre for a time called Herrmann's Theatre, and now known as the Savoy. He built another theatre in Brooklyn, on which he lost \$50,000. He put a vaudeville troupe on the road, on which he lost money, and it involved him in litigation that lasted for five years.

He was most generous, and the last act of his life was to help a stranded theatrical company at Rochester to pay their railroad tickets back to New York. Although he had just failed to pass a medical examination for life insurance, he evidently did not expect death, as he was laying plans for a tour of the world in the spring. He is going to make a tour of the world, but not of this one. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, December 29, 1896.

The *Medical Record*, under the heading "The Sunday Penalty of Irregular Feeding," points out that in our progress from barbarism we have evolved a people with whom regularity in eating is absolutely necessary to good health. As a result of this artificial existence, the secretions are poured out and ready for action with the monotony of clockwork. If this custom is neglected, the violator not only suffers bodily discomfort, but an actual injury is done to the digestive apparatus, which has been so educated that it requires a definite amount of exercise and positive promptness in feeding that requirement. The stomach having poured out its secretions, as customary, waits only a short time before allowing them to be absorbed without the accompanying nutrition which goes to the formation of more secretions. After a few such experiences, the secretions become less in amount and activity, and indigestion ensues. Dyspeptics are ordered to eat at inflexibly regular intervals. Normal stomachs are by no means many, yet this rule, so imperative to sufferers, is regularly disregarded by the well. Once a week, the three regular daily meals are replaced by late rising and abstinence, followed by gluttony. The gastric juices know nothing of a seventh day of "rest," and the result is discomfort, stupidity, and loss of appetite on Monday.

The editor of the *Chicago Express*, a journal devoted to economic questions, has undertaken to direct a campaign for the reform of the banking system of America. His ideas are embodied in a petition to State legislatures. The plan is to secure legislation requiring all bankers to give heavy bonds, thereby insuring depositors against loss by failure. This will not embarrass sound banks, he says, and will protect them against unsound and "wild-cat" banking. Various schemes have been suggested and considered, government supervision, under certain safeguards, and government postal-banking being prominently advocated. A petition to which he is soliciting signatures recites the many evil results of bank failures—the millions lost to depositors; the disastrous panics and consequent distrust which takes money from circulation for hoarding, contracts the circulation, and results in high interest and business stagnation; and the increase of crime—and finally asks the legislature "to enact such law as will require that the banker give bond that people shall not lose the money which they deposit in banks."

Oom Paul is taking steps to prevent a repetition of the Uitlander rebellion of last spring. He has established a rigid system of passports, to go into effect January 1st, and will require all foreigners to swear to obey the laws of the republic. The passport must show that the foreigner has sufficient means of subsistence or can obtain such by his work. Failing to have this passport, proper letters of identification may be accepted.

Electricity can not be stolen in Germany, according to a decision of the superior court. A man who had tapped the current of an electric company to run his own motors was acquitted on the ground that only a material, movable object can be stolen, and the judgment has just been affirmed on appeal.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

News has come from England that Sandow, the strong man, is a father, and, moreover, that his baby, who is a boy, weighed eighteen pounds on the day of his birth.

Senator Hill was asked by a reporter to predict McKinley's future, a few days ago, and replied: "That I must decline to do. Although a United States Senator, strange as it may seem to be, I neither deal in sugar nor in futures."

The rumor that Chauncey M. Depew is to wed his ward, Miss Edith Collins, has finally been killed by the announcement of her engagement to Rechid Bey, Count Czaykowski. The latter is attached to the Turkish Embassy at Rome, and is probably a naturalized citizen of Turkey, but he comes of an old Polish family.

The so-called Italian countess, Emma Ugolini, her husband, and two other Italians, were arrested recently in London for stealing a valuable piece of Italian lace from the West End shop of Peter Robinson. Special interest was awakened in the case by its general resemblance to that of Mrs. Castle. Countess Ugolini, however, had no plea of kleptomania to offer and was found guilty, together with her husband and two accomplices.

The royal circle at Balmoral has become infected with the bicycle craze. Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of Emperor William, and Prince Christian Victor recently competed in a thirty-mile race for a prize given by the queen. The course was between Balmoral and Braemar Castle. Grooms were placed along the route with water and sponges to assuage the thirst and cool the heads and necks of the royal racers. Prince Henry was literally beaten out of sight, Prince Christian winning by a half hour.

To an Italian journalist who interviewed him, Jules Verne appeared like "a retired general or a professor of mathematics or a secretary of state." He does not show his nearly eighty years. His manners are simple and kindly and he is rather slow. Verne is still busy writing two romances a year, though he publishes only one. He goes to bed at nine, is up at four, and from that hour till noon he is at work. "I must work," he told his interviewer. "Work has become to me a vital function: If I do not work I do not feel as if I were living."

A sensation has been created in New York by the marriage of Miss Eleanor Maud Littlejohn to the Rev. William Parke Bird. Miss Littlejohn is the daughter of Bishop Littlejohn, of Long Island, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, which does not recognize divorce, and she is the divorced wife of the Hon. Almet F. Jenks, to whom she was married in 1878. She got a divorce from him in 1891, her father not only sanctioning the proceedings but going upon the stand to testify in her behalf. But when she wished to remarry, the bishop strongly objected, and it was only when she threatened to marry Mr. Bird without the parental consent that he reluctantly gave way. The ceremony was quietly performed, the bishop and Mrs. Littlejohn being the only witnesses.

The Czar's uncle, the Grand Duke Sergius, Governor-General of Moscow, is popularly regarded as responsible for the awful disaster on the Chodynski Plain on the occasion of the Czar's coronation. The other day he received through the registered mail an imposing looking envelope, bearing all the proper seals of the Imperial Chancery at St. Petersburg, fully stamped and addressed in proper official style, except that to the Grand Duke's usual titles was added that of Prince of Chodynski. Now the standing, although dangerous, joke in Moscow is to shout, whenever Grand Duke Sergius is within bearing, "Long live the new prince!" It is remarkable that the Czar has not removed Sergius from the governorship of Moscow, for he has converted a loyal province into a bappy hunting ground for seditious propagandists.

Mademoiselle Cecile Chaminade, who is now in London, undoubtedly occupies a foremost place among the women composers of the day. She is a brilliant pianist, but is known chiefly through her songs and pianoforte pieces. She began her career while not yet thirteen, composing simple religious music. She was "discovered" by Bizet, and has had for her masters Le Couppey, Savard, Marsic, and Goddard. She made her debut as a pianist in Paris, and it was her ballet, "Callirhoe," which first made her popular in France. Her best work is found in "Les Amazones," a dramatic symphony with a chorus, in "Concertstück," and in a little comic opera, "La Sevilane." When in the humor she often works eight hours a day, but some days she does nothing at all. She has traveled much professionally and will probably appear in this country in 1898. She lives at Le Vesinet, near St. Germain, the home of her childhood.

Jules Massenet, who, since the death of Gounod and Ambroise Thomas, holds the first place among French composers, has decided to come to America. Jules Massenet is best known to Americans through "Manon" and "La Navarraise." His versatility is shown in "Roi de Lahore," "Le Mage," and "Le Cid." In addition Massenet has written the cantatas "Eve, a Mystery," "Mary Magdalene," and "The Virgin." Massenet's forte is in the musical portrayal of passion, and the salient quality of his operatic works appears in his religious music, which is of the ecstatic kind. In addition to his work as a composer, he has a large class in composition at the Paris Conservatoire, and when a great singer is about to appear in one of his operas Massenet himself coaches her for the role. He devoted a whole summer to rehearsing the opera of "Manon" with Mme. Melba, going daily to her house in Paris, where he and her accompaniment and carefully taught her ex-

"IF I WERE A MAN."

What the School-Ma'am Would Have Done, and What She Did.

Like many other stock ranches, the O. K. maintained a wire fence inclosing many thousand acres of public lands. Congress had lately legislated against such appropriation, but this ranch was in the foot-hills and the government inspectors were slow about getting up there, and the fences were slow about coming down. One line of eight miles near a county road had been removed and set up again elsewhere; otherwise the pastures were kept up as before.

When the prairie-schooners of land-seekers began to come our way, then began trouble for the fences. Many settlers took claims inside the field, and contended for the right to range their small herds there. They often found their cows on the wrong side of the fence, and retaliated by leaving the gates open. The company had posted at each gate a sign-board giving the distance to the ranch-house and a request to shut the gate. On several of these some irate settler had added a line in charcoal, thus:

RANCH 3 MILES.
PLEASE SHUT THE GATE.
SHUT IT YOURSELF DAM YOU.

The foreman had accepted this suggestion, and kept two men riding the pastures and watching the gates. There were some small hostilities between the cowboys and settlers, in which the former had the advantage. The settlers were isolated, the others hunted in packs like coyotes. And very like coyotes were their cries, as they sometimes, just for a lark, you know, stampeded a work-team or drove a poor man's milk-cow into the next county.

The new school-ma'am at the Bend was an aggressive young person, and openly advised the settlers to cut the fences, or summon the sheriff, or send for the government inspector—to do something or anything to assert their rights against the cattlemen. "If I were a man," said she, "I'd make a hundred gaps in that fence in one night, and I would cut it again and again, as often as they attempted to repair it."

"If you were a man," replied a settler, wiser than she, "and did that thing once, you would get no chance to repeat it. You'd find yourself hanging to the nearest gate-post next morning."

"What are you going to do about it?" she asked.

"I'm going to lie low and wait a few years until government gets ready to take down the fences, if my claim is worth it; if not, I'm going to move on. I might as well try to buck against the S. P. as to oppose one of these big cattle companies."

"You are all cowards," said the girl.

"Of course we are," he replied; "put a man in this position, and he's got to be either a coward or a fool."

The girl said that she would choose the fool's part.

Other conversations, and stories brought by school-children of clothes-lines cut, pig-pens overturned, calves missing, and other petty and annoying acts of the cowboys, finally wrought her up to the point of going out one night armed with a pair of pincers to cut the fence. Mounted on her saddle-horse, she rode beside the fence, and, scarcely halting, severed the wire with the sharp pincers, then on a few rods and repeat.

When we came to repair that fence, we found the top wire cut into *reata* lengths for a mile, and the other wires, too low for her to reach from the saddle, not cut at all. A five-wire fence, with the top wire disabled, is still good enough to turn stock, but the girl pressed on, snipping the top wire, and no doubt believing that the fence was ruined and the rights of settlers vindicated.

It was not a dark night—she would probably have been afraid to venture out in the dark—and Robert, belated in a search for strays, rode over a hill and caught her in the very act. She was caught red-handed, for a barb had scratched her hand, which was bleeding freely.

"You'll have to go back to the ranch with me, and see the foreman," said Robert, as soon as he took in the situation and recovered from his surprise sufficiently to speak.

"See, I have hurt my hand," said she; "and I am cold. I must go home. Your foreman can see me to-morrow. And I won't go with you," she continued; "you are not an officer; you have no authority."

"You'll have to go back to the ranch with me, miss," said Robert again.

She drew up her rein and hit the horse sharply, but Robert's hand was on the bridle; the horse reared and stopped.

"You'll have to go back to the ranch with me," said Robert.

"I am cold and hurt," she said; "can not you build a fire in the brush and bind up my hand?"

Robert consented at once, dismounted, and tied the two horses securely together. Gathering up greasewood, he lit a fire, which flared up brightly. The girl stood near it, with hands outstretched.

"I'm awful sorry about this, Miss Bell," said Robert, earnestly; "I like you very much. I think you must be crazy."

"Don't talk now," said she, rather sharply; "I'm cold." And he stood silently looking into her eyes across the fire. She moved her hands slowly backward and forth, and gazed at him steadily. He felt dizzy. His eyes were fixed and dreamy.

"Sit down," said she, suddenly. He hesitated an instant, then sat down flat on the damp ground.

"Put your head between your knees," and the helpless man doubled himself up as commanded.

"Now," said she, "you are bound for ten minutes. You will then take these pincers and cut the bonds, after which you will cut fence-wires for one hour. You will then go home."

Miss Bell turned from the fire, mounted her horse quickly, and rode away, leading the other horse.

Poor Robert sat with his head bowed for the full ten minutes. The fire went out. He groped about for the pincers, and failed to find them. The cold night wind roused him as from a dream, and he sprang suddenly to his feet, a man again. First a bewildered man, soon a very mad man. His last recollection was of the fire and the girl looking into his eyes. He examined himself all over carefully to learn whether he had not been shot; he searched all about for his horse, and finally walked home. The worst indignity that can be put upon a cowboy is to make him walk, and his long walk that night was the feature of this incident which longest rankled in Robert's memory.

It was nearly morning when he turned in at the bunk-house. After breakfast he had a bad quarter-hour in private with the foreman, after which both saddled up and rode to the school-house. Robert was a "dead sore" about this adventure, and it was many months before he told us what occurred there.

"We got there before school-time," said he, "but the teacher was already there as fresh as a daisy and cool as a cucumber. The foreman opened up at once, and the lady—I'm a maverick, boys, if she didn't bluff him right through the whole game. Denied everything. Wasn't out last night. Never saw me before. Didn't cut her hand on the wire-fence. To prove it, took off the bandage and showed a bad burn. Said she was very sorry, but I must be crazy. Showed us the door and rung the bell for school. When we got out, the foreman says to me that I would have to hit the road if I didn't change my brand of whisky."

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1897. G. B. DUNHAM.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The next international exposition is to be held at Brussels in 1897, and the commissioners acting for this country, under the direction of the Department of State, have issued a circular urging that an adequate display be made by the United States.

Not only should a complete display of the products of this country be made, but there should be a separate exposition of those products peculiar to this State. The National Association of Manufacturers of Philadelphia and the Indianapolis board of trade have extensive exhibits under consideration, and a display of such products as California dried fruits and canned goods would result in a considerable extension of the trade with that country. The foreign trade of Belgium in 1895 amounted to \$1,064,391,400, which was an increase of 7 per cent. over that of the previous year, and the foreign goods consumed in Belgium were valued at \$324,317,200. Grains, raw textiles, building woods, and other articles produced in this country are largely consumed, yet the United States has only 7.9 per cent. of the trade. France has 17.8 per cent.; Germany, 11.8; Great Britain, 11.5; and Holland, 10.4. Not only has this country a small share of the total trade, but even this share is diminishing. From 1894 to 1895, the cotton trade decreased from \$2,096,752 to \$1,405,812—a loss of one-quarter; flour fell from \$599,072 to \$230,442—a loss of more than one-half. And, at the same time, France was selling to Belgium, at a profit, considerable quantities of flour made in 1890 and 1891. This exposition offers a favorable opportunity to regain the lost trade and still further extend it. This country and this State should both avail themselves of it.

One of the most important questions that will come up before the legislature at its approaching session is the amendment of the laws regulating the construction and repair of roads. This subject has received wide attention throughout the country during the last few years, and many States have changed their laws in order to secure a more efficient administration of highway affairs.

Two years ago, a bureau of highways was appointed in this State, the bill creating it being modeled on the early Massachusetts law. The bureau was to investigate the condition of the roads throughout the State, to ascertain the location and extent of deposits of road material, and to act generally as an advisory body upon which the boards of supervisors might call for information at any time. The law under which the bureau was created limited its existence to two years, and, unless a new law is passed at the coming session, the efforts in this direction will end with the report of the bureau, which is now in the hands of the printer.

Among the duties imposed upon the bureau was that of suggesting amendments to the road laws. The bills that have been prepared by them have not yet been published, but they are known to follow certain general lines. They advocate the selection of certain main lines of travel, to be declared "state highways." These are to be constructed according to the most approved modern methods of road building, not only for the convenience of travel, but to serve as object-lessons. These state highways are to connect the principal centres of population. The other roads are to be left under the control of the local county officers. The main thoroughfares in each county are to be declared "county roads," and the cost of their construction and maintenance is to be met by a general county tax. The branch roads, or feeders to these main lines, are to be "district roads," the cost of building and repairs being met by the residents of the particular district. Road districts may issue bonds to secure the necessary funds to build roads in the same manner that school districts do.

Such, in its general outlines, is the plan of the State bureau. It is their intention that the county-road system should remain in the hands of the boards of supervisors, but this point is likely to be the subject of considerable discussion. Up to four years ago it was the custom to elect road-overseers, who had exclusive control of the roads. There are many who now advocate a return to this system, though it has nothing to recommend it save the creation of a number of new offices, which would make the measure popular with the horde of hungry office-seekers. Under

the direction of the road-overseers, the roads of California have probably cost more money for each mile of roadway, and show less for the expenditure, than those of any other State in the Union. Petty local political bosses were created, and self-interest governed. Conflicts of authority between the overseers and the supervisors were incessant. The supervisors, being responsible for the expenditure of the county funds, were naturally unwilling to authorize payments until they had been satisfied, by personal inspection, that the repairs were necessary in the first place, and that the work had been properly performed.

During the last four years, each supervisor has acted as road-overseer in his own district, and the result has been a decided improvement. With the concentration of responsibility has come a pride in the work; with definite knowledge of the amount of funds at his disposal has come a much more effective expenditure. There is a rivalry between the supervisors, each striving to have the roads in his district the best in the county, and the roads in the county better than those in other counties. At the meetings of the boards, road affairs and methods of construction are discussed. For three successive years, State road conventions have been held, inspired and conducted by the boards of supervisors. The creation of the State bureau of highways grew out of these road conventions.

The effect of this friendly rivalry may be seen by comparing the condition of the roads in the different counties. Under the old system, Santa Cruz had almost the worst roads in the State. An energetic and progressive board of supervisors has improved them until now it has the reputation of having the best. Santa Clara County has miles and miles of county roads, the surface of which is better than that of many of the streets of San Francisco. Alameda county has expended vast sums of money on its roads, but the methods have been superficial, and, as one of the highway commissioners remarked, he could mark the line between Santa Clara and Alameda counties by the condition of the roads. During the last few years, Alameda County has constructed water-tanks at convenient intervals, and has devoted considerable attention to sprinkling the roads through the summer, with the result of greatly improving their condition. San Mateo County has long been famous for its good roads; Marin County has practically no good roads, while Contra Costa has almost no roads at all. The general attention that is being given to the subject of road improvement is certain to have beneficial effects. The suggestions of the bureau should receive the earnest attention of the legislature, to the end that whatever defects exist in the road laws of this State may be remedied under the direction of trained experts.

ROCHEFORT'S MEMOIRS.

The Famous Revolutionist's Recollections of Men and Events—His Escape from New Caledonia and his American Experiences.

The memoirs of Henri Rochefort, published in French in six volumes, have been arranged for English readers by the author and Earnest W. Smith, and are issued in two volumes under the title "The Adventures of My Life." Some passages taken from the serial publication have already been printed in the *Argonaut*, but the reminiscences as they appear in completed form are of sufficient interest to warrant further extracts.

It would be hard to find a parallel to the career of the noted Parisian journalist and socialist, who thus epitomizes his adventures in a few words:

For more than a quarter of a century I have been like a man on a switchback railway, continually plunged from the highest summits into the darkest depths. A few months after the day when the populace threw down the Sainte Pélagie prison doors to liberate me and carry me in triumph to take my seat in the National Defense Government, I was dragged to Versailles in chains and threatened with death. For a whole hour I was paraded in the streets of the city, like another Pougatcheff, and can still bring to my mind's eye the figure of an old man, attired in a closely buttoned frock-coat, who waved a red umbrella and shouted in the direction of the procession, "It's Rochefort! Play him alive this time!"

I have tasted every joy and runnated every bitterness in life. I rehearsed my execution in the narrow cell of the Versailles prison when it was declared to be imminent, as I had no desire to be taken unawares. Then, when death at the hands of the firing-party had been replaced in my case by a slower, though, as was believed, a not less sure mode of execution, namely, perpetual incarceration in a fortified place, and I was transported to the most cannibalistic part of the antipodes; when friends and enemies alike believed that I was melted once and for all (and, indeed, I expected myself to melt), I am discovered taking a header into the Pacific Ocean, and turn up in Europe again.

According to his well-known principles, Rochefort gives no quarter to either Bourbons or Imperialists. He describes Marie Antoinette as a creature of ferocious and heartless egotism, the "kept woman of a cardinal," and he denies that she exhibited either pride or courage at the moment of execution; Josephine was "an adventuress, an adulteress, and the associate of a band of thieves"; her daughter, Hortense, was a Messalina, who lavished favors on many lovers; and Napoleon himself exhibited "shameless servility" toward his conquerors. Eugénie's virtue is not denied, but her beauty is, her face being pronounced "sheep-like," and her hair reddish; and the author revels in allusions to the writhings of Napoleon the Third under his remorseless attacks.

Rochefort early exhibited his revolutionary tendencies. At seventeen years of age, during the Revolution of 1848, we find him "hurrying through Paris at the head of an armed troop to attack the palace of the kings," and after the proclamation of the *coup d'état*, he joined in the work of building a barricade, and was prevented from undertaking its defense only by the fact that no one attempted to capture it. His personal appearance between the ages of eighteen and twenty is described in such graphic terms that it is worth quoting:

My appearance was not seductive. My forehead still stuck out like a cornice, driving my eyes into my head and making them seem very hard and unsympathetic. In addition to this, my jaws were fashioned like bill-books, my hair bushy and rebellious, while my cheeks were

so hollow that they almost met inside my mouth. After all this had been considered, there still remained my timidity, which on the slightest excuse turned into an awkwardness that was the more noticeable by reason of the efforts I made to conceal the infirmity.

When the Second Empire was swept away and the republic was proclaimed, Rochefort, by his inflammable articles in the *Mot d'Ordre*, urged on the communists in their war against the regular government, and thus brought about the sentence of perpetual transportation which was passed against him. He is far from admitting, however, that he was one of the communists, and many pages are given up to a defense of his acts, as well as to attacks on his enemies. He describes his sojourns in various prisons, but notably in the dungeons of Oleron, where he was placed while awaiting transportation:

In its dungeons—for it was almost entirely subterranean—had been housed the few German prisoners we took during the war. The cages in which they had been imprisoned were dug in about ten yards of earth, and were less suited for human habitation than for bear-pits. When peace was signed, the place of the Prussians was taken by the communards.

After the formalities had been completed at the prison office, the warders of these pits made me descend into one of them by a rotten wooden staircase. The sea percolated through the sides and kept them perpetually damp. Ten or a dozen prisoners could scarcely have lived in one of these holes, yet more than fifty were beaped on each other in my dungeon. The director, inspired with a profound sentiment of the equality of all in view of our common condemnation, had a hideous straw mattress laid out for me on the bare, sodden ground, and this constituted the whole of my furniture. The walls of this ghetto were black, oozing with moisture, and as if varnished with the dirt of years that had accumulated upon them. I noticed that several Bavarian soldiers had cut their names in the walls. The infection caused by the crowding together of fifty persons and a fifth-bucket constituted a microbe-nest that was simply intolerable for me. And yet this was nothing, although it was a great deal! During the whole of the first night I spent in this cellar, enormous water-rats, as large as cats, mistook my face and body for a race-course, and I felt their cold feet press into my cheeks as I lay on my mattress.

The voyage to New Caledonia was made on the *Virginie*, and Rochefort was accommodated with a cage fitted with solid bars, which he occupied alone. The other prisoners were less fortunate:

There were a hundred and twenty-five prisoners in this between-deck, as well as twenty-two women, imprisoned in a cage that was not a bit larger than the one that I had to myself. I was separated from the feminine squadron by a passage, in which a military guard, in the garb of a convict warder, was supposed to be on duty. But the space between the two cages was so narrow, that we could see each other, and even talk. Louise Michel was one of the party. I had not even caught sight of her during the Commune, and the first time I saw her on board was through the bars of our cages. She shouted, "Bon jour, mon camarade!" and I replied, "Bon jour, nia camarade!" All the prisoners had received an outfit on coming on board the transport. The men were supplied with two pairs of trousers, two canvas blouses, and a pair of boots; and the women with two skirts, a calico dress, and a bonnet. As Louise Michel took these things from the sack, she called out laughingly across the passage:

"Look at the pretty wedding trousseau MacMahon has sent me!"

Rochefort's life in New Caledonia, followed by his famous escape in company with four of his compatriots, is told with full details. The sensation their appearance caused in the Australian cities is described, as well as the consternation exhibited by the Parisian journals at the news. The fugitives made their way homeward by way of San Francisco, and here the reporters got on their track:

We went to a hair-dresser's to get ourselves made a little presentable, although we were not very anxious to be presented to anything or anybody. Whisperings in every corner of the shop told us that we were driven from cover, and the hunt commenced. We beat a cowardly retreat before an army of photographers, who came upon us from in front, behind, and on each side. The reporters were neither less numerous nor less ardent. The *San Francisco Chronicle* published hourly editions to keep its readers informed of the progress of the chase. The "balloon" had been given everywhere—in Montgomery Street, at a picture-dealer's where we purchased views of the Yosemite Valley, at a boster's, at a hat-shop, and at a tailor's.

In the course of this *battue* in the town, the reporters got bold of one certain fact: it was that three individuals, speaking an almost incomprehensible English, had asked for rooms at the *Like (sic) House*. One of the strangers, pretending to suffer from toothache, held his handkerchief constantly to his face. We were ignorant of the fact that the correspondents were on our track, and were taking a refreshing nap—for the heat was intense—when one of the waiters asked permission to allow the clock-maker of the establishment to wind the clock in our room. We had announced our departure for the morrow, and it was essential to have the correct time in order to catch the ferry. We did not attach any importance to this winding up of the clock, and continued to talk all the more freely because we had no idea that the clock-maker understood French. He did his work with extraordinary conscientiousness, looking at his own watch three or four times in order that our clock should be set with chronometrical exactitude.

Finally, he decided to replace the glass globe, using all sorts of precautions in doing so. Then he left the room, after saluting us with great humility. An hour later a sixth edition of the *San Francisco Chronicle* informed an attentive world that we were lodging at *Like House* in rooms with green hangings and green-reef furniture; that I wore a stand-up collar and Olivier Pain a turn-down one; that I paced the room while talking to my companions, while they generally remained seated; and that, amongst other gesticulations, I often passed my fingers through my hair.

Doubt was no longer possible. Our clock-winder was a journalist.

The overland journey contained enough novelties to awaken comment, the sleeping-car arrangements being especially noted:

The system of beds let into the partitions of compartments was at that time unknown in Europe. The American girls in our sleeping-car, although probably quite as good guardians of their honor as the French, were more free and easy, and better "chums." I had for my bed-neighbor—her fair locks almost touching my crinkly hair—a young lady of twenty, Miss Cora, who was traveling alone from San Francisco to New York, where she was to be married. The perfect security in which she lived amongst such a crowd of men as we were had a really respectable and touching character. She made no fuss about sleeping in the same wagon, and as soon as our heads were on our respective pillows, we used to tell stories through the partition. She spoke French fairly distinctly. How she questioned me on the incidents of our escape!

Her beauty was perhaps of the acquired-taste category. She had somewhat thick, though tempting lips, still she spread a resistless charm around her. The other ladies whose society I had decreed that we should enjoy for these eight days were quite interesting, and had none of the simpering and coquetry which is usually affected by European ladies. They are much more encyclopedic than in our countries; they discuss politics without pedantry, and are thoroughly well informed on contemporary events.

As they proceeded toward New York, crowds assembled at the stations "to see with their own eyes what an escaped *communard* was like," and at Chicago a newspaper correspondent presented himself to ask for an article for the *New York Herald*:

It was to be as long and important as I judged well to make it, and to deal with the events of the Commune and life in banishment at New Caledonia. The contribution was to be published in English and

French, so that everybody could read it; but it had to be ready on the day of our arrival in New York, the Americans having a habit of immediately satisfying public impatience. I jumped at this splendid opportunity of destroying all the lying and calumnious inventions that had been heaped upon us for three years, and I had no trouble, especially with Olivier Pain's aid, in collecting reminiscences in sufficient quantities to more than fill the columns at our disposal.

The article, when completed, "made a tremendous sensation," and its success suggested the idea of a lecture. This was first prepared in manuscript, and in connection with this, Rochefort relates an encounter with New York reporters:

When I returned to New York, after two days' retirement at Pelletier's villa, I found my room full of reporters sent by the American papers. Fearing their stenography might be at fault, and anxious to supply their readers with the full text of the lecture in the morning, they had deemed it better to take a copy before it was delivered. As all the papers entered into an engagement not to publish a word of the lecture until it had been read, Olivier Pain and Benedict undertook to communicate it to everybody present. The reporters were then allowed to cast a discreet eye upon the manuscript. But here the trouble commenced. The representative of the *World* had applied first, and claimed to see the copy before the others. The *Herald* reporter, recommended by O'Kelly, would not let Olivier Pain out of his sight. It was, therefore, decided that my fellow-fugitive should take all the reporters into a spare room, and dictate the lecture to them. When Olivier Pain quitted the room for an instant to say good-bye to me, and to give me the fair copy of my lecture to take to the meeting, he had the imprudence to leave a sheet of the original manuscript on the table. On his return, he was stopped on the threshold by an indescribable scene. The reporters had scrambled for the manuscript, and were engaged in a free fight for its possession.

Rochefort elected to spend his exile in Switzerland, where he remained until Grévy's election brought a proclamation of amnesty. Thereupon he returned to Paris, receiving on his arrival an enthusiastic popular ovation:

I was simply dazed at the immensity of the crowd that had turned out to meet me. Workingmen literally threw themselves beneath the wheels of the conveyance to shake my hands, which I was obliged to keep out of the windows, one on each side.

I was profoundly touched by this unexpected manifestation, but I could not enjoy it, because I was so afraid that my friends would be pushed under the horse's feet and trampled upon. In less than three-quarters of an hour I must have repeated fifteen hundred times: "You will get yourself crushed. Keep away!"

The crowd were singing the "Marseillaise" at the top of their voices, while some of the more enthusiastic of my admirers took the cab by storm, clambering up on to the roof, and threatening myself, Mme. Olivier Pain, Mme. Destrem, André Pain, and one of my sons, who accompanied me, with a general smash. The catastrophe occurred in the Place de la République, which we had taken an hour and a half to reach. The horse fell, the cab opened in two pieces, and we were in a heap on the roadway. The throng pressed in and crowded over us. I should certainly have been suffocated in my triumph had I not managed to scramble to my feet, and escaping from the debris of the vehicle, made signs to the first row of the demonstrators to open a passage for me.

My wishes were obeyed, and before the crowd broke the human barriers, I slipped through and made my way to the door of the great clothing establishment known as "Le Pauvre Jacques." Opening it hastily, I sought shelter in the house.

An encounter between Rochefort and the second president of the French republic is thus described:

I had never seen MacMahon in my life, and was returning from the Grand Prix in a victoria belonging to one of my friends. Rows of carriages were almost locked together, and were moving with difficulty, wheel against wheel. All of a sudden I heard somebody quite close to me say in an undertone:

"Look! there's Rochefort!"

And I saw the head of an aged man, with white mustaches and brick-colored cheeks, turn towards me.

"It's MacMahon!" whispered my friend.

The mention of this name awoke a whole host of memories in my brain—the Bloody Week, our imprisonments, the transportation of so many chained creatures to the furthest ends of the world. Anger took possession of me, and without affectation—for he had stared at me first—I fixed my eyes on his, and shouted at the top of my voice:

"Yes! It's I! You'll know me again another time, you old murderer! You didn't think I should return from the dens where you sent me to die? But to-day you are biting the dust and I am erect. And your wound? Has it healed yet?"

At last I had a chance of abusing him, and I heaped on his head every insult that came to the tip of my tongue, "thou-ing" him all the while. My companion was perspiring blood and water. He was annoyed at having offered me a seat in his carriage, and did all he could to calm me. But he did not succeed. I believe that if MacMahon had opened his mouth and had replied to my insults—he would have been perfectly within his rights in doing so—I should have jumped out of the carriage and flown at his throat.

He did not say a word, contenting himself with turning his eyes away and gazing in the opposite direction. Not one of the three young fellows in his landau attempted to silence my onslaught. The crowding and the onward movement of the carriages separated us soon afterward. If this had not happened, I can not say what would have been the end of this accidental meeting between the exile and his exiler.

Rochefort's volcanic temperament was again destined to bring him into conflict with the authorities, and a second season of exile, dating from Boulanger's fall, was spent by him in London. He gives his impressions of the English capital and also his conception of the English state of feeling toward the French people:

So far as concerns France, English feeling is strangely divided between the memories of our old naval and military struggles and a very serious admiration for our sprightliness, good humor, and artistic genius. The English loyally recognize our superiority in matters of artistic taste. They willingly pay tribute to our theatrical instinct, and to the imagination of our authors.

Politically, on the other hand, they regard us as charlatans, or, more exactly, as spoiled children. Our diplomacy makes them laugh as they would at a Punch-and-Judy show. The fact that I repudiated the insanities of the different systems followed by our rulers had something to do with the consideration I enjoyed at the hands of the English people during my exile.

"By attacking every ministry, you are certain not to make any mistake," said the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Randolph Churchill's brother, to me one day. "It is undoubtedly impossible to govern more at random than in France."

The English people, he further considers, know as little as it is possible to know of the history of France:

Monarchists by tradition, the English only interest themselves in those that have occupied the throne. Robespierre, Danton, and Mirabeau have not even been accorded a place in their chronological tables. All their curiosity appears to be centered in Napoleon, whose portrait is to be seen everywhere, and for whom they profess to entertain a profound admiration, in which is a dash of pride at having definitely vanquished him.

Rochefort concludes his reminiscences with an account of his final return to Paris in 1895, when amnesty was again granted, and when, as he relates, he was "dazzled at the incredible spectacle presented by two hundred thousand persons shouting his name and as many hats waving in the direction of his landau." Though he is once more in Paris, it is probable that his fire-eating days are over, and that, after nearly half a century of warfare against the prevailing institutions of his country, he will be content for the future to live over again in memory the battles of the past.

Published by Edward Arnold, New York; price, \$7.50.

BERNHARDT'S LATEST SUCCESS.

She Appears in Alfred de Musset's Drama, "Lorenzaccio"—A Terrible Story of the Loathed Medicis—Her Triumph in a Most Thrilling Role.

A play which every student of French literature has read but which has never been performed on any stage, was produced last night. The event is of sufficient importance in itself—Alfred de Musset's fame is not to be gainsaid and will survive in spite of the criticisms of coteries and the waves of fashion—though the play undoubtedly owes a great deal to the genius of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who has scored, in the part of Lorenzaccio, the greatest of her many successes.

For some time past—so she says—the desire to personate the character of Foul Lorenzo has haunted her, but the play had always been declared unplayable, for one thing because it was too long, though principally owing to the fact that it was cut up into innumerable scenes. French stages, except those where regular spectacle pieces are performed, are not arranged for continual changes of scenery. When Daly's company had the Vaudeville for a spell, half a dozen scenes had to do duty for "As You Like It" and "The Taming of the Shrew." However, a man was found ready to make the necessary modifications.

It is not so very surprising that Sarah Bernhardt's enterprising spirit should have been caught by the very difficulties which the delineation of this character presents. Catulle Mendès describes Musset's hero as a "Brutus-Hamlet-Byron who has drowned his ideal in his author's absinthe." There is something of all three in Lorenzo. You know the story: A base-born tyrant reigns at Florence, the infamous Alexander, a bastard of the Medicis. His cousin, Lorenzo, has sworn to rid the world of the monster, and that he may the more surely compass his ends, he makes himself the boon companion of the other, his tool and familiar. The two sink in the deepest depths of debauchery, now satisfying their thirst for lust, now butchering the helpless and innocent; are the terror and scorn of their countrymen; the effeminate Lorenzo no less so than the brute who exercises sovereign sway over the city and its inhabitants. But through it all the young man never loses sight of the end he has in view, nursing his project of a deadly vengeance with the intense energy of a madman. Finally the victim is entrapped into the bed-chamber of Lorenzo—the lure being the promise that the lovely and pure Catherine Gineri has been betrayed thither by her kinsman—and while he sleeps, his murderer falls upon him, aided by the assassin Scoronconoto.

Musset was only twenty-four when he wrote "Lorenzaccio." During the famous voyage in Italy with George Sand, he came across the story in the chronicles of Vardis, and it took such hold of his imagination that the play was conceived and written in the course of a few months. He does not seem to have contemplated the possibility of its production on the stage; after his death, Paul de Musset made several fruitless attempts to get it produced, but the censor's sanction could not be obtained. Tyrants were not allowed to be stabbed on the stage under the Second Empire. Since then, whenever the question has arisen, the hopelessness of finding any one equal to the task of presenting so strange a character—the embodiment of vice and patriotic fervor in a youthful exterior—has proved an insurmountable obstacle.

As soon as it was known that Sarah had undertaken to do so, it was a foregone conclusion that she would make something of the part, though even her most ardent admirers could hardly expect that she would reach the sublime heights she has attained. She is the incarnation of the voluptuous, cynical, tigerish Foul Lorenzo. Every expression of face is a study. She has learned to walk, move, speak like a man. Not once does she betray her sex. In the fencing scene with Scoronconoto, when the fury of hate and vengeance is upon the youth and he presses the bravo, half forgetful that it is not his abhorred enemy whom he holds at the point of his sword, Sarah is superb. It appears that for weeks she and her son Maurice have been practicing fencing. At every rehearsal she donned male attire, that she might grow thoroughly accustomed to it, and the result is that she is as much at home in doublet and hose as if she had never worn a skirt in her life.

Was ever woman gifted with such indomitable energy?—to spend hours of every day rehearsing and nevertheless appear every night in the "Dame aux Camélias," to be actress and stage-manager by turns, and yet retain sufficient command over her faculties to build up bit by bit every trait and point in one of the most difficult characters it was ever given to man or woman to perform—with the exception perhaps of Hamlet.

If her success is immense, it has not been easily purchased. And it is success of the superlative kind. Not a critic of them all makes the smallest reservation, not a fault can be found with her acting from first to last. The admiration of the audience on the first night reached delirium point. I shall not soon forget the appearance of the house, the sound of the applause still rings in my ears, and I shall long be haunted by the vision of the panther-like form, mastered by the demon of murder, as it sprang on its sleeping victim.

Every one who was fortunate enough to have the *entrée* behind the scenes crowded the *coulisses* with the vain hope of storming the well-guarded dressing-room of the triumphant Sarah, but few were admitted. Among those who were so far favored was the venerable Duc d'Aumale, who, on the actress's pressing him to be seated, declared that, "old as he was, he had youth enough left in him to remain standing before genius."

PARISINA.

PARIS, December 4, 1896.

An old gentleman in Bath County, Ky., who has drunk whisky all his life, but is yet regarded as quite a temperate man, once uttered this epigram: "After having lived one years, I have learned that one drink of whisky is enough, two are too many, and three are not half enough."

LITERARY NOTES.

J. M. Barrie's Portrait of His Mother.

The plan of J. M. Barrie's "Margaret Ogilvy" is not one to commend itself to a fastidious taste. To take his own mother for a heroine; to paint her in all the hues of life; to describe the fireside circle that made up her little world; to show her love and pride in her son, his love and care for her; to give to the world, in short, all those memories of his old mother which to most men would be a sacred possession to be shared with only a few—all this is what he has aimed to do, and has accomplished, moreover, in a manner which silences criticism. We may quarrel with the plan, but no one can cavil at the execution. The portrait is life itself, and so tenderly is the old Scotchwoman painted, so simple and human is the little tale of her life, that it is hard to say whether it is finished art or the touch of nature which makes the homely old mother as full of charm in the eyes of the reader as she was to her son. We should like Mr. Barrie the better if he had shrunk from making a confidant of the public in thus turning a searchlight into every nook and cranny of his most intimate home memories; but since such lavish unreserve of nature is his, let us admit that through it he has added something to literature in this tribute to his mother's memory.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

Conan Doyle's Romance of the Prize-Ring.

From battles in the field to battles in the ring is an easy step, as A. Conan Doyle proves in his new story, "Rodney Stone." In this he ceases to tell of adventures by flood and field, and writes instead of prize-fights and fighters. Pugilistic encounters are described with all the brilliancy of word-painting which the elder writers were wont to expend on knightly tournaments and with the same degree of enthusiasm. The time is at the beginning of the century, far enough back to lend a halo even to sporting subjects. A glimpse is given of the coaching excitements of the period, and the fashionable fopperies of Prince Florizel, Beau Brunnel, and others of the prince's set have a place in the tale. The plot is an old-fashioned one, centering around a secret marriage and a wandering heir, a haunted room in an old mansion, a stain of blood upon the floor, and a ghost that walks. All this serves well enough, since a book must have a plot, but the accessories often sweep aside the main current of the tale, and it is the sporting element which gives movement to the story.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

A Married Man and a Girl.

"Life the Accuser," by Emma F. Brooks, is a novel which shows rare ability. The style is singularly pure, the story at once seizes the interest, the characters are vigorously drawn; but as the tale unfolds, we find ourselves, to our disappointment, once more in the mazes of a "problem" novel. An intrigue between a married man and a young girl forms the central situation, and gives opportunity for an analytic dissection of the relations between man and woman. The subject is handled without the grossness that repels, or any gloating over the discussion of forbidden topics. It may be taken rather as an outgrowth of the movement among modern women which demands an identical standard of life for men and women. But earnest, thoughtful, subtle in analytic power as the story is, it is by such means that the regeneration of society is to be accomplished. The book belongs to the transition period in fiction, and is of the kind which does not elevate, but disillusionizes. In reading it, we may admire the author's gifts, but must regret that she has expended them on a theme unworthy of her.

Published by Edward Arnold, New York; price, \$1.50.

Tales by the Editor of "Life."

J. A. Mitchell's second book, "That First Affair," is less ambitious in scope than "Amos Judd." It is a volume of stories published originally in *Life* and cleverly illustrated by Gibson and other artists on *Life's* staff. The stories are slight in texture, but a playful humor and a pretty trick of style lend them spice. The scene of the title-story is the Garden of Eden, and the affair in question is the oldest of love-tales. It is told in a strain of gay frivolity. Bird and beast are pairing off into twos on all sides, Adam and Eve carry on the most piquant dialogues, and a diverting *fin-de-siècle* aspect is given to the whole. Gayety sparkles though the tale and a warm romantic fancy colors it, too, though this instinct of the journalist holds well in check. In the other stories he gives it more rein, with the result that they are not equal in quality to the first pretty trifle.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

Weird and Fantastic Tales.

"Penhallow Tales," by Edith Robinson, is a book of short stories which possess the quality of interest and have the finish of a good style. In plot they show a tendency to exaggerated effects. The weird, the greswome, and the romantic most attract the writer's fancy. She builds up her tales of incidents that repel by their improbability, and thus falls short of the effects aimed at. "Penhallow" and "A Return to Nature" are two of the best. Both of these

carry away the reader for the moment, yet arouse a critical spirit at the end.

Published by Copeland & Day, Boston; price, \$1.25.

A Famous Admiral's Boyhood.

In "Midshipman Farragut" James Barnes tells a story of the boyhood of the famous admiral wonderful enough to be taken for pure romancing, if it were not for the author's assurance that he has adhered closely to facts. It is an account of an episode during the War of 1812, when David Farragut, then a midshipman of twelve years, sailed on a most eventful cruise, and went through experiences that showed, even at that early age, that he possessed the qualities of a future leader among men. The story is one which will be thoroughly enjoyed by boys, not only for its succession of exciting incidents, but also from the stimulating effect imparted by the study of a fine character.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Annals of the Poor.

Alvan F. Sanborn knows whereof he speaks when he tells of the slums, and his volume of stories, "Meg McIntyre's Raffle," is written with the sympathetic quality which such tales need. The book treats only of poor people and poor surroundings, and it has the monotony which the one-sided aspect of such fiction entails. Misery and squalor enough and to spare are described, but a healthy spirit of humanity lightens the stories, and the lights in the picture are brought out more than the shadows.

Published by Copeland & Day, Boston; price, \$1.25.

A Successful New Magazine.

The *International Magazine*, published by the Union Quoin Company, of Chicago, has made an excellent record in the five months since the first issue appeared, and the January number is fully up to the standard of its predecessors. Its table of contents, made up of translations of short stories taken from the current literature of many foreign countries, is as follows:

"Guatemala" (continued), by Tommaso Caivano; "The Silent Mill," by Hermann Sudermann; "To a Lady of Seville," by S. de Asensi; "A Contemporary Painter Poet," Dante Gabriel Rossetti, by Ulisse Ortesi; "My Summer Parson," by August Strindberg; "Husband and Priest" (continued), by Nicola Misasi; "The Fairy Surprise," by "Gyp"; "The Father," by George W. Sylvius; "The Ring of Sossoria," by Carlos Edo; and "The Peat Bog," by Alexander Kjelund.

The editorial departments include notes on the authors represented and other interesting matter.

New Publications.

"Everybody's Medical Guide" is a hand-book of medical information and advice published by Saxon & Co., London; price, 6d.

"Lost Countess Falka," a story of the Orient by Richard Henry Savage, has been published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents.

"The Delft Cat and Other Stories," by Robert Howard Russell, is a pretty little book of children's stories, illustrated by F. Berkeley Smith and published by R. H. Russell & Son, New York.

"The Phantom Ship," Captain Marryat's celebrated story of "the Flying Dutchman," has been issued in a new edition, illustrated by H. R. Millar and with an introduction by David Hannay. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A handsomely printed cloth-bound edition of Shakespeare's "Macbeth," edited with notes and an introduction by John Matthews Manly, Ph. D., Professor of English in Brown University, has been published in their English Classics by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

The last volume of the Temple Shakespeare is "The Sonnets." This book contains a preface and full glossary by Israel Collanze, M. A., and like the rest of the Temple edition, contains the Globe text, with the numbering used in Bartlett's Concordance. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 65 cents.

"Sons and Fathers," by Harry Stillwell Edwards, the novel which was awarded first prize (ten thousand dollars) in the Chicago *Record's* competition of authors, and "Under Three Flags," a story of mystery, by B. L. Taylor and A. T. Tholts, which was awarded third place, have been published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25 each.

"The Boston Cooking-School Book," by Fannie Merritt Palmer, principal of the institution, is a valuable manual for housewives and students. Its contents is elaborate and exhaustive, and the whole is thoroughly indexed. There is a glossary and a course of instruction as given in the school, and practice lessons are outlined. The book is illustrated. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

"Fairy Tale Plays, and How to Act Them," by Mrs. Hugh Bell, author of "Chamber Comedies," "Petit Théâtre des Enfants," etc., with numerous illustrations by Lancelot Speed, is an excellent book for the lover of amateur theatricals. Elaborate directions for making-up, staging, and acting, with plans and charts, words and music, are given. The plays are meant to be acted by boys and girls, and are

dramatizations of such old stories as "Ali Baba; or, the Forty Thieves," "Red Riding Hood," "Beauty and the Beast," "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Cinderella," and other nursery classics. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

There has been issued a holiday edition, of superior merit, of Alexandre Dumas's "Chevalier de Maison Rouge." It is well illustrated with etchings by Gery Richard and photogravures. The book is bound in cloth, dark green, emblazoned with the arms of Marie Antoinette and the Dauphin. It is in a stiff paper and cloth cover, boxed in cardboard, cloth-covered. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; price, \$4.00.

Upon his death, the great writers of France united to issue a "Memorial Life of Victor Hugo." The best authors and critics contributed the text of the work, and many of the leading artists made illustrations for the book. This volume, edited by Emile Blémont, is extremely interesting, and valuable as a reference book. The translation is excellent and the photogravures and wood-cuts give the work a fine finish. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; price, \$1.50.

Young people who like to feed on the excitement of disaster will find a whole record of calamities in "The Windfall," by William O. Stoddard. The story opens with an accident in a mine, and moves on from this to the dangers of a blizzard. The climax is reached in a flood which sweeps away houses and bridges and involves in a maze of perils the group of people whose adventures make up the tale. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Christine's Career," a story for girls by Pauline King, tells of the happy times enjoyed by a group of children over private theatricals, Christmas festivities, and other gay doings. A store of entertainment is thus provided, and the customary moral is also forthcoming. The English is not above reproach. Thus we read that "Aunt Georgie gave both he and Teddy" a present of some sort, and there are other blunders in kind. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

The Nelson memorial book, "Nelson and His Companions in Arms," by John Know Laughton, M. A., R. N., contains the history of the great English admiral's early service, and the incidents of the operations at St. Vincent, the Nile, Naples, Copenhagen, Boulogne, Toulon, and Trafalgar. There is an appendix of his titles, orders, and medals, a chronology, and a bibliography. It is an interesting volume, and is copiously illustrated. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$4.00.

William Penn's treaty with the Indians is made the subject of a romance for young people in "The Wampum Belt," by Hezekiah Butterworth. Most of the incidents of the story are founded on actual events, the aim being to teach history through the medium of fiction. The Indians of the time are presented from the romantic point of view which appeals to young imaginations, and the beneficent influence of Penn's character is impressively brought out. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Miners' Wages in Western Australia.

BROAD ARROW, WESTERN AUSTRALIA, November 7, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: As most persons here ascribe the diversion of English capital from Western Australia to South Africa to the reduction of miners' wages in the latter place, it may be well to remark that wages could have been wiped out in Western Australia during the past year, and yet the country would not have paid expenses. If rigid retrenchment were necessary, the companies might include their chief officials, for the salaries paid these are as exorbitant as the wages of miners:

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Machinists	£6
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This explains how stockholders paid £1,330,000 per month in calls (assessments) last year, and the £15,000 per month that they received in dividends should explain the rest.

GEO. C. ARMSTRONG.

The New Treatment of Joint Diseases.

PITTSBURG, December 23, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Noticing in your issue of December 14th an article relating to experiments being made in a New York hospital on joint diseases, I beg leave to inquire the name of the New York hospital in which these experiments of the new treatment are being made. You will greatly oblige one of your readers by kindly giving the information desired. Yours truly, JOHN NEELY.

[We regret that we can not give the desired information. The paragraph to which our correspondent refers was based on a long article in the New York *Sun*, in which the name of the hospital was not mentioned.—Eds.]

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Woman's Recollections of Famous Men.

The autobiography of Mary Cowden-Clarke, published under the title "My Long Life," reaches back into the early part of the century, and contains reminiscences of many noted people. Mrs. Cowden-Clarke is herself a writer of indefatigable industry, the author of the first "Concordance to Shakespeare," and the first woman to edit an edition of Shakespeare.

Her father was Vincent Novello, a musician and composer of note, who numbered among his friends such people as Keats and Shelley, Charles and Mary Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and others as well known. The intimates of the musician were accustomed often to assemble at his house in the evening to join in friendly chat and to listen to their host's playing, and these evening gatherings are among his daughter's earliest recollections.

The reminiscences contain an account of a "memorable musical evening," when Malibran and De Beriot, then a newly married pair, were entertained at Vincent Novello's home. The four numbers sung one after the other by Malibran are recounted, and an incident that followed:

When she had concluded, amid a rave of admiring plaudits from all present, she ran up to one of the heartiest among the applauding guests, Felix Mendelssohn, and said, in her own winning, playfully imperious manner (which a touch of foreign speech and accent made only the more fascinating): "Now, Mr. Mendelssohn, I never do nothing for nothing; you must play for me now I have sung for you." He, "nothing loth," let her lead him to the pianoforte, where he dashed into a wonderfully impulsive extempore—masterly, musician-like, full of gusto. In this marvelous improvisation he introduced the several pieces Malibran had just sung, working them with admirable skill, one after the other, and finally in combination, the four subjects blended together in elaborate counterpoint. When Mendelssohn had finished playing, my father turned to a friend near him, and said: "He has done some things that seem to me to be impossible, even after I have heard them done."

In Birmingham, at the festival which saw the first production of Gounod's "Redemption," she met the great composer, and afterward dined at the same table:

He took me in to dinner, and he and I being next each other I could enjoy his bright conversation to perfection. When I began to extol the sublimity of the work, he owned that he nearly shed tears as he wrote its concluding bars, so intensely had he felt the delight of composing it.

When I told him how keenly I sympathized with this feeling, and how I thought that, upon the completion of a work into which one has put one's heart, one feels inspired to commence another, he said: "Commencer un œuvre d'art qu'on aime, est comme un mariage d'amour." And as he uttered the words, what sparkling expression there was in his eloquent eyes!

After dinner he accompanied his daughter in the song, "Loin du Pays," by himself, and afterward in the song, "Souviens toi que je t'aime," from his opera of "Mireille." She sang with charming sentiment and feeling. Just before he began accompanying her, she made us laugh by saying, "Non, papa, tu te trompes," because he had made some slight variation in the opening passage. The idea of telling my adored Gounod that he tripped in music seemed to me beyond measure strange and droll.

In connection with a meeting with Landseer, an anecdote concerning him is given:

Of Edwin Landseer we heard the amusing incident of his having been at the English court when the King of Portugal was on a visit to our queen, and the celebrated painter of animals being presented to him, his Portuguese majesty graciously said: "I am very glad to see you, Mr. Landseer, for I am very fond of beasts." We also heard of Edwin Landseer's wonderful feat when some one was talking of being able to write or draw with the left hand, and he remarked: "I think I can not only draw with my left hand, but I can draw with both hands at once." Whereupon he took up two pencils and actually drew a horse with one hand and a dog with the other, at the same time.

The reminiscences extend over a greater range than we have indicated, following closely not only the history of the narrator, but that of her husband, himself a writer and lecturer, and the artistic careers of her sisters and brothers. She lived a full life, and made the acquaintance of many celebrities. But she lacks a graphic touch in writing. Her book shows a kindly simplicity of nature and an appreciative spirit, but she does not seize the salient points in the personality of those of whom she writes, and she has not the fund of anecdote to be expected of one who has lived among so many famous people.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

Hints on the Art of Writing.

There are some excellent hints for young writers—and for some who are not young—in "Talks on Writing English," by Arlo Bates. For example, apropos of "fine writing," the author quotes this passage from Marie Corelli's "Barabbas":

"Slowly lowering his hands, he dipped them in the shining bowl, rinsing them over and over again in the clear, cold element, which sparkled in its polished receptacle like an opal against the fire."

The Bible, comments Mr. Bates, finds it possible to say all of this that is necessary in the words: "Pilate took water, and washed his hands."

Again Mr. Bates is quotable in his condemnation of flippancy:

"Flippancy is the prevailing literary vice of the age. The periodicals are perhaps more largely to blame for this than any other single cause, but newspapers and magazines by no means have the whole responsibility in this matter. The desire for amusement has eaten us up. The overworked and nervous public desires entertainment which shall make no call on the intellect and as little as possible on the perception. 'Variety shows' to-day take the place which real plays held once; short stories, with only so much substance as admits of their being beaten up like the white of an egg

or a custard, are languidly read by the million; and we have even replaced criticism by a sort of shallow flippancy for which no other name seems to me so appropriate as literary skirt-dancing. To be clever in the most superficial sense of that word, to be vulgarly glib, to reverence nothing, and, above all, to be smart and amusing, seems to be the sum and substance of the creed of writers who practice this art."

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A movement has been started to recognize publicly Herbert Spencer's services to philosophy and science, upon the completion of his system of synthetic philosophy. A committee has been formed at the Athenæum Club, London, to decide on the form of this recognition. His American admirers who wish to join in the testimonial may address D. Appleton & Co., of New York.

In Mr. Howells's latest farce, entitled "Indian Giver," in the January number of *Harper's*, the scene is laid in a country residence in summer, and the subject is the love-affairs of a humorously exacting young lady.

The joint Congressional Library Committee have satisfied themselves that Mr. Spofford owes the government nothing, and that the discrepancy in his accounts, due to his irregular methods of book-keeping, has all been satisfactorily straightened out. They think Mr. Spofford's duties have been too complicated, and hope to simplify them by recommending the appointment of a registrar of copyright.

The most dramatic figure in border ruffianism in the annals of American history is that of John Mur-rell, who, with his clan, forms the subject of a paper by Mrs. Martha McCulloch-Williams in the January number of *Harper's Magazine*.

A new long story by Anthony Hope is soon to be published serially. It is of a social, not historical, character, and the bicycle rage forms one of its chief attractions.

"President Cleveland," by James Lowry Whittle, is the latest volume in Frederick Warne & Co.'s Public Men of To-Day Series, which is edited by S. H. Jeyes, a member of the editorial staff of the London *Standard*. An Englishman's estimate of the present chief magistrate of the United States should be very interesting reading.

Ibsen has written a new play called "John Gabriel Borkman." William Archer is sitting up o' nights to translate the work, which will be put in the hands of English readers this month.

"Science at the Beginning of the Century," a handsomely illustrated article in the January *Harper's*, by Dr. Henry Smith Williams, will be followed later by others showing in greater detail the development of the more important branches of science.

Ian Maclaren will write a few papers on certain phases of American life that impressed him, and these will appear in the *Outlook*.

"The Royal Natural History," edited by Professor Richard Lydekker, which Frederick Warne & Co. have been issuing in monthly parts, is now completed, and fills six large and handsome volumes. It is profusely illustrated, there being seventy-two colored plates and many wood-cuts. It is a magnificent work, and will long remain a standard.

M. Got, the *doyen* of the Théâtre Français, and the most distinguished comedian of his time, has been writing his memoirs. He will publish them as the "Journal d'un Comédien," but his experience has embraced much of the literary and artistic life of Paris.

"Literary Landmarks of Rome" is the subject of an essay by Laurence Hutton in the January *Harper's*.

The Hon. James Bryce's book on "Trans-Caucasia and Ararat," published nearly twenty years ago, is to have a new edition apropos of the Armenian troubles. Mr. Bryce has added an important chapter on the recent history of the Armenian question.

Frederick Warne & Co. have just published a new book by Ascott R. Hope, entitled "The Story of the Indian Mutiny."

A writer in the London *Daily Mail* learns "through the well-informed Dr. Robertson Nicoll that the new proprietor of the *Academy* is Mr. John Morgan Richards, the father of the brilliant John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie). He is also the proprietor of Carter's Little Liver Pills and a deacon in the City Temple."

An interesting paper by Alexander McAdie, entitled "Fog Possibilities," appears in the January *Harper's*, with illustrations of fog phenomena photographed at the Lick Observatory.

A very readable book, full of curious information and amusing anecdote, is "The Spirit of Cooking," which has just been published by Frederick Warne & Co. It was written by an English physician, Dr. J. L. W. Thudicum.

George W. Smalley, the veteran London correspondent, contributes to the January number of *Harper's Magazine* a study of English society, of which he was an observer for many years.

Sir Walter Besant's new novel is to be published under the title of "A Fountain Sealed." Henry Seton Merriman, author of "The Sowers," has written another novel entitled "In Kedar's Tents,"

which will presently be launched in serial form both in England and America. The new serial written by Stanley Weyman is to be called "Shrewsbury." The title of Dr. Conan Doyle's forthcoming novel is to be "Uncle Bernac, a Memory of the Empire."

It is said that Mrs. F. A. Steel's powerful novel, "On the Face of the Waters," will soon be published in this country. It is a very long book; also a very strong book, and the only novel that has adequately dealt with the story of the Indian Mutiny.

RECENT VERSE.

A Sea Gypsy.

I am fevered with the sunset,
I am fretful with the day,
For the wander-thirst is on me
And my soul is in Cathay.

There's a schooner in the offing,
With her topsails shot with fire,
And my heart has gone aboard her
For the Islands of Desire.

I must forth again to-morrow,
With the sunset I must be
Hull-down on the trail of rapture,
In the wonder of the sea.

—Richard Hovey in the *Daily Tatler*.

The Escape.

I have escaped the thralldom of the town,—
The narrow, noisy streets without a tree,
The cramped and stifling rooms wherein the free
Light of the sun scarce dared to face the frown
Of shadow gargoyles gazing up and down
Dim halls and chambers mockingly at me,
And I have come to where the bird and bee
Sing, and the garden wears a floral crown.

I have escaped; and those I love are here,—
Friends and my heart's own wife and little boy,—
The Muse and Cupid—Cupid who may roam
Among the shrubs and trample without fear
The velvet grass and taste of childhood's joy,
And She and I find happiness and home.

—Frank Dempster Sherman in *Harper's Weekly*.

The Demon of the Ledge.

Beyond the cape there runs a rocky ledge,
Which at full tide is only faintly seen;
The sea-birds pause and loiter on the edge,
Preening their feathers in the mirrors green
Which lie in well-worn hollows here and there;
While at the further end there is a rock
Shaped as a demon's head—long weed the hair—
Which all unmoved receives the breakers' shock.

This is the evil spirit of the sea,
Sleeping in calms, but waking in the wind
Which drives the ships before it helplessly,
As men, by fear and anger rendered blind,
Rush on to death. Then rising over all,
Above the breakers, far above the gale,
Is heard the demon's wild unearthly call.
Hailing in thunder tones the passing sail.

As in the wild beast's cavern whitened bones
Bear witness to the victims of his greed,
So at the demon's feet, between two stones,
Studded with barnacles and wound with weed,
There lie the keel and ribs of some great ship,
Which listened to the cry and sailed into
The harbor, where the anchor once let slip
Holds fast until the sea has claimed its due.

—Flavel Scott Mims in *Lestie's Weekly*.

Mary in the Cave.

Little Child, Little Child, thy silent head lying
Between my breasts,
Thou art the Promise to the broken reed of Israel.
My body cradled thee, my heart sung o'er thee,
Under the solemn witness stars alone I bore thee—
Oh, what is this that I should be the nursing mother
Of my God!

Little Son, Little Son, I hear the cold winds crying
Around a tree,
And thou and I, we twain carry a grievous load;
Sbut thy sad eyes, thy mother's kisses falling
Shall hush to thee the piteous dead voices calling—
Oh, what is this that I shall pluck the nails from these
sweet hands

And baby feet!

Little Child, Little Child, the milk dries on thy lips;
All in my bosom
Thy naked limbs lie warm upon my heart.
Breathe to breathe we sleep, the clamoring world afar,
Thou and I, we twain under the keeping star—
Oh, what is this that thou art Son and Saviour,
My little child!

—Louise Dunham Goldsberry in the *Independent*.

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SANTA BARBARA—THE OLD.

Geraldine Bonner's Rambles in the Spanish-American Town—Interesting Relics of a Disappearing Race.

Santa Barbara on a wet day—trails of cloud on the mountains and a sea like a leaden plate. At intervals the heavens open and long lances of rain descend and drum on the balcony roof. Through them the landscape shines softly, as backgrounds do on the stage through netting, gray-green hills, angles of roofs, black points of cypresses, and the long, tapering silhouette of the Norfolk Island pine. The orange-trees in the garden are washed clean, and from every thorn on the pomegranate-bush, every spike of the palm-fans, little rills of water run.

The remnants of the old town lie scattered about where streets start out ambitiously, and then come to sudden stops before disheartening hills. Bits of good road lend encouragement to the wayfarer, only to lose themselves in gullies of rich yellow mud or a greasy adhesiveness. There is a vague air of indecision about the locality. Nobody knows how you get into other streets, or where the front doors of houses are. You keep making circuits of oozing road-beds and come out on the intimacies of backyards. You fix your eyes on an interesting adobe just across the ditch and up the hill, and when you make a detour so as to approach it in a seemly way from the front, you find yourself making a surreptitious entry through the kitchen, while from the windows children stare at you with silent suspicion.

The original town followed a winding trail that led from the sea to the Mission. Along this roadway the Barbareños built their homes, and under the shadow of their projecting roofs sat and thought about things and watched the lights on the mountains. Both adobe and Spaniard are disappearing. Some years ago the original trail could be followed by the line of red-tiled roofs that one saw from the Mission towers. Now they only occasionally show against the smart yellow and white of the up-to-date cottage. Relics of a dead era, they stand lonely and forlorn among their modish neighbors, denuded of their tiles, their rain-washed walls resolving themselves back to their native mud. Over their decay, nature flings a sheltering mantle. The pepper-tree hides their nakedness with a green veil. The sad secrets of their neglected old age are hidden by the emerald garment of the passion-vine, which wraps them and decks them with its scarlet stars.

Under the steady downpour of the rain, they looked even more dejected and forgotten than in the sunlight. From the tiled roofs, enriched by a slight film of green moss, water dripped and made a gutter in the mud beneath. Angles of walls, bereft of the protecting eaves, showed the bricks washed down and melting. In moist gardens, grape-vines grew like trees, their arms outspread on small, square trellises. An old adobe oven, peacefully dissolving among the rank greenness of upsprouting weeds, caught the eye. Beyond it a cactus hedge reared its prickly wall, its fat leaves edged with the round, pink growths which are the fruits that even this unfriendly plant yields to man. A string of red peppers hung in a doorway, through which was a vivid glimpse of green things growing in a sloppy yard. From the depths of dark interiors fawn-eyed children made a scurrying rush to crowd to the door, and steal a curious peep at the wanderers.

On a rise of broken ground, commanding a view of drenched roofs and strange tropical trees, an adobe in good preservation attracted the attention of the wayfarers, and they forded a brook and dug their way up a slippery hillside to inspect it. It was a long, low building, one room deep, the walls several feet thick, and with a roof that projected over the front and back, effectually shutting out all sun. These old Californians seem to have had no use for the beneficent luminary that the modern regards as life-giving. They shut out its beams with ponderous walls and jutting roofs, living in a dim interior, low and chill as a dungeon. From the back door one looked through the house and the dark frame of a front door into a garden, where short grape-vines spread their claw-like trunks, still showing a fluttering garniture of leaves. A fig-tree and a great banana, torn into fringes by wind and weather, grew by the door.

It is said that the Californians of Spanish and Indian extraction fade and die like leaves as they reach maturity. Considering their houses and their indoor lives, it is a wonder they survive infancy. In the days of their glory they were a pastoral people, living in their gardens under their grape trellises or among their cattle on the gray hill-sides. To-day they droop and die in the chilly dimness of their mud-houses, shut in by walls four feet thick, or dreaming away their days on the stone flagging under the shadow of the roof. There were two girls in the house, both young and pretty. They spoke excellent English, and made the visitors welcome with a shy grace. In spite of their clear, dark skins and jewel-bright eyes, their thin figures and unanimated faces showed the delicacy of a dying race. They disclaimed the possibility of the ancestral adobe being unhealthy. They seemed too gracefully lazy and indifferent even to have considered the subject, or to have cared if it had been the case.

From the rising ground on which the house stood, the wanderers swept the prospect for objects of further exploration, and selected a building across the gully.

After walking round it through gardens, streets, and vacant lots for about a half-hour, they suddenly found themselves in its front garden among heterogeneous growths of cabbages and palms. The air of prosperity about the place was not belied by the inmates—a young man, elaborately arrayed even to a fashionable cravat and clean cuffs, and his wife, a stout, dark-faced woman, who was discovered sitting by a window playing cards with a little girl.

Their house was in excellent preservation, with all the original tiles on the roof, and behind it a bristling rampart of cactus hedge. The woman—all Spanish—was placid and stout, with manners of an almost Indian gravity. The man had the common features and lighter coloring which betrays the blood of Anglo-Saxon forefathers. He was talkative, and told how his great-grandfather, a son of the soil, lived to be one hundred and ten years old, and how his grandfather, who was English, deserted from a British ship and settled down in the Santa Barbara of those days, leaving a wife to mourn him at home. She mourned to sonic purpose, for after a while she died, and the British sailor, hearing of it, promptly married "a Spanish lady," and raised up a family which grew and prospered in the land. Here is a Spanish-Californian romance all ready to write. Unfortunately, the people who write them never take the real stories.

It was through the kindly offices of this friendly man that access was gained to the house of an old woman who had possessions dating from the times before the Gringo came. The interview was interesting, but not what could be called animated, as neither party had the language of the other. The descendant of the British sailor and the Spanish lady acted as interpreter, and while the old woman chatted in a high voice that broke now and then into shrill, singing tones, translated her polite invitations to consider that all she had was her visitors'. Would that they could have taken her at her word and gained possession of a red chest, painted in garlands of flowers and bound with brass! This, a black one just like it, and a crimson damask counterpane, was all the store she owned. The year before she had been ill, and "people had come in and taken her things," the interpreter explained. Neither seemed to think that there was anything particularly unusual in this removal of the old lady's belongings. It was too much trouble to harbor resentment or feel surprise. They appeared to have comfortably concluded that it was her fault for having been sick, and that ended the matter. She looked as if she might live forever, with her old face as brown and wrinkled as an English walnut, and her squat, broad-hipped, short-legged figure, an inheritance from her Indian forebears.

Taking a wandering course from her adobe, cutting off the corners of vacant lots, and passing down ruinous streets under the projections of sagging roofs, one reaches the home of one of the few Spanish families of quality—who still live in the ancestral mansion on the ancestral place. There is nothing to distinguish this dwelling from those about it, except its size. It is built in three long wings, partly surrounding a court. Here once the *caballeros* tied their horses, but now a patch of garden grows in the centre and a fence has had to be raised to keep out the tourist whose curiosity led him to go on voyages of exploration through the house. When the family found tourists in their bed-rooms they rebelled and raised the fence.

If it were not for the three-winged form of the building and the tiles on the roof, it would bear a close resemblance to the farm-houses of New England. Round it are adobes of some pretension, which, with the long jut of their overhanging roofs and their deep piazzas, recall the dwellings of the farmers back of Narragansett. But the genial climate of "Our Italy" has decked them with garlands such as New England has never imagined. Brooding in their tangled vines, they huddle about the little square which saw "the dying glow of Spanish glory." Even at Christmas-time the enveloping curtains of leafage are rich with bloom. The *tacoma-vine* slides in a yellow mass down a sloping roof and drips over a balcony corner. The white buds of the *La Marque* rose are sprinkled over a tangle of dense green. Creepers with unknown names fling themselves upon fences, scale them, and from the summits flaunt their blossoms.

To the moist desertion of the square, the old three-sided house presents a dignified and stately frontage. It is full of people, though no one would ever guess it, many of the remnants of the great clan still living within its walls. A wide-roofed balcony skirts it on the court-yard side. The flooring is formed of large square bricks; at intervals a green tub holding a date-palm is set back against the white peeling walls. These, are pierced by windows sunk deep in the solid adobe, like the windows of a fortress. Over the front door—a small portal, heavy and plain as the door of a dungeon—the family name is written in old English letters.

In the dim, precise stiffness of the half-lit living-room, the two Spanish girls who were doing the honors of the house bloomed as freshly as the blossoms outside in the rain. There was nothing about them to suggest the spiritless indifference of a people who have outlived their epoch. They were as modern as pretty clothes and well-dressed hair could make them. They talked the English of the State and its schools. The only heritage their conquering ancestors had given them were soft, velvet-dark eyes

and the tranquil manners, touched with a refined *ennui*, that lend the most gracious charm to the Spanish-Californians. One of them, whose face showed an attractive combination of infantine dimples and melancholy brown eyes, told of the insurgent tourists and the necessity for the protecting fence. She was serenely forbearing about it, and smiled languidly with a deepening of her ingenuous dimples, giving the impression that she regarded all such *canaille* from a vague elevation whence she looked tolerantly on the life of the struggling vulgar. In the soft gravity of her manner, the regular delicacy of her face, there was the unmistakable, distinguishing touch of refinement that comes only from fine blood.

From the prim demureness of the dim parlor she conducted the visitors into the wide white-washed picturesqueness of a dimmer dining-room. The deep windows, sunk in the thickness of the walls and shadowed without by the overhanging roof, only let in a wan filtering of daylight. There was a cool, unadorned airiness about the bare, old room that suggested a land of blazing middays and golden sultry afternoons. A wooden floor under foot, a rafted ceiling, low overhead, and white walls, girt with a mahogany wainscot, made it look chill and pale in the gray light. Yet in its unornamented severity there was a certain austere elegance. After the over-dressed and over-crowded and over-upholstered apartments of a city, it presented an appearance of cool, sedate dignity, of spacious quietude and choice inheritances. Two plain mahogany sideboards, of the make that is called "a dresser," stood against the walls, china showing through their glass doors. There was hardly an ornament in the room, unless one accepted a large platter standing on the mantle, or an oblong mirror framed in gilt that had originally belonged to the Mission. The one concession to modern fashion was a tea-table, garnished forth in all the daintiness of drawn-work cloth and egg-shell cups. The pale light struck a gleam from a copper kettle, and the two old dressers that had come to California long ago "on the ships," stood on either side of it, like sturdy sentinels. The girl with the dimples turned from the contemplation of these unadorned relics to gaze at her tea-table's delicate completeness, with a little breath of satisfied complacency and a little smile of proud ownership.

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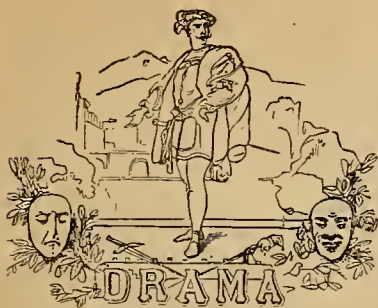
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STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Old Homestead."

Palmer Cox's "Brownies" will be seen for the last time this season at the Baldwin to-morrow (Sunday) evening, and on Monday night, Denman Thompson's perennial play, "The Old Homestead," will begin a brief engagement. It is one of the best examples of the barn-yard drama, and has held its own on the stage for a number of years. Its long life is due to its realistic presentation of homely New England scenes, which many theatre-goers enjoy as a relief after the succession of society plays and farces that now fill the theatres.

The company presenting the piece comprises twenty-seven persons, including the original "Old Homestead" Quartet, whose singing of part-songs is one of the best liked features of the entertainment.

Joseph Murphy in "Shaun Rhue."

The Frawley Company will end their holiday engagement at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday night, the last performances being devoted to De Mille and Belasco's society play, "Men and Women."

In strong contrast to this will be the attraction to follow—Joseph Murphy, who begins a fortnight's engagement on Monday night. His first week will be devoted to "Shaun Rhue," an old-fashioned piece which Mr. Murphy finds it profitable to retain in his repertoire after fifteen years' service.

The Tivoli Still Crowded.

The holiday spectacle at the Tivoli, "Jack and the Beanstalk," is one of the most successful productions that house has known in a long time. It has been filling the house nightly since the first performance, and as its popularity is unabated it is to be continued indefinitely. The chief fun-makers are Ferris Hartman, as the king of shreds and patches, Josie Intropidi, as his spouse, and W. H. West as the coyly flirtatious Mrs. Simpson, mother of Jack. Jack is played by Elvia Crox Seabrooke, and the other women in the cast are Anna Schnabel and Anna Suits. John J. Raffael has but a small part as the king of the fairies, but his songs count for much, as do those also of Rhys Thomas.

A second edition of the piece will be brought out on Monday, January 11th, when a number of new songs and specialties will be introduced.

Notes.

George Parsons Lathrop, the well-known writer, has joined Augustin Daly's business staff as press agent.

"The Prodigal Father," a farce-comedy soon to be seen at the Columbia, has a cast that calls for twenty-three people.

Marie Jansen has been engaged by Hoyt & McKee for "A Stranger in New York," Hoyt's new comedy, in which Harry Conner is to star.

Sousa's band will be accompanied on its transcontinental tour by Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop, soprano, and Miss-Martina Johnstone, violinist.

A donkey that is afterward transformed into a man is one of the characters of "The Forever Devil's Auction." It is played by Richard T. Brown.

Charles Hopper is meeting with as great success in "Chimmie Fadden" in the West as he did in New York. He will soon be seen at the Columbia.

Mrs. Edgerton, the well-known local reader, has been engaged for Mme. Modjeska's company. She will play Elizabeth in "Marie Stuart" and similar roles.

Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theatre Company will bring their successful double bill, "The Wife of Willoughby" and "The Late Mr. Costello," to the Baldwin this summer.

De Wolf Hopper is coming to this city in the early summer. He will be seen in his latest success, "El Capitán," the comic opera composed by Bandmaster Sousa, and possibly in "Wang" and "Dr. Syntax."

When Fanny Rice produces her new opera in this city, she will have in her company a number of singers who are well liked here. In addition to herself, it includes Charles Drew and Alice and Frances Gailard.

Mme. Modjeska has sufficiently recovered from her recent illness to undertake a brief tour, which is to commence at the Baldwin in the near future. Joseph Haworth has been secured from the company playing Bret Harte's "Sue" to be her leading man, and her company will be the best procurable at this time.

Her repertoire will include Suderman's "Magda," "Marie Stuart," and other plays in which Mme. Modjeska has already won our admiration.

Robert Edson, a member of the Empire stock company for the past two seasons, is to be Maude Adams's leading man next year. Who, by the way, will succeed to Miss Adams's place in the Drew company?

Apropos of Fay Templeton's latest marriage—to the son of a New York millionaire dry-goods man—an actress was overheard saying to a friend: "She is not going to act any more, and—well, Fay has dropped an asbestos curtain over her entire past."

James A. Herne, who is coming to the Baldwin in February with "Shore Acres," has had the choice of half a dozen London theatres for his production of that play there. Irving, Barrett, Terriss, Hare, and Ellen Terry have predicted great things of it in London.

Reginald de Koven will write the incidental music for Margaret Mather's production of "Cymbeline" at Wallack's Theatre next month. Among those who will support Miss Mather are E. J. Henley, William Redmond, H. A. Weaver, William Courtleigh, and Mrs. Thomas Barry.

Blanche Walsh, Henry Miller, and Madeline Bouton retired from A. M. Palmer's stock company in St. Louis. "Heartsease," the play with which the company opened its season, has been shelved, and Mr. Palmer intends to continue the company's tour with a revival of "His Absent Boy."

Richard Mansfield was to have tried another new play, after the failure of "Castle Sombra," but it has been postponed until later in the season. It is a dramatization of Miss Fothergill's story, "The First Violin." He has been having a lot of trouble with his company, especially with Mrs. May Pierce and her daughter Alice. The latter has made a decided hit as Jessie in "The Merchant of Venice," and also in "Richard III," which may have something to do with the row.

Eleonora Duse is said to have decided finally on an appearance in Paris, and the more or less uncertain source of the report says that she intends to make her debut there in "Fedora." In the rivalry between the two actresses, Bernhardt has always referred somewhat triumphantly to the Italian actress's hesitation in attempting to gain the approval of Paris, and it has been generally understood that Duse regarded the political and artistic conditions as unfavorable to any such essay.

Lillian Nordica's concerts will take place at the Baldwin on Tuesday, January 19th, Thursday, January 21st, and the afternoon of Saturday, January 23d. Mme. Scacchi will be a member of the company. These two alone will make the concerts take rank among the most important ever given in this city. The people of the North-West, by the way, are very angry, because the route of the tour has been re-arranged and their cities left out. In Tacoma, where Nordica was to have sung the soprano solos in "The Messiah," with a festival chorus of three hundred voices, they have been making all kinds of offers to her managers to relent, but the latter can not accept them.

Of a rehearsal—not a finished performance—of Georgia Cayvan's new play, "Vanity Fair," which was done some time ago in London by Mrs. John Wood, a Chicago critic says:

"Presumably it is a satire upon modern London society, with a hureque sketch of a rich parvenu who has made his money in beer and is qualifying for the House of Lords; a society leader, who was formerly a music-hall singer; an elderly duke with a sarcastic tongue; a sham Barney Barnato; and a poet who talks like Oscar Wilde. The dialogue is often clever and often wearisome paradoxical; for example, 'The pen is mightier than the truth,' 'You even meet educated people nowadays in good society,' 'Modesty is the kind of pruricy that makes us wear clothes,' and so on.

"The plot is a mere nothing, and there is a poor imitation of Irving's dream in 'The Bells,' when Mrs. Brazen Togg sees in her sleep a vision of herself on trial for bigamy, with all her so-called society friends in court to witness her discomfiture. Possibly the piece might be a success if the 'business' was well worked up, but at present it is either too broad a sarcasm or not broad enough; and it could only go in this country if the scene were changed to New York and new local coloring introduced."

A concert was given at the Art Association last Tuesday evening, under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman. A large and fashionable audience was present, and greatly enjoyed the presentation of the excellent programme.

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and is, of course, accredited by that institution. Professor William H. Hudson, of Stanford University, has had charge of the English department during the past year, adding materially to the enthusiasm and success of the upper classes in their study of Literature.

The good order and manly deportment of the cadets are the natural result of the exercise of great care in receiving pupils and of a strong impartial government. Special credit in this matter is due to the wise administration of the Military Department by First Lieutenant George E. Sage, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., who is detailed by the government to give military instruction, and his influence is very strongly felt throughout the school in favor of discipline, punctuality, and attention to duty. A high moral standard is set before the students, and enforced in every possible way. The principles of Christianity are taught, and the Bible is a regular text-book in every class. A very pronounced public sentiment in favor of truthfulness and personal honor prevails, and this is carefully cherished and strengthened by the authorities in their manner of dealing with the cadets. In regard to material equipment, there is certainly little to wish for. The quarters are commodious and comfortable, the school-rooms light and well ventilated, the chemical and physical laboratories large and thoroughly furnished. The gymnasium, the reading-room, the swimming-tank, the billiard-room, the tennis-courts, the bowling-alleys, the ball-fields, and the athletic grounds furnish ample opportunity for exercise and recreation.

The Head-Master of Mount Tamalpais Military Academy is Rev. Arthur Crosby, A. M., who should be addressed for catalogues, etc., etc.

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THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six hundredths (4 26-100) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty-five hundredths (3 55-100) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1897.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

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S. L. ABBOT, J.

VANITY FAIR.

The capital, Washington, on its social side, is more like a European than an American city. It does not draw all sorts and conditions of people to it, as does New York. The atmosphere is had for both art and literature, because society, which at present is the dominating influence, gives them too many diners and asks them to too many balls. These invitations are not to meet the sons and daughters of retired trades-people, who, having had one generation of money, are pleasant and presentable enough, but who are nothing and nobody. They are, rather, to meet men and women of world-wide celebrity who have helped to make history or who are making it now, and who are brought together from the ends of the earth for these months. Money in vast quantities was practically unknown in Washington until (according to the *Illustrated American*) the advent of the Arthur administration brought a great number of rich New Yorkers to it, and since then it has become the chosen winter home of the nammon of unrighteousness. Especially is it a great place for rich widows with daughters—that peculiar type of American women who as soon as paterfamilias is comfortably tucked away under the sod fly to Europe, spend years wandering about like social Bedouins, then are seized with a romantic form of homesickness. But they can not stand Porphopolis and Kalamazoo and West Jersey after Paris and London and Vienna, and Washington affords a convenient stop-gap. It is American in location, European in habits, and, to a degree, in *personnel*. So they go there, buy a fine house, get in with the diplomatic corps, and the thing is done. And Washington, which professes a lofty scorn for trade, and ruthlessly shuts the doors of society in the face of all Washington brokers, insurance agents, real-estate people, and, in short, trade in every form except banking, welcomes with open arms the retired trades-people from New York, Chicago, and anywhere else on the face of the globe. Washington is the dinner-place on this continent. During the season, four weeks ahead is a very good time to send out invitations if you really wish to get desirable guests together. Two weeks' notice is far too short. The dinners are very elegant, but not necessarily very expensive. The great question always is, "Who is to be there?" and if that be answered satisfactorily, the rest matters nothing.

A correspondent writing from London, apropos of a recent statement in *Harper's Bazar* that "it is now a well-established custom that low-necked dresses must be worn in the evening for any sort of entertainment," says: "As low-necked dresses become fashionable in New York, in London they are rapidly on the decline, except for a ball or a very large dinner. At one time it was almost necessary to wear a low gown to the theatre in London, but now when one sees a décolleté gown it looks provincial, as all the smart set have adopted fluffy *chiffonné* blouses for evening wear. The reason for this is that the theatres are insufficiently heated, and the houses in winter are always a little cold. For all small, smart dinners, high-necked, 'dressy' evening blouses, or tea-jackets, are frequently if not generally seen. In fact, so well is the full-made dress appreciated that even at court presentations the queen permits a heart-shaped or a semi-low neck, with long sleeves."

The collapse of the South African mining bubble has had some lamentable effects in the fashionable West End of London. It is in the clubs, even the best of them, that the advent of evil days has produced the most embarrassing effects. Just what they are, an exasperated and cynical member of the Carlton discloses in a letter to *Truth*. He writes: "The West End men, having lost their prestige, money, their properties, and their sense of honor, are no longer of much use to the financiers of the city; they are therefore becoming agents for the sale of cigars, wine, horses, estates, pictures, works of art; agents for life-insurance offices, and, indeed, agents for every conceivable commodity. Hardly have I entered any of my clubs now but a member pulls a cigar artistically out of his case, and, having insisted upon my sniffing at it, commences a long disquisition about the merits of the particular brand, the difficulty of obtaining it, and the special facilities which he possesses for procuring a limited number of the cigars for my consumption. To rid myself of the man I order five hundred, and upon his leaving me another man swoops down and attempts to unload several dozen of 'exquisite champagne.' I cough. The cough is fatal, for from every part of the room my fellow-members rush at me and urge upon me the importance of insuring my life. Two-thirds of my acquaintances are in debt to their tradesmen, and as they can not pay these claims themselves, they work off the amount of their indebtedness by introducing their friends. It appears that everything that I eat, drink, or smoke, everything that I wear, and, indeed, everything that I buy, is bad; and, strangely enough, almost every member of the club is prepared to introduce me to different tradesmen, who will make an altogether new man of me."

It is curious what a great and abiding fear the English have of their servants. A French, Italian, German, or American gentleman has no fear of saying "Good-morning" to his coachman, butler, or other servant, but does it hastily and with no surrender of

that dignity which protects him from any undue freedom on the part of his servants. But the English attitude is shown by the following advice which an English lady of unimpeachable position recently gave an American friend: "You must never speak to your servants except to give them orders, and your tones must be mandatory, not persuasive. You must not say 'Good-morning!' nor 'Good-night!' to them, nor in any way overlook or disregard the fact that they are servants and nothing but servants. That is the only way to make them keep in mind their place, and what they owe to it. You can't treat them as if they had sensibility, or they will presume upon your good nature to your disrespect." The fear underlying all this is that if you speak a cheery "good-morning" to your servant, or add an "if you please" to an order, you lift him to a belief in his equality with you, and invite him to an impertinent familiarity.

Under the title, "Feminine Types in London," Jesse Francis Sheppard gives in the *Nouvelle Revue* an account of the London bar-maids. "They are recruited," he says, "among the *bourgeoise*, as well as among the lower classes. Some of the most interesting types can be found in the bars or public-houses of the West End, close to the fashionable theatres. Among them are very many perfectly respectable girls, who have chosen the career of a bar-maid in order to make a living, and, especially if they are pretty, to get a chance to catch a rich husband. A public-house, situated at the angle of one of the principal thoroughfares, is both a gilded palace and a mine of gold. The dude coming out of a theatre, the country greenhorn, the fashionable snob, and the frequenter of the music-halls are always to be found there. It is among these that the bar-maids hunt for a husband. The bar-maid judges her customers by the cut of their clothes. If you want to attract her attention, you must present yourself with a silk hat and a handsome cane in your hand, and a suit cut in the latest fashion. One of these girls, being asked how she distinguished the men of the world from the others, replied: 'I recognize them by three things: by their figure, by their clothes, and by their complexion. For the most part, they are tall and thin, dressed in the latest fashion, and have a complexion more or less bronzed. This last trait is the surest sign. An English gentleman, if he has a fortune, passes three-fourths of his time hunting and in other open-air exercises. The chaps who remain always in London have a paler and more delicate complexion, and, moreover, the expression of their faces is quite different from that of the others. The gentlemen that I refer to have nothing elegant about them except their clothes, for their conversation lacks novelty. How can a man who understands nothing but hunting and cricket interest an intelligent woman? The conversation that goes on here in the name of wit makes me tired, but these gentlemen are the easiest of all to deceive. They are great big children in everything except sport and politics. I have been only one month here, and I have already had three offers of marriage. Two were from very rich sportsmen; but riches alone won't do for me. What I am after is a title.'"

Buttons of glittering imitation jewels are reigning favorites for dress decoration. They are wonderfully brilliant and very ambitious as to price. Rhinestones, beautifully cut, encircle sapphires, emeralds, rubies, and amethysts so perfect in color that the effect is all that can be desired. White enamel decorated with pretty painted faces and edged with pearls and brilliants are really very pretty, and colored enameled buttons set round with turquoise is another variety. Porcelain buttons are painted with Watteau figures, and some of these little miniature circles cost as high as four dollars apiece. There are Dresden buttons and delft buttons with antique silver frames, and all sorts of mosaic buttons and other combinations of silver and rhinestones, steel and enamel, with every conceivable kind in jet. Brazilian beetles set round with jewels are one of the latest novelties, and real tortoise-shell buttons decorated with gold are very popular.

The ladies of the London Cyclists' Association recently settled a most important point, after a warm debate. Heretofore the members of the club have been expected to wear what is broadly described as rational dress when cycling. It was proposed a few days ago (says the *New York Sun*) "that, without any desire to discourage the wearing of the rational costume, but simply in justice to many members of the association who ride in skirts, a skirted section be formed to have midweek runs, with a separate captain, and place, and time of meeting." One of the "rational" members supported the resolution, because by allowing freedom there would be less friction between the two parties, while in time the skirted riders, seeing the greater comfort of the knickerbockers, would be converted. One meek little lady deplored the fact that there should be two camps. The company of the skirted sisterhood gave courage to those who were bringing about the new movement. Personally, when she, in knickers, had been with a petticoated party she had never had anything to complain of. But riding alone she had to submit to the annoyance of the unregenerate spectator. A speaker who declared that nothing could ever induce her to assume the garment of emancipation, suggested that, while many members liked to dress as they pleased, there were others who not only refused

to wear rationals but even to ride in company with them, while the introduction of skirt-runs brought in many new members. On this statement a young lady with close-cropped hair and a hillycock hat passed some strictures as to narrow-mindedness, but was answered vigorously by Miss Vance, who for years had worn a knickerbocker suit, but was quite prepared to admit that it did not embody the full possibilities of reasonable raiment. There were husbands, fathers, brothers, and sweethearts who honestly objected to women folk appearing in such garb, and she mentioned that there was actually in the room a lady who, if she assumed such an attire, would have her bicycle taken away altogether. Such tyranny was greeted with cries of "Shame!" and hisses. The skirt-runs resolution finally triumphed by a four to one majority.

It is only within a year or two, and then during the hot weather alone, that a Londoner making any pretensions to social position ventured to appear in the streets except under the regulation tall silk hat. Now it is seriously asserted that the dominion of both high hat and long coat is broken. The bicycle is responsible for these most radical innovations. The *London Tailor* asserts that the black morning-coat, the summer Chesterfield, and the patent-leather boot are also beginning to disappear, owing to the same baneful influence. The famous West End tailors admit that they are making more bicycling costumes for men than any other garments, but they declare that it is absurd to think that the knickerbocker suit is to be worn all day long. They admit also that etiquette at race meetings in the matter of costume has undergone a decided change. The rules are "easier," and it is no longer regarded as a crime to appear in any other dress but the silk hat and frock.

It is quite a fad in Scotland and in England (according to *Vogue*) for women to wear as a belt-buckle one of the silver shoulder-pins that are used by the Scotch Highlanders to hold their tartans at the shoulder. The thistle predominates in their decoration, and very smart they look when worn with a plaid taffeta silk bodice. These trophies are not, even in Great Britain, easily procured. Many a subtle romance tenaciously clings to the giving and the receiving of this Highland insignia. They are particularly appreciated because they are at present beyond price in this country; but no doubt they will soon be reproduced, if the fad continues to grow in favor.

There is a good deal of gossip going on in newspaper circles about the cavalier treatment accorded to journalists by the Duke of Marlborough and his subordinates during the festivities at Blenheim. It seems that the only reporters who received either courtesy or attention were those who represent the *Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, and the *Graphic*. The American press was treated like a tribe accursed. This fact recalls the scandal occasioned in London a couple of years ago, at the historic fancy ball that was given by the Countess of Warwick at Warwick Castle. There the newspaper people were ordered to stand in a certain corner of the ball-room, separated from the aristocratic company by strong ropes and sturdy lackeys. The wretched quill-drivers were not given any supper, and they only quenched their raging thirst by bribing the liveried menials to give them surreptitious drinks. Although it was a miserably wet and cold night, no vehicles of any kind were provided for their conveyance from the castle to the village, and they were compelled to journey on foot through the rain and mud. Being in evening-clothes, thin shoes, etc., their condition was naturally quite pitiable.

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Is rather hard, isn't it? Yet how many are compelled to do this after every meal. Dyspepsia, that inexorable persecutor, never ceases to torment of its own volition, and rarely yields to ordinary medication. But tranquillity of the stomach is in store for those who pursue a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This fine corrective also remedies malarial and kidney complaints, rheumatism, constipation, biliousness, and nervousness.

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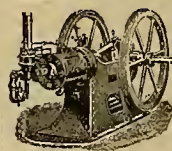
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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

On a recent Sunday, the clergyman of a parish church in Kent was reading the notices for the week, and concluded by saying: "There will be christening next Sunday at ten-thirty." He then slowly walked to the pulpit. Suddenly turning toward the congregation, he remarked in severe tones: "Remember, Mrs. Tomlinson, I said ten-thirty. A year ago you were late, I believe."

Webster habitually fortified himself during speeches with gin and water. Gin, of course, has the advantage of looking exactly like water to the naked eye, and the great Daniel kept it by him in a pitcher, with a tumbler, for periodical doses. It is related that one day a fellow-senator took a big swallow from the glass, quite unsuspectingly, just as he arose to make some remarks, and the consequence was a choking fit, which threw the whole chamber, and particularly Mr. Webster, into convulsions of laughter.

M. Thiers, the president of the French Republic, once fought a duel over a girl of Aix, whose father had come to the conclusion that young Thiers, then a student, ought to marry her. "I deemed it wiser," Thiers says, "to spend a few minutes with a weapon about which I knew nothing than to spend a life-time with a woman about whom I knew a great deal too much." And so the meeting came off, the opponents standing at twenty paces. Thiers's bullet went nobody knew where; that of the irate parent passed through his hat, an inch above his head. Referring to the circumstance, "Cham," in the *Petite Presse*, afterward remarked: "If Thiers had not been so little, he would never have become so great."

"Black Jack" Percival, who was a naval captain before the war, once brought a cargo of Spanish jacks home in a man-of-war. He was in Spanish waters when the jacks were given to the United States by Spain (says the *New York Sun*), and was ordered to bring them out in his ship. It made him very angry, but he got the beasts aboard and sailed for New York. When he came through the Narrows, the guns had been rolled back, and out of every port there stuck a jack's head. Thus decked out and without a salute he came to his anchorage. The admiral commanding sent post haste to demand why Captain Percival had not saluted. "I didn't salute," was the doughty captain's answer, "because I couldn't. I had two men twisting every jack's tail, but not a damned one of them would budge."

Some hundred and fifty years ago, the natives of one of the Scilly Islands boasted a library which consisted of but one book. It went from hand to hand until its pages grew utterly worthless. A meeting of the dignitaries was held to decide upon the purchase of a new library, this time of more than one book. Long and loud they argued, and the matter was nearly approaching a disastrous crisis, when a deputation of townspeople, desiring to have a voice in the matter, waited upon the dignitaries. Again the discussion waxed furious, and the ultimate result was the following resolution: "Resolved. On the next fine day, weather permitting communication with the mainland, an order be transmitted to Penzance for another copy of 'History of Doctor Faustus.'" Then the meeting joyously broke up.

Nobody does anything well for nothing, and certainly not a lawyer. Lord Mansfield was so sensible of this that when, on one occasion, he had to attend to some professional business of his own, he took some guineas out of his purse and put them into his waistcoat-pocket to give him the requisite stimulus. Sir Anthony Malone, an Irish attorney-general, was so imprudent as to omit this precaution, and was grievously punished for it, for he was so inattentive regarding some property he bought for himself that he lost three thousand pounds a year by it. In future he caused his clerk to make an abstract of the title-deeds of any property he bought, and lay it before him with a fee of five guineas, properly indorsed, which the clerk was scrupulously to account for; after which Sir Anthony made no more mistakes, as regarded, at least, his own affairs.

Once when the *Pensacola* was coming up to San Francisco from the South seas, somewhere off Honolulu she met a gale that almost laid her down. Carpenter McGloin, a privileged character who invariably became seasick in heavy weather, promptly went to bed. Finally it was reported to the captain that something was wrong with the foretopmast. The captain sent for McGloin, and the carpenter staggered on deck. "Get up there," commanded the captain, "and see what's the matter at the foretop." "Up that mast?" gasped McGloin. The proposition so dazed him that he lost his breath. "Up that mast," reiterated the captain, "and find out what's the matter at the foretop." "Captain," said McGloin, in a last despairing protest, "do you really mean that you want me to go up that mast in this storm, with this ship going this way, and see what's wrong with that foretop?" "You heard what I said," exclaimed the captain, losing patience at last; "now get up that mast, and be quick about it, too." "Captain," said McGloin, solemnly, "if

there was a four-inch plank from here to Brooklyn, I'd walk home."

A lady had issued invitations for a party of twelve, and on the morning of the appointed day, when conferring with the footman, she discovered that one of the twelve silver shells in which scalloped oysters were to be served had been misplaced. Rigid search for the missing article having proved unavailing, the lady decided that, sooner than give up that particular course, she would simply decline oysters when they were banded her, and so the eleven shells would be sufficient. It happened that, when the oysters were served at dinner, the hostess was engaged in a very animated conversation with one or two of her neighbors, and, forgetting her determination, took one of the shells of oysters and set it before herself. If the servant's heart fell in consternation at this, he gave no external sign of it, but, speaking in tones distinct though low, said, respectfully: "Excuse me, madam, but you said I was to remind you that the doctor forbade your eating oysters."

OLD FAVORITES.

Ring Out, Wild Bells.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more:
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife:
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times:
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kinder hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Alfred Tennyson.

The Closing Year.

'Tis midnight's holy hour,—and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling,—'tis the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud
That floats so still and placidly through heaven.
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with its aged locks,—and breathe,
In mournful cadences that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever.

'Tis a time

For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a spectre dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard's voice of Time
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That spectre lifts
The coffin-lid of Hope and Joy and Love,
And hending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

Has gone, and with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course
It waved its sceptre o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand

Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded.

It passed o'er

The battle-plain where sword and spear and shield
Flashed in the light of midday, and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and moldering skeleton. It came,
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet ere it melted in the viewless air
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless Time!

Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on,
He presses, and for ever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's bome,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag,—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rusbing pinions.

Revolutions sweep

O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow,—cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water,—fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns,—mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blacken'd cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain,—new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries.
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations,—and the very stars,
Von bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter a while in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiads, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
To darkle in the trackless void,—yet Time,
Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

—George Denison Prentice.

— EGYPTIAN HENNA. SAFE, SURE, PLEASANT.
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SOCIETY.

The Macdonald-Younger Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Younger and Mr. Burns Macdonald took place in Grace Church at noon on Thursday, December 31st. The bride is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. William J. Younger, and has recently returned from abroad, where she has been pursuing her musical studies for a couple of years. The groom is the son of Colonel and Mrs. William Macdonald, of this city. The ushers were Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mr. Herbert Younger, Mr. George Cameron, and Dr. Philip King Brown. The bridesmaids were as follows: Miss Helen Wagner, Miss Lucille Younger, Miss Frances Curry, Miss Maie Tucker, and Miss Catherine Clark. Miss Maud Younger was the maid of honor, and Mr. Duke Farnsworth Baxter the best man. Dr. Younger escorted his daughter and gave her into the keeping of the groom. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. C. Foute. It was followed by a breakfast at the Palace Hotel, which was enjoyed by the bridal party and relatives of the newly wedded couple. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald left to make a three months' tour of the southern part of the State. They will reside in this city.

Notes from San Rafael.

The holidays were fittingly celebrated at the Hotel Rafael. On Christmas Eve the lobby was profusely decorated with garlands of fragrant fir and brilliant holly-berries, and the large Christmas-tree was the centre of attraction for the guests at the hotel and many of their friends. It was beautifully adorned, and was illuminated with miniature colored electric lights. The Misses Finnigan played several selections on the guitar and mandolin, and then the presents were distributed and refreshments were served. Late in the evening, General R. H. Warfield invited every one over to the club-house, and a generous flow of Roederer followed. Among those present were:

General and Mrs. R. H. Warfield, Mr. and Mrs. Bond, Mr. and Mrs. W. Finch, of Scranton, Pa., Professor and Mrs. Merriam, of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Pratt, Colonel P. A. Finnigan and family, Mrs. W. H. Keith, Mrs. Bessie Paxton, Mrs. Bush, Miss Birdie Rice, Misses Adams, of Detroit, Mich., Miss Eliza D. Keith, Mr. S. C. Pardee, Mr. D. B. Davidson, Professor G. Wharton James, of Southern California, Mr. George H. Rice, and Baron von Balveren.

Notes and Gossip.

The announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Martha W. Shainwald to Mr. Leo M. Myers. Miss Shainwald is a sister of Mr. Herman Shainwald, of this city, and Mr. Julius Shainwald, of Chicago. Mr. Myers is an attorney-at-law, of Auckland, New Zealand.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss K. L. Tilden, of this city, to Mr. J. B. Bidwell, of Norfolk, Va. Miss Tilden is the second daughter of the late Joseph Tilden. The wedding day has not been set.

The engagement is announced of Miss Louise Norris Crocker to Mr. De Witt H. Gray. Miss Crocker is the daughter of Mrs. Helen A. Crocker, of this city. Mr. Gray is the son of Mr. John D. Gray, of Fresno.

The engagement is announced of Miss Edith Howland to Mr. Charles Gunn. Miss Howland is the daughter of Mrs. R. M. Howland, who resides at

1900 Devisadero Street. Mr. Gunn is a nephew of Mr. J. O'B. Gunn, of this city.

The wedding of Miss Helen Schweitzer and Mr. Samuel Steifel, of New York city, will take place at noon next Tuesday at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. Schweitzer, corner of Leavenworth and Post Streets.

The third cotillion of the Friday Night Club will be held on the evening of January 8th. Mr. Edward M. Greenway will lead and Miss Caro Crockett will be his partner. There will be a cotillion early in February, a feature of which will be the introduction of some beautiful and brilliant electrical effects in the decoration of the hall. The exact date has not been decided.

The Monday Evening Dancing Class will give its second party of this season at Golden Gate Hall on Monday night, January 4th.

The Friday Fortnightly Club will give its army and navy cotillion at Lunt's Hall on Friday evening, January 15th. Lieutenant D. W. Kilburn, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Nolan, U. S. A., will act as leaders.

A Mardi-Gras fancy-dress cotillion will be given by the Art Association at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art on Tuesday evening, March 2d. It is intended to have it excel any social affair the association has ever given.

Miss Sara Dean, daughter of Mr. Peter Dean, gave a cotillion in the spacious ball-room at the Hotel Bella Vista last Monday evening, and entertained about fifty of her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. O'Gunn entertained about seventy-five of their friends on Thursday evening at their residence, 1833 Clay Street. There was dancing during the evening, and the New Year was welcomed while all were at supper.

Mrs. Dr. Edwards gave a progressive euchre-party last Monday afternoon at the Hotel Bella Vista. Twenty-four ladies were present and enjoyed the contest for several handsome prizes.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dutton entertained a number of friends at progressive euchre on New-Year Eve at the Hotel Bella Vista.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard, of San Mateo, Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Hopkins, of Menlo Park, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Baldwin, of Mountain View, have arranged to give house-parties at their respective country-houses over the New-Year holidays. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin gave a house-party over Christmas Day, and the festivities included a distribution of gifts to all the persons employed on the place.

Mr. Burns Macdonald gave a dinner at the Bohemian Club last Monday evening to his best man and ushers. His guests were Mr. Duke Farnsworth Baxter, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Frank L. Owen, Mr. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mr. George Cameron, Mr. Herbert Younger, Mr. Philip Alston Williams, and Mr. Hopkins.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills gave a dinner-party last Saturday evening at their residence, 2800 Jackson Street, in honor of Mr. Clarence Eddy, of Chicago, the organist. Afterward the party attended the performance at the Tivoli. Later in the evening Mr. Eddy was a guest at the Bohemian Club jinks. He returned to Chicago on Sunday. This was his fourth visit to this city.

Mrs. Herbert W. Yemens gave a dinner-party recently at the residence of her father, Mr. D. J. Staples, on Taylor Street, in honor of Miss Maud Ingles Francis, of Los Angeles.

Miss Mollie Dutton gave a dinner-party last Tues-

day evening in the private dining-room at the Hotel Bella Vista. Covers were laid for twenty, and the decorations were of Christmas greens and holly berries.

Major and Mrs. Ben C. Truman gave a dinner-party recently at their home in Los Angeles in honor of Admiral Walker, U. S. N. The others present were Lieutenant and Mrs. James C. Drake, U. S. N., Miss Truman, Judge Knight, and Mr. Daniel Freeman.

The members of the San Francisco Verein enjoyed a vaudeville entertainment of an amusing character on Thursday evening. An elaborate supper was served under Ludwig's direction at midnight, and the New Year was hailed with much festivity. Dancing was enjoyed afterward for several hours.

A ball was given at the Concordia Club on New-Year Eve. There was a large attendance and dancing was participated in until early morning. A supper was served at midnight, and many toasts were drunk in sparkling Roederer.

A picked eleven from the best foot-ball players among the army and navy officers here will play a team from the University Club a match game next Saturday afternoon at Central Park. The game will be played for the benefit of the Children's Hospital. The exact personnel of the teams has not been decided.

The next Sorosis reception takes place on Monday afternoon, January 4th. Mr. Frank Lincoln will be the guest of honor, and Mrs. H. E. Huntington will arrange the programme.

Miss Julia Crocker contracted a severe cold a few days ago, and was unable to act as one of the bridesmaids at the Macdonald-Younger wedding on Thursday.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-General and Mrs. J. M. Schofield, U. S. A., are passing the winter in St. Augustine, Fla. Lieutenant-Colonel James F. Randlett, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., was retired from active service on December 8th.

Mrs. G. W. Pigman, wife of Commander Pigman, U. S. N., is residing at 412 East Main Street, in Richmond, Va. Major Louis Brechemin, Surgeon, U. S. A., has returned to duty at Fort Sherman.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon G. Tucker Smith, of the Adams, arrived here on Monday night, and is at the Occidental Hotel.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon G. Rothganger, U. S. N., has been detached from the Patterson and has gone to Sitka, Alaska, for duty on the *Pinta*, relieving Passed Assistant-Surgeon S. G. Evans, U. S. N., who will be detached from the *Pinta* and ordered to the naval hospital at New York.

Mrs. J. W. Baker, wife of Passed Assistant-Surgeon Baker, of the *Bennington*, is residing at Aurora, Ind.

Lieutenant R. C. Langdon, U. S. A., has been transferred from the First Infantry to the Eighth Infantry.

Lieutenant Jacques de L. Lafitte, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Eighth Infantry to the First Infantry.

Lieutenant George McManus, Third Artillery, U. S. A., and Miss Emelie Kessler will be married this month at the home of the bride's father, Mr. W. V. Kessler, in Pensacola, Fla.

Dr. and Mrs. Jordan, U. S. N., arrived here from Washington, D. C., last Tuesday, and are at the Hotel Bella Vista. Dr. Jordan relieved Dr. Blue, who has been ordered East.

Mrs. F. A. Heslar, wife of Surgeon Heslar, U. S. N., of the *Philadelphia*, is passing the winter at the Hotel Bella Vista.

A cablegram from Lima, Peru, stated that the matinee tea given there by Hon. Richard R. Neill, Secretary of the United States Legation, on December 24th, in honor of Admiral Lester A. Beardslee, U. S. N., of the *Philadelphia*, was a great success. Mr. Neill's daughter, Mrs. Drew, and Mrs. Mackenzie, wife of the United States Minister, acted as hostesses and more than one hundred ladies, well known in Lima society, as well as a number of officers were present. There was dancing until seven o'clock in the evening. The marine band of the *Philadelphia*, in scarlet and gold uniforms, attracted great attention.

Lieutenant-Commander Jefferson F. Moser, U. S. N., of the *Albatross*, is in Washington, D. C., on official business.

Lieutenant and Mrs. James E. Nolan, U. S. A., have returned from their Eastern trip, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Lieutenant William G. Haan, U. S. A., has been appointed Professor of Military Science at the North Illinois Normal School, at Dixon, Ill.

An army wedding of interest to many San Franciscans will be that of Miss Helen Talbot Worden and Mr. W. D. Bertrell, Jr. Miss Worden is the daughter of Captain Charles A. Worden, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., and granddaughter of the late Hon. James T. Ryan, a pioneer of this State. Mr. Bertrell is the son of Captain W. D. Bertrell, formerly a hanker of Memphis, Tenn., who retired a few years ago to reside in Denver. The engagement was announced this winter at a *bal pondré* given at the home of ex-Senator Hill in Denver. The wedding, which will take place on the evening of January 12th, in the ball-room at Fort Logan, Colo., will be a brilliant military affair. A special train will convey the guests from Denver. Six bridesmaids will be in the cortege, and the bride's cousin, Miss Mabel Reed, of San Francisco, will act as maid of honor. The ceremony will be followed by a tour through Southern California and a visit to this city.

Denis O'Sullivan has arrived in New York, and is rehearsing for the American production of "Shamus O'Brien," the Irish opera in which he scored such a success in London.

The Patriarchs' Ball.

This ultra fashionable affair was removed this year from Delmonico to the Waldorf and was exceptionally magnificent. The toilets were superb, the music sublime, and the menu a masterpiece of culinary art interspersed with claret, Môt & Chandon champagne, and Jobannis Water.—Exchange.

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you against alum and all
forms of adulteration
that go with the cheap
brands.



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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and family arrived in Paris on December 18th.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Dennis Arnold are passing the holidays in the Eastern States.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank H. Fisher, *né* Berry, will leave next Wednesday for New York city, where they will remain a couple of years. Mrs. Fisher will resume her musical studies there.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas and Miss Antoinette Delmas are occupying apartments on the Rue Christophe Columbe, in Paris.

Mr. James A. Robinson is quite ill at his residence with an attack of la grippe and his son, Porter, is afflicted the same way. Mrs. Robinson has had a severe attack of typhoid fever, but is slowly on the road to recovery. Her little daughter, Elena, had a similar attack, but improved rapidly, and has been sent to the country to recuperate.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine is at the Occidental Hotel for the season.

Mrs. Edgar B. Carroll will receive on the second and fourth Sundays in January at her home, Bella Vista Villa, in Sausalito.

Mrs. Evan J. Coleman and Miss Carrie Gwin will receive on Tuesdays in January at their residence, 1450 Sacramento Street.

Mrs. S. G. Wheeler and Miss Helen Wheeler will receive on January 15th at their residence, 2440 Jackson Street.

Dr. William J. Younger will leave for Chicago, his future home, on January 3d. Mrs. Younger and the Misses Younger will remain here about six weeks.

Mr. Callaghan Byrne will return to Los Angeles on Saturday evening after a two weeks' visit here.

Mrs. James Irvine will receive on January 6th and 20th at her residence, 308 Page Street.

Mrs. Bertody Wilder Stone will receive on Wednesdays in January at her residence, on the north-east corner of Clay and Laurel Streets.

Mrs. M. M. Estee, Mrs. C. J. Deering, and Miss Estee will receive on Fridays in January at their residence, 2291 Sacramento Street.

Mrs. Isaac Hecht and the Misses Helen and Elsie Hecht left Cairo December 5th to make the Nile trip. They will return to Cairo early in January, and will remain there some months before going to Italy.

Mrs. Philip Caduc is passing the season at the Hotel Bella Vista.

Miss Eleanor Wood went to Vreka last Saturday to visit friends.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gillig are residing at the Hotel Bella Vista.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dutton and Miss Mollie Dutton are passing the winter at the Hotel Bella Vista.

Dr. George H. H. Redding left last Tuesday evening on the Sunset Limited to visit New York city.

Mrs. Hollister and Miss Hollister, of St. Helena, are at the Hotel Bella Vista for the remainder of the winter.

Miss Maud Ingles Francis arrived from Los Angeles on Christmas Eve to visit Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schröder, Jr., at the California Hotel. Miss Francis recently came from Paris to act as bridesmaid for Miss Cora Goodrich, of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ryan and Miss Daisy Ryan are passing the winter at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. Rounseville Wildman will leave early in January to visit the City of Mexico.

Mr. Charles B. Darling, of the *Army and Navy Register* of Washington, D. C., arrived here last Sunday, and is at the Palace Hotel. He will soon proceed to Texas and Colorado.

Mr. A. E. Babcock, of Coronado, has been passing the week at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. Jesse D. Carr arrived here last Monday from Salinas city, and is at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. Frank S. Johnson, who has been with her son at Coronado for the past six weeks, has been joined by Mr. Johnson, who will remain there for some time on a vacation.

Judge W. B. Cope, of Santa Barbara, has been passing the week at the Occidental Hotel.

Among the recent arrivals at the California Hotel are General A. W. Barrett and Mr. H. W. Johnson, of Sacramento, Mr. T. S. Parkhurst, of New York, Mr. A. Ballen, of Ecuador, Mr. J. G. Edwards, of New Orleans, Mr. A. L. Emery, of Montreal, Mr. Ira McCord, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Christie, of New York, Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Gurnsey, of Los Angeles, and Mr. W. H. Humphreys, of Cork, Ireland.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Avery will remain at the Occidental Hotel throughout the winter.

Colonel and Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer will remain at the Hotel Bella Vista throughout the winter.

Mrs. A. J. Kallston has been called to Stockbridge, Mass., owing to the illness of her aunt.

Miss Fanny Loughborough has been passing the holidays at Madrone Villa, Napa County, as the guest of Mrs. John A. Darling.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson will receive on Tuesdays in January at her residence, 711 Pine Street.

Mrs. S. V. Maynard and the Misses Eva, Lena, and Sallie Maynard will receive on Wednesdays in January at their residence, 2268 Franklin Street.

Mrs. Louis B. Parrott will receive on Fridays in January at her residence, 1913 Franklin Street.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, of Fruitvale, has been visiting Mrs. Henry Reed at Chico.

The body of Alfred L. Tubbs was interred in Mountain View Cemetery, Oakland, this week, after an unassuming funeral ceremony in his apartment at the Palace Hotel. The services were conducted by Rev. Horatio Stebbins. The funeral was private, only the family and pall-bearers being present. The pall-bearers were Henry L. Dodge, C. G. Hooker, Captain Goodall, Dr. Harkness, Charles W. Kellogg, and M. B. Kellogg. By the death of Mr. Tubbs the State and city lose an invaluable citizen, and his family a devoted husband and father.

In spite of the occasional showers the week has been a very interesting one at the Ingleside Track, where the Pacific Coast Jockey Club's winter meeting is now in progress. The race for the Shreve Cup on Friday (New-Year's Day) is the event of the week.

An Early Spring Fad.

The newest thing in stationery is the English violet, now being introduced by Cooper & Co., the Market Street stationers. Unlike most fashionable fads it is lower in price comparatively, and, curious as it may seem, the equal in daintiness and quality as those papers of a season ago.

CLUB GOSSIP.

Changes Contemplated by San Francisco Clubs.

The result of the meeting of the Pacific Union Club last week was that the board of directors were authorized to purchase the north-east corner of Van Ness Avenue and Bush Street, 120 by 126 feet, the purchase price not to exceed \$88,000. Also to issue bonds of the club, not to exceed \$285,000, to purchase land and build and furnish a club-house. The board of directors were authorized to appoint a committee of five members as a building committee, with full authority to procure plans and take charge of the construction of the new club building. The building committee was authorized to expend not to exceed \$2,000 on the plans, to be posted in the club for at least thirty days. The committee was authorized to expend not to exceed \$162,000 on the building and steam and electric-light plant. A supplementary resolution was passed, by which the board of directors were authorized to purchase 120 by 120 feet of the Crocker lot on the north-east corner of Van Ness Avenue and Sutter Street at a price not to exceed \$703,000, and they were authorized to issue bonds for the extra \$15,000, if they considered the lot more desirable at that price than the Bush Street corner.

The lease of the present quarters of the Pacific Union Club expires on May 1, 1897. As the board of directors have been unable to secure any temporary lease from the owner of the present club-house, temporary quarters will have to be secured from May 1, 1897, up to the time the new club-house is ready for occupancy.

The Pacific Union Club is somewhat exercised about securing temporary quarters. If they can not secure a building or the temporary use of a club-house, they will probably occupy quarters in the Palace Hotel. It is stated that they may consider the advisability of temporarily securing the present club-house of the Cosmos Club.

The Cosmos Club is also in an uncertain frame of mind. That club finds that the rent of its present premises on Union Square is more than it can pay, and it contemplates moving further uptown. It is said that the club has made an offer to lease the handsome mansion of a well-known physician on California Street, near Van Ness. This, however, is as yet unsettled. They will, if possible, secure quarters somewhere near Van Ness Avenue, and between Pacific Avenue and Sutter Street. The Cosmos Club has only one hundred and eleven regular members, and including all of its country members, non-resident and honorary members, and army and navy members, it has a total of but two hundred and twenty-four. They find it impossible to meet their expenses in the down-town club-house, and hence the removal. There has been some talk of amalgamation with the Bohemian or the Pacific Union Club, but it is not believed that such amalgamation will take place. It has previously been discussed with both clubs, but negotiations have always fallen through.

The Bohemian Club at present has but few vacancies on its list of six hundred, the limit of membership. It is in a very prosperous condition, and therefore is not inclined to consider amalgamation with any organized body. If the Cosmos members wish to join the Bohemian, they probably would have to submit to individual balloting, and to that they would demur.

The contemplated removal of the Pacific Union Club has directed the attention of the Bohemian Club to the quarters vacated by the older organization. It is said that Mrs. Burbank, the owner of the Pacific Union club-house, contemplates remodeling the building for hotel purposes. This plan includes the addition of two stories. But it would also include the complete demolition of the present second floor, now occupied for the main club-rooms of the Pacific Union Club. This floor is divided into enormous rooms, lofty and spacious corridors, and immense elevator-wells and light shafts. It contains a large dining-room, a breakfast-room, two small dining-rooms, servant's dining-room, kitchen, pantry, etc., secretary's office, visitors' room, reading-room, card-rooms, wine-room, billiard-room, café, hat-rooms, offices, lavatories, etc.—all on one floor. It is utterly impossible to remodel this floor so as to make it an economical proposition for hotel purposes. Changing it into hotel-rooms would involve the complete demolition of all the interior walls, which are fitted with polished woods, onyx mantels, and elaborate mural decorations by the famous firm of Herter Brothers, of New York. The only tenant that could occupy it to advantage would be a club. The magnificent dining-room of the Pacific Union Club, one of the handsomest dining-rooms in the United States, would make an admirable jinks-room for the Bohemian Club. It is two stories high, and is surmounted by a glass dome, with circles of colored electric lights, which dome is again surmounted by another ventilating dome of colored glass. The great need of the Bohemian Club in its present quarters is a jinks-room. This is always felt when there is a large attendance at jinks. At the Christmas jinks held there last week, the crowd, the heat, the bad air, and the tobacco smoke were almost unbearable, owing to the lack of a lofty and commodious jinks-room.

Although the Bohemian Club has still some time to run on its lease, the members are talking of the chances of securing the present Pacific Union Club quarters. It would be difficult for them to find finer

ones. The building is situated on the only downtown square in the city, and the club would inevitably attract a large number of members of the Pacific Union Club who belong to the Bohemian, but who do not frequent it now, as they already have one downtown club.

Kate Field's dying wish, that her ashes should rest in her native land, was fulfilled last Sunday. Thousands of her friends and admirers gathered at Trinity Church to participate in the honors paid her memory. The impressive ritual of the Episcopal Church was read over her body, and it was then conveyed to the crematory. The services were conducted by the Rev. George Edward Walk. Friends from all walks of life were present to show their respect to the distinguished woman. Federal, State, and municipal officials, press associations and individual journalists, friends, and admirers were present, and hundreds unable to attend sent floral mementos. Of the latter were the President of the United States, the governor of California, eminent statesmen, soldiers, lawyers, and journalists. The pall-bearers—with a few exceptions, representatives of her profession—were W. C. Bunner, C. M. Coe, F. C. Roberts, J. P. Booth, W. R. Burke, H. S. Scott, H. E. Highton, A. W. Foster, W. H. Mills, J. D. Phelan, J. P. Tyler, Henry James, and E. D. Dement.

A concert was given at the Children's Hospital last Tuesday afternoon, when the little ones held their Christmas festival. The music was under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman. There was a large attendance.

— KORN THE HATTER, SOLE AGENT FOR KNOX celebrated hats, 725 Market, near Kearny.

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Every package of this popular dentifrice contains:

A large bottle of liquid

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Use liquid Sozodont daily; the powder twice a week. A small sample of the liquid by mail, if you mention this publication. Address the Proprietors of Sozodont, Hall & Ruckel, New York.

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Ghirardelli's Cocoa is a nourishing, appetizing food in liquid form, a refreshing, invigorating beverage without stimulating effects. Twice the nutriment of chicken, and three times the fat-forming elements. Keeps the body warm in winter. 32 cups 25c. Grocers.

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Regular passenger train leaves Stockton at 7.20 A. M. daily, excepting Sunday, for Merced, Fresno, and way stations. Connecting boat of the California Navigation and Improvement Co. leaves Washington Street Wharf, San Francisco, at 6 P. M. daily, excepting Saturday.

JOHN MOSS,
Traffic Manager.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Plodding Pete—"W'at'chu goin' to hang up on Christmas, Wiggy?" *Wigson Wrong*—"De first easy bar-keeper dat I comes acrost."—*Baltimore News*.

Jones—"I suppose that young Dr. Brown has very few patients yet?" *Smith*—"He hasn't many; but I think he has more than he knows what to do with."—*Puck*.

"The Riddleys have sold their parrot, haven't they?" "Yes; it got so it couldn't do anything but imitate popping champagne corks and hiccoughs."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"I wonder what got Bluebeard starting to cutting off his wives' heads?" "Very likely the idea occurred to him while he was at the theatre behind a big hat."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Drug clerk—"I can't sell liquor, except for medicinal purposes. They're very strict in this town." *Stranger*—"Couldn't I get some whisky for a pain? This town gives me one."—*Puck*.

Farmer Green—"Don't be skeered, miss! that cow is only playful." *Miss Ancient* (out of breath)—"I never played with a cow in my life, man, and I am not going to begin now!"—*Puck*.

"Look, Gerald! Your father and Captain Armstrong are giving Ella a lesson on the bicycle." "Yes, mamma; but why does Ella always fall off on Captain Armstrong's side?"—*Punch*.

Mabel—"Whose picture, Jack?" *Jack* (with confusion)—"Er—that's my sister. She's married and lives in Australia." *Mabel* (calmly)—"Sister by birth or by rejection?"—*Washington Capital*.

To be hoped: *Mamma*—"Freddy's teacher is so pretty! I believe half the boys in her class are determined to marry her when they grow up." *Papa*—"But I trust she has other prospects."—*Puck*.

In Marienbad: "See here, waiter, why is the mirror hung so low in my bedroom?" "The proprietor ordered it. He says that all people want to see is whether their waists are growing smaller."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Yabsley—"The truest test of a man's friendship is his willingness to lend you money." *Mudge*—"Oh, most anybody will lend money. The real test is when you strike him for a second loan."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Crimsonbeak—"That alarm-clock of mine went last night for the first time in a year." *Yeast*—"Why didn't it go before?" *Crimsonbeak*—"Well, because this is the first time I ever fired it at a cat."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Guile—"I wonder why it is that so many men get intoxicated when they get in a tight place, instead of retaining all of their faculties for a supreme effort?" *Quay*—"Perhaps it is so they will see a greater number of ways out."—*Chicago News*.

"Our new neighbors are very polite," said Mrs. Perkase to her husband when he came home at night. "Are they?" "Yes; I sent to borrow their step-ladder, and they told me they hadn't one, but if I'd wait awhile, they'd send and buy one."—*Bazar*.

Mrs. Smith—"I'm looking forward to this coming winter with great pleasure—that is, if things turn out as I expect." *Mrs. Jones*—"Why, what are you going to do?" *Mrs. Smith*—"Oh, all the things my husband said he would do before election-time if McKinley was elected."—*Bazar*.

"Now, look here," said the old man to the daughter who had spent some time at the East. "I guess I can manage to stand it when you call a fifty-cent piece a hof-dollar, but when you speak of a slab as a slob, I want it understood that I will permit no such language."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

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Mr. James Creelman is a gentleman who acquired a somewhat unenviable notoriety for the inaccuracy of his dispatches during the war between America's Honor, China and Japan. Therefore he has been sent by the *Examiner-Journal* as a "special commissioner to Spain." This journalistic feat is not original. It is a direct copy of the *London Chronicle's* move a year ago, when it sent Mr. Henry Norman as a special commissioner to Washington during the acute stages of the Venezuelan trouble. But there can be little comparison between Mr. James Creelman and Mr. Henry Norman. Mr. Norman is an earnest and honest correspondent. He is a man of liberal education. He is a man who apparently tries to tell the truth. When he went to Washington in the interests of

his journal, the *London Chronicle*, he did not go there with a desire to stir up strife between the two great countries, which then seemed on the verge of war. He did his best to set plainly before the people of Great Britain the conditions existing in the United States and the temper of the people in this country. He succeeded in doing so, and there can be no doubt that much of the misunderstanding which then prevailed between the two countries was removed by the strong and earnest letters of Mr. Henry Norman in the *London Chronicle*.

The difference between Mr. James Creelman and Mr. Henry Norman is marked. Not only is the difference marked between the men, but so is the difference between their missions. Mr. Norman was apparently sent to Washington to ascertain the facts and to tell the truth. Mr. James Creelman was apparently sent to Madrid to suppress the facts and to tell lies. What further sinister motive he or his employers may have, it is not easy to say. Possibly Mr. James Creelman may have been sent to Madrid for the purpose of stirring up strife between the United States and Spain. On the surface it would seem so. But on the surface it does not seem that he was sent there to tell the truth.

The letters of Mr. James Creelman are so fantastic that it seems remarkable that even such an extraordinary correspondent should send them, or that such an extraordinary newspaper should print them. Among the various charges which he brings against the President of the United States and a Cabinet minister of the United States are these:

"Cleveland's offers of mediation are merely a means through which the American Government secretly proposed to help Spain to overthrow and suppress the Republic of Cuba. The understanding was that if the Cuban leaders refused to lay down their arms upon the conditions of local self-government to be proposed to them through the United States, the whole influence and power of the American Government would be exerted to crush the new republic. The most surprising fact in this well-concealed conspiracy against the Cuban republic is that in order to help Spain in her pitiless campaign of massacre Secretary Olney has not presented any of the claims for damages arising out of the destruction of American property in the present war. These claims represent millions upon millions of dollars. Injured citizens whose interests are represented by claims have supposed that Mr. Olney was doing everything in his power to secure indemnity for their losses. But Mr. Olney's view is that Spain can not be held responsible for the property destroyed by the insurgent armies. Cleveland's administration declines to recognize the independence of the Cuban Government or the belligerence of its arms, and at the same time calmly absolves Spain from all responsibility for the protection of American property in the island. Thus is explained at last the mystery with which Olney has veiled his traffic with De Lome. Cleveland has searched the records for pretexts to avoid presenting the just claims of Americans upon Spain."

This narrative, of course, is false upon its face. There have been traitors in the history of our country, but there never was a traitor in the Presidential chair. James Buchanan has sometimes been so stigmatized, but he was not a traitor. He was simply weak and cowardly. There have been traitors in the United States, and there are now. But never, we repeat, has a traitor sat in the Presidential chair. No fair-minded man would believe such accusations. No fair-minded man will.

None the less, these papers followed up these false Madrid dispatches the day after their publication with other dispatches dated Washington, which said:

"The *Examiner-Journal's* Madrid dispatches from Mr. Creelman have created a stir. The plain statement that the President and his Secretary of State are in a secret arrangement with Spain to suppress the Cuban revolt was not unsuspected here, but it had never received the decisive and authoritative setting forth which came in this morning's paper."

To call the Creelman correspondence "decisive and authoritative" sounds like satire. We have said that such bald lies could not be believed by fair-minded men. It was necessary for these newspapers to go to the superserviceable senators on the Foreign Relations Committee to get people who would even discuss them with a serious face. The chief clown in the American Senate at present is Senator Morgan, of Alabama. To him did the reporter of the *Examiner-Journal* repair with his Creelman dispatches, and thus did the curious Morgan reply: "Such a conspiracy as the *Examiner-Journal's* correspondent alleges this country is engaged in with Spain is a most serious matter. The allegation that Secretary Olney will not press American claims

against the Spanish Government because of this agreement will be looked into."

Senator Call, of Florida, another of the men who now discredit the country's highest legislative body, was also interviewed. Thus Senator Call: "I have been deeply impressed not only by the *Examiner-Journal's* story itself, but by the enterprise of those journals. I have come to regard this sample of the 'new journalism' as the best specimen of what a newspaper should be, the guardian of the public's interests. If our Secretary of State, acting by and under instructions of the President, has made this infamous compact with officials of the monarch baving in view the maintenance of monarchical control under the shadows of our shore, no greater service could have been," etc.—and Senator Call wanders off into unimportant drivel about the benefits of these "enterprising" journals. Further than this, the *Examiner-Journal's* reporters could get nothing other than carefully worded doubts from senators and representatives. It was reserved for the fantastic Morgan and the grotesque Call to extend even a tentative belief to this most preposterous tale.

What kind of a correspondent is this who thus attacks his country's official head and his country's honor? What kind of papers are these which print such charges as if they were true? It is scarcely worth the space requisite to contradict them. But it is only necessary to recall the Mora claim to show how utterly false these charges are. When Judge Gresham died and Richard Olney took his place as Secretary of State, that gentleman at once busied himself about the collection of the Mora and other claims against Spain, although they had lain dormant in the Department of State for many years. Such was the vigor with which Mr. Olney pressed upon Spain the payment of these American citizens' claims that many American newspapers objected to his zeal, on the ground that Spain was in so embarrassed a condition that it was an unfriendly act for the American Government to press the claims at that time. There is no doubt that Spain considered it an unfriendly act, and so contended. But there is also no doubt that President Cleveland and Secretary Olney insisted upon the payment of the Mora claim.

As to the claims made by American citizens for losses incurred during the present war, it would be impossible for the American Government to press those claims until they find out what they are. Such has been the phenomenal lying during the progress of the Cuban insurrection that it is impossible to tell the truth about anything. The names we notice in the dispatches as having claims for property destroyed by the Spanish Government are generally "Josés" and "Panchitos," "Manuels," and "Diegos." Their names smack of Iberian ancestry. They may be American citizens, but that remains to be proved. American citizenship is too precious a possession to be lightly used. It is as broad as the habitable globe, but it is not broad enough to extend over devastated Cuban acres owned by men who falsely assume it for the purpose of making money. American citizenship is indeed broad. We are sorry that it is so broad that it can include such men as Mr. James Creelman, who for money will attack their country's honor.

It is yet too early to venture any definite statement regarding the output of gold in California during the year just passed, but it is certain that it will exceed that of 1895 by a considerable amount. Charles G. Yale, the statistician of the mint, places the output between \$16,500,000 and \$17,000,000, and it is not probable that these figures are far out of the way. They are more apt to be under than over the mark, for many of the largest producing mines are owned by private companies, who refuse to make any statement as to their output, and large quantities of gold in the aggregate are mined by the Chinese and other small operators, which are never heard of in the ordinary channels of trade. The director of the mint has issued an estimate of the production in the Western States and Territories, which shows a total of \$54,111,000, an increase of nearly eight millions of dollars—the

inclined to think that corrections will reduce this amount to \$51,500,000. In this table, the California output, which is placed at \$16,500,000, leads all the others, with Colorado second with \$13,000,000. This shows an increase over 1895 of \$1,620,000 for California, \$1,403,000 for Nevada, and \$1,235,000 for Arizona.

This result, during a year of general financial depression, speaks most eloquently for the richness of the mines in these Western States, and for the confidence of capitalists and investors in them. The activity that is being displayed already gives fair promise that the product during the year just opening will largely exceed that of 1896. The mining region in Southern California and Nevada, and extending into Arizona, is being prospected with unusual energy, and, if expectations are realized, it will add largely to the output. As yet comparatively little development work has been done, as the mining law does not recognize work done during the calendar year when the claim was staked out. Many claims have been located for speculative purposes only, and these must be developed or abandoned this year.

In 1866, the Allison Ranch Mine led all Nevada County mines in the amount of its dividends. Two years later it had paid more than \$3,000,000. One day a spring of water was tapped, which flowed into the mine with such force that the miners were obliged to retreat before it. For years the water has flowed from the mouth of the tunnel with the force of a monitor, and works and machinery have been abandoned. An enormous pump capable of lifting 1,080,000 gallons a day will be put to work on the first of next month by the present owners, Messrs. Mackay and Flood, and it is hoped that the mine will soon be producing again. The Gwin Mine is another famous producer that has lain idle for sixteen years. Last month a forty-stamp mill was placed in operation, and it has been successfully at work since that time. The mill was started without a drift having been run in the mine, the ore being taken from the dumps and from the 1,200 and 1,300-foot levels. It is a good-paying low-grade ore. The Black Oak group, located near Sonora, has been sold to a Franco-Belgian syndicate with head-quarters at Berlin, and work is being pushed. The Cleveland Consolidated group is reported sold to an English syndicate of which John Hays Hammond is the manager, and the Sibyl group in the French Gulch District is sold to a New York company. The De Noon group, adjoining the Derbec property in Nevada County, which was formerly a large producer, is to be opened up by a London syndicate during the next few months.

These numerous transactions, which are extensive in the amount involved, and recent in date, indicate how extensive is the demand for good-paying mining property in this State among Eastern and European capitalists.

There is likely to be a boom in hydraulic mining this year also. Owing to certain discrepancies between the State and Federal laws appropriating money for impounding debris, the appropriations have not been properly available. The State law is to be amended at this session of the legislature, when the entire five hundred thousand dollars will be rendered available. In the meantime the smaller hydraulic mines around Oro Fino are already in operation, while those requiring a greater head of water will probably start up work this month and continue until July or August.

While mining in this State shows so much activity and prosperity, the boom in Western Australia, which promised so much two years ago, seems to be about to die out. Taking the eight months ending with August of 1896, the registrations are \$48,000,000 greater, the capital for 1895 being \$96,146,075, and for 1896, \$144,145,630. In spite of this increase in the capital, the returns have been so small that it is becoming difficult to secure the investment of any more capital. Upon an investment of £75,000,000 the returns have been only £1,200,000, or less than 2 per cent. In consequence, London has paid West Australia a dividend of 8 per cent., instead of receiving one of 20 per cent., as was expected.

During the last two weeks meetings have been held in different parts of the State to protest against the renewal of the State Bureau of Highways. Resolutions have been adopted, and legislators have been petitioned to vote against any bill continuing the bureau in existence. These meetings and petitions have emanated from farmers and county boards of supervisors. Why the boards of supervisors should object to the bureau it is difficult to understand, except in those cases, unfortunately all too numerous, where the bureau has found itself compelled to criticise adversely the methods of keeping the road accounts. The bureau's suggestions do not involve any transfer of the control of county roads from the supervisors, but, on the contrary, they urge that the supervisors should remain in control in their respective districts—an arrangement that has been found to secure the best results in this State.

That the farmers should object to the bureau is equally

difficult to understand. The farmers would be the chief beneficiaries, were the suggestions of the bureau carried out. If the roadway connecting a farmer's property with the neighboring town, or with the point where he ships his goods, should be so improved that he can carry twice as heavy a load on his wagon, or can reach the market in one-half of the time now needed, it is evident that he has achieved the same result as if his farm had been bodily moved one-half the distance toward the town, with a corresponding increase in its value. He markets his products to greater advantage, and saves in the wear and tear of horseflesh, wagons, and harness. The proposed State highways will relieve the rural districts from a portion of their taxes, since the expense of construction and maintenance is to be defrayed by a tax on the cities as well as upon outside lands.

If any community could reasonably object to this, it would be San Francisco, since the people here will be called upon to meet nearly one-third of the expense of constructing interior roads. There is, in reality, no cause for objection here, however. The cities depend upon the country districts for their prosperity, and whatever tends to connect the two more closely is a benefit to both alike.

It is a curious fact that throughout the country the movement in favor of improved highways has found its chief opponents among the farmers. This was the experience particularly in New Jersey. In the southern part of that State is a large level tract of land, the soil of which is sandy. It is inhabited by market-gardeners, who haul the produce from their small farms to Philadelphia, and there sell it. The roads were heavy and the hauling difficult. Many of the farmers would arise before day-break, hitch their horses to the wagons that had been loaded over night, and drive slowly and painfully to the market, which they would reach about night-fall. The next day the same toilsome journey was reversed.

Several of the more enterprising residents saw that there was an extravagant waste of time and value in this, and urged the construction of improved highways. They were opposed in this by the less progressive, who were in the majority. There was no road-building material within less than two hundred miles, and they feared that the expense of so long a haul on the railroads would be more than they could meet. The good-roads advocates persevered, however, and finally won the day.

The first practical operations for improved highways began in Essex County, in the north-eastern part of the State, more than twenty years ago. That county, although only twelve miles square, has since built more than two hundred miles of fine telford and macadam roads, many of them being boulevards. The experience of Chester township, in Burlington County, is interesting, and typical of that elsewhere. A Mr. Harrison offered to build ten miles of good rock road for forty thousand dollars, provided they would bond the town for that amount. In order to secure the required vote in favor of the bonds, it was necessary to increase the length of the road to eleven and one-half miles. This was done, and the road constructed. The rock was brought many miles by rail, and then carted overland in wagons. In spite of these difficulties, Mr. Harrison turned back \$225 to the town treasury, so that the road cost only about \$3,460 a mile. The road was built three years ago, and there has been no expense for repairing since. The bonds are being paid off at the rate of \$1,000 a year, so the tax is insignificant.

One farmer relates that he lived two miles from a stone road leading to Camden. Two horses hauled his loaded wagon to and from Camden along the stone road; but when he reached the two miles of road leading to his farm it was necessary to double up his teams, and even then he often had to throw off a portion of his load in order to reach the farm. It took him longer and was more fatiguing to the team to come over those two miles than to cover the whole ten miles to Philadelphia. Before the building of the stone roads twenty-five baskets of potatoes was considered a load; now eighty-five or one hundred baskets are carried, and two horses will haul a combined weight of wagon and load of four and one-half tons.

The construction of these improved roads has vindicated itself in New Jersey, and the farmers, who formerly opposed the movement, are now its strongest advocates. A State law has been enacted by which one-third of the cost of construction is met by a State tax, while the cost of repairing must be defrayed by the counties. If such results have been accomplished in New Jersey under such unfavorable conditions, what could not be accomplished in this State? General Roy Stone, the United States Commissioner of Roads, declares that California should have the best roads in the Union. Road material is abundant in every county of the State, and is easily accessible. Water for sprinkling can be obtained without great expense, and the conditions for good roads exist here to the same extent that they are lacking in New Jersey. The State Bureau of Highways has done good

work in pointing out the defects in the present system; they will do far better work if their duties are expanded and not continued simply advisory.

During the past week there have been some changes in the Cabinet situation as it affects California. While the Sphinx of Canton has not spoken, California's favorite sons have been hard at work. The tacit agreement not to attack a possible Cabinet appointee still holds good; but there have been some thrusts in the dark and a few stabs under the floating ribs. McKinley has as yet made no sign. No Canton cold water has as yet been thrown upon any Californian's Cabinet boom. But at this end of the line some rising stars are gradually being quenched in gloom.

Last week we printed what may be called California's Cabinet list of favorite sons. We reprint it. It is as follows: Colonel Harrison Gray Otis, of Los Angeles, editor of the *Los Angeles Times*; Horace Davis, ex-president of the State University; Charles N. Felton, ex-United States Senator; Judge James A. Waymire, of Alameda; Elwood Cooper, of Santa Barbara; Judge J. J. de Haven, of San Francisco; Judge Joseph McKenna, of San Francisco; George C. Perkins, United States Senator from California; and M. H. de Young, of the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

We remarked last week that this list of names would be reduced by an obvious process of elimination. The process of elimination is still going on. The name of M. H. de Young we may strike from the list. Mr. de Young is regarded by the incoming administration with distinct unenthusiasm. His name may be instantaneously stricken from the list.

The next to go is the name of George C. Perkins, United States Senator from California. Senator Perkins has been mentioned as a possible Cabinet appointee. But he has stated that he preferred to keep his seat in the Senate if he were reelected, and that he was sure of being reelected. We said last week that he was almost sure to be reelected senator, and as we write, events are so crystallizing as to make his election practically certain. Therefore, the name of Senator Perkins may be stricken from the list.

Another favorite son whose name we think will now disappear is James A. Waymire. A few weeks ago, Judge Waymire's name figured more frequently in the public prints as a possible Cabinet appointee than that of any other Californian. But the events of the past fortnight—Judge Waymire's "disagreement," or "misunderstanding," or "quarrel," or whatever he may call it, with Senator Perkins—his wavering between affiliation with the Republican caucus and non-affiliation—his coquetting with the Shortridge boom—all of these events have tended to cause the friends of Senator Perkins, and even many of the friends of Judge Waymire, to consider him as unfitted for a Cabinet position. They will no longer support him for such a position; he will be fortunate if they do not oppose him. We think the name of Judge Waymire may be stricken from the list.

The name of Horace Davis was indorsed by the California Congressional delegation, but has not been received with much enthusiasm in California, although no one can deny Mr. Davis's ability and high character. But his indorsement caused a quarrel in the Congressional delegation which is far-reaching in its results. It extended as far East as Paris—where Mr. de Young sojourns—and as far West as Alameda—where Judge Waymire resides. Such has been the contention in the delegation that it is understood a second caucus resulted in a determination not to submit Mr. Davis's name to the President-elect. Therefore, the name of Mr. Davis may be stricken from the list.

The name of Elwood Cooper, of Santa Barbara, has received the indorsement of the Farmers' Association of that county. But we have not observed that the Cooper boom has extended much beyond the confines of Santa Barbara. We think the name of Mr. Cooper may be safely stricken from the list.

There remain the names of Judge McKenna, of San Francisco; Colonel Harrison Gray Otis, of Los Angeles, editor of the *Los Angeles Times*; Judge J. J. de Haven, of San Francisco; and ex-Senator Charles N. Felton, of San Francisco.

We have before remarked that we believed the friendship of President-elect McKinley for Judge McKenna was such that he would tender a Cabinet position to the judge if that gentleman desired it. But we further said that we did not think Judge McKenna would be willing to give up a life position on the Federal bench for a four years' term in the Cabinet. We still so believe. A dispatch in one of the dailies remarks that "President-elect McKinley has promised Judge McKenna to give him a position upon the Supreme bench at the close of his Cabinet term." The truth of this dispatch seems to us doubtful. Even Presidents can not always make vacancies upon the Supreme bench. In the rarefied atmosphere of that altitudinous tribunal, few die and none resign. President Cleveland is

understood to be extremely desirous of filling Judge Field's position on the Supreme bench. But Judge Field has not died or resigned, nor will he do so, we trust, until after Mr. Cleveland shall have ceased to be President.

It seems doubtful that President-elect McKinley would make any such promise. It also seems improbable that he would take Judge McKenna from the Federal bench, appoint him to a Cabinet position, and then, within a sufficiently short time before the expiration of his own term to make Judge McKenna safe, that he would appoint him to another vacancy upon the Federal bench, if such vacancy existed. Such a proceeding would not be in good taste. We do not think it would commend itself either to President-elect McKinley or to Judge McKenna.

By our process of elimination, there remain the names of Colonel Harrison Gray Otis, Judge de Haven, and Senator Felton. We believe that one of those three will probably be appointed.

The greater part of the first week of this session of the legislature has been devoted to providing places for those who "did the work" for the politicians during the last election. There was a hope that this session would be marked by economy, but the proceedings of this week give little promise that the hope will be justified. Before the adjournment two years ago, the senate appointed a committee to consider how expenses might be reduced and to report the necessary changes. Among other reforms, the committee recommended that the number of employees be cut down from 167 to 73, thereby making a reduction of \$475 a day. Although they had no jurisdiction over the assembly, they suggested similar changes in the force employed by that body.

That there is abundant room for reform in this direction is proved by a comparison of the figures in this State with those in some others. Massachusetts has a population of 2,500,183, and a total membership in both houses of the legislature of 277. This membership, which constitutes nearly twice that of the legislature in this State, requires only 43 attachés to attend to its clerical and police work. This is a percentage of attachés to members of 15.52. Pennsylvania has a population of 5,921,016, and a total legislative membership of 254, which requires 116 employees, or a percentage of 45.67. Ohio, with a population of 3,802,009, and a legislative membership of 150, has 85 attachés—a percentage of 56.66. California, with a far smaller number of people to legislate for, and a less number of legislators, requires a far larger force of clerks, and janitors, and doorkeepers, and watchmen. With a population of 1,250,000 and a total legislative membership of 120, there were 318 attachés, or a percentage to membership of 265. A percentage 17 times as great as that of Massachusetts, and 5 times as great as that of Pennsylvania or Ohio, certainly indicates a recklessness of expenditure that demands curtailment.

In the light of these facts, the recommendations of the committee were not extravagant. The report of the senate committee was adopted, with certain changes which increased the expenses \$60 a day. In the assembly a committee recommended changes which would reduce the force from 93 to 63, and the daily expenses from \$818 to \$642—a saving of \$176. In addition to the clerks required by statute, which are 6 in number, 23 at \$8 a day, 3 at \$5, and 28 at \$4 have been appointed.

This is a step in the right direction, but it does not go far enough. It still leaves a force of 149 attachés, or a percentage of 124, which is nearly three times as great as that required in Ohio or Pennsylvania, and more than ten times as great as that required in Massachusetts. The Republican members of the legislature must remember that their party is on trial, and that upon the record they make at Sacramento depends the result of the next election in this State. If they prove by their work that they are sincerely striving for economy, there is no reason why a Republican governor should not be elected two years hence. It was only by the utmost efforts, with all the prestige of McKinley's popularity, that the Republican party succeeded in carrying this State at the last election, and then by so bare a majority that one of the electors was defeated. If the senate and assembly do not exercise the most rigid economy and stop wasting the people's money, there will be no hope of electing a Republican ticket in this State two years from now.

The litigation in the famous Blythe case—which, like a wounded snake, dragged its slow length along for so many years—was terminated not long ago by a decision in favor of Mrs. Florence Blythe-Hinckley. After the decision came the settlement. The number of attorneys in this case was large. Not quite so large as the number in the Fair case, but still large. Their fees, too, were large. Various methods were suggested by which their fees could be paid, but none seem

to have met with general approval. One was the formation of a corporation by which a gigantic building was to be erected on the Blythe block, the finest piece of land in the heart of the city of San Francisco. This land was to be mortgaged to raise funds for the erection of the building. The various attorneys who had taken contingent fees in the case were to receive shares of stock in the corporation.

This plan, however, has fallen through. In its place, Mrs. Florence Blythe-Hinckley has decided to cut up the land into lots, and to pay off her attorneys in land. Therefore she has had the property appraised and surveyed. The result shows the shrinkage in real-estate values in San Francisco. In 1894, the land and buildings were appraised at \$2,983,575. They have just been re-appraised, and now the figures are \$2,377,546, a shrinkage of \$246,029 in two years and six months. Mrs. Hinckley will retain land and buildings valued at \$1,642,527, and will transfer a portion to the attorneys valued at \$1,095,018. It is to be distributed as follows: To General W. H. Hart, 12½ per cent.; to Mrs. Perry, 10 per cent.; to the late firm of Garber, Boalt & Bishop and W. W. Foote, 8 per cent.; to the estate of Hall McAllister, 4½ per cent.; to H. I. Kowalsky, 2 per cent.; and to I. Bergin, 3 per cent., making 40 per cent. in all.

Thus Mrs. Florence Blythe-Hinckley will get sixty per cent. of her inheritance, and the lawyers will get forty per cent. We commend the young woman on her prudence and wisdom in paying her attorneys and getting rid of them. If she had entered into the corporation scheme, and mortgaged her land for the purpose of covering the block with buildings, the lawyers would have owned all the land and all the buildings before they got through with it. As it is now, she will stand a fair chance of retaining at least her million and a half in peace.

The sub-divisions of this contingent fee are curious. The firm of Garber, Boalt & Bishop has been dissolved, and new firms have been erected upon its ruins. The contingent fee belonging to that firm will have to be divided on the basis existing before the dissolution. As for the late Hall McAllister, admittedly the giant of the San Francisco bar, all that brilliant advocate left was a mortgaged homestead and his interest in the Blythe contingent fee. All that his heirs will ever receive will be his four and a half per cent. of the estate of the late Thomas Blythe.

Sugar is now one of the necessities of life upon the tables of the poor as well as upon those of the rich. This important fact has been recognized by the countries of Europe, and in those whose soil is suitable for the cultivation of the sugar-beet every effort is made to foster the industry. Import duties are levied to protect the home product from foreign competition, and export bounties are paid to encourage production in excess of the home demand. Germany, France, Austria, Sweden, Bulgaria even, and, in fact, every country that could supply itself with sugar, has taken measures to do so.

The policy of paying a bounty upon exports of sugar was developed in Germany more than thirty years ago, and has been continued, with variations in the amount paid, to the present day. Prior to 1869, the rate of bounty was a little less than twelve cents for each hundredweight. The stimulus thus given caused a largely increased area to be planted with sugar-beets, and thus the surplus for export was swelled to large proportions. The demands for payment of bounties exceeded the receipts from the import duty on sugar, and the bounty rate was reduced to a little more than one-quarter of a cent a pound. In June of last year, a new law went into effect, which increased the bounty rate again to 59.5 cents for each 220.46 pounds, and the import duties to 2.2 cents a pound. Austria has met this by increasing the total amount of the export bounty to be paid to \$3,641,400 each year. The bounty paid for export in France can not be directly estimated, but the import duty has been increased to keep the German sugar out of the country.

The result of this policy is seen in the growth of the industry. During the campaign of 1895-6 there were 397 factories in operation in Germany; the area of beets planted was 914,584 acres, from which 11,672,000 tons of beets were harvested, and 13.25 per cent. of sugar was obtained. In France, 355 factories were operated, 494,430 acres of beets planted, 5,411,000 tons harvested, and 12 per cent. of sugar obtained. The exports of sugar from France in recent years were valued as follows: 1892, \$16,485,430; 1893, \$20,094,836; 1894, \$22,319,361. During the ten months ending April, 1896, Germany shipped to this country sugar valued at \$5,847,516.

This is the experience of Europe. What is the experience of the United States? This country is now consuming an average of about 2,000,000 tons of sugar a year, of which 1,700,000, or 85 per cent., is imported at a cost of more

than \$100,000,000. This money goes to feed the farmers, laborers, and manufacturers of foreign countries instead of those of this country. Yet all of this sugar and a surplus for export could, in time, be raised in this country were the industry properly fostered. Under the bounty provision of the McKinley tariff, sugar production received a mighty impetus. In 1890, before the law was in force, the output of beet sugar was about 8,000,000 pounds, and all but 850,000 pounds came from California. In 1894 the total product was over 52,000,000 pounds, and 40,000,000 pounds was produced in California. This increase, great though it is, is barely suggestive of what it would have been had the bounty been continued in force.

Outside of California there are but three States in which the sugar-beet is produced—Nebraska, Utah, and Virginia. The soil and climate of this State are far superior to those of the others, as is shown by the fact that the average yield per acre here is 2,838 pounds of sugar; in Utah it is 1,491; in Nebraska, 1,327; and in Virginia, 1,012. The factories in this State are three in number—the Watsonville factory in Santa Cruz County, the Cbino factory in San Bernardino County, and the Alvarado factory in Alameda County. A fourth will be established at Salinas, in Monterey, during the present year. The consumption by the Cbino factory is about 800 tons a day, the Watsonville factory consumes 1,200 tons, and the Alvarado factory 400 tons, or a daily consumption for the three of 2,400 tons. At the Watsonville factory the run for 1896 was the largest in its history. More than 110,000 tons of beets were used, as against 77,000 tons in 1895.

This is what has been accomplished under the stimulus of two years of bounty. How much more can be accomplished should the Ways and Means Committee give proper protection to the needs of the industry is beyond computation. This State has vast areas suitable for the production of sugar-beets, and could supply the demand of the whole country. The yield per acre in Germany is 12.7 tons; in France, it is 10.9 tons. In this State, the yield runs more than 16 tons to the acre. At Alvarado, experiments made several years ago by recording the actual run of the factory showed the yield to average 19.5 tons an acre. The yield of sucrose ranged from 11.9 to 15.4 per cent. In France this year, it was 12 per cent.; in Germany, 13.25. The average for this State would therefore be higher than in Europe.

While these natural advantages exist, the cost of labor is higher. The industry is a new one, and the necessary machinery must be imported from Germany at a heavy expense. Protection is therefore necessary until the industry becomes well established, and this State looks to the new administration at Washington in confidence that it will receive that protection.

We observe that the Woman's Industrial Union has sent a communication to the board of supervisors of San Francisco requesting that they be allowed to take charge of the janitor work in the City Hall for one month. The communication is signed by Mme. Louise Sorbier, president of the union, and the other officers. They state that they will give employment to a number of poor and deserving women, who now are utterly unable to find work. They offer to keep the building spotlessly clean for twelve hundred dollars a month. It now costs the city twenty-three hundred dollars a month to keep it dirty.

We hope that the board of supervisors will consider this petition favorably, but we greatly doubt it. The janitors' positions in the City Hall are given as rewards to "strikers" and "workers" around the polls. As women can do no work of that description, they are of no use to the board of supervisors. None the less, if the ladies keep persistently at the new board, they may succeed in making some impression upon them.

It would be desirable for many reasons that the work of cleaning the City Hall be intrusted to women. In the first place, it would be very much better done. Men never seem to keep a building as clean as women can. Further than that, it would be an object-lesson in this city, and female servants would grow accustomed to the sight of women scrubbing in public. Among the various other hanes of Chinese labor in this city, one has been the fact that all such work as public scrubbing and cleaning has become odious in the eyes of female servants. In all the large cities of the East one may see battalions of female servants scrubbing the floors of hotels, of office buildings, the front steps of public buildings, and even the sidewalks. There is nothing degrading in it. No labor is degrading which is honest. But all housewives know how difficult it is to get girls in San Francisco who will even clean off the front stoop, let alone the sidewalk. For this and other reasons we hope that the ladies of the Woman's Industrial Union will succeed in persuading the supervisors to let the unemployed have a chance in cleaning the San Francisco City Hall.

BILL, THE PLOTTER.

A Newspaper Man's Story.

It seems but yesterday that old Bill Ijams lurched into the office, fell over a chair or two, sat himself down upon the edge of my table, and announced, with drunken gravity, that he was the best blank-dashed joh-printer that hit the pike.

"Yes?" I said, briefly, glancing up from one of the pungent paragraphs that used to cause me so much amusement, yet were not appreciated by the exchange editors of the metropolitan papers.

"Didn't I say so, young feller?" he asked, in an aggrieved tone, as he reached for my box of smoking-tobacco and stowed away a handful of it behind his wealth of hristling mustache and whiskers. "Gimme a job?" he added, closing one eye and viewing me critically with the other, the while he masticated the tobacco.

We needed a man, so I called the foreman.

"Give this man that hill-head joh of Dudley's, Ed, and see what he can do," I said.

"I'll dern soon show ye what ol' Bill c'n do, young feller," grumbled Mr. Ijams, as he rolled off the table and followed Ed. "Ol' Bill c'n turn out artistic work fr'm a blacksmith shop—such 's I take *this* t' be, sonny," with a contemptuous glance at the interior of the press and composing-room. Then he bung up his coat, filled his old coh pipe—with my tobacco—grabbed a "stick," and went to work.

The proof of that one-horse bill-head joh, when it was handed me, about three-quarters of an hour later, filled me with joy. It was a thing of beauty—a masterpiece.

"Do you want to stay here awhile?" I asked, having in mental view numerous orders for joh-work on the strength of Mr. Ijams's unquestionable ability in that line. Bill was standing with folded arms, leering at me with that one-eyed squint of his.

"'Course—ef ye c'n stan' my price."

"What is it?"

He named a figure about seven dollars a week higher than I felt we could afford; but as I pondered over it, he added, "But I c'n do more work th'n two ord'nary men—ef I git it t' do."

"All right," I said, finally, "we'll try it a week," and I turned again to my work.

"Hold on," he said, "I want t' make 'n agreement with ye. *Don't* let me have any money. I can't stand prosperity, ye see. So, ef ye'd jest's soon stake me out at some boardin'-house, an' git me a little eatin' an' humin' t'bacca, I'll be fixed."

This was agreed to, as was also the request that I "stake" him for another drink, to "steady his nerves." Then Bill settled down to work—and if ever there was a star of the first magnitude in the job-printing line, he was that same. I took samples of the first two or three johs he turned out, and with these I sallied forth and booked more orders than we had received in months past; but old Bill, slow in his movements as he was, proved equal to the rush, and everything was done on time, as promised. Not only was he valuable in his working capacity, but he kept us all amused with a constant flow of anecdotes, related in his dry way in a drawing voice rendered busky by years of dalliance with John Barleycorn and tobacco.

He claimed to be, and probahly was, over sixty years of age, and was a walking encyclopedia of geographical information, having walked, he said, in every country on the face of the earth where the English language is printed. Of course, he had worked on the New York *Tribune* in Greeley's time, and was one of the several thousand "only men" who could readily decipher "old Horace's" copy. Cairo, Egypt, was one of the out-of-the-way places he had "held cases" in, and accordingly the hoys duhded him "Africa," which *sobriquet* he did not resent in the least.

He had been with us about a week, when, one morning, he slouched into the office and dropped into a chair near me. For some time he puffed away at his vile old pipe without speaking, but finally remarked, apropos of nothing:

"Tell me ye write some f'r magazines, an' so on."

I admitted that I possessed literary aspirations.

"'F ye want s'm' rattlin' good plots," said Bill, with some diffidence, "I c'n fill ye full of 'em. Make 'em up when I'm drunk 'r on th' road. Good ones, too."

"Yes?" I said, wearily—for I had spent many a dull hour with that variety of hore with "a rattling good plot" to tell about. "Why don't you write 'em yourself?"

"Can't; ain't never soher long enough," said Bill, frankly. "When I *am* soher, I have t' work 't th' trade, so's t' git quick r'turns. But I'll tell *you* some of 'em. Stay awhile, after they go t' press, some night, an' we'll chaw th' rag."

With all due gratitude to Bill for his kindly interest in my affairs, and the painstaking way in which he imparted to me those plots of his upon which such successful hits of fiction were to be builded, it must be said that his efforts to assist me were fruitless. Either Bill soher forgot the principal features of the plots mapped out by Bill drunk, or his listener was singularly obtuse and failed to see things as Bill himself did. At any rate, I am not going to tell what became of the three or four manuscripts in which some of old Bill's ideas were embodied.

This saddened Bill and made him morose. The last straw came in the shape of a note from an editorial friend who had published a number of sketches of mine, in which he frankly stated his private opinion that I must have an awful nerve to expect him to read such rot, much less publish it. I handed the letter to Bill. He read it in silence, then, with some lurid profanity directed at editors in general, turned and left the office.

At five o'clock in the afternoon he came back, drunk and abusive, and wanted what money was due him. I tried to evade him, telling him we wanted him to stay with the office awhile.

"T' h—I with you an' th' office!" he roared. "Gimme my time!"

"But the bank's closed, Bill," I pleaded. "Won't a few dollars do until to-morrow?"

"Give—me—my—time—*now*!"

I went out, cashed a check with some difficulty, and came back and gave Bill his money. He went out growling.

Next morning he came in, showing the effects of his dehauch, and sat down by the stove.

"Ready to go to work, Bill?" I asked.

"No. I'm goin' t' hit th' road," he said, gruffly. "C'n ye let me have four hits?"

"Great Cæsar, Bill! You won't quit us, with all those johs on the book?" I cried, in dismay.

"Might as well. Won't he any good ef I stay," he replied, with considerable firmness. "Do I git th' four hits?"

He got it, and after shaking hands all round, he disappeared in the direction of the railway station.

About six months later, Bill floated into the office again. If he had been soher during the interval, there certainly was nothing about his appearance to indicate it. I have seen almost every variety of bum and tramp, but in all my experience I can not recall meeting one of such thoroughly unwholesome appearance as old Bill presented that morning.

"*Wie geht's*, sonny?" he hiccupped, cheerfully, holding out a dirty paw. "Know me?"

I surveyed him with ill-concealed disgust, as I remarked: "It is possible that a hath and a harher might disclose the face and form of my old friend Bill. But now—great Scott, Bill! Go and get a hath and a hair-cut."

He took the dollar I gave him, chuckled hoarsely, and left, to return in about an hour somewhat improved in appearance, and ready for work.

"Say," he remarked, as he took off his coat, "I've got th' best derned plot f'r a short story ye ever heard of. I'll tell ye t'night."

But, alas! it was like all the others he had given me, and quite as valueless as those he subsequently imparted to me during his three weeks' sojourn with us. At the end of that time, he departed in much the same manner as before. He got drunk, "went broke," borrowed a half-dollar again, and walked out of town.

For the next three years, he showed up at intervals of five or six months—departing as innocent of means as when he arrived, always, however, with a new suit of clothes. Never did he fail to announce, upon his arrival, that he had the "best derned plot" for a story I ever heard of. And never did one of his ideas avail me anything.

A year or so after the death of the always sickly *Journal*, of which I had been editor-in-chief from the beginning, I met Bill in Chicago. I was then "doing police" on one of the morning papers, and it was while attending the Monday morning "round-up" at the old Armory station that I became aware of his presence. As the police judge, after looking at the name on the sheet before him, remarked something about "jim-jams" being a more appropriate name than "Ijams," I glanced up, and there, in the prisoners' dock, was old Bill, looking, oh! so tough!—but with a knowing leer on his face as he recognized me.

I whispered to the judge, who grinned. "Old friend, eh? William, the officer says you were drunk and disorderly, Saturday night. How about it?"

"Guilty, judge," said Bill, cheerfully.

"M—hm. Ever been here before, William?"

"Not as many times 's I ought t' heen."

"Coming again? No? Discharged. Your friend here wishes to see you, William."

Bill was entirely unabashed when I met him at the door, and seemed greatly amused at my suggestion that he ought to be ashamed of himself. "I never thought you'd come to this, Bill," I said, severely.

"Fiddle-de-dee, hoy! Likewise, 'Rats'!" replied Bill, with coarse disregard for the dignity of my official star. "Ef I had two hits f'r ev'ry time that's happened, I wouldn't be tryin' t' horrow a dollar now," he continued, adroitly.

He got the dollar, and on the way uptown unfolded to me one of the "best derned plots" for a story he had ever evolved; but it was not good enough to consider, and my manner told him so.

"I'll leave ye here," he said, abruptly, as we came to Van Buren Street. "I look too tough t' go uptown with ye. But, looky, sonny, nex' time I see ye, I'm sure goin' t' give ye a plot that'll make y'r hair curl. Understand?"

We parted, and Bill made a bee-line for the nearest place to get an "eye-opener." That was the last I saw of him for two years.

Of all the ubiquitous individuals I ever ran across in all sorts of out-of-the-way places and elsewhere, Bill Ijams was the one oftenest in evidence. The next time I saw him, he was in New York; next, I found him officiating as foreman in a little newspaper-office in a Nebraska prairie town; and a year later he turned up in San Francisco, and stumpled across my path. On each and every occasion he had "the best derned plot" all ready to give me; and, quite as regularly, nothing came of it.

A few months after seeing him in San Francisco, while chatting with the editor of a paper in southern New Mexico, I heard a familiar voice from the door of the composing-room asking some question about a "job." Behold our old friend Bill, stick in hand, with the same old familiar one-eyed leer on his grizzled countenance. After he went out I told the editor about him.

"Why don't you take the old villain out to the mine, and straighten him out, if you're going to be there awhile?" asked Sherman. "He's good for years if you can keep him sober; but he nearly died after his last jamboree, a few weeks ago. He's about 'due' again, by now."

Just then Bill's head emerged from the doorway. "Say, sonny," he remarked, "I got somethin' t' tell ye, ef y're 'round t'night. It's a *corker*, sure, this time."

"All right, Bill. Come over and take supper at the botel with me."

Bill readily accepted the proposition I held out to him to go out to our camp and work. He liked the prospect of a change of employment, and also that of being out of reach of his old enemy when one of his "spells" came on. So when I drove out next day, I was accompanied by this cheerful old reprobate, who seemed happy as a hoy over the outlook. He had one or two "plots" to unfold, too; but he did not seem hurt when I failed to enthuse over them.

* * * * *

Bill had been with us at White Hawk about three months, and during that time had succeeded not only in standing off "the enemy," but in making himself the most popular man in camp, besides. So it was with genuine regret that everybody beard that he was about to pull up stakes and move on. But the roving fever had him, and nothing we could say or do would induce him to reconsider.

Without his knowledge, "the hoys" bestirred themselves in his behalf, and on the eve of his departure he was decoyed up to Higgins's boarding-house, where a "grand hall" was being held in his honor. And when they presented the old fellow with a handsome watch: "This is addin' insult t' injury," said Bill, with grateful tears in his bleary old eyes.

About midnight, when the *baile* was at its height, came startling news, brought in by a late arrival from the Arizona line. The notorious "Kid" and his cut-throat band of reds were out on the war-path, and it behooved those present—the men, at least—to get to their respective ranches and look after their buildings and stock. . . .

A week later found us, a mere handful of men, hampered by the presence of half a hundred women and children, besieged in garrison by a hundred or more agency-fed redskins, who had obviously succeeded in heading off couriers going toward the military posts, and proposed to starve us out. And we were in a sad way. There was plenty of water, but provisions were getting distressingly low, and, worse still, our supply of ammunition could not hold out much longer.

It was a very dejected lot of men that gathered together that August morning in Higgins's, which was our "fort," and discussed the situation. It had come to the pass that, unless help arrived very, very soon, we must manage to get a courier through to the fort—an undertaking that, more than likely, meant death to the man attempting it. In this emergency arose old Bill.

"I'll go—t' night," said he. "I got nohody t' keer f'r me; no chick n'r child. I'm nearly seventy years old, an' not long f'r this world, anyhow. 'Course, I'm a tenderfoot, but I c'n try t' git through, anyhow."

It must be confessed, to our everlasting discredit, that we saw the logic of Bill's arguments, and the protests against his proposition were few and insincere. That night, mounted on the best horse in camp, and heavily armed, Bill Ijams went out into the darkness, to give up what remained of his miserable, mistaken life for others.

He must have got lost in the hills that night; for when the reds sighted him, next day, he was only a few miles on his way. He gave them a running fight for several miles, but was finally hit by a stray shot and obliged to seek cover in the rocks. He made a good fight for his ehing life, as the empty cartridge-shells around the rock where he had sought refuge amply proved.

We found him the second day after he left us, stark naked and horribly mutilated. In his tightly clenched left hand was a scrap of paper, evidently overlooked by his murderers. On it was hastily written:

"Boys: They've got me, and I can see them crawling up. Good-bye.—BILL. P. S.—Just got one. Maybe Nibsy can make a story out of this." . . .

There was more, but it was undecipherable. I thought that, with his eye on the enemy, he had tried to outline another plot.

LESTER KETCHUM.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1897.

The Czar rides the hicycle, and during his sojourn at the court of the Danish king occasionally went to ride unattended on his wheel in one of the royal forests. On one of these rides the Czar lost his way, and meeting a wheelman in the woods, asked, in Danish, to be directed on the course he wished to follow. To his surprise, the man responded in Russian instead of in Danish. The Czar asked: "How does it happen that you speak Russian?" "Because, sire," the man answered, "I am one of the Russian detectives charged with the duty of guarding your majesty's person." He, with other detectives, had been wheeling along the roads, keeping the Czar in sight, while the monarch himself was enjoying the pleasing and unaccustomed sense of being unattended.

The cause of the singular sunburn effects produced by X-rays impinging upon the hands is not the rays themselves, Nicola Tesla says, but the ozone generated by them in contact with the skin. Nitrous acid, produced electrically from the nitrogen in the air, may also be responsible to a small extent. The best means of protecting the hands is to prevent the access of air to them while the exposure is going on. This may be accomplished by immersion in oil.

Mr. Howells states that only thirty years ago popular ignorance classed Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes "with those who were once rudely called infidels," and that the *Atlantic Monthly* lost many subscribers because of the publication of Dr. Holmes's story, "The Guardian Angel." "Now," says Mr. Howells, "the tone of that story would not be thought even mildly agnostic."

John Elliott's coal mine, at New Straitsville, O., was set afire by strikers twelve years ago, and was afterward abandoned. It is still burning. It has been discovered that unless the fire is extinguished, it will reach other mines, and will also let many houses drop into the fiery hole, the roof of which has been nearly burned away.

A SWELL "STAG RACKET."

Police Raid a "Vaudeville Dinner" at Sherry's—Ugly Charges—
The Statement of a Young Dancing-Girl—The
Men Who Were There.

A dinner given at Sherry's on the Saturday night before Christmas caused an uproar in New York which has not yet died away. The dinner was given by Herbert B. Seeley in honor of the farewell to hachelorhood of his brother, Clinton B. Seeley, who was to be married to Miss Florence Tuttle at Trinity Chapel a few days afterward. It has been the fashion in New York for some time now to give what are called "vaudeville performances" after hachelor dinners, and in fact even at dinners at which ladies are present. This particular dinner was given at Sherry's, which is now admittedly the swell place in New York since Delmonico's lost its ancient prestige, and as the Waldorf is so much frequented by wealthy Westerners and others from out of town.

The guests at the Seeley dinner were as follows: C. A. Postley, a well-known yachting man, Edward Fish, H. E. Smith, Conrad L. Peters, Henry W. Harris, Marshall Bishop, H. A. Bergmann, Louis Ogden, H. H. Flagler, Wilson Marshall, C. Barnum Seeley, Clair Hamilton, Alfred Marshall, A. Gould Hamilton, E. P. Delaney, Marmaduke Tilden, Nathan Seeley, Theodore D. Rich, Dr. John A. Irwin, Horatio R. Harper, of Harper Brothers, and Charles Tobias. The prominence of some of these gentlemen and the fact that many of them are married has caused an endless amount of talk. Many of them are members of the Larchmont Yacht Club, one of the leading yachting clubs in Eastern waters. Horatio Harper is a member of the famous publishing house; he is commonly known as "Horry" Harper by his friends. All the men are men of good standing, and it is not believed by their friends or by the public that they would be guilty of such offenses as were ascribed to them by the police.

It seems that Police Captain Chapman received a warning from a man named Moore that his step-daughter, Annabelle Whitford, had been engaged by a theatrical agent named Phipps to dance at this dinner. Moore told the police captain that Phipps had asked the girl to dance nude, but she refused, and was so incensed at the affair that she had complained to her father. Hence the raid.

There were twenty-two men seated at the table on the famous night. The dinner was an elaborate one, and at the end of the repast a programme was performed by Farmer and Rush, banjoists; Miss Cora Routt, "serio-comic"; Miss Lottie Mortimer, "serio-comic"; Miss Kathleen Warren, "song-and-dance artist"; the Leigh Sisters, "song-and-dance artists"; and Miss Renwood, "of the legitimate drama." In the middle of the performance a knock was heard at the door of the banqueting room. When it was opened, Captain Chapman, accompanied by two patrolmen, Walters and Cadell, all in civilian's dress, entered the room. They walked at once to the door leading to the dressing-room, and there Captain Chapman says that he found various women in various conditions of undress. The women say that they were simply engaged in changing their costumes, and some of them, who had finished their "turns," were putting on their street dresses. Cora Routt, who was partially disrobed, covered herself with a curtain and entered into an acrimonious dialogue with Captain Chapman, which was interrupted by Mr. Harper, who came in, and took Chapman by the collar, not knowing he was a policeman, and ordered him to refrain from insulting the women and leave the place. Miss Routt subsequently retained Attorneys Friend and House, who have lodged a complaint against the captain with the police commissioners.

This is the story of Captain Chapman. Sherry, the caterer, whose fashionable place was invaded by the police, is very indignant. He says that vaudeville performances are given continually in his restaurant, that they are frequently witnessed by ladies of good position, and that he would allow nothing unbecoming to take place within his establishment. Flauraud, the manager of Sherry's restaurant, also says that the performance was entirely unexceptionable, and that the behavior of the captain and his officers in entering the dressing-room of the women was unpardonable.

As it is now, it looks as if Captain Chapman had made a mistake. The whole matter rests upon the charge preferred to him by Moore, the step-father of Annabelle Whitford. The girl has appeared before Chief of Police Conlin, and reiterates the statement that her father made. She says that Theatrical Agent Phipps engaged her to dance what is called the "fly dance," and to gradually disrobe, piece by piece. She made this statement, which was taken down by a stenographer, and when asked if she would swear to it before a notary, replied, "Why, sure!"

The stenographic report has not yet been published. It will probably be read at the trial of Captain Chapman by the police commissioners. Chief of Police Conlin, however, he may be impressed as to the truth of the various stories, has formally preferred charges against Chapman for unwarrantably entering the Sherry establishment, and the police commissioners will try him in a few days. The police commissioners say they will demand that the guests at the Seeley dinner shall appear and testify as to what they saw. But the guests do not manifest any strong disposition to do so. The chief of police has requested Herbert Seeley, the host at the dinner, to make an affidavit in support of the complaint to be made against Captain Chapman. Mr. Seeley has written a letter over his signature to the chief of police, in which he says:

"I have voluntarily made a full statement of the matter to Commissioner Parker, which has been garbled and distorted in the local press, and to prefer charges against Captain Chapman and to secure his punishment would be no recompense for submitting my guests and myself to further undesired publicity.

"It seems to me that sufficient facts are now in the possession of yourself and the commission to allow action to be taken in Captain Chapman's case without further affidavits.

"My guests desire that you will let this letter serve as an answer to the one written to them by yourself, requesting that they appear at head-quarters, and I make the same request."

The town has suspended its judgment for the nonce about the matter. It is not believed, however, that Seeley, the host, or the majority of his guests, expected anything vulgar or obscene in the performance. It is more than suspected, however, that either the theatrical agent, or some one of the guests connected with the negotiations with the agent, intended to make some kind of a surprise in the programme. If so, however, it was without the knowledge of Sherry, without the knowledge of the host, and without the knowledge of the guests. At present, however, the whole affair rests on the unsupported statement of the dancing-girl, Annabelle Whitford, and as she is not a young person of undoubted veracity, and, as most of the guests present are people of standing, it is thought by many that the raid was utterly unwarranted. Police Commissioner Roosevelt is inclined to this belief. Whatever may be the result, however, it is quite certain that there will be a minute examination made into the affair. Over forty-four subpoenas have already been made out for the trial of Captain Chapman. All of the twenty-two guests have been subpoenaed, the waiters at the dinner, the theatrical agents, the officers who made the raid, and the cabmen who brought the guests and the performers.

It is my opinion that when the case is tried the Whitford girl's story will fall through, being unsupported. There is another dancing-girl known as "Little Egypt," who says she was engaged to do the *danse du ventre* in an unseemly manner. But as she admits that she did it in so very modest a manner that the diners yelled "Take her off!" her story, like that of the other dancing-girl, is not a very convincing one.

If these two girls' stories are not verified, the police commissioners will be forced to reprimand Captain Chapman for his invasion of Sherry's place. There is no doubt that he is already sorry that he ever went there. But there is also no doubt that all of the twenty-two guests are also extremely sorry that they went there, too. There must have been a good many curtain lectures given to the married men among them.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, January 2, 1897.

Only a few years ago a process was discovered by means of which the armor-plates of war-ships could be so hardened on the face that the best projectiles were shattered on striking them. This was regarded as a decisive victory for armor over guns. Recently, however, the tables have been turned once more. The first step, according to the *Scientific American*, was the placing of a cap of soft steel on the point of the projectile. This enabled the shot to penetrate the armor-plate by preventing the breaking of the point. Then increased velocity was given to the shot by the use of improved powder. The result was that a six-inch solid shot was sent through ten inches of face-hardened steel, twelve inches of oak-backing, and three additional plates, each seven-sixteenths of an inch thick, after which the shot, practically unimpaired, hurried itself eight feet in a hank of sand. The experiments were made in this country, and both the best armor and the best shots are of American invention.

It seems to be the general opinion that Bismarck's secret understanding with Russia was known to the Emperor of Austria and Count Kalnoky before 1890, and that the information in the first place came from Russia. It is pointed out that when Prince Bismarck was dismissed, no secret was made in Vienna of the general relief, and even the acknowledged organs of the foreign office openly said that with Count Caprivi an era of frankness, sincerity, and plain dealing had begun in the relations of the two allied powers. Less than a year ago, according to the *New York Evening Post*, the Austrian emperor is said to have declined to receive a member of the Bismarck family in the following words: "I am not only an emperor, but a man of honor, and I associate only with men of honor."

Nansen invented the model of the *Fram*, making her hull round and slippery, like an eel, with no corners or sharp edges for the ice to seize upon. She is the strongest vessel ever used in Arctic exploration. He said that pressure would simply lift her on the ice, and so her bottom, near the keel, was made almost flat in order that she might not capsize while on the ice surface; and her screw and rudder were also ingeniously protected. The many experts who said her design would not save the *Fram* from instant destruction were mistaken; for she met these resistless ice pressures, and they merely lifted her out of her cradle, and she rested safely on the surface.

Krupp, the great German manufacturer of cannons, has lately completed a number of paper field-pieces for the use of the German infantry. Their calibre is a little less than two inches; and the pieces are so light that one soldier can easily carry one. But the resistance is greater than that of a field-piece of steel of the same calibre. These paper guns are intended for use in situations where the movement of field artillery would be impracticable.

The investigations of a French dermatologist, Dr. Sabouraud, go to show that haldness is a contagious disease, due to a microbe which he claims to have isolated. It is spread, he declares, by barbers' brushes, and its presence is not recognized until the harm has been done. In other words, an ounce of prevention is worth several bottles of hair-restorer.

Queen Victoria has begun to prepare the programme of the ceremonies which will celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of her accession to the throne, and although these will not occur until next year, rents in London are said to have risen already in anticipation of the great number of strangers who will visit the city.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Henri Rochefort derives an income of fifty thousand dollars yearly from *L'Intransigeant*.

W. D. Howells is to make his first appearance as a lecturer this winter. His topic will be the modern novel.

Miss Helen Gladstone, daughter of the "Grand Old Man," has given up the principality of Newnham College, Oxford, which she has held for fifteen years, in order to remain with her father and mother.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, the famous "poetess of passion," has just celebrated her forty-third birthday. She married a silver-plate drummer some years ago, and her muse has since become much more sedate.

A son of De Lesseps seems to have inherited the fiery temper of his father. He has just fought a duel with a comrade, which resulted in De Lesseps running his sahr through the lungs of his antagonist, who died almost immediately.

When Mr. Dingley was graduated from Dartmouth College, the suit he wore came from the fashionable tailor's shop in the little town of Hanover, and the fashionable tailor was Levi Morton, since Vice-President of these United States.

If Senator Morrill, of Vermont, lives till March 3d next, he will have served five full terms in the United States Senate, which no man has yet done. His nearest competitor was Senator Benton, of Missouri, who served four terms and a half.

Congressman Sprague, of Massachusetts, will, if report be true, be the richest member of the House of Representatives. His wife's fortune is estimated at twenty-five millions of dollars, and, on the day she married him, then a struggling young lawyer in Boston, she gave him a check for one million dollars, a sum he has since greatly increased.

Prince Troubetzkoy, the young Russian painter who married Amélie Rives a few months ago, spends his time between London, Paris, and New York. He painted several portraits for the famous English "Book of Beauty," and Gladstone, Lord Dufferin, and George Meredith have also been among his sitters. He stands over six feet two in his stockings, is a fine athlete, and is now in his thirty-second year. He is half an American, his mother having been a Miss Winans, of New York.

Nearly half a million head of game have been killed by the Earl de Grey during the last twenty years, his average being twenty-five thousand head a year. He was only fifteen years old when this record commenced. In December, 1884, he shot at fifty pheasants in three minutes and killed forty-nine of them. In this immense total, which places the earl at the head of the sporting shots of the Old World, are included eleven tigers, several rhinoceroses and elephants, a number of lions, hison, Russian and Rocky Mountain bears, and wolves.

At a recent meeting of the Indiana tax commission, it was voted to secure, if possible, the services of ex-President Harrison to make an argument before the Supreme Court in behalf of the State of Indiana to enforce the payment of taxes assessed against the express companies. The commission learned that he would not appear in any case for a fee less than \$5,000. In the California irrigation cases he received \$10,000. His largest fee, received two years ago from an Indianapolis street railway, was \$25,000. In the Morrison will case, at Richmond, Ind., he received \$19,000.

Mascagni, the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," is reported to be growing extravagant in dress and manners. His cravats, the cut of his coats, the color of his socks, are continually varied, each being more extraordinary than the last. One of his crazes is the collection of clocks and watches of all kinds, from an English gold lever to a cheap nickel time-keeper. Three of these watches he always carries with him—one a gold repeater, with his monogram in brilliants, presented by a club of nobles, another a silver watch, the third made of nickel, and three times the ordinary size.

It is rumored that President-elect McKinley will send Colonel John Hay, of Washington, as ambassador to Great Britain. Colonel Hay was Lincoln's secretary from 1861 to 1865, except for a brief service in the army, when he attained the rank of major and brevet of colonel. After Lincoln's death, he served as secretary of legation at Paris and Madrid, and later as *chargé d'affaires* at Vienna. He has also been Assistant Secretary of State. Of late his home has been in Washington. His literary work is brilliant, ranging from the life of Lincoln, written in collaboration with Nicolai, to the "Pike County Ballads," of which the most famous is "Little Breeches."

Maximo Gomez, commander-in-chief of the Cuban insurgents, has not been heard from for so long that there is a rumor current that, unable to procure from the New York junta more than the forty-five thousand dollars stipulated as his pay for services in the field, this soldier of fortune has ceased fighting. He was born seventy-two years ago in Santo Domingo, and began his career in the Dominican army. In 1864, when Santo Domingo's autonomy was attacked, Gomez volunteered to fight against his own country, and was made a major in the regiment of Colonel Valeriano Weyler, his present adversary. When the Spanish were driven from the island, Gomez went to Cuba, where, in 1868, he offered his services as a Spanish soldier, but they were declined. He then joined the rebels. When the insurrection was crushed he drew his sword in one army and then another in most of the revolutions of Spanish-America—in Ecuador, in Venezuela, in Colombia, and in other countries. Gomez's brigandish instincts are revealed in his love of display in field and camp. His horse is a superb black stallion, his uniform is faultless, glittering pistols hang from his belt, a gold-mounted carbine lies across his saddle, his boots are elaborately decorated, and his manner is amazingly

A DRAMATIC LOVE-FEAST.

The Brilliant Event in which Paris Honored Sarah Bernhardt—
The Great Actress was Toasted by Poets and
Applauded by the Mob.

Since mediæval days, when, at the "cours d'amour," the poets and the troubadors of Provence crowned their poetesses and made them "queens of wit and beauty," no woman, perhaps, has ever received such an ovation or such homage as has been offered to Sarah Bernhardt to-day by the *élite* of intellectual, artistic, and fashionable Paris. She has been crowned high priestess of dramatic art.

"Her day" began this morning at half-past twelve o'clock by a breakfast served in the large salon of the Grand Hotel. The guests and subscribers had been assembled for a few minutes, when Sarah Bernhardt arrived on the arm of Victorien Sardou. Behind her, and forming a cortège, were François Coppée, Ludovic Halévy, Jules Lemaitre, Henry Bauër, and several other friends.

A table of honor was laid in a semicircle, facing the other tables and placed somewhat higher. A large canopy hung over the middle of this table, where Sarah sat. It was made of green-velvet hangings and a superb antique Aubusson tapestry representing Time. At the table of honor were seated on Sarah's right Victorien Sardou, on her left Henry Bauër, then followed on the two sides: Mme. de Najac, Mme. Maurice Bernhardt, Ludovic Halévy, François Coppée, Catulle Mendès, Henri de Bornier, Jules Lemaitre, Coquelin, André Theuriot, De Rodays, Périer, Edouard Calonne, Pierné, Clairin, Maurice Bernhardt, Armand Silvestre, Charpentier, Hourancourt, Comte Robert de Montesquiou, Jean Lorrain, Henri Lavedan, Rostand—in a word, the flower of intellectual France.

At the other tables, which filled the salon and at which more than six hundred guests were seated, were to be seen the greater part of the literary, artistic, and dramatic notabilities of Paris. To name them would be to cite what is usually defined as "Tout Paris."

At dessert Sardou rose, and offered a glowing tribute to Sarah as a woman as well as an artist, and a triple salvo of applause welcomed his speech. Then Sarah Bernhardt rose and said: "To all of you who are here, with a full and grateful heart, I thank, and thank, and thank you!" There was a new burst of applause, and the whole room, standing up, cheered Sarah in a tumultuous way, as she clasped Sardou's hands with effusion, while Colonne's orchestra and chorus played and sang the "Hymn to Sarah Bernhardt," the words written by Armand Silvestre and the music by Gabriel Pierné, which was much applauded.

At half-past three the same multitude and many others went to the Théâtre de la Renaissance, where a detachment of mounted municipal guards held back the enormous crowd gathered to watch the spectators arrive. The house was filled to overflowing. At a quarter to four the curtain rose on the third act of "Phèdre," and when Sarah made her entry it seemed as though the very theatre was shaken under the clamor of applause. There was an *entr'acte*, during which the "Livre d'Or" celebrating "Sarah's Day" was distributed, and much admired were its illustrations, done by Louise Abbema, Benjamin Constant, Gervex, Clairin, Mucha, Carolus Duran, La Gandara, and Rochegrosse. Then followed the fourth act of "Rome Vaincu," by Parodi, and the applause increased to an indescribable degree. After this act, the curtain rose again and discovered Sarah in her costume of Phèdre, seated on a chair of flowers, on a stage raised above that of the theatre. The back of this platform was ornamented with green palms entwined with orchids. At her feet and around her were women clad in light Greek peplums and crowned with roses. At her right stood the five poets who were to read sonnets in her honor, and behind them a delegation of the Students' Association. François Coppée stepped forward, Sarah rose, her face as pale with emotion as the white camellias which surrounded her, and the poets recited their verses to her. She stood pale as death, clasping her hands over her heart, as if to keep it from bursting.

The recitations over, a shower of flowers fell at Sarah's feet from all parts of the house, and the never-to-be-forgotten ceremony was over.

Two days before, François Coppée, Sardou, and Ludovic Halévy went to the Elysées to ask President Faure to bestow the cross of the Legion of Honor on the great tragedienne. But, while expressing his great admiration for the renowned artist, he was not, it seems, able for the moment to gratify their wish, as it depends on the determination of the general council of the famous order.

The great actress received hundreds of dispatches and letters of congratulation from all parts of the world, from Emma Calvé, Gabriel d'Annunzio, Irving, Wilson Barrett, from Melba, Jean and Edouard de Reszke, the students of St. Petersburg, from the critics of all the Chicago papers, from Bronson Howard, of New York, etc. Maurice Grau sent a wreath of gold laurel-leaves; M. Gondstikker, a brooch composed of the masks of Tragedy and Comedy in gold, with immense palms of diamonds and emeralds; and the company of the Renaissance theatre, a bronze representing Sarah in "Gismonda," on which was hung a necklace of rare precious stones.

The *Figaro* sent yesterday to the celebrated tragedienne, and asked her to describe to it her emotions on the forthcoming event. She answered it with a letter to one of its staff, in the course of which she said:

"I am proud and happy to my heart's overflowing at the manner in which they are going to honor me. For twenty-nine years I have given to the public the vibrations of my soul, my heart-throbbings, and my tears. Thanks to the propaganda of my art, the French language is well known by the young generation. If criticizing minds find the fête that is going to be given to me out of proportion to my talent, tell them that I am the senior militant member of passionate and grandiose art, and of moralizing art as well, I am the faithful priestess of art!"

OLD FAVORITES.

To a Skeleton.

[The following verses were published anonymously in the *London Morning Chronicle* in 1827. Notwithstanding the offer of a reward of fifty guineas, the author's name has remained a secret until nearly sixty years had passed, when it was learned that the lines were written by Robert Philip, of Gormyre Cottage, Scotland. Toward the end of the year 1826 he wrote the verses while watching for body-snatchers in the parish church-yard of Torphichen, where, during the repairing of the church, the unearthing of a skeleton suggested the subject. The verses were shown to Dr. John Alford, who procured a copy, and either by accident or intention dropped a copy in the Royal College of Surgeons, where they were found.]

Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full;
This narrow cell was life's retreat,
This space was thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye.
But start not at the dismal void!
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright,
When stars and suns are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue.
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And where it could not praise was chained,
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,
That silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
Or with its envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear the gem
Can little now avail to them;
But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of ease they fled
To seek affection's humble shed;
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to virtue's cot returned,
These feet with angels' wings shall vie
And tread the palace of the sky.

The Miser's Punishment.

[In the year 1760 a miser in France, of the name of Focue, having amassed enormous wealth by habits of extortion and the most sordid parsimony, was requested by the government to advance a sum of money as a loan. The miser demurred, pretending that he was poor. In order to hide his gold effectually, he dug a deep cave in his cellar, the descent to which was by a ladder, and which was entered by means of a trap-door, to which was attached a spring-lock. He entered this cave one day, to gloat over his gold, when the trap-door fell upon him, and the spring-lock, the key to which he had left on the outside, snapped and held him a prisoner in the cave, where he perished miserably. Some months afterward a search was made, and his body was found in the midst of money-bags, with a candlestick lying beside it on the floor.]

So, so! All safe! Come forth, my pretty sparklers—
Come forth and feast mine eyes! Be not afraid!
No keen-eyed agent of the government
Can see you here. They wanted me, forsooth.
To lend you, at the lawful rate of usance,
For the state's needs. Ha, ha! my shining pets,
My yellow darlings, my sweet, golden circlets!
Too well I loved you to do that, and so
I pleaded poverty, and none could prove
My story was not true. Ha! could they see
These bags of ducats, and that precious pile
Of ingots, and those bars of solid gold,
Their eyes, methinks, would water. What a comfort
Is it to see my money in a heap,
All safely lodged under my very roof!
Here's a fat bag—let me untie the mouth of it.
What eloquence! What beauty! What expression!
Could Cicero so plead? Could Helen look
One-half so charming? [The trap-door falls.]

The trap-door fallen? And the spring-lock caught?
Well, have I not the key? Of course I have!
'Tis in this pocket. No. In this? No. Then
I left it at the bottom of the ladder.
Ha! 'tis not there. Where then? Ah! mercy. Heaven!
'Tis in the lock outside! . . . What's to be done?

Help, help! Will no one hear? Oh, would that I
Had not discharged old Simon! But he begged
Each week for wages—would not give me credit.
I'll try my strength upon the door. Despair!
I might as soon uproot the eternal rocks
As force it open. Am I here a prisoner,
And no one in the house?—no one at hand,
Or likely soon to be, to hear my cries?
Am I entombed alive? Horrible fate!
I sink—I faint beneath the bare conception. [Screams.]

[Awakes.] Darkness? Where am I? I remember now—
This is a bag of ducats—'tis no dream—
No dream! The trap-door fell, and here am I
Immersed with my dear gold—my candle out—
All gloom—all silence—all despair! What, ho!
Friends! Friends?—I have no friends. What right have I
To use the name? These money-bags have been
The only friends I've cared for—and for these
I've toiled, and pinched, and screwed, shutting my heart
To charity, humanity, and love!

Detested traitors! Since I gave you all—
Ay, gave my very soul—can ye do naught
For me in this extremity? Ho! Without there!
A thousand ducats for a loaf of bread!
Ten thousand ducats for a glass of water!
A pile of ingots for a helping hand!
Was that a laugh? Ay, 'twas a fiend that laughed
To see a miser in the grip of death!

Offended heaven! have mercy! I will give
In alms all this vile rubbish. Aid me thou
In this most dreadful strait! I'll build a church—
A hospital! Vain, vain! Too late, too late!
Heaven knows the miser's heart too well to trust him!
Heaven will not hear! Why should it? What have I
Done to enlist heaven's favor—to help on
Heaven's cause on earth, in human hearts and homes?
Nothing! God's kingdom will not come the sooner
For any work or any prayer of mine.

But must I die here—in my own trap caught?
Die—die?—and then?—oh, mercy! Grant me time—
Thou who canst save—grant me a little time,
And I'll redeem the past, undo the evil
That I have done, make thousands happy with
This hoarded treasure, do thy will on earth
As it is done in heaven—grant me but time!
Nor man nor God will heed my shrieks! All's lost!

—Osborne.

A PREACHER ON THE PRESS.

Dr. Birrell's Arraignment of the Sensational Sunday Paper.

[While for years the pulpit has been assailing the Sunday paper, the "new journalism" has drawn into the controversy many able divines who are now arrayed against the daily press, not merely as Sabbath-breakers, but as exponents of the sensational, the vulgarizing, and the immoral. One of the most striking statements of the case is that of the Rev. David James Birrell, D. D., printed in the *New York Independent*, from which we make the following extracts.—EDS.]

It is not upon my mind just now to say pleasant things of newspapers, which would be easily possible, or to laud "the power of the press." Experience teaches that this may safely be left to the newspapers themselves, no editorial sanctum being well equipped without a large and varied assortment of wind instruments. The power of the press is not denied. It is the abuse of this power that makes plain speaking a duty.

We speak from the Christian standpoint. Ideals are relative. The ideal newspaper for the gambling hell, the bagnio, and Sing Sing is not the one that concerns us. If it were, we should not be complaining; for lo, it is nigh thee and may be purchased for one cent! But where is the newspaper for the Christian home?

A newspaper must give the news. Our hearts are enlarged in these days. We must know what is going on in the community, in our country, and throughout the world. This is more than curiosity. As Christians we are cosmopolites.

The newspaper we are after must be clean and wholesome. Scandal is not news. Vice, murder, inebriety, and licentiousness are not news. These are old as Noah drunken in his tent, and wearisome as the iterative chatter of a magpie. "The new journalism" forsooth! It is the same that was posted on the walls of Pompeii. Here, *e. g.*, is the *New York World*, which Shakespeare clearly had in mind when he wrote:

"Whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; her breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
... kings, queens, ...
Maids, matrons, nay the secrets of the grave."

Or if you prefer, here is the *Journal*, which Spenser was manifestly thinking of when he wrote:

"Her face was ugly, and her mouth distort,
Foaming with poison round about her gills,
In which her censed tongue full short and sharp
Appear'd like Asp his sting, that closely kills
Or cruelly does wound whomsoever she wills."

And the other newspapers are not blameless. Is there one that can consistently say: "We print all and only the news that is fit to read?" Why should we be obliged to walk through the columns of the newspaper, rather than anywhere else, arm in arm with men of the town and their concubines? Why must we breathe the odors of garbage and coagulated blood? Is it the function of "the great public educator" thus to pollute the air?

An American, resident for many years in Paris, recently said to me: "I am amazed that you permit such publications; the worst of our Parisian papers, in comparison, shines like a good deed in a naughty world. We do not profess a Christian civilization in France; neither do we enjoy such freedom of the press."

The newspaper for Christian people must tell the truth. Time was when the business of lying was sensational; but it has been done to death. Hence the proverb that "If you see it in the newspaper it's not so."

As matters are, no character is safe. Though a man, or woman, be chaste as ice, pure as the snow, he shall not escape calumny. Let him pray the hyena to deliver him from the sensational reporter.

Who said that a man's bouse is his castle? The frogs of Egypt that came up into the bed-chamber and the bed, the ovens and the kneading-troughs, were not a circumstance to many of these representatives of the press. The youth who covets promotion on the reportorial staff of some of our great newspapers must pass through an apprenticeship of prurient exploration, casting about for skeletons in closets, prying into confidences, pumping at domestic cesspools, and measuring success by the number of reputations he ruins. Not all are so; but there are more than enough to warrant plain words. These are a generation of Peeping Toms who glory in their shame.

All our morning newspapers are Sabbath-breakers. And the sorrow of it is that our patronage, in less or greater degree, makes us copartners with them.

Our objection to the Sunday newspaper is based upon the following grounds:

1. It is unnecessary; totally so.
2. It is issued in violation of divine law.
3. It is disreputable; in some cases, unspeakably so.
4. It robs an army of employees of their needed rest. It is estimated that one hundred and fifty thousand compositors and pressmen are kept at work upon it. To say that this is due to the Monday issue is a bald evasion. The *Philadelphia Ledger*—which exacts only six days' work of its employees, leaving from Saturday evening to Sunday evening for rest—proves it.
5. An army of thousands of newsboys are kept at work on the Sabbath.
6. It keeps up the world's commerce, by means of its advertising columns, all through the Lord's Day.

So long as we are supremely willing to tolerate the newspapers as they are, we shall get nothing better. The sentiment of right-thinking people should make itself heard and felt.

A late president of one of our colleges once said, "The habit of standing idle, waiting for dead men's shoes, kills the life in many a rich man's son. It is a paralysis of body and mind. I can pick out nearly every boy in this college whose idea of life is to spend the money which somebody else has earned. His looks, his acts, his talk, are infected with a dry-rot."

TALES OF FAMOUS PEOPLE.

A Batch of Anecdotes from "The Story of My Life," by Augustus J. C. Hare—Intimate Glimpses of Some Old-World Celebrities.

Among recent books of reminiscences, few equal in interest the two volumes of "The Story of My Life," by Augustus J. C. Hare, which have just been issued, covering the period from 1834 to 1870. One is at once impressed by an almost childish frankness and particularity of detail in the author's descriptions of himself, his ancestry, and his emotions; but he is as outspoken about others—holding that if "de mortuis nil nisi bonum" were made to read "de mortuis omnia," people would lead better lives—and the others are among the most interesting figures of English social, political, and artistic life of the middle Victorian era. Hare's social position was of the best, and his faculty as a draughtsman perhaps explains the vividness of his portraits of the eminent men and women he has known.

In his youth, he lived with his adopted parents at a rectory in Shropshire, and of the life there he gives some picturesque details:

"When there was 'a wash' at Stoke, which was about every three weeks, it was a rule with grannie that, summer or winter, it must always begin at one A. M. At that hour, old Hannah Berry used to arrive from the village, the coppers were heated, and the maids at work. The lady's maids, who were expected to do all the fine nunsins, etc., themselves, had also always to be at the wash-tubs at three A. M.—by candle-light. If any one was late, the housekeeper reported to Mrs. Leycester, who was soon down upon them pretty sharply. Generally, however, her real practical kindness and generosity prevented any one minding Mrs. Leycester's severity; it was looked upon as only 'her way'; for people were not so tender in those days as they are now, and certainly no servant would have thought of giving up a place which was essentially a good one because they were a little roughly handled by their mistress. In those days, servants were as liable to personal chastisement as the children of the house, and would as little thought of resenting it. 'You don't suppose I'm going to hurt my hand boxing your ears,' said grannie, when about to chastise the school-children she was teaching, and she would take up a book from the table and use it soundly, and then say: 'Now we mustn't let the other ear be jealous,' and turn the child round and lay on again on the other side. Grannie constantly boxed her house-maids' ears, and, alas! when he grew very old, she used to box dear grandpapa's, though she loved him dearly, the great source of offense being that he would sometimes slyly give the servant's elbow a tip when his daily table-spoonful of brandy was being poured out.

An amusing instance of old-fashioned regard for rank and precedence is here recorded:

Grandpapa addressed a Latin ode to his daughter-in-law, Lady Charlotte Penrhyn, when he was in his ninety-second year. This kind ant of my childhood—"Aunt Nin," as I always called her—was a very simple person, utterly without pretension, but because she was Lord Derby's daughter, grannie always treated her as the great person of the family. When we went to Stoke, no difference whatever was made in the house, the stair-carpet was not laid down, and though the drawing-room was constantly lived in, its furniture was all swathed in brown holland, after the fashion of an uninhabited London house. When the Stanleys or Leycesters, of Toft, came to Stoke, the stair-carpet was put down and the *covers-covers* were taken off; but on the rare occasions when Aunt Penrhyn came to Stoke—oh, sublime moment—the *covers* themselves were taken off.

The following passage will give an idea of the company whom it was young Hare's privilege to meet at this time:

Bunsen, Star, Archdeacon Moore, Prentiss the American, Darley, Hull, I liked; but Professor Sedgwick I was quite devoted to. He 'threw a mantle of love over every one'; and nothing could be more charming than his stories, more attractive and interesting than his conversation, especially with children, with whom he took pains to 'be agreeable.' I saw so many people of this kind that I used to think that what I heard called 'society' was all like these specimens; I was very much mistaken. A visit from the gentle and amiable Copley Fielding early encouraged my love of art. He greatly admired the peculiar scenery of Hurstmonceux—the views from the church-yard, so like the descent upon the marshes of Ostia; the burnt uplands of the old deer-park; the long flat reaches of blue-green level; and the hazy distant downs, which were especially after his own heart. There was one view of the castle towers seen from behind, and embossed against the delicate hues of the level, which he used to make a frequent study of, and which my mother and uncle ever after called 'Copley Fielding's view.'

Amongst other visitors of this year, I must mention our cousin Penelope, Mrs. Warren (eldest daughter of Dean Shipley and sister of Mrs. Dashwood and Mrs. Heber), who spent some days at the rectory with her daughters, because under her protection I had my only sight of the upper part of Hurstmonceux Castle. One of the staircases remained then, and the timbers of many of the upper rooms were left, though the floors were gone. One day we were with my mother and uncle in the ruins, and they were saying how no one would ever see the upper floor again, when, to their horror, Mrs. Warren seized me in her arms and darted up the staircase. 'Look, child, look!' she said, 'for no one will ever see this again,' and she leapt with me from beam to beam. I recollect the old chimney-pieces, the falling look of everything. It was wonderful that we came down safe; the staircase was removed immediately after, that no one might follow in our footsteps.

I remember Carlyle coming to stay at the rectory, where they did not like him much. He came in a high hat—every one wore high hats then. The day he arrived, the wind blew his hat off into a ditch as he was getting over a stile; and he went off at once into one of his unbounded furies against 'the most absurd, outrageous head-covering in the world, which the vanity of the Prince Regent had caused people to adopt.'

Most of the Norfolk clergy were then old-fashioned Conservatives of the first water. One day, at a clerical dinner-party, Bishop Stanley—father of Dean Stanley and uncle of our author—said:

"When I first came into this diocese, I found the clergy would drink nothing but port. I used every means I could think of to alter a taste I could not myself enter into. All failed. At last I hit upon something which I thought was sure to be successful. I told my wine-merchant to send me the best of all other wines and the nastiest of port. But the clergy still insisted upon drinking the nasty port. So, when I felt my plan had failed, I wrote to my wine-merchant again, and told him to let them have it good."

Of another famous personage whom he knew at this time, Mr. Hare says:

Once a week, at least, I used to go into Bath itself to dine with my father's old friend, Walter Savage Landor, who had been driven away from his Florentine home by his wife's violent temper. Mr. Landor's rooms (in Catherine Place, and afterward at a Rivers Street) were entirely covered with pictures, the frames fitting close to one another, leaving not the smallest space of wall visible. One or two of these pictures were real works of art, but, as a rule, he had bought them at Bath, quite willing to imagine that the little shops of the Bath dealers could be storehouses of Titians, Giorgiones, and Vandycks. The Bath picture-dealers never had such a time; for some years almost all their wares made their way to Mr. Landor's walls. Mr. Landor lived alone with his beautiful white Spitz dog Pomero, which he allowed to do whatever it liked, and frequently to sit in the oddest way on the bald top of his head. He would talk to Pomero by the hour together, poetry, philosophy, whatever he was thinking of, all of it imbued with his own powerful personality, and would often roar with laughter till the whole house seemed to shake. I have never heard a laugh like that of

Mr. Landor—"deep-mouthed Boetian Savage Landor," as Byron called him—such a regular cannonade. He was "the sanest mad-man and the maddest reasonable man in the world," as Cervantes says of Don Quixote. In the evenings he would sit for hours in impassioned contemplation; in the mornings he wrote incessantly, to fling off sheet after sheet for the *Examiner*, seldom looking them over afterward. He scarcely ever read, for he only possessed one shelf of books. If any one gave him a volume, he mastered it and gave it away, and this he did because he believed that if he knew he was to keep the book and be able to refer to it, he should not be able to absorb its contents so as to retain them. When he left Florence, he had made over all he possessed to his wife, retaining only two hundred pounds a year—afterward increased to four hundred pounds—for himself, and this sufficed for his simple needs. He never bought any new clothes, and a chimney-sweep would have been ashamed to wear his coat, which was always the same as long as I knew him, though it in no way detracted from his majestic and lion-like appearance. But he was very particular about his little dinners, and it was about these that his violent explosions of passion usually took place. I have seen him take a pheasant up by the legs when it was brought to table and throw it into the back of the fire over the head of the servant in attendance. This was always a failing, and, in later days, I have heard Mr. Browning describe how, in his fury at being kept waiting for dinner at Sienna, he shouted, "I will not eat it now, I will not eat it if it comes," and when it came, threw it all out of the window.

At the same time nothing could be more nobly courteous than his manner to his guests, and this was as marked toward an ignorant school-boy as toward his most distinguished visitor; and his conversation, while calculated to put all his visitors at their ease and draw out their best points, was always wise, chivalrous, pure, and witty. . . .

There is really no end to the absurd calumnies which I have heard circulated during my life about dear old Mr. Landor, the kindest, most refined, most courteous, and most genial, though most irascible of men. But nothing that was ever said about him was so utterly absurd as Mr. Adolphus Trollope's statement that he neglected the use of the letter *h* in conversation. I lived with him in close intimacy for years, and I never once traced the slightest indication of his ever dropping the aspirate; indeed, no one was more particular in inculcating its proper use.

Two delightful old ladies are described in the following passage:

My aunt ("Aunt Kitty," wife of the Bishop of Norwich) was very intimate with the Miss Berrys, who both died in 1852, Agnes in January, Mary in November. Their celebrity began with their great intimacy at Devonshire House and Lansdowne House; the old Duchess of Devonshire was their great friend. I believe they were not clever in themselves, but they had a peculiar power of drawing clever people around them. They had both been engaged, Mary to the O'Hara, Agnes to the Mr. Ferguson who married Lady Elgin. They were very kind-hearted, and were, as it were, privileged to say rude things, which nobody minded at their parties. Often, when a fresh person arrived towards the end of the evening, Miss Berry would say before all the guests: "You see I've been able to get no one to meet you—no one at all." She would go out of the room whilst she was pouring out the tea, and call out over the stairs: "Murrell, no more *women*, no more *women*," and Murrell, the butler, understood perfectly, and put out the lamp over the door. A few very intimate friends would still come in, but, when they saw the lamp was out, ladies generally drove away. Latterly, the Miss Berrys tried to draw in a good deal. A sort of *jeu d'esprit* went round to their friends, thanking them for past favors, and asking for a continuance on a smaller scale. It was never quite understood, but was supposed to mean that they did not wish to see quite so many. The death of Miss Agnes was like that of the wife. She had always been touching in that she could never understand how any one could like her better than her sister. She was the housekeeper, and she did what other housekeepers seldom do—she had the soup brought up to her every day while she was dressing, and tasted it, and would say: "There must be a little more sugar," or "There is too much salt," so that it was always perfect and always the same.

Among the remarkable persons whom Mr. Hare frequently saw in his earlier Oxford life was the venerable Dr. Martin Joseph Routh, president of Magdalen, who died in 1854, in his hundredth year. He says of him:

He would describe his mother as having known a lady who had met Charles II. walking round the parks at Oxford with his dogs. He had himself seen Dr. Johnson "scrambling up the steps of University." In him I myself saw a man of the type of Dr. Johnson, and of much the same dress, and even ponderous manner of speaking. I remember Goldwin Smith once asking him how he did, and his replying, "I am suffering, sir, from a catarrhal cold, which, however, sir, I take to be a kind provision of Nature to relieve the peccant humors of the system." His recollections of old Oxford extended naturally over the most immense period. . . .

A few years before the president's death, when he was at Ewelme, his living in the country, his butler became insane and had to be sent away. When he was leaving, he begged to see the president once more, "to ask his blessing," as he said. The president received him in the garden, where the man, stooping as if to kiss his hand, bit it—bit a piece out of it. "How did you feel, Mr. President," said Sir G. Dasent, afterwards, "when the man bit your hand?" "Why, at first, sir," said the president, "I felt considerably alarmed; for I was unaware, sir, what proportion of human virus might have been communicated by the bite; but in the interval of reaching the house, I was convinced that the proportion of virus must have been very small indeed; then I was at rest, but, sir, I had the bite cauterized." It was often observed of Dr. Routh that he never appeared on any occasion without his canonicals, which he wore constantly. Some ill-disposed under-graduates formed a plan which should force him to break this habit, and going under his window at midnight, they shouted "Fire!" The president appeared immediately, and in the most terrible state of alarm, but in full canonicals.

Dean Liddell was Mr. Hare's distant cousin, and of him he relates this anecdote:

He had been head-master of Westminster, and during his residence there had become celebrated by his Lexicon. One day he told the boys in his class that they must write an English epigram. Some of them said it was impossible. He said it was not impossible at all; they might each choose their own subject, but an epigram they must write. One boy wrote:

"Two men wrote a Lexicon,
Liddell and Scott;
One half was clever,
And one half was not.
Give me the answer, boys,
Quick to this riddle,
Which was by Scott
And which was by Liddell?"

Dr. Liddell, when it was shown up, only said: "I think you are rather severe."

A remarkable figure was Mrs. Grote, the wife of the historian. Mr. Hare says of her:

I was enchanted with Mrs. Grote, whom De Tocqueville pronounced "the cleverest woman of his acquaintance," though her exterior—with a short waist, brown mantle of stamped velvet, and huge bonnet, full of full-blown red roses—was certainly not captivating. Sydney Smith always called her "Grotta," and said she was the origin of the word grotesque. Mrs. Grote was celebrated for having never felt shy. She had a passion for discordant colors, and had her petticoats always arranged to display her feet and ankles, of which she was excessively proud. At her own home at Burnham she would drive out with a man's hat and a coachman's cloak of many capes. She had an invalid friend in that neighborhood who had been seriously ill, and was still intensely weak. When Mrs. Grote proposed coming to take her for a drive, she was pleased, but was horrified when she saw Mrs. Grote arrive in a very high dog-cart, herself driving it. With great pain and labor she climbed up beside Mrs. Grote, and they set off. For some time she was too exhausted to speak, then she said something almost in a whisper. "Good God! don't speak so loud," said Mrs. Grote, "or you'll frighten the horse; if he runs away, God only knows when he'll stop."

On the occasion of this visit at Oxford, Mrs. Grote sat with one leg over the other, both high in the air, and talked for two hours, turning

with equal facility to Saffi on Italian literature, Max Müller on epic poetry, and Arthur [Stanley] on ecclesiastical history, and then plunged into a discourse on the best manure for turnips, and the best way of forcing Cotswold mutton, with an interlude first upon the "harmony of shadow" in water-color drawing, and then upon rat-hunts at Jeremy Shawe's—a low public-house in Westminster. Upon all these subjects she was equally vigorous, and gave all her decisions with the manner and tone of one laying down the laws of Athens. She admired Arthur excessively, but was a capital friend of him, because she was not afraid of laughing—as all his own family were—at his morbid passion for impossible analogies. In his second lecture, Arthur made a capital allusion to Mr. Grote, while his eyes were fixed upon the spouse of the historian, and when she heard it, she thumped with both fists upon her knees, and exclaimed loudly, "Good God! how good!" I did not often meet Mrs. Grote in after life, but when I did, was always on very cordial terms with her. She was, to the last, one of the most original women in England, shrewd, generous, and excessively vain. I remember hearing that when she published her life of her husband, Mr. Murray was obliged to insist upon her suppressing one sentence, indescribably comic to those who were familiar with her uncouth aspect. It was: "When George Grote and I were young, we were equally distinguished by the beauty of our persons and the vivacity of our conversation." Her own true vocation she always declared was that of an opera-dancer, and she frequently remarked that she had the bandonist legs in the world.

Of Princess Pauline Borghese, she whose charms Canova is supposed to have immortalized in his Venus Victrix, Mr. Hare relates this anecdote, told him by Lady Ruthven:

She used, when at Rome, to go to "La toilette des pieds" of Pauline Borghese. Regular invitations were issued for it. When the guests arrived, they found the princess—supremely lovely—with her beautiful little white feet exposed upon a velvet cushion. Then two or three maids came in, and touched the feet with a sponge, and dusted them with a little powder—"c'était la toilette des pieds." The Duke of Hamilton used to take up one of the little feet, and put it inside his waistcoat "like a little bird."

Cardinal Antonelli obtained an order for Mr. Hare and his sister to visit the Madre Makrina, the sole survivor of the Polish nuns who were martyred for their faith in the terrible persecution at Minsk. He says:

The nuns were starved, flogged to death, buried alive, subjected to the most horrible cruelties. Three escaped and reached Vienna, where two of them disappeared and never were heard of again. After a series of unparalleled adventures and escapes, the abbess, the Madre Makrina, arrived in Rome. Pope Gregory XVI. received her kindly, but made her tell her whole story once for all in the presence of sixty witnesses, who all wrote it down at once to insure accuracy, and then he shut her up, for fear she should be turned into a saint and object of pilgrimage. It was not generally known what had become of Madre Makrina—it was a mystery in Rome—but we were able to trace her to the tiny convent of the Monache Polacche, which has since been destroyed by the Sardinian Government, but which then stood near the Arch of Gallienus, nearly opposite the Church of S. Eusebio. When we rang the convent bell and had shown our permit through the grille, a portress from within drew a bolt which admitted us to a little room—den rather—barred with iron, and with an iron cage at one side, behind which the portress, a very fat old woman, reappearing, asked us many questions about ourselves, the Pope, the state of Rome generally. At last we got tired and said, "But shall we not soon see the Madre Makrina?" "Io sono la Madre Makrina," said the old woman, laughing. Then we said, "Oh, do tell us the story of Minsk." "No," she replied, "I promised at the feet of Pope Gregory the Sixteenth that I would never tell that story again; the story is written down, you can read it, but I can not break my promise." "How dreadfully you must have suffered at Minsk," we said. "Yes," she answered, and going backwards, she pulled up her petticoats and showed us her legs, which were enormously fat, yet, a short distance above the ankles, were quite eaten away, so that you could see the bones. "This," she said, "was caused by the chains I wore at Minsk." The Madre Makrina, when we took leave, said, "I am filled with wonder as to how you got admittance. I have never seen any one before since I came here, and I do not suppose I shall ever see any one again, so I will give you a little memorial of your visit," and she gave me a tiny crucifix and medal off her chain. I have it still.

When the Emperor Nicholas came to Rome, he went to pay his respects to the Pope, who received him very cordly. "You are a great king," said Pius the Ninth; "you are one of the mightiest monarchs in the world and I am a feeble old man, the servant of servants; but I cite you to meet me again, to meet me before the throne of the Judge of the World, and to answer there for your treatment of the nuns at Minsk."

The work fills two bulky volumes of nearly six hundred pages each, and is illustrated with portraits and other pictures. The second volume concludes with an index that fills twenty-six pages.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$7.50.

A conference of the members-elect of the legislature from Southern California was recently held at Los Angeles. The various measures that are likely to come before the next session were discussed, with a view to securing united action, and representatives of different public organizations appeared to state what legislation they desired. All but two of the nineteen Southern members were present, and several members from other parts of the State attended, including two from San Francisco. There is in this gathering a suggestion that might well be followed in other sections of the State. The people of this city are much given to abusing their representatives in the legislature for not carrying out their wishes, yet they do nothing to indicate to the legislators what those wishes are. The members-elect must gather this from individual conversation and from the daily press, which can hardly be said to represent public opinion. The members from the southern counties have usually enjoyed a greater influence than was proportionate to their numbers, owing to their united action, and their course is one that might well be followed in this part of the State. A step in this direction was taken last week, when the majority of the San Francisco delegation met in caucus to discuss the measures in which this city is most interested. Party lines were not drawn, and, therefore, purely partisan questions were not discussed; but several important measures were considered. The Torrens land registration system, the teachers' pensions, and the consolidation of the penitentiaries and asylums for the insane were among the more important questions that came up. The meeting was a move in the right direction, but it would have been better had representatives of such bodies as the Chamber of Commerce and Merchants' Association been present, in order that a greater variety of views might have been presented. A further improvement would have been the inclusion of members from other counties of Central California. Much of the efficiency of the legislature has been impaired heretofore by unnecessary friction between the San Francisco delegation and the members from the interior counties, and this might have been overcome by bringing about a better understanding between them.

LITERARY NOTES.

Professor Wilson's Life of Washington.

"George Washington," by Woodrow Wilson, is a comprehensive series of sketches that reveal much careful original research and present entirely new matter. Mr. Wilson treats not only the prominent periods of the great man's career with a graphic pen, but also dwells upon the interesting conditions which surrounded and preceded his day and contributed to the building up of his character. We are introduced to the stately life of Virginia before the Revolution. We tread the forests with the young surveyor, "honorable and of good report." We follow his "apprenticeship in arms." We see the father of his country as a soldier, a patriot, a statesman, and ultimately as the President of the United States, dying "as those who loved him might have wished to see him die." These sketches are admirably calculated to increase our reverence for this imposing figure of the Revolution.

Professor Wilson's style is simple, of fine quality, comprehensive, and full. The illustrations by Howard Pyle disclose a close study of the life and customs of the time. The book has a serviceable index, and is handsomely bound in ecru and gold, with uncut edges and gilt top.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$3.00.

Americans in French Fiction.

A rich old man surrounded by fawning relatives who prostrate themselves before him in the hope of inheriting a share of his wealth, forms the theme in "With Fortune Made," by Victor Cherbuliez. The scene of the story is in Provence, in the millionaire's native place, whither he returns to spend the riches acquired in America. The characters of the sycophants who surround him are handled in a vein of cynicism, the torments of suspense they endure at the hands of the wily old plutocrat filling the course of the narrative. An unexpected turn is given by the advent of his American wife and her two pretty daughters. The American girl is fast becoming a feature in French fiction, and the author's idea of her, as it finds expression in the characters of Meg and Sal, is sufficiently piquant to lend liveliness to an otherwise conventional tale.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

Dumas as a Biographer.

"Marie Stuart, Queen of Scots," by Alexandre Dumas, has been translated by J. M. Howell. He has reproduced with rare fidelity the inimitable style of the great French novelist. With sufficient faithfulness to historical facts and tradition, Dumas has invested the personality of the hapless queen with all the charms of romance. Surrounded by an atmosphere of intrigue, ambition, love, and jealousy, she was a character worthy of Dumas's pen. While he does not champion her as a saint, he touches lightly on her moral infirmities, leaving the reader to draw his own conclusions from the evidence produced. Self-willed, lawless in affairs of the heart, morally weak, she united a masculine intellect with a heart that loved "not wisely but too well." Her impulsive and passionate nature entangled her in follies and sins; but the innate coquetry of the woman could, upon occasion, give place to the firmness and resolution of the queen. Gifted with beauty, subtleness, and wit, against a background full of dark shadows, she moved through the stirring events of an unscrupulous and diplomatic age. Her ill-starred career has won her many champions, but the fact remains that her masterful intellect was repeatedly overwhelmed by gusts of insensate passion. Dumas has clothed her tragic life in charming language.

The book is handsomely bound in scarlet and gold, with gilt top.

Published by Merriam & Co., New York.

A Tale of Theosophy and Love.

"The Chariot of the Flesh" is a strange, weird, mysterious novel, in which the supernatural is given an air of truth by the way it follows in the path of psychological research. It has not, however, the unwholesome taint of many books of its class. It contains deep thoughts, fine imagery, and the fruits of much study of human character. In spite of its supernatural setting, it has a strong vein of purely human interest running throughout.

The hero is gifted with a spiritual insight that lays bare the most secret thoughts of others like an open book. He delves, at great personal risk, into the sacred mysteries of an Indian temple, and becomes an adept. The thread of love and play of human passions is well sustained, and many of the situations are dramatic, original, and ingenious. The author is very well read in his subject, and students of the occult will find many passages congenial to their tastes.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Bound Volumes of Scribner's.

The two volumes of *Scribner's Magazine*, which comprise the twelve numbers for the past year, contain a number of notable articles on a wide range of topics. In the first of the two is concluded Professor Andrews's "History of the Last Quarter Century in the United States," and other important articles are: "The Balkans—the Chessboard of Europe" and "Quarrels of the English-Speaking Peoples," by

Henry Norman; an article on the late Lord Leighton by Cosmo Monkhouse, and one on the late Frederick Locker by Augustine Birrell; "The Revival of the Olympic Games," by Rufus B. Richardson; "Photography by Cathode Rays," by John Trowbridge; "The Evolution of the Trotting Horse," by Hamilton Busbey; Isobel Strong's two papers of "Vallima Table Talk"; "Waterways from the Ocean to the Lakes," by Thomas Curtis Clarke; "On the Trail of Don Quixote," by August F. Jacacci; "The Renaissance of Lithography," by M. H. Spielmann; and "The Expenditure of Rich Men," by E. L. Godkin.

The leading serial story of the year was J. M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy"; and shorter stories are contributed by Joe Chandler Harris, Richard Harding Davis, H. C. Bunner, Octave Thanet, Clinton Ross, George W. Cable, F. J. Stimson, and others of equal note. The poetry also has been an admirable feature of the year, among the contributors being Edith M. Thomas, Clinton Scollard, Julia C. R. Dorr, H. C. Bunner, Mrs. James T. Fields, R. H. Stoddard, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, Andrew Lang, and Louise Chandler Moulton.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50 each.

"Land of the Castanets."

This series of Spanish sketches, by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, is written with close observation of Spanish life and character, and in a picturesque style, well fitted to its subject.

The word-pictures are vivid. Men are discussed with appreciation, and places with the touch of an artist. Spanish social life is cleverly portrayed, from its courtly beggars to its beggarly courtiers.

We are transported to a country where the stir of commerce is replaced by the click-click of castanets and the twanging of guitars. It is a land of sunshine and bull-fights, of whispering lovers at latticed windows, of duels and *aguardiente*. In striking contrast to America is this country of wooden plows, where vines are still kept in goat-skins and wheat is threshed with the flail.

We are led amid groves where oranges glisten among their shining leaves; we watch the Sevillana danced by bright-eyed, olive-skinned girls, with roses in their hair; we loiter in fair Andalusia, and dream within the walls of Granada, of its decaying splendors and memories of the Moors.

The book is instinct with the spirit of warm-blooded Spanish life. It is well illustrated, with reproductions from photographs, and has a unique cover in stripes of red and yellow.

Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

New School-Books.

Among the new educational books are Theodore Storm's graceful German romance, "Imensee," edited for school use by F. H. Dauer, in the new series of Modern German Texts (25 cents); a "Handbook of Greek and Roman History," by George Castegnier (50 cents); Thomas Carlyle's "Essay on Robert Burns," with explanatory notes (20 cents); "Elementary Meteorology," for high schools and colleges, by Dr. Frank Waldo, late of the United States Signal Service (\$1.50); "Short Stories of Our Shy Neighbors," by Mrs. M. A. B. Kelly, containing selections about the more common birds, beasts, and insects, in the Eclectic School Reading Series (50 cents); and Racine's "Iphigénie," edited and annotated in English by Professor Benjamin Duryea Woodward, of Columbia University (60 cents).

Published by the American Book Company, New York.

New Publications.

"The Strike, and Other Poems," is the title of a new book by George Benson Hewetson, an English writer, which is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Emily S. Bouton has collected a number of essays which she contributed to the *Toledo Blade*, and publishes them in a volume entitled "Life's Gateways, or How to Win Real Success." Published by the Arena Publishing Company, Boston; price, \$1.00.

"In Bamboo Lands," by Katharine Schuyler Baxter, is a pleasant record of a journey in Japan. The author's itinerary extended pretty much throughout the Mikado's empire, and she paid especial attention to the manufactures of pottery, damascene, cloisonné, and lacquer. The book is copiously and handsomely illustrated from excellent photographs taken by the writer. Published by the Merriam Company, New York.

A handsome new edition of Washington Irving's "The Alhambra" has just been issued, having for its distinctive feature a large number of dainty drawings of the places mentioned from the pencil of Joseph Pennell. Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell provides an introduction. The volume is a handsome one, with a richly gilded cover, and, though printed on thin paper, is legible and a fine specimen of typography. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

"How to Listen to Music," by H. E. Krehbiel, conceals beneath a modest title a wealth of information to music-lovers. The book is well arranged, is brilliant and sane in treatment and style, and never degenerates into rhapsodical sentimentality. The author knows his subject thoroughly, and treats it in

a broad and scientific manner from the standpoint of the musical temperament. It is almost encyclopedic, conveniently planned for reference, and will prove a valuable contribution to musical literature. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Class-Room Conversations in French," by Victor Bétis and Howard Swan, is the second volume in the French series of Psychological Methods of Teaching and Studying Languages. The book supplies in convenient form graduated sets of idiomatic sentences taken from the language of thought and emotion, arranged in dialogues for class-room use, and is to be used in conjunction with the corresponding books, "The Facts of Life" and "First Facts and Sentences in French," which contain descriptive scenes embodying the language of external facts. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, 80 cents.

Hands Across the Sea.

Six months ago, when William Watson, as the laureate of England rather than of the English throne, published his fervid series of sonnets on the Armenian massacres, entitled "The Purple East," our American poet, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, was moved to inscribe to him a sonnet, which we here reproduce:

"ON READING WILLIAM WATSON'S SONNETS ENTITLED 'THE PURPLE EAST.'"

"Restless the Northern Bear amid his snows
Crouched by the Neva; menacing is France,
That sees the shadow of the Ulan's lance
On her clift borders; struggling in the throes
Of wanton war lies Spain, and deathward goes.
And thou, O England, bow the time's mischance
Hath fettered thee, that with averted glance
Thou standest, marble to Armenia's woes!
If 'twas thy haughty Daughter of the West
That stayed thy hand, a word had driven away
Her sudden ire, and brought her to thy breast!
Thy blood makes quick her pulses, and some day,
Not now, yet some day, at thy soft behest
She at thy side shall hold the world at bay."

Now Mr. Watson has written a sonnet in answer to Mr. Aldrich. It appears in the January *Bookman*, and is as follows:

"TO THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH."

"Idle the churlish leagues 'twixt you and me,
Singer most rich in charm, most rich in grace!
What though I can not see you face to face?
Allow my boast, that one in blood are we!
One by that secret consanguinity
Which binds the children of melodious race,
And knows not the fortuities of place,
And cold interposition of the sea.
You are my noble kinsman in the lyre:
Forgive the kinsman's freedom that I use,
Adventuring these imperfect thanks, you late,
Singing a nation's woe, in wonder and ire,—
Against me half the wise and all the great,—
Sang not alone, for with me was your muse."

"Young people who grow up on ST. NICHOLAS are pretty sure to like the best literature."

Home Journal, Boston, Dec. 5, 1896.

THE JANUARY
ST. NICHOLAS

New Year's Number.

Containing a delightful table of contents including a complete long story—

"DANNY AND THE 'MAJOR.'"
A Story of the Plains.

Danny is a soldier's boy, and the "Major" is a horse. Mrs. Custer, who read the manuscript, said of it, "It is true to the very life: to read it is like being there."

THE SERIAL STORIES

of ST. NICHOLAS for the coming year are especially noteworthy. One, "Master Skylark," by John Bennett, illustrated by Reginald Birch, is a story of the days of Shakspeare, the poet himself being one of the characters, although the hero and heroine are a boy and a girl.

Begin the New Year

by subscribing to ST. NICHOLAS for the young folks of your household. The volume began with the November number and several of the serials commence in that issue. All new subscribers who begin with January may receive the November and December numbers free of charge (December is the beautiful Christmas issue) on request. Subscribe through dealers everywhere, or remit \$3.00 to the publishers,

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LITERARY NOTES.

Kipling as a Journalist.

From an interesting article in the *Academy* on Rudyard Kipling's journalistic experiences in India, we make the following extracts:

"Kipling has said that he who has once been a journalist remains a journalist to the end. When a man has reached the point of having it even rumored that syndicates are formed to buy his manuscripts at the rate of so much a word, the mill of daily journalism must go round without him. But once Kipling was a journalist to the marrow, and there was real pathos in his parting with the 'rag' in India. When, too, after fame was his, and America and England competed for his copy, he sent many a sketch in his best vein to the old paper at the old low rate of pay. The early hours of the first morning of his flying return visit to Lahore saw him, for sheer love of the old work, sitting in the familiar office-chair correcting the same old proofs on the same old yellow paper, with Mian Rukhn-din, the Mohammedan foreman printer, flying round the press, with green turban awry, informing all hands that 'Kuppuleen Sahib' had returned.

"As a boy from school, Kipling was brought out to India, and began at once to earn his modest monthly wage at the bottom of the ladder of Anglo-Indian journalism. In Kipling's day, the editorial staff, comprising two men, did the entire work of getting out the *Civil and Military Gazette* daily, with its seven pages of reading matter and seven of advertisements. As a journalist, he was a staff in himself. He distrusted his own powers, it is true, so much that to demand a leading article from him filled him with anguish. He said it was 'above him,' and he scarcely wrote five in as many years. But for every other kind of work, from writing 'editorial notes' to putting side-heads to paragraphs, or reporting a police-court case, he was as willing as he was gifted.

"He never slackened in his work, of which on 'high-collar' days there was more than enough. A 'high-collar' day, it may be explained, was one on which no telegrams from England were received before going to press, and editorial 'Notes of the Day' had to be written to fill the column which the telegrams should have occupied, thus bringing the editorial matter close up to the head, like a high collar, of the first column. At other times a multiplicity of telegrams crowded out so many 'Notes of the Day' that several of these, dealing with cognate subjects, had to be strung together into what Kipling called 'patent seamless' leaders. Outside contributors to papers in India nearly all belong to the civil or military services, and their contributions were often held in style, though welcome for the information they contained. Adding the few lines of comment to qualify their contributions to be used as notes, Kipling described as 'fitting on the whip-lash,' and his were always neatly tied and keen in application.

"The heaviest and most distasteful burden that Kipling bore in those journalistic days was the 'Blue Book.' At certain seasons of the year the Government of India issues a stream of official reports. It is the duty of the painstaking Anglo-Indian journalist to catch these reports as they come, dissect, boil down, and serve them up with such literary garnishing as may tempt the appetite of the capricious reader. Forestry, Police, Jails, Registration, Education, Public Works, etc.—each with its pages of statistics, come as the driest of grist to the mill, and no small portion of Kipling's working hours was devoted to the grinding thereof. Besides this, he was an adroit wielder of scissors and paste-brush, with a quick eye for matter worth republishing, and a happy knack of knocking it into shape. As a reporter, whenever the nature of the function to be described lent itself to graphic or humorous treatment, Kipling was inimitable; and brilliant fragments of the experience thus gained of viceregal durbars flash from the pages of many of his later sketches. After-dinner speeches at commemorative banquets, university convocations, race meetings or lawsuits, a flower show or a military review—whatever came, it was always Kipling's turn to 'do it,' for there was no one else but the editor.

"Besides occasional reporting outside the office, Kipling's daily work on the *Civil and Military Gazette* was briefly: 1. To prepare for press all the telegrams of the day. 2. To provide all the extracts and paragraphs. 3. To make beaded articles out of official reports, etc. 4. To write such editorial notes as he might have time for. 5. To look generally after all sports, out-station, and local intelligence. 6. To read all proofs, except the editorial matter. He may have had to do more, but, roughly speaking, for a few, a very few, hundreds of rupees a month, he did the work of at least two men, and in his odd moments of leisure wrote his verses and sketches, some of which have been republished in 'Departmental Ditties,' 'Soldiers Three,' and 'Plain Tales from the Hills.' These were scarcely journalism, but they were the only portion of his work which ever needed 'editing.' His youthful fancy now and then kicked too freely over the traces of convention, and more than one sketch found its home in the waste-paper basket. As a rule, however, they were much too good for a hack's pay on a paper in the north-west of India, and even Kipling's modesty, almost a fault, could not blind him to the fact that he was selling his brain-work far below its market value; but he believed that he owed a debt of gratitude to the newspaper proprietors, who took him on credit and gave him a salary when he was a boy fresh from school, and he determined to serve them for a full term of years."

A Book of Black Art.

"The Square of Sevens: An Authoritative System of Cartomancy" is the title of a curious book just issued under the editorial care of E. Irenæus Stevenson. It is a reprint of that curious old hook, Robert Antrobus's "The Squares of Seven and the Parallelogram," by which the helles and cavaliers of the eighteenth century used to read their fortunes by the aid of the cards. It tells, first, how the square of sevens is prepared, how it is reduced to the parallelogram, and, finally, how the cards are read by the tavola. Typographically the hook is in keeping with its quaint subject. It should have a decided vogue among those who still wish to probe the mystery of the future.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The manuscripts of Sir Richard Burton, which were unpublished at the time of Lady Burton's death, have been intrusted by her sister and executrix, Mrs. Fitzgerald (whose sole property they are), to W. H. Wilkins, to edit and prepare for publication. They include a book on "Human Sacrifice Amongst the Sephardim or Eastern Jews," "Ladislav Magyars," a volume of African travels, a "History of the Gypsies," "The Book of the Sword," and two addi-

tional volumes of Camoens. Some of these books will be published intact; only the slightest possible variations will be made in the original text of the others, and every care will be taken to follow the intention of the author. Mr. Wilkins hopes to bring them out at intervals during the next two years.

George Kennan will contribute a weird story, entitled "A Siberian Scare," to the February *St. Nicholas*.

The final number of the *Savoy*, which has just been published in England, is something of a *tour de force*. The entire number, which is of the usual size, has been written by the editor, Arthur Symonds, and all the illustrations, to the number of fourteen, have been made by Mr. Beardsley.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers announce that Mrs. Brodhead's new story, "Bound in Shallows," will be published in February.

The new "Gads Hill" edition of the works of Charles Dickens will consist of thirty-two volumes. Andrew Lang, who is to edit it, will contribute a literary and biographical introduction, a preface to each separate work, and critical notes. The original illustrations by Cruikshank, Hablot K. Brown, and Seymour will be printed from unused duplicate plates in the possession of the publishers.

"Ah Gau's New Year," an account of how a Chinese boy in San Francisco enjoys the holiday, will be one of the features of the February *St. Nicholas*. Both text and pictures are by the well-known artist, Theodore Wores.

In the series of Contemporary Essayists now appearing from the press of the Messrs. Harper & Brothers (though they have not yet formally so styled it), the third volume will be from the pen of Charles Dudley Warner, the fourth by Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the fifth, curiously enough, by Mark Twain, and the sixth by Professor Harry Thurston Peck. The two already published in this series are Brander Matthews's "Aspects of Fiction" and Mr. Howells's "Impressions and Opinions."

Richard Harding Davis is dramatizing his novel, "Soldiers of Fortune," and is writing a new story, "The King's Jackal." As to his future intentions, he may go to Cuha or to Egypt.

Frances Courtenay Baylor will begin a serial in *St. Nicholas* next month.

Anthony Hope has written a sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda," which the *Pall Mall Magazine* will publish serially during the coming year. We hear, by the way, that Mr. Hope has dramatized his later tale, "Phroso," with the assistance of Edward Rose.

Last October, Hubert Crackanthorpe, one of the new school of English writers, disappeared, and beyond a rumor that he had been seen at Bordeaux with a woman, his friends heard nothing of him until a fortnight ago, when his body was found in the Seine. He was best known for the morbid tales published under the titles of "Wreckage" and "A Set of Village Tales," and "Sentimental Studies."

Lincoln's birthday coming in February has suggested two entertaining articles for next month's *St. Nicholas*. One is on Lincoln's boyhood, and the other is about the pranks of Willie and Tad Lincoln in the White House.

In *Harper's Bazar* published on January 9th there will be an article by Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, of London, on "Ellen Terry's Gowns and the Woman Who Makes Them"; also a paper on "Housekeeping in England and the Cost of Living There." The serial publication of "Lochinvar," a story by S. R. Crockett, with illustrations by T. de Thulstrup, will be begun in the same number of the *Bazar*.

Gilson Willets, formerly editor of *Current Literature*, has purchased *Romance* from the Current Literature Publishing Company. With the January number the magazine will be reduced to the regulation size.

C. T. Hill, of the New York fire department, will describe "An Alarm of Fire by Telegraph" in *St. Nicholas* for February.

Marion Crawford, who has always refused permission to dramatize his books, has made a study of stage construction, and the first fruit of his labors is a play founded on "Dr. Claudius." It is said that the two leading players have already been engaged, and that the piece will be staged within three months. If "Dr. Claudius" proves a dramatic success, Mr. Crawford will write an original play for production next season.

E. W. Townsend (according to the *New York Press*) has been engaged to make a tour of Western cities to read hits from his "Chimmie Fadden."

The number of *Harper's Round Table* published January 5, 1897, contains an interesting story by Kate Douglas Wiggin, entitled "The Little Bishop"; also an article on "Volcanoes, their Mode of Action and Origin," by Professor N. S. Shaler.

The *Saturday Review* has put itself right on the subject of Stephen Crane, a writer over whom it had threatened to become hysterical. It still clings loyally to "The Red Badge of Courage," but it draws the line at "Maggie," especially resenting the comparison of that book to Mr. Hardy's "Jude," which has been made by Mr. Howells. The *Saturday* scari-

fies "Maggie" in a paragraph which concludes with the amiable observation that "from the artist's point of view the book is as badly done as one of Landseer's human dogs."

The *Nation* having quoted "that exceedingly keen and cool Oriental, the *Swami Vivekananda*," as authority for the statement that the very title of Mr. Kipling's hallad, "Gunga Din," is impossible, a correspondent points out that from an official document quoted in Trevelyan's "Cawnpore," page 93, edition of 1885, it appears that at the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny, a *naik*, or corporal, in one of the native regiments stationed at Cawnpore was named Gunga Din.

RECENT VERSE.

Holiday Gifts.

Why do you look so downcast?
What do I hear you say?

"Nothing to give to people
On Christmas or New-Year's Day?"
You want to be making presents:
Well, now, just think a while,
Suppose you look in the glass, dear,
And present yourself with a smile.

Then make up a bundle of troubles
And give them away to the Past.
He owns such a croony junk-shop
Where worn-out worries are cast.
Just bundle them on to the old year
And let him lug them away,
And next give a heart of hope, dear,
To the new year blithe and gay.

And then give praise to the best things
In the people you meet this year;
You may be surprised at the goodness
You'll find if you look, my dear.
And when you are burt by the folly
Or faults of the folks you know,
Just toss them a hit of your patience
And a word of pity or so.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in *New York Sun*.

Mountain Echo.

In mournful stillness rides a knight
Through the deep vale's concave;
"Ah, do I now fare to my darling's arms,
Or do I but go to the darksome grave?"
The echo answer gave—
"The darksome grave!"

As ever onward rides the knight,
His mournful sighs increase;
"Find I, so soon, in the grave release,
Ah, well, the grave brings peace!"
Nor did the echo cease—
"The grave brings peace."

Down from the cavalier's cheek, for grief,
A tear-drop rolled and fell;
"Is there only rest in the grave for me?
To me, then, the grave comes well."
The echoes bellow swell—
"The grave comes well."

—G. W. Oddie.

A Ballade of By-Gones.

Into what dim, unlettered night
Do our romantic idols stray?
Whither has Trilby taken flight
And where does Ben Hur's chariot sway?
The Little Minister is gray;
No more does Robert Elsmere pose;
Where do the favorites delay?
Nay, where is yesternorrow's rose?

Forgotten is the Manxman's might;
And what of Tess do bookmen say?
The Prisoner of Zenda's plight
Is one with Fauntleroy's at play.
Mulaney, Oberlin! Where are they?
On Sherlock Holmes the shadows close;
Why do their memories decay?
Ah, where is yesternorrow's rose?

They walked Romance's flowery beight,
Nor Howells' self could them dismay;
Made all of sweetness and of light,
For which Philistines loved to pay.
Now each his unlamented way
To library oblivion goes,
And on their tombs we toss a spray
Of yesternorrow's faded rose.

ENVOY.

Prints 'twas not yours the fate to stay
With all the art the era knows,
For fame in this decadent day
Is but as yesternorrow's rose.
—Edward A. Church in *January Bookman*.

The Scientific Sluggard.

'Tis the voice of the scientist, bear him explain;
"Don't get up too soon, it is bad for the brain;
The mind it unhinges," he ruthlessly said;
"If you rise in the morning too soon from your bed."

"Go early to bed and be early to rise,
And so you'll be healthy and wealthy and wise;"
But how about those agricultural hands,
Who do all the year round what the proverb commands?

I passed by his garden quite early one morn,
And saw him uprooting the thistle and thorn;
His limbs are rheumatic, his energy flags,
And as for his trousers and shirt, they were rags.

I spoke in the yokel, still hoping to find
That rising so early was good for his mind;
He doddered and dived, alas, it was plain
The worthy bucolic was three parts insane.

Said I in my heart: Here's a lesson for me,
That man is a picture of what I might be;
Then thanks be to Science, for teaching so clearly,
It's quite a delusion to get up too early.

—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

HARPERS MAGAZINE

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Argonaut

Clubbing List for 1897

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Independent.....	6.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.00
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Magazine of Art.....	6.30
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.50
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazar.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Round Table.....	5.00
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice - a - Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Orling.....	5.75
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	6.30
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Demorest's Family Magazine.....	5.00
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	5.75
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.50
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	7.25
Argonaut and Little's Living Age.....	6.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	5.00



STAGE GOSSIP.

Modjeska and Two D butantes.

Mme. Modjeska's coming season of four weeks, which is to begin on January 25th with a two weeks' engagement at the Baldwin, is somewhat in the nature of an experiment. It will be remembered that she broke down in the midst of her tour last year, and had to retire to her ranch near Los Angeles, and now she makes this brief tour to see if her health is strong enough to permit her to return to the stage. During her two weeks at the Baldwin she will be seen in "Mary Stuart," "Macbeth," and Suderman's "Magda." The leading man in her company will be Joseph Haworth, an actor of known ability.

Unusual interest attaches to the engagement, owing to the fact that in it two San Franciscans will make practically their first appearance on the professional stage. We mentioned in our issue of last week the fact that Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton, the well-known reader and elocutionist, will be a member of the company, playing Elizabeth in "Mary Stuart" and similar roles. The other d butante is Miss Frances Jolliffe, a younger sister of Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels. She was graduated from Vassar not long ago, and has studied dramatic art at Sargent's school of acting in New York.

"The Old Homestead."

The play now being presented at the Baldwin gives the lie to the oft-repeated statement that the play-going public will have nothing but what is new. It is a great many years since Denman Thompson first portrayed the fine old New England hero whose adventures are set forth in "The Old Homestead," and many have seen it so often that they anticipate almost every scene and situation. Still, though another has taken Mr. Thompson's place as Joshua Whitcomb and the cast generally is changed, the play is heartily enjoyed. The reason was pointed out recently by W. H. Crane, who, being interviewed by the New York *Sun* on the American drama, said: "Some time ago, I witnessed a performance of 'The Old Homestead.' Seated near me were three old gentlemen, who bore evidences of being well-to-do. At every reference to 'galluses,' the circus, or farm life, they nudged one another and laughed so heartily that it was a pleasure to note their happiness. These were three men who had undoubtedly spent the early portions of their lives on a farm. What they saw brought up pleasant memories. The farm was real, and Joshua Whitcomb was an old friend. It is the truthfulness of its characters that makes 'The Old Homestead' one of the most successful plays of the decade."

There will be performances of "The Old Homestead" this (Saturday) and to-morrow evenings, and on Monday it will enter on its second and last week.

The Irish Drama at the Columbia.

For the first time in its history, the Columbia Theatre was compelled to dismiss its audience last Monday night. Joseph Murphy, the Irish comedian, who was to have played Larry Donovan in "Shaun Rbue," was confined to his bed by an attack of the grippe. His brother took his part in the performance on Tuesday night, and, though he lacked some of the finer touches of the creator of the r  le, his portrayal of the rollicking Irish lad was good on the whole and often moved the audience to laughter or to tears.

It is confidently expected that Mr. Murphy will be restored to his old form for the remaining performances of the week. On Monday and all next week he will be seen in "Kerry Gow."

Changes in "Jack and the Beanstalk."

A "second edition" of "Jack and the Beanstalk" will be brought out at the Tivoli next week. The main story will remain unchanged, but a number of new songs, dances, ballets, and specialties will be introduced. Ferris Hartman, W. H. West, Anna Suits, and Josie Intropidi will have new topical songs, Anna Schnabel and Elvia Crox Seabrooke will sing new ballads, and the other musical novelties will be in the hands of Messrs. Raffael and Thomas and Master Jack Robinson. Mr. Fest's transformation, "The Birth of the Rose," which is one of the most gorgeous effects of the kind ever seen in this city, will continue to be a prominent feature of the entertainment. The clever dancers, Hanella and Remonde, will introduce new specialties, and there will be new features in the ballet and electric march.

After the run of "Jack and the Beanstalk," Wallace's ballad opera, "Maritana," will be given for a single week, and after that will come another bur-

lesque, a new version of "Aladdin; or, The Wonderful Lamp."

An Epidemic of Matrimony on the Stage.

Quite a number of the members of the theatrical profession are following, or soon will follow, the example of young Sothern and Miss Harned, who were married a few weeks ago. Gustav Hinrichs was married to Miss Catherine Montgomery Flemming, of Alameda, not long ago, and we have already noted Fay Templeton's latest matrimonial venture. Joseph Holland, a bachelor who was supposed to be as invulnerable to the shafts of the little god as young Sothern himself, has fallen a victim to the beauty of Fannie Bulkeley Hills, who has been acting in "Lost, Strayed, or Stolen," and from Boston comes news that they are soon to be married. Olga Nethersole is another Thespian who is soon to take on the matrimonial bonds. Her prospective husband is not a member of the theatrical profession, however, but a surgeon in the East India service, Oliver by name. Josephine Allen, a member of "The Geeser" company, is to marry a wealthy Boston broker. There is also the rumor that Loie Fuller is to wed State Senator Jacob A. Cantor, of New York, but from its reception in New York, it is evidently in need of confirmation strong as holy writ.

Notes.

The Lilliputians will soon be seen at the Baldwin in "The Merry Tramps."

Cissy Fitzgerald is coming to the Columbia in the near future with a piece called "The Foundling."

The Frawley Company's tour will close on February 20th, and they will be seen again at the Columbia Theatre in May.

De Wolf Hopper and his big company will be seen in Sousa's comic opera, "El Capitan," at the Baldwin in May.

An Eastern exchange says that Herbert Kelcey and Ette Shannon are likely to head a company as joint stars next season.

"The Prodigal Father," a farce-comedy by Glen Macdonough, will be seen at the Columbia Theatre early next month.

Among the farce-comedies that are to come to San Francisco this season is "A Run on the Bank," presented by Ward and Vokes, two Eastern comedians.

When "Rosemary" had its last performance at the Empire Theatre, New York, a few nights ago, the occasion marked the last appearance together of John Drew and Maud Adams.

Irving is to follow "Richard the Third" at his Lyceum Theatre in London with a version of "Madame Sans-G  ne." He will play Napoleon and Ellen Terry the washerwoman.

McKee Rankin is in the cast of "Captain Impudence," Edward Milton Royle's romantic comedy of the Mexican War which was put on at the American Theatre in New York last Monday.

The Western tour of Ned Townsend's play, "Chinmie Fadden," which is managed by Messrs. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., commences on January 25th at Kansas City, and shortly after that it will be seen at the Columbia.

Mr. S. H. Friedlander, of the Columbia Theatre, has gone to Portland on business connected with the various enterprises of his firm. He will be gone about a fortnight, and when he returns, will devote his time to the interests of the Carnival of the Golden Gate.

Florence Wallack Sewell, a granddaughter of Lester Wallack, is to appear on the stage of the theatre bearing his name in Margaret Mather's production of "Cymbeline." Miss Mather's production, by the way, is to be rather an ambitious one. She has had Reginald de Koven write special music for it.

There is an organization in New York known as the American Dramatists' Club which declines to admit women to membership. It gave a reception, however, a few nights ago, to women whose plays have been acted, among its invited guests being Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Margaret Merrington, Martha Morton, Madeline Lucette Riley, Alice E. Ives, Mary E. Stone, Lillian Lewis, and Ada Lee Bascon.

There may be people who have not heard of Mme. Nordica's voice, but scarce a woman in the land has not heard of her tiaras. Just how many she has up to the present time is not known. The latest one presented to her contains two hundred and thirty-three diamonds, ranging from one and a half to one-eighth carats. There are a dozen of the larger stones, and the entire tiara is worth five thousand dollars.

The late Alexander Herrmann is to be succeeded, so far as his theatrical engagements for the winter are concerned, by Leon Herrmann, according to the New York *Sun*, who comes from abroad for the purpose. The stranger will be accompanied in his tours by Adelaide Herrmann, and will drop his first name, so far as he can, so as to stand on the reputation of his predecessor. It is noted, by the way, that though his fellow-magicians were jealous of his skill, they regret his death, for no other man in the profession did so much to advertise the craft. By ingenious and persistent self-exploitation, he held his name before the

public, thereby winning the yearly fortune that caused the envy of his rivals, but at the same time aiding the lesser members of the guild in no small degree.

The dramatization of Stanley Weyman's "Under the Red Robe," made by the author and Edward Rose, has been produced by the Frohman company at the Empire Theatre, and seems to have scored a sufficient success to warrant us in expecting to see it when next Mr. Frohman sends his players this way. William Faversham plays the gamster and bravo, Gil de Berault; Viola Allen and Ida Conquest, the two ladies of the ch  teau; and J. E. Dodson made a distinct hit as Richelieu.

Last summer, in the midst of a warm evening, the electric lights in the city of Pendleton, Or., went out, and for about two hours and a half the city was left in darkness. During the evening, the men at the power-station noticed that the lights were growing dim. No expert advice could be obtained, but the men concluded that the wires were grounded somewhere, and that the engine was overloaded in trying to fill the soil of East Oregon with electricity. "Shut off the incandescent lights," said the foreman. "That'll put more power into the arcs, and keep us going until the thing can be repaired." So the incandescents were shut off; but that did not relieve the situation at all. The arcs burned fainter and fainter. Meantime, the engine was seen to be acting peculiarly. The trouble, whatever it was, must be in the station. Now the big driving-belt connecting the engine with the dynamos was seen plainly to jump up and down and plunge back and forth, striking the stone work of the side of the building as it had never done before. The engine was shut down and the superintendent of the works was hastily summoned. He looked matters over, and examined the belt, and first found the body of one white "miller," or moth, and then another, and another, and finally hundreds and thousands of them. They had gathered on the belt for a ride, having first been attracted to the windows and lured into the building by the brilliant light; they had, indeed, been assisted to this "ride" by the suction of the swiftly whirling belt, until its surface was a mass of crushed millers, and it could get no hold upon the shafts. The men were all set at work cleaning the belt, and in due time the arc and incandescent lights flashed up on the streets of Pendleton.

An average man who should undertake to live on strawberries alone would have to consume eighty-eight pounds of them in a day in order to obtain a sufficient quantity of one of the most important elements of food, protein. But while he was getting the proper amount of protein from the strawberries, they would give him seven times too much of another necessary compound, namely, carbohydrates. Forty-four pounds of tomatoes a day would supply nearly the right quantity and proportion of protein, carbohydrates, and fat, the three most essential constituents of food. The chief value of fruit consists in its acids, which are important to health.

A young American who was bicycling in Southern France was pushing his wheel up a steep hill, when he overtook a peasant with a donkey-cart who was rapidly becoming stalled, though the little donkey was doing his best. The benevolent wheelman, putting his left hand against the back of the cart and guiding his wheel with the other, pushed so hard that the donkey, taking fresh courage, pulled his load up to the top successfully. The summit reached, the peasant burst into thanks to his benefactor. "It was very good of you, monsieur," he said; "I should never in the world have got up the hill with only one donkey!"

He—"Dear me, my watch has run down." She—"There's a calendar in the other room."—*Life*.

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THE LOVES OF A CANTATRICE.

An Amusing Tale from an Impresario's Memoirs—
De Vivo's Story of De Murska and
Her Two Lovers.

Diego de Vivo, one of the most widely experienced of *impresarios* and a delightful *conteur*, has been writing his memoirs for the New York *Sun*. One of the most interesting chapters is that in which he tells of his adventures with De Murska in Australia. He went there in the latter part of 1875 to conduct the famous Polish singer's tour, and while in Sydney they engaged as pianist an English Jew by the name of Anderson. De Murska must have been a woman of very inflammable heart, for though at the time she was engaged to Lieutenant Count Nujent—who through love of her had left his ancestral home in Austria and was traveling with the company in some clerical capacity, though he received an allowance of one thousand dollars from home every three months—she was soon deeply in love with Anderson.

After breakfast one morning, De Vivo entered De Murska's parlor, and there found her chatting with Anderson on the sofa, in a confidential way. When the pianist left, De Vivo taxed the singer with being in love with him.

"No, *caro* De Vivo," she replied, "this time you make the greatest mistake in your life."

"Ilma," the *impresario* repeated, "you are in love with Anderson, and it is love at first sight. I remember the time when he was introduced to you. You said to me: 'De Vivo, he is the perfect likeness of the Prince of Wales, shorter, but handsomer.' You think, then, to have bewitched a prince of the southern hemisphere, and a handsome man. Instead, he is a very mediocre pianist and might be a bad man. A woman of your high standing in the musical world can bewitch and conquer an emperor, or king, and a real prince, as many *prime donne* have done, and have been loved in return, but not a fellow who looks like a harber and is inferior to you in position."

Her agitation betrayed the fact that he had guessed the truth. "No, De Vivo," she said, "it is not true." "Ilma," he replied, "I am a man of the world and have been in it myself several times, and can detect love by a look only, and since you spoke to me about his looking like the Prince of Wales and being handsomer, I have watched you, and I have found it out by your amorous looks and actions and by his frequent visits. Mind what you do." And he left her.

A week later, while under the influence of liquor, Anderson showed Susini a locket set with diamonds, which De Murska had given him, and said: "Wait, dear Susini, until I marry her; then I will send away the great manager, Signor de Vivo, who did not want me in the company, and then I will have my father treasurer and my brother manager."

Susini told De Vivo of the locket and the threat the day after. As soon as he heard it he hurried to see De Murska. "What is the matter, *mio carissimo Papa*?" she cried, gayly, "you look sad—not the lively De Vivo."

"Yes," he replied; "sad for your fatal future. I look not sad, but furious, thinking that you lied to your best friend in life, denying emphatically that you were in love with Anderson."

"I am not," she replied.

"And that is a double lie," he said, angrily. "Listen to me. You have given a locket set with diamonds to Anderson, who, while heastly drunk in a bar-room, showed it to Susini, saying, 'Dear Susini, wait until I marry De Murska; then you will see what I will do.' Dare you deny it any more?"

"No, *carissimo* De Vivo," she said, with tears in her eyes, "you will pardon me for not telling you the truth, as I thought you would not find it out. I am a woman, and you know women are weak, and now I must confess to you that I am so desperately in love with Anderson that we are engaged. Do forgive me, I beg of you, my best friend in life, and do help me in this affair. I do not love Nujent."

A few days later De Vivo learned from Susini that Anderson was a drunkard, a rascal, and had defrauded a music-publishing house at Dunedin, New Zealand, out of six thousand dollars. He told De Murska all this, but she would not believe him, and ordered Anderson's salary doubled.

On their way to Sydney from Melbourne, Anderson generally spent his time in the cabin of De Murska, and Nujent complained of this to De Vivo, who ordered Anderson out of the cabin, telling him it was no place to make love. Moreover, he told De Murska not to speak to him on the boat, as otherwise there would be a great scandal or murder, for Nujent was very jealous and was carrying a pistol in his hip-pocket. In Sydney, Nujent found out about the engagement, and had a terrific dispute with her.

De Murska was much alarmed, and begged De Vivo on her knees to persuade Nujent to go away, as she did not love him any more. This he promised to do, and determined, as the best means, to appeal to the Austrian's pride. He accordingly sought Nujent in his rooms at the hotel.

"*Mon cher ami*," De Vivo said, "she is so mad that with a bite she could poison you to death. She says that not only does she not love you any more, but detests you as she abhors a serpent. And after this declaration, if you say that you love her yet and will remain with her, I shall lose all the great esteem I have for you. You are the son of the most valiant general of the French army, descendant of a noble

family, and yourself a gallant officer of the Prussian army and a gentleman of honor. After this unaccountable and hateful insult from this heartless woman, would you love her still and remain with her, unless you were a lunatic? I, a mere citizen, would not look at her once more. I would run away from her a thousand miles. When love changes to hate, it never comes back again. There are millions of pretty, handsome, and distinguished women in the world who would be most happy to win the heart of such a handsome and noble man as you are, and I hardly can understand why you got so much in love with De Murska, who is far from being pretty or handsome in the face, but is gifted with a phenomenal voice, and is a singer unequalled, and of unapproachable art."

"That is what struck me, *mon cher*," he said, "when I first heard her sing so divinely the 'Shadow Song' of 'Dinorah' at Vienna. It was love at first sight. That night I wandered around the suburbs of Vienna like a madman."

Nevertheless, Nujent promised to go home, and kept his promise, though, as the steamer did not sail for some time, he visited De Vivo with his tears daily for three weeks. When he was gone at last, Anderson, who had been ill and was being nursed by De Murska's lackey, sent to De Murska the following telegram: "Nujent, by this time, is on the hay. Hurrah! Hurrah! We are on the eve of our happiness, and De Vivo must go."

The day after De Murska sent De Vivo a letter, telling him that sooner or later they must separate, so it was better then. De Vivo replied to her "with such an insolent letter that for the sake of her good remembrance, who, with all her sins, was a good woman, but weak, as her sex, I refrain from publishing it. Its effect was that afterward we were better friends than ever, being her only protector in the following terrible events, in marrying her dearest Alfred." He ended it by saying he would call on the morrow and settle their accounts.

This happened on Saturday, December 24, 1875; on Wednesday the marriage took place; on Thursday morning De Vivo went to see her. Anderson met him and said that he was De Murska's husband, having married her the day before.

"Ah!" De Vivo answered, with a sardonic laugh. "Do you know what position you occupy now as the husband of a great prima donna? If you do not know, I will tell you. You are a miserable fourth-rate pianist, and she is a great singer, superior to you socially and professionally, so that she is your mistress, who keeps you, and you are her lackey. You have married her for her money, and as you are a very sick man, you will not enjoy her money a long time. You will not live four months more. Here is my bill of back salary and expenses, and I want a settlement at once, as I want to leave the day after to-morrow."

The bill was nine hundred and seventy-five pounds. In looking at the total figures, Anderson became frightened and brought it to De Murska. After a while he came out and said: "Oh, Signor de Vivo, my wife does not want you to go away, nor do I, as you said. We want you to reduce your salary, as I consider it too much. Please remain with us for forty pounds a week and your percentage."

But De Vivo replied that he "never lowered his salary, but increased it," and they parted "as good friends as before this stormy meeting."

The newly made Benedict proved but a poor husband, for two days after the wedding he stayed away from dinner and failed to appear as host on Sunday when De Vivo went to dine with them.

The *impresario* soon left for Melbourne, where he had advertised another series of concerts, beginning January 8, 1876. On his arrival at Melbourne, he received the following telegram: "Great trouble. Anderson ran away from the concert twice, and De Murska ran after him and brought him back. After embarking, he ran away again from the boat, and De Murska ran after him, asking the captain of the boat to wait until their arrival, and after forty minutes, she brought him back. We are an hour behind time, hoping to be in time in Sydney for the Melbourne boat. I pity you, as you will have a great deal of trouble. I must remain in Sydney. Get another pianist."

De Vivo did get another pianist, a rival of Anderson. When the singer arrived, she went to a second-class hotel. She said that Anderson preferred it, it being nearer to his family; but Anderson was not there, having gone to see his family. It was seven o'clock, and De Vivo waited for him until half-past eleven. Then he said: "De Murska, you have had so far too much trouble in eight days with your dear Alfred, and I think it is not all over. If you do not tell me now the cause of this trouble, I will leave you to your fate."

Then she cried and told him that on Friday, the second day after their marriage, she had given Anderson a check for two thousand pounds, with instructions to exchange it for a draft of eighteen hundred pounds on Melbourne and two hundred pounds in cash. When he arrived from the bank, she asked for the draft, which she intended to send from Melbourne to her daughter, and the two hundred pounds cash. He told her that he would take care of the draft and the money. De Murska informed him that she had taken care of the money she had earned for ten years, and would not allow him to take any money she earned. After a violent altercation, Anderson took the draft out and threw it in her face,

and threw the two hundred pounds on the table. When she examined it, she found that it had been drawn to his own instead of her order, and, therefore, could not be negotiated without his signature.

"Well," said De Vivo, "this only confirms what I told you, that he married you for your money; and now you still love him?"

"Yes," she replied; "I do love him."

"And does he love you?" he inquired.

"I am afraid not," answered De Murska, with a sigh.

"Well, we can test him," he replied. "If he loves you, he will surely indorse the draft; if not, he loves your money, as I told you before. But in any event do not let it pass out of your possession, as you will never see it again, and we will watch the result."

De Murska thereupon burst into tears, and told De Vivo that she had asked him on arriving at their hotel to indorse the draft and he had refused, and had hastily gone to his house.

It had got to be two o'clock in the morning, and Anderson had not made his appearance. De Vivo sat down and wrote him that if he did not come back to his wife at eleven o'clock in the morning, he would publish the whole scandal in the paper, as well as in twenty thousand circulars which he would send all over the colonies. This brought him to book, and he was profuse in apologies and promised to indorse the draft.

Anderson soon became critically ill, and De Murska used to visit him every day. On March 10th, De Murska told De Vivo that Alfred was going to indorse the draft, and that his brother would take it to the bank, and get the money and give it to her. At the same time, she said that Anderson on two occasions before had embraced and kissed her, saying: "Darling Ilma, I made my will on February 28th, leaving everything I have to you, dearest child."

"What!" De Vivo said, "you simple mill-girl, still believe that vile thief who has given you the Judas kiss? He lied in telling you he made the will in your favor, and do not forget that he will die soon with the lie on his lips. [And he did.] For God's sake, don't let the draft go out of your possession, or you will never see a cent of it. He trusts the brother more than he does you. You are yet so blind in love with that infernal rascal that you have credence in his sweet, deceiving words. Mind me! Do not give away that draft."

The appointment was at noon the day after. In spite of De Vivo's warning, De Murska went to Anderson, and allowed the brother to take it to the bank. She was requested to return in an hour for the money. When she did so she found the old Jew father sitting at the door, with a bottle of wine at his side, and when she attempted to enter the door he stretched out his cane and told her his son was too ill to receive her.

They did not allow her to see him again. The scoundrel died three days after, on March 23d, with a lie on his lips, having willed everything to his mother. Only De Murska, John Hill, whom De Murska detested, and the parents accompanied the remains to the cemetery. De Vivo had to employ a lawyer, and finally succeeded in getting six hundred pounds, after six months, out of the two thousand pounds. But this was only a small amount of the money which Anderson obtained, as, according to what De Murska confessed and De Vivo's calculation, in money, doctors, medicines, nurses, and valuable presents, it amounted to twenty or twenty-five thousand dollars.

Judge Elmer S. Dundy, of the Federal Court for the District of Nebraska, who died a few days ago, was one of the most eccentric men on the bench. He conducted his court in violation of nearly all the precedents, and did not hesitate to give all the well-paid positions to his son and other members of his family. He at one time had himself carried to court while suffering with a broken leg to prevent another judge from trying the case.

A young man in New York State, who had been out skating until early morning, warmed his hands on the bulb of an incandescent electric light and then took it to bed with him to warm his feet. An hour later he awoke to find his bed in flames. The globe had been broken and the incandescent film had set the bedding on fire.

Removal.

On January 1st, Smith's Cash Store removed from 414-418 Front Street to their new building, Nos. 25 and 27 Market Street. They have issued a neat pamphlet describing the benefit buyers may derive in trading with them, and illustrating the methods of handling business in the new premises, many of which are new and not heretofore shown in this city.

The store itself is well worth a visit, whether interested in buying or not.



Tickets sold to all points at lowest rates. Through Palace Sleeping cars to Denver daily, with close connections in Union Depot for Eastern cities. Also through upholstered Tourist Sleeping cars to Denver, Omaha, Kansas City, Chicago, New York, and Boston. Tickets, sleeping-car reservations, and information at 14 Montgomery Street.

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The Forum

JANUARY, 1897.

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Of the French Academy

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Mr. John J. Barry lives at 104 Concord St., Brooklyn, N. Y., is 65 years old. He used to be a freight clerk, but for eleven years has done no work, mainly on account of rheumatism. He has always been troubled a good deal with constipation, but a few months since, his attention having been directed to Ripans Tabules, he commenced a course of treatment with them, using them according to directions. As a result the trouble from constipation is overcome and there is a positive improvement to be noted in the condition of his rheumatic joints. His daughter, who lives with him and has suffered a good deal from dyspepsia, also uses the Tabules and has found in them the greatest possible benefit.

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Dividend Notice.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN Society, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six hundredths (4 26-100) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty-five hundredths (3 55-100) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1897.

GEO. TOURNY

VANITY FAIR.

Boston has one institution which has no precise duplicate in any other city. It is the sewing-circle. Every autumn the debutantes of the coming season are gathered together in somebody's drawing-room. After organizing and electing officers, each sewing-circle usually prints its list of simple rules. These prescribe how many pieces of work each member shall be responsible for during the season, limit the number of members, and tell what eatables and drinkables the hostess of each week shall set before her guests; for, after all, the chief business of the sewing-circle is eating. Once a week, from November to May, the sewing-circle is entertained by its members in turn. Buds in their first year often sew for an hour or two. But after the first year they arrive just before luncheon, make their bow to their hostess, partake of the refreshments offered, chat with one another, and disappear in groups to make calls, or otherwise amuse themselves. By the first of June, the overseers gather up all the little flannel petticoats and unbleached cotton night-gowns and present them to some charitable society. Members who have not finished their stint are fined large enough to pay for having the work done by some one else. Wednesday is the favorite sewing-circle day, and every Wednesday, from November to May, probably forty different houses in the fashionable part of Boston are entertaining forty different sewing-circles. Somebody may wonder how it is decided just who shall be considered eligible to the sewing-circle. But in Boston those things regulate themselves. Certain girls are in society because their mothers were and their grandmothers were. While they are yet in school, they are invited to join the Friday evening dancing-class. The ladies who arrange this class know just whom it is proper to ask. Thence they pass on to the Saturday evening class, in their last year of school. The girls of the Saturday evening dancing-school are the girls invited to organize the season's sewing-circle, with here and there an addition, and here and there some one left out. To belong to the season's sewing-circle is better than a patent of nobility—in Boston. The girls who do not belong to it, though they may make their debut the same winter, though they are invited to an occasional dance or tea given by the exclusive set, are still regarded as outsiders.

Englishness of fashion are becoming more and more lax in their observance of the conventions of dress. Church Parade in Hyde Park was, not long ago, one of the smartest unofficial functions of English society. The mob never intruded, and the elect were to be met there in the same scrupulous get-up they would have prepared for a garden-party. But, so far as the outward appearance of the men is concerned, all that is being changed. A paragraph in the latest *Vanity Fair* says that "the sun shone on fair women and at least one very brave man—namely, Captain Ellison, who looked quite 'summery' in a blue-serge suit and a pot hat." The brave captain was not the one swallow that alone doesn't make the summer, for Lord Corry "wore a covert coat"—and he must have had tweeds underneath, or at least worn another pot hat, for a high hat and a covert coat are a combination that even *fin-de-siècle* laxity in dress would not tolerate.

The two orders known as the Colonial Dames of America in New York are at present having a tempest in a tea-pot. Many of the members of the original society, founded by Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, left that body several years ago, and banded together as a new organization. The new society, loath to part with the old name, simply retained it. They claimed that they were justified in thus cutting themselves adrift from their mother body, because of the rules prescribed limiting the membership to only one hundred in the entire country. The action of the new society of Dames caused the first to wish to copyright their name. With this object in view, they appealed to the Senate several years ago to grant them this privilege. In time, however, this dropped through. The second order then added to their title by prefixing the word "National." This word to Dames No. 1 was the "red rag waved in front of the bull." They immediately recommenced proceedings to secure their desired copyright. Dames No. 2, thinking it was time for them to act, instituted proceedings, in which they asked that the same copyright be granted to them, with, of course, their prefix. The Senate has recently referred the whole matter to the Library Committee. Thus it rests at present, and Dames Nos. 1 and 2 are both eagerly waiting for the matter to be definitely settled.

The real aristocracy of Spain is limited to the two hundred and forty-three grandees, many of them untitled, who enjoy innumerable privileges, including those of remaining seated and covered in the presence of royalty and of access to the sovereign at all times. Admission to the "grandee" is exceedingly difficult to obtain; for it is necessary to prove a long line of blue-blooded ancestry, unsullied either on the paternal or on the maternal side by any plebeian strain. The ancient ceremony of conferring the "grandee"—this, not the ceremony of inducting a peer to his seat in the House of Lords, constitute the only forms of inheritance of nobles that survive in the Old World—is termed an "Almohada," and is exceedingly rare.

Queen Christina has held but two since her husband's death; there were three during the reign of King Alfonso the Twelfth. One of the latter was witnessed by a writer in the New York *Tribune*, who thus describes it: "It took place in the small throne-room of the Royal Palace at Madrid. The men of grandee rank were to the right of the dais and the women to the left. On the king exclaiming, 'Be seated!' they all took their places upon tabourets, or stools of carved wood, topped with large purple velvet cushions. Everybody else, such as the members of the diplomatic corps and of the royal household, remained standing. Then the doors at the further end of the room opened, and, preceded by a herald and two chamberlains, and accompanied by the two grandees acting as sponsors, the postulant for admission to the 'grandee' appeared, and approached the throne with three low obeisances. A tabouret, with purple cushion, having been brought and placed on the lowest of the steps leading up to the throne, the king commanded the candidate to be seated, and thereupon addressed a few complimentary words to him, recalling the services of his family to the dynasty in by-gone ages. Alfonso concluded his little speech by extending his hand to be kissed, at the same time directing him to take his place among the peers. Retiring backward from the royal presence, the newly fledged grandee was conducted by his sponsors to the side of the hall occupied by the ladies of the grandee rank, to whom he made a low bow, and then to that of the men, whom he saluted in the same manner. He thereupon put his hat upon his head, his example being instantly followed by every grandee present, who all remained covered until, his stool and cushion having been removed from the steps of the throne and placed beside those of his peers, he had seated himself thereon. This brought to a close the actual ceremony of 'Almohada,' which was rendered extraordinarily picturesque by the superb toilets of the women, by the gorgeous tabards of the royal heralds, and by the brilliant uniforms of the generals, the court officials, the ministers of state, and last, but not least, by those of the diplomats."

A notable decrease is to be observed in the courtesy of Americans toward one another during the last two decades, according to an observer of experience. Twenty years ago men of the best class rarely met one another out of doors without raising their hats from their heads. It was a piece of politeness that was accorded not only by the younger to the elder men, but even by young clubmen to those of their own age and standing. Yet to-day, he says, the merest nod is considered a sufficient greeting, while a full-fledged bow from one man to another "would be looked upon in the light of a ridiculous exaggeration." This may be true enough, but one can not follow him in his statement that "in this country, as in England, it is by no means uncommon to hear men of birth and breeding giving one another the lie, if not in so many words, at any rate by means of a point-blank denial of a statement made. Yet it is thought quite natural and unworthy of being resented."

Henry James gave us in "The Real Thing" an extremely vivid and pathetic portrait of an English lady and gentleman reduced to the necessity of doing anything not dishonorable in order to keep from actually starving. One is reminded of it by the following advertisement, which appeared recently in an English newspaper: "A lady, highly educated and very well connected, and writing and reading French fluently, also good reader, cheerful, bright, and patient, wishes to be a secretary to a nobleman or military man between fifty and sixty; she is used to traveling, and prefers it part of the year; good salary and all expenses to be paid; country preferred, and a gentleman who is fond of riding and driving; she has been used to luxurious homes in India and England, but over our before; must be a refined man in tastes and habits, and an intellectual man; literary man not objected to; personal interview and highest references given and required; the lady is also very good at nursing, and highly conscientious and painstaking; would undertake charge of a delicate lad, living on a country estate, or to travel with him; Swiss, Cannes, mountains preferred, or South of France or Aix-les-Bains; she could undertake to ride and drive with him, any one requiring outdoor, healthy exercise, etc.; must be a perfect gentleman by birth, education, and tastes, and no one with a tendency for vicious habits, either of gambling, drinking, or otherwise; he would receive devoted attention and care, or she would take the place of a mother to him or superintend his studies under a tutor; English, American, Swedish, or Russian not objected to; no Spaniard, Frenchman, or Italian need apply. Address Mme. —. She can speak and write and read fluently, is musical and artistic, also has been a great rider; had fourteen to eighteen, son of nobleman or military man, preferred; unexceptional references given and required; no idiots, epileptics, or consumptives undertaken. Address Mme. —, etc."

From time to time questions relating to the etiquette of bicycle-riding have been raised in the newspapers and elsewhere. Among them are queries as to which side of the path a man should take when he is riding with a woman, whether he should ride in front of or behind her, etc. There is certainly no hard-and-fast rule which will apply to all cases, but regarding the

side which it is better for the man to take, the *Bazar* holds that the same principle which governs him when walking with a woman may be followed—that is, he must always take the side, if there be any difference in that respect, which is likely to be the more dangerous or disagreeable. On an ordinary road, where vehicles are going and coming in both directions, he would ride at his companion's left hand, thereby keeping on the inside, between her and the traffic coming toward them. When it became necessary to pass a wagon or wheel going in the same direction, he would probably ride ahead, picking out a safe way for her to follow. As a general rule, in any place where the path is narrow or difficult, making single-file riding imperative, the man should go ahead, where he may get the first glimpse of any obstacle or danger. When the two are riding abreast, it is a good idea for the man to allow the woman to keep just a trifle ahead, so that she may set the pace, and that he may be sure he is not urging her beyond her strength. When people ride as they do on horseback, however, with the woman on the man's left, the man should always go first (passing to the right) when they meet another vehicle on a narrow road, the woman following; and when they pass another vehicle on a narrow road (passing to the left) the woman should go first, the man following. This procedure will be found to work admirably. In case of obstacle or danger, however, the man should go first always.

Everything beautiful, useful, or ornamental in fashionable Paris nowadays (according to *Vogue*) is made after Russian models. There is the Russian jeweled belt, with its precious stones in the matrix enormous in size, or studded with brilliantly cut gems, or surfaces sprinkled with turquoise the size of filberts, forming flexible gold panels, yielding to the curves of the waist; and the long chain of precious gems—rubies, diamonds, or pearls—measuring from forty-five to fifty-four inches in length. The cut gems are set in these chains so that they sparkle from both sides. No necklace is quite so smart as a golden thread, the finest of Venetian chains, from which are suspended marvelously brilliant stones. Then small fortunes lie in the jeweled bangles. Tiaras are splendid, so are *rivieres*, jeweled collars, ribbons of diamond lace-work, and the many rows of pearls, clasped by a magnificent stone. Beautiful rings, jeweled watches, brooches, scent and salt-bottles with jeweled tops, golden opera-glasses, diamond-wrought lognettes, chain purses, fans more or less bediamonded, jeweled pins for the hair, and pins as lovely for the hat, side-combs that sparkle, and back-combs that rise in scintillating beauty of design—these are the trappings of *grande tenue*, with as marked and distinct a time and place when they should be worn as the fasts and feasts on the church calendar.

The Society of the Pointed Beards recently held its third dinner in New York. The Pointed Beards is one of the most exclusive societies in the city. Article II, section 1, of the by-laws says: "No one shall be eligible unless he have a carefully cultivated beard of natural and personal growth, in good standing, and terminating in one symmetrical point half an inch from the apex of the chin, of sufficient evidence to preclude controversy." As far as possible, everything connected with the dinner harmonized with the aims and objects of the society. The menu-cards, most of which were either designed or executed by the diners themselves, gave ample evidence of the whisker mania, and even the celery was served with its foliage trimmed *à la Van Dyke*. There were thirty-three members present, several of whom are well-known artists.

It is an evidence of the prevalent mercantile atmosphere that when a rapturous damsel is seen in ecstasies over a big box of beautiful flowers, the spectacle presents itself of the fond youth emptying his purse into the florist's till. This is not so of this land of sunshine and flowers for the asking, but it fits New York and Chicago. American Beauty roses, for instance, that cost two dollars apiece to the heirs of Prairie Avenue, sell to Gotham's Johnnies at forty dollars a dozen. In Chicago they range from twenty-four dollars to eight dollars a dozen, according to the length of stem. Of course there are cheaper roses that retail for two dollars and a half to five dollars a dozen—La France, Bridesmaid, Testout, and such flowers. In the Windy City, while roses easily lead in popular favor, violets are in great demand, although they are held at one dollar a bunch, and they come twenty-five in a bunch. The Marie Louise and Lady Campbell are the common varieties, while the California is quite popular. At a dollar a bunch they are liable to scare the average youth, but he can fall back upon carnations, which cost but fifty cents to one dollar a dozen for any variety.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Bonnat, the artist, sitting next to M. Maspero at a great dinner one night, said to him: "Maspero, you who are so near-sighted, tell me how does M. —, away down there at the foot of the table, appear to you?" "Well," replied M. Maspero, "I see a white spot, which I know is his shirt-front, and a flesh-colored spot, which I know is his face." "Ah," cried Bonnat, "how I wish my pupils could see things in that way!"

An Eton head-master, known as "Flogging Keate," finding one morning a row of boys in the study, began, as usual, to flog them. They were too terrified at the awful little man to remonstrate till he had gone half-way down the row, when one plucked up courage to falter out: "Please, sir, we're not up for punishment—we're a confirmation class!" "Never mind," said Dr. Keate; "I must be fair all around, and it will do you good." So he finished them off.

To a young lady who declared that Kentucky produced the handsomest women, the fastest horses, and the best whisky on earth, General Grant once made reply: "I unequivocally indorse the first part of your statement. As to the horses, I admit that also, for I own some of them myself, and I am considered a good judge of horseflesh. But as to the whisky, you will pardon me if I doubt your position. Whisky, in order to be good, must be old, and your Kentucky men drink it up so fast that it doesn't have time to get old."

When the Rev. David Short was pastor of the Penn Avenue Baptist Church at Scranton, he was zealous in the work of securing new members. One man, with whom he had labored exhaustively, was finally persuaded as to his Christian duty, but could not make up his mind whether to become a Baptist or a Methodist. Finally he hit upon a compromise, and wrote to the doctor that he had decided to unite with the Methodists, but would like to be baptized in the Baptist Church by immersion. This so exasperated the good doctor that he sent the following reply: "I regret that I can not accommodate you, but this church does not take in washing."

White, of Kentucky, while Speaker of the House in the Twenty-Seventh Congress, was so pressed with business that, when he had to deliver his valedictory, he got one of those men who are always on hand to make a little money to write his address. It was handed him just a little while before the time he had to deliver it, and he put it into his pocket without reading it. When the time came, he rose, and, slowly unfolding the manuscript, read the address. It was very brilliant, but it was Aaron Burr's famous valedictory to the Senate. The Speaker never recovered from the shock. He went home, was taken ill, and it is supposed he killed himself for shame.

In Michigan, some years ago, a bill was before the legislature to restore the death penalty for the crime of murder. Three of the ablest members of the house made long speeches in favor of the bill. When the third man had finished, a young member on the other side of the chamber rose and said: "Mr. Speaker, I rise to a question of privilege." "The gentleman will state his question of privilege," said the speaker. "Mr. Speaker, I wish to inquire of our friends of the other side of the house which they think is preferable—to be banged or to be talked to death?" The question was greeted by applause. Then suddenly some one, with a very loud voice, said, "Oh, well, if you're going to talk, we prefer to be banged."

Rossini was one of the most indolent of men, and in his younger days used to do most of his composing in bed. Once he had almost completed a trio, when the sheet fell out of his hand and went under the bed. He could not reach it, and rather than get up, he wrote another. The lazy man, if he works at all, does so by spurts, and Rossini, working against time, wrote "The Barber of Seville" in thirteen days. When Donizetti was told of this, he remarked, "It is very possible—he is so lazy!" The overture to the "Gazza Lutra" was written under curious circumstances. On the very day of the first performance of the opera, not a note of the overture was written, and the manager, getting bold of Rossini, confined him in the upper loft of La Scala, setting four scene-shifters on guard over him. These took the sheets as they were filled and threw them out of the window to copyists beneath.

McNab was the hero of a hair-breadth escape. It was in Canada, where McNab, a brawny Scotchman, was a colporteur. He was riding through a forest unarmed. He had a package of Bibles on one side of his saddle, and on the other a string of frozen sausages, which were to be thawed and cooked for his breakfast. A highwayman stopped McNab's reflections and his progress at the same time. The Scotchman was frightened. He had a little money in his boot, and he leaned over to remove the boot and satisfy the demand of the robber. His hand struck against the frozen sausages. He bethought himself of these. Perhaps they would be accepted instead of money. He broke one of them in two,

and was about to offer half of it to the highwayman, when suddenly he found himself alone, and heard the clatter of a horse's rapidly retreating hoofs. The robber had mistaken the cracking of the sausage for the cocking of a pistol, and had fled.

While a well-to-do Parisian was returning recently by train from Havre, during the first hour his only fellow-passenger in the compartment was a young man who made himself very agreeable. Then others got in, and talk was general. Finally the Parisian dropped asleep. Presently the young man, turning to the other passengers, with a wink toward the sleeping man, said, in an undertone, "I'll play a good joke on my uncle," and he unfasted the strap by which a small traveling-bag was slung over the shoulder of the sleeper. "I'll change into the next compartment at the first stop, and my uncle will wake up and think he has been robbed. It will be fun to see his face, and I can watch through the little glass in the partition. Don't give it away." The others grinned appreciatively, and the young man presently slipped out with the bag. Soon after the owner of the bag woke up. He missed his pouch from the strap, and jumped up in great excitement, exclaiming: "I've been robbed!" The response of his fellow-passengers was a roar of laughter. This added anger to the victim's excitement, and he stormed furiously. Finally one of the passengers assured the angry man that his bag was all right; his nephew had it in the next compartment. "My nephew!" shouted the bewildered man; "I haven't any nephew. I never had a nephew. I don't know anything about any nephew." Then it was the turn of the other passengers to be dumfounded. But the thief got away, and there were several thousand francs in the bag.

ARMY ARISTOCRACY.

Aye, there they go! away they fly, a string of silly geese, To Europe's titled feeding-grounds, from John o' Groat's to Greece; While here they might find rank galore, with titles old and sure, And bathe their golden plumage in whole seas of sang azul. A heggary four hundred, quotha, makes the card complete, Of all the aristocracy comprising the elite? Why, some one has imposed on you; you're groping in the dark; Two big, round ciphers added would come nearer to the mark.

Who are those breeched Hollanders you have upon the list? Those measly *Mayflower* stowaways, who are they, prythee? Hist, Mere parvenues of yesterday, the mushrooms of a night. Come! out with pad and pencil, and I'll fix the matter quite.

Write Sergeant Dan McGrath, and Private Mike O'Brien, too, The lineal descent of the great Brian Boru; And Corporal P. O'Connor, be who boasts of blood the same As Roderick, the proud Ard Righ of Ireland, of that name.

Write Pat O'Hara, Phil McCann, and Jack O'Neil; but hold! Before advancing further I've a secret to unfold; It simplifies the matter, and I want it understood That every Irish Mac and O can boast of royal blood.

So much for Ireland. Now, indite there Private Lagerstein, Whose feudal castle frowns above the wide and winding Rhine; And Corporal Muller, whose forebears with Barbarossa rode; And Sergeant Schiek, whose 'scutcheon o'er a baron's portal glowed.

But even to name the noble host I, frankly, can not do it; 'Twould paralyze Dehrett and Burke, no herald could get through it. Though just to show our wealth of blue blood in the Army there, I'll lightly scan the courses in the princely bill of fare.

We've Polish counts, and Spanish dons, Hungarian Magyars, too, And saplings of the shady British peerage not a few; And many a son of Italy, whose yearning heart repines To leave his marble palace lonely on the Apennines.

We've Scots who trace their lineage back to Kenneth, more or less; And French émigrés hailing from the ancienne noblesse; With Russian boyars, Swedes, and Swiss, and eke the wandering Jew, Whose blood indubitably is the bluest of the blue.

What, ho! you title-tickled maids, your sails according trim, And, last not least, the surgeon swears we're sound of wind and limb; So all that's wanted to complete your lists, and ours, below Is a Matrimonial Bureau in the Regular Army, O.

—Army and Navy Journal.

N. W. Ayer & Son, the "Keeping Everlastingly At It" Newspaper Advertising Agents of Philadelphia, have just issued their new calendar for 1897. The figures on it are large enough to be read across a room, and its handsome appearance makes it worthy of a place in the best furnished office or library. The publishers have placed upon it a nominal price—25 cents—on receipt of which it is sent, post-paid and securely packed, to any address.

COMMUNICATIONS.

United States Prisons.

TACOMA, WASH., December 31, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In a recent number of your journal a statement appeared to the effect that there is but one United States penitentiary—the one located at Fort Leavenworth. You have overlooked the institution on McNeil's Island in Puget Sound, Wash., about midway between Tacoma and Olympia. This is a "sure enough" Federal penitentiary, and enjoyed the distinction of being the only one, I believe, until the military prison at Leavenworth was turned into a similar affair. We haven't much to distinguish us from other Populistic communities, and we can not afford to lose our prominent feature. We shall probably need all the penal institutions we have on hand.

Yours truly, TACOMAN.

SEATTLE, WASH., December 29, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: You stated in the *Argonaut* of December 28, 1896, that "at Fort Leavenworth is the only prison which is a United States penitentiary."

This is a mistake, as there is, and has been for a good many years, a United States penitentiary in the Territory and State of Washington, located on what is known as McNeil's Island, in Puget Sound, between Seattle and Olympia, and near old Fort Steilacoom.

Yours truly, BOVN J. TALLMAN.

SEATTLE, WASH., December 30, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your valued paper of December 28th, on page four, you mention a United States penitentiary, and say that "it is the only one in the United States owned and controlled by the general government."

I beg to suggest that the government also owns a penitentiary upon McNeil's Island, in Puget Sound, which is its exclusive property and which is run and officered by the general government. I call your attention to this because I know your desire to be absolutely correct in all your statements.

In this connection I wish to commend the course you have taken in the matter of the proposed recognition of Cuba. As in the Venezuela matter, you are entirely correct.

Yours very truly, I. D. McCUTCHEON.

CHICAGO, December 30, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I had supposed the Deer Lodge, Mont., institution was a government penitentiary. Am I mistaken?

F. J. GRINNELL.

[It may be that the institutions at McNeil's Island and Deer Lodge are United States prisons, but we find no record of them in the government books. It has long been the custom for offenders against the laws of the United States to be lodged in State or Territorial penal institutions, the Federal Government paying therefor. In March, 1891, Congress passed a law for the erection of three United States prisons, one to be north of Mason and Dixon's line, a second south of it, and a third west of the Mississippi River, but we had not yet learned from the government's official publications that they have been completed or even located.—EDS.]

Is this Testator's Will Thwarted?

EL TORO, December 25, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I am an old man, now nearly fourscore and ten, and I wish before I leave this world to see justice done my dead son, the late George J. Keating, formerly a well-known merchant of Kansas City, Mo. My son moved to San Diego some nine years ago, and, after a year's residence there, was taken ill, and died. He left a large property and a curious will. Among the bequests were two of great importance and benefit to the city of San Diego. One of them was one hundred thousand dollars for a hospital for the sick and injured, without regard to race, color, or creed; the other was a like sum to St. Paul's Church, San Diego. These two sums were then, and I believe are now, the largest ever given in this State by one donor for the benefit of religion and the sick.

The will has been probated, and his estate, as far as I know, settled; but neither has the hospital been built, nor has St. Paul's Church received its bequest. I am too old to see to this alone, but hope the wide publicity that your paper will give this letter will stir those who should look after these bequests, and see that the wishes of my deceased son be carried out. Yours respectfully,

W. H. KEATING.

Words of Appreciation.

GALVESTON, TEX., December 27, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: For the inclosed check please renew my subscription and that of F. B. Von Harten, Esq., of this place.

In this day of "modern journalism" it is a pleasure to pick up one paper that is distinctively literary and free from nauseating, meat-eat pictures.

A happy New Year, and may your shadow never grow less. Yours very truly, SILAS ORRIN HOWES.

STATE OF TENNESSEE,

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,

NASHVILLE, December 28, 1896.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: After reading the *Argonaut*, it goes to my son in Boston, and he mails it to my sister in Providence, R. I. I consider it the best all-around weekly published.

Yours, HENRY C. WARD,

Captain United States Army.

An inference: *She*—"No; I never met her." *He*—"Then, why do you think she is *passte*?" *She*—"I have frequently heard her described as 'kittenish.'" —*Ex.*

Bingo—"That doctor must have found out how much I am worth." *Mrs. Bingo*—"Why?" *Bingo*—"I just got his bill."—*Life.*

One Secret of Longevity.

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YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1897. *Coptic*. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, January 16 *Gaelic*. (Via Honolulu). Tuesday, February 2 *Doric*. (Via Honolulu). Tuesday, February 23 *Belgie*. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, March 13

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

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For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, Jan. 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M. Jan. 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, at 9 A. M. Jan. 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Point Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, Jan. 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Orizaba*, at 10 A. M., 25th of each month. The Company reserve all rights to change steamers or sailing dates. Ticket-Office Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.



S. S. Zealandia sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Thursday, January 7, 1897, at 2 P. M.

S. S. Australia for Honolulu only, Tuesday, January 26, at 2 P. M. Special party rates.

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WINTER CRUISE—To Bermuda, West Indies, Mexico, American Line S. S. Ohio, from New York, February 6, 1897, for Bermuda, St. Thomas, St. Kitts, Guadalupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados, Trinidad, La Guayra (Curaçao), Curacao, S. Domingo, Jamaica, Progresso, Vera Cruz (Mexico), Havana, Brunswick, Ga. Duration, 45 days. Passage, \$70 and upwards. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet.

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SOCIETY.

The Watson-Spreckels Wedding.

One of the greatest social surprises that San Francisco has ever experienced was the announcement made last Sunday that Miss Emma C. Spreckels had been married to Mr. Thomas Watson on Wednesday, December 30th, in the vestry of Trinity Episcopal Church, in San José. The couple made the trip from here to San José that afternoon, and were united in marriage by Rev. J. B. Wakefield. The wedding took place without the knowledge of the bride's parents, and is believed to be against their wishes.

The bride is the only daughter of Mr. Claus Spreckels, the multi-millionaire and sugar king. She has large property interests in her own right, which rumor values at something more than a million of dollars, and the fortune which would fall to her in the course of nature was larger than that of any young lady on the coast. In fact, she was considered the great matrimonial catch of the day, yet rumor says that Mrs. Spreckels-Watson has deeded much of her property back to her father.

The marriage license states that the bride's age is twenty-seven years, while her husband has passed the half-century mark. Mr. Watson is a prominent grain-merchant here, and is well-known and popular in commercial circles. At the time of his marriage he was a widower, and he has a daughter who is about the age of his present wife. Mr. and Mrs. Watson are residing temporarily at the California Hotel.

It is said that on Tuesday of this week Mrs. Watson deeded to her father property to the amount of one million dollars. This is property she had received from her father during the past few years, and it is averred that the transfer of this week was made because the bride's father had accused her of ingratitude.

The Steifel-Schweitzer Wedding.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Schweitzer, 703 Leavenworth Street, was the scene last Tuesday of the wedding of their daughter, Miss Helen Schweitzer, and Mr. Samuel Steifel, of New York city. The house was beautifully decorated, and about two hundred guests were assembled there to witness the ceremony, which was performed at noon by Rabbi Jacob Voorsanger. Miss Clara Joseph was the maid of honor; Miss Bella Gerstle, Miss Alice Greenebaum, Miss Agnes Brandenstein, and Miss Cora Miller were the bridesmaids; and the flower-bearers were the Misses Florence and Edith Guggenheim. Mr. Joseph Silverberg, of New York, acted as best man, and the ushers comprised Mr. Jesse Triest, Mr. Manfred Brandenstein, Mr. Monroe Schweitzer, Mr. Leon Greenebaum, Mr. Henry Sachs, and Mr. Sigmond Bauman. After the ceremony and congratulations a breakfast was served in a spacious marquee on the lawn. The wedding presents were numerous and very costly. Mr. and Mrs. Steifel are making a brief tour of the State prior to going to New York city to reside. They will be entertained to some extent by their friends before going East, and it is expected that they will make yearly visits to this city.

The Friday Night Club.

The third cotillion of the Friday Night Club was held at Odd Fellows' Hall on Friday evening, and it was quite the success that was expected. The hall

was prettily decorated with garlands, evergreens, and cornel-berries, and appeared very attractive. Mr. Edward M. Greenway led the german, having Miss Caro Crockett, a debutante, as his partner. Five figures were danced, and in some of them calcium-lights were introduced with marked effect. At midnight supper was served under Ludwig's direction, and then there was general dancing until two o'clock in the morning.

The cotillion that was scheduled for January 22d, has been postponed until the evening of February 5th, and the one that was to have taken place on the latter date will be held about a fortnight later.

The Whittier Dinner-Party.

A dinner-party was given last Wednesday evening by Mr. William R. Whittier at his home, 2030 Jackson Street, in honor of his fiancée, Miss Elizabeth Carroll. Covers were laid for sixteen at a table that was beautifully decorated with lilies of the valley and maiden-hair fern. A string orchestra played during the dinner and afterward for dancing, which was enjoyed in the spacious ball-room. Those present were:

Miss Elizabeth Carroll, Miss Gertrude Carroll, Miss Romietta Wallace, Miss Mattie Whittier, Miss Genevieve Goad, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Mr. W. F. Whittier, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. F. A. Greenwood, Mr. R. McK. Duperu, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Mr. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mr. Wilson, and Mr. W. R. Whittier.

The Josselyn Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn gave a dinner-party last Wednesday evening at their residence, 901 Eddy Street, as a compliment to their daughter, Miss Florence Josselyn, who is one of this season's debutantes. The table was artistically decorated with boughs of manzanita and pussy willow and clusters of roses and ferns. After dinner musical selections were enjoyed in the parlors. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Miss Florence Josselyn, Miss Kate Thornton Salisbury, Miss Jessie Hobart, Miss Helen Hopkins, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss McNutt, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Frances Moore, Miss Ethel Murphy, Miss Elise Clarke, Miss Jessie Hooper, Miss Hamilton, Mr. J. W. Byrne, Mr. Augustus Taylor, Lieutenant C. L. Bent, U. S. A., Mr. Thomas Ereeze, Mr. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. William Hamilton, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. George B. de Long, Mr. Atherton Macondray, Mr. Frederick H. Coon, Mr. Louis C. Masten, Mr. Percy King, Mr. Horace Platt, and Mr. Capps.

The Booth Card-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Booth gave a progressive euchre-party recently at their residence, 2510 Washington Street. The affair marked the return of Mr. Booth from a trip to Europe. The contest at cards was very interesting, and the prizes won were quite handsome. A delicious supper ended the pleasant affair. Among the guests were:

Senator and Mrs. A. P. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Pond, Colonel and Mrs. Frank Sumner, Major and Mrs. Gould, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vail, Mr. and Mrs. John Spruance, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Van Wyck, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Warkington, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dutton, Dr. and Mrs. Burnham, Mr. and Mrs. John H. Jewett, Mr. and Mrs. William Hubert Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Easton, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Brown, Dr. and Mrs. Gardner, and Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Boomer.

The Sorosis Reception.

The members of the Sorosis gave a reception in their rooms last Monday afternoon complimentary

to Mr. Frank Lincoln. An attractive programme had been arranged by Mrs. H. E. Huntington, and its presentation highly pleased the many who were present. Mr. Lincoln gave a monologue entertainment and Mr. Hugo Mansfield played two selections on the piano. Miss Cornell was heard in several songs, and Mrs. D. H. Kinnie read a paper on "Our Duty to the Sick." Light refreshments were served before the pleasant affair came to an end.

San Francisco Golf Club.

The members of the San Francisco Golf Club had a meet on New-Year's Day at their grounds, near the Presidio. The attendance was very small, and but little interest was manifested in the contest. The damp condition of the ground militated against the sport, although some good records were made. Mr. John Lawson won the gold championship medal in the morning, and Mr. Harry Babcock won the monthly championship honors and the silver Liverpool medal in the afternoon. The score for the annual championship contest was as follows:

Player.	First Round.	Second Round.	Total.
Mr. John Lawson.....	51	40	91
Mr. E. J. McCutchen.....	59	58	117
Mr. Charles Page.....	64	57	121
Mr. T. Binny.....	63	62	125
Mr. R. B. Forman.....	61	65	126
Mr. Harry Babcock.....	66	61	127
Mr. S. L. Abbot, Jr.....	68	62	130
Mr. C. R. Winslow.....	72	60	132

The score for the silver monthly championship medal was as follows:

PLAYERS.	First Round.	Second Round.	Total.	Handicap.	Net.
Mr. Harry Babcock.....	48	62	110	10	100
Mr. C. Page.....	49	62	111	10	101
Mr. S. L. Abbot, Jr.....	60	56	116	8	108
Mr. R. B. Forman.....	61	63	124	12	112
Mr. C. R. Winslow.....	60	67	127	14	113
Mr. E. J. McCutchen.....	71	66	137	12	125

Notes and Gossip.

Information has been received from Honolulu that an engagement of marriage exists between Miss Kathleen McGrew and Dr. Charles Cooper. Miss McGrew is well known in society circles here and is a sister of Mr. Tarn McGrew.

The wedding of Miss Clemence Reiss and Mr. Adolph Nordman will take place next Tuesday evening at half-past six o'clock at the Concordia Club. Miss Reiss is the daughter of Mr. Bernard Reiss, of the firm of Neuburger, Reiss & Co.

The wedding of Miss Bertha J. Hart and Mr. I. W. Cahen will take place on January 17th. Only relatives will be present at the ceremony.

The army and navy cotillion of the Friday Fortnightly Club will be held at Lunt's Hall next Friday evening. Lieutenant D. W. Kilburn, U. S. A., and Lieutenant D. E. Nolan, U. S. A., will act as leaders.

Central Park will doubtless be crowded this afternoon, when a game of foot-ball will be played for the benefit of the Children's Hospital. The contestants will be a picked eleven from the army and navy officers here and a team from the University Club. The game should prove to be both interesting and exciting.

Mr. and Mrs. Rounseville Wildman received some two hundred of their friends at their residence on New-Year's Day, and entertained them hospitably. They were assisted in receiving by Mrs. John H. Jewett, Mrs. W. M. S. Beede, Miss Bertha Foote, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Elizabeth Cole, Miss Ardella Mills, Miss Eugenia Ware, Miss Eva Withrow, and Miss Nora McNeil.

The Monday Evening Dancing Class held its second meeting of this season at Golden Gate Hall last Monday night. There was a large attendance, and some very pretty gowns were worn. Light refreshments were served during the evening, and dancing was enjoyed until midnight.

Mr. and Mrs. John H. Jewett entertained a number of their friends very pleasantly last Saturday evening at their residence, 93r Bush Street. Turkish musicians were in attendance and played native airs and performed certain rites of an interesting character, while Mr. Frank Lincoln, the humorist, also contributed to the pleasure of the affair. Presents were distributed to each of the guests, after the manner of a tombola, and a supper was enjoyed.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway gave a dinner-party at the Bohemian Club last Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Elizabeth Carroll and Mr. William R. Whittier. The others present were Miss Romietta Wallace, Miss Gertrude Carroll, and Mr. Milton S. Latham.

Dr. and Mrs. Clyde Payne gave a dinner-party recently at their home on California Street in honor of Dr. William J. Younger, prior to his departure for Chicago. Among the others present were Dr. S. E. Knowles, Dr. J. A. W. Lundborg, Dr. Russell H. Cool, Dr. A. H. Millbery, Dr. Thomas Morfiew, and Dr. Redmond Payne.

Ideal Champagne.

With due deference to the well-known fastidious proclivities of California champagne consumers, Messrs. Moët & Chandon, who, as is well known, are the largest vineyard owners in the Champagne, have concluded to ship henceforth their renowned "White Seal Grande Cuvee" to this coast. This brand is celebrated as a great favorite among the select circles in London and other large cities in Europe, it being a clean and deliciously dry wine, and the "White Seal Grande Cuvee" is also bound to become popular here with people of a discriminating palate.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. H. M. Gillig, Mrs. Gillig, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, and Mr. Alexander Hamilton sail for Honolulu on January 16th on the steamer *Coptic*, of the Occidental and Oriental Steamship Line. They will meet there Mr. Frank L. Unger, who sailed on January 8th on the steamer *Zealandia*, of the Oceanic Steamship Line.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Newhall returned to the city last Thursday on the steamer *Coptic* after a two months' trip to Japan.

Mr. E. S. Pillsbury is in New York city. He is expected to return in about ten days.

Miss May Friedlander and Miss Bessie Bowie passed the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis at their ranch, near Bakersfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan and Mrs. Paul Cowles came over from England to New York last week on the White Star Liner *Tenacity*. Mr. O'Sullivan remained in New York, but the ladies continued West, and are expected here Monday.

Mrs. John H. Jewett will receive on Thursdays in January and February at her residence, 931 Bush Street. Mr. and Mrs. Sumner W. Bugbee, of Oakland, have been passing some time in Pasadena as the guests of Mrs. Meeker.

Dr. George H. H. Redding is visiting in New York city. Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson are at Coronado Beach. Dr. William J. Younger left for Chicago last Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank H. Fisher left last Wednesday evening for New York city, where they will reside for a couple of years. Mrs. Fisher, who as Miss Maude Berry was widely known in musical as well as in social circles, will continue her studies in voice culture, and Dr. Fisher will confine himself to professional studies.

Miss Sarah D. Hamlin has returned from Boston, whither she went to accompany the remains of her only brother, who died while on a visit to this coast. She is residing at 1849 Jackson Street.

Mme. B. Ziska will receive on every Friday, except the last in the month, at 1718 Sacramento Street.

Mr. Frank H. Cilley, of Boston, Mass., who is here on a pleasure trip, will pass the winter at The Colonial.

Mrs. C. M. Jennings, *nee* Ziska, will receive on the first and fourth Fridays of each month at 1718 Sacramento Street.

Miss Katherine Abbott, of Pasadena, is at The Colonial.

Mrs. W. P. Harrington and the Misses Harrington came down from Colusa last Sunday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Baums, of Wheeling, W. Va., who are here on a pleasure trip, are at The Colonial.

Dr. and Mrs. K. Pischl were in Rome when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Thomas are passing the winter at The Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Lilienfeld are passing the season at The Colonial.

Mr. H. Seymour Manning has returned to the city after an absence of two months in the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Ariel Meinraht have returned from their wedding tour and are residing at The Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. Loring G. Nesmith, of San José, have been passing the week here at the California Hotel.

Mrs. Samuel Miller is now residing at the California Hotel.

Mrs. H. S. Crocker is staying at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas G. Walkington are passing the winter at the Occidental Hotel.

Colonel and Mrs. C. Mason Kinne have taken rooms at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Sands W. Forman are at the Occidental Hotel, where they will remain during the winter.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden are staying temporarily at the California Hotel while the Towne residence on California Street is being renovated.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Talbot are at the California Hotel.

Recent arrivals at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. C. McVey, of San Jose, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Chapman, of San José, Senator B. Burke, of Santa Cruz, Mr. J. W. Bryan, of Omaha, and Mr. L. Zeigler, of Berlin.

Mrs. B. W. Paulsen will leave late in January on the Sunset Limited for New York city, en route for an extended European trip.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Colonel James A. Dill, Quartermaster's Department, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Department of California to the Department of Texas.

Colonel James I. Moore, Quartermaster's Department, U. S. A., has been transferred from New York city to San Francisco.

Colonel and Mrs. L. L. Livingston and the Misses Livingston will receive on Fridays in January at their residence, 1717 Oregon Avenue, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Dickinson, daughter of Colonel Loder, U. S. A., is here on a visit, and is staying at The Colonial.

Commander G. W. Pigman, U. S. N., is passing his leave of absence at Delphi, Ind.

Colonel M. I. Ludington, Assistant-Quartermaster General, U. S. A., has been transferred from Chicago to New York city. This is considered the next in line of promotion to the quartermaster generalship. He will be succeeded in Chicago by Lieutenant-Colonel J. G. C. Lee, U. S. A., who has been in charge of the quartermaster's department in this city since March, 1893.

Major C. Ewen, U. S. A., who is now in Los Angeles, will return here on January 15th, and will reside at The Colonial.

Chief-Engineer J. W. Collins, U. S. R. C. S., has returned to Washington, D. C., after an inspection tour of the western coast.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon H. B. Fitts, U. S. N., is in Los Angeles on waiting orders.

Assistant-Surgeon G. G. Siebels, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Independence* and ordered to the *Petrel*.

Assistant-Paymaster G. G. Rodgers, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Pinta*, now at Sitka, Alaska, and ordered home. He will be relieved by Assistant-Paymaster S. Bonaffon, U. S. N., who has been detached from the *Vermont*.

Lieutenant Lucius R. Holbrook, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fort Walla Walla and ordered to return to Boise Barracks.

Mrs. J. C. Ellicott, wife of Lieutenant Ellicott, U. S. N., is passing the winter at 1528 I Street, Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. William I. Moore, U. S. N., have rooms at the Occidental Hotel for the season.

Lieutenant W. S. Hughes, U. S. N., is at the Occidental Hotel for the season.

Lieutenant Lloyd England, Third Artillery, U. S. A.,

arrived from Arkansas this week, and is at the California Hotel.

Colonel Charles R. Suter, Corps of Engineers, U. S. N., is staying at the Occidental Hotel.

Captain and Mrs. H. L. Howison, U. S. N., are staying at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. William P. Elliott, wife of Lieutenant Elliott, U. S. N., is residing at the Occidental Hotel.

Dr. and Mrs. W. G. Stimpson, U. S. M. C., are at the Occidental Hotel.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Neapolitan Club Concert.

The Neapolitan Mandolin and Guitar Club gave a concert on Friday evening at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium under the direction of the Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood. A large audience enjoyed the following programme:

Selection, "Prince Ananias," Herbert, Neapolitan Mandolin and Guitar Club; piano solo, "Novallette," Schumann, Mr. James Hamilton Howe; vocal solo, "Once Bloomed a Rose in Avon Town," Lynes, Mrs. Susie Hert Mark; mandolin trio, "Spring Song," Mendelssohn, the Misses Leah Harris, Fidelia Katz, and Flora H. Walter; selection, "Breeze of Night Waltz," Macy, California Male Quartet; selection, "The Passing Regiment," Coverley, Neapolitan Mandolin and Guitar Club; vocal solo, selected, Mrs. Susie Hert Mark; guitar and mandolin duo, "Marche de Tannhäuser," Wagner, the Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood; piano solo (a) polonaise, C-sharp minor, Chopin, (b) "Murmuring Zephyrs," Jensen-Nieman, Mr. James Hamilton Howe; selection, "When the Corn is Waving," Blamphin, California Male Quartet; waltz, "Zenda," Witmark, Neapolitan Mandolin and Guitar Club.

The Apollo Choral Society's Concert.

The Apollo Choral Society will give its second concert on Wednesday evening next at Metropolitan Hall. Because of the number of participants, the magnitude and interesting character of the works given, and the influence it will have on musical matters in this city, this may be considered one of the most important musical events of the season. The programme is as follows:

Part song, "The Bells of St. Michael's Tower," Sir Stewart; ballad, "The Erl-King's Daughter," Gade; soloists: "The Erl-King's Daughter"—Miss Elizabeth Warden, The Mother—Mrs. M. Wismer, Sir Oluf, Mr. Loring P. Rixford; ballade et Polonaise, Vieuxtemps, Miss Belle Rosenthal; "Maid Marian's Song," H. B. Passmore, Mr. Herbert E. Medley; (a) "King Eric," Rheinberger, (b) "Hunting Song," Benedict. Second Nocturne, Chopin-Sarasate, Miss Belle Rosenthal; cantata, "Come, Let Us Sing" (for tenor solo, chorus, orchestra, and great organ), Mendelssohn; soloist—Mr. William J. Andrews, organist—Mr. Wallace I. Sahin.

The Nordica Concerts.

The series of concerts to be given by Mme. Lillian Nordica at the Baldwin Theatre will take place on the evenings of Tuesday and Thursday, January 19th and 21st, and on Saturday afternoon, January 23d. Mme. Nordica will be assisted by Mme. Scalchi, one of the greatest of living contraltos; Barron Berthald, leading tenor with the Damrosch Opera Company last season; J. C. Dempsey, baritone; and I. Luckstone, pianist. The first concert will conclude with the third act of "Faust," with Nordica as Marguerite, Scalchi as Siebel, Mme. Andra as Martha, Berthald as Faust, and Dempsey as Mephistopheles; the second concert with the last act of Wagner's "Siegfried," with Mme. Nordica as Brunhilde and Mr. Berthald as Siegfried; and the last concert with the last act of "Trovatore," Mme. Nordica appearing as Leonora, Scalchi as Azucena, Berthald as Manrico, and Dempsey as the Count di Luna. These operatic scenes will be given, of course, in costume and with the necessary scenic and other accompaniments.

The Channing Auxiliary will give a concert at the First Unitarian Church next Saturday afternoon at half-past two o'clock. The principal attraction in an excellent programme will be Herr Anton Schott, the famous basso, who was one of the original singers in the Wagnerian circle at Bayreuth. Miss Alice Bacon, Mr. H. J. Stewart, and Mr. Giulio Minetti are among the others who will appear.

The prices for the Nordica concerts are to be: Lower floor and first three rows of the balcony, \$3; middle rows balcony, \$2.50; rear rows balcony, \$2; gallery, \$1. The sale of seats will begin on Wednesday.

Mr. J. W. Laing, M. A., Oxford, F. R. G. S. of Victoria, B. C., is spending the Christmas vacation in San Francisco, and will deliver a lecture on January 12th, before the Geographical Society of the Pacific, on the "Beauties and Resources of Unknown Vancouver." It will be remembered that Mr. Laing at his own expense explored the island, accompanied by the Rev. W. W. Bolton, in July and August of last year.

Quite a number of well-known society people have been on the sick-list recently. Colonel C. F. Crocker has been confined to his home by a severe attack of pleurisy. Mrs. Horace L. Hill has had an attack of the gripe. Mrs. James A. Robinson, who was seriously ill from typhoid, is reported to be improving. Mr. John J. Valentine has also been suffering from the gripe.

A Hint for the Fashionable.

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RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

The estate of the late William S. McMurtry, of this city, who died suddenly in Paris late in 1895, has been ordered distributed, and a decree to this effect was filed recently in the office of the county recorder in San José, Cal. The official appraisal places the value of the estate at about a quarter of a million dollars, which is divided and to be disposed of as follows:

The estate consisted of \$31,675.03 cash, notes aggregating \$22,700, stocks and bonds worth \$205,900, and some real estate in San José and Pacific Grove. A trust fund is set aside for the benefit of W. S. McMurtry, of Los Gatos, father of the deceased, who is to receive \$200 per month while he lives. In case Mrs. W. S. McMurtry, step-mother of the deceased, survives her husband, she is to receive \$100 a month so long as she remains unmarried. When the purposes of the trust are fulfilled, if any of the \$15,000 remains, it is to go to Mrs. Nellie S. Flournoy. Mr. George S. McMurtry, of San José, Mr. John Flournoy, of San Francisco, and three half-sisters of the testator, Miss Mamie A. McMurtry, Mrs. Kate A. Dick, and Miss Belle S. McMurtry are each bequeathed \$5,000. The remainder of the estate goes to Mrs. Nellie S. Flournoy, sister of the deceased.

The French artist whose picture in the Paris Salon, a few years ago, showed the eccentricity of presenting a cavalier of the time of Louis the Fourteenth armed with a modern revolver was not alone in his anachronism (says Henry Granville in the *Home Journal*). Tintoretto, in a picture of the children of Israel gathering manna, represents them as having taken the precaution of arming themselves with shot-guns. In a picture by Verrio of Christ healing the sick, the hy-standers are represented with periwigs. This ludicrous effect is equaled in Albert Dürer's picture of the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden of Eden by an angel wearing a flounced petticoat. The same artist, in his scene of Peter denying Christ, depicts a Roman soldier quietly enjoying a pipe of tobacco. A picture of "Christ Bearing the Cross," by Peter Bruegel the elder, shows Christ carrying His burden, while a monk, crucifix in hand, exhorts the two thieves to die repentant. A French artist has depicted the Virgin Mary helping herself to a cup of coffee from a chased coffee-pot. But drollest of all blunders is that which portrays the Garden of Eden with Adam and Eve in all their primeval simplicity, while near them, in full costume, is seen a hunter with a gun, shooting ducks.

When General Lew Wallace was serving as territorial governor of New Mexico, a few years ago, he shipped home to Indiana a carload of curios for his friends. The collection included a diminutive Mexican *burro*, or donkey, intended for a neighbor's child as a pet. When the car reached its destination, the freight-agent, in checking up the contents of the car, misunderstood the word "burro," and thinking that it was the phonetic attempt of some illiterate railroader to spell "bureau," was unable to find any piece of furniture to fit the bill of lading. On the other hand, he found in the car a long-eared donkey not included in the bill. According to custom, he promptly telegraphed back to the shipping point: "Car No. 27,399, Albuquerque, consigned Wallace, arrived minus one bureau, plus one jackass. Please trace and notify." General Wallace himself dictated the answer: "Change places with the jackass."

Under the title of "An Evening in the Land of the Morning," Mrs. M. V. Tingley-Lawrence will entertain a number of friends at her residence next Monday evening with original readings from her reminiscences of the life of the late Mrs. Lucius H. Foote at the Korean capital and court. Mrs. Foote was the first white woman to enter the ancient city, and her life there was most interesting, especially during the Korean revolution.

The Rev. Haskett Smith, M. A., will lecture on Palestine and the Orient at Y. M. C. A. Hall, on Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings of next week, illustrating his remarks with stereopticon views.

Ethel—"What motto has the Bloomer Club adopted?" *Morie*—"Excelsior."—*Life*.

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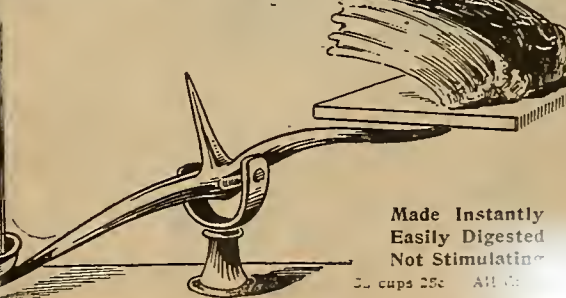


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Clara—"Marie is so disappointed that it is not to be a masquerade." Alice—"No wonder! It will hardly be worth while for her to go at all."—Puck.

"Mrs. Osmond played our literary club a mean trick." "What did she do?" "She bought a new book-case without a mirror on top of it."—Chicago Record.

"Uncle Theodore, what is the Christmas spirit?" "It is that genial joy you feel when you discover that you have money enough to go around."—Chicago Record.

Hawson—"Some men go through this world as though they owned it. I wish I could." Blinks—"Why don't you buy a wheel?"—Philadelphia North American.

"If you have made all the money you want, why don't you retire?" "Because I wouldn't have any excuse for getting away from the house."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Well, Scribbs has proved himself a genius after all." "What has he done?" "Quit writing poetry and opened up a candy-shop next to a school-house."—Chicago Record.

At the play: She—"There's a blunder! Six months are supposed to elapse between the first and second act." He—"Well?" She—"They have the same cook."—Puck.

"Air! air!" gasped the dying man. The brave girl heard him and hesitated not a moment. Leaping from her wheel she punctured both her tires with all possible haste.—Detroit News.

Nurse-girl—"I lost track of the child, mum, and—" "Good gracious! Why didn't you speak to a policeman?" Nurse-girl—"I was speaking to wan all the toime, mum."—Pearson's Weekly.

First passenger—"Oh, yes, I know these Southern railroads very well. I've been riding on this line all my life." Second passenger—"That so? You must have got on a little sooner than I did."—Truth.

Young wife—"Oh, John, the rats have eaten all of my cake!" John—"What! All of it?" Young wife—"Every piece. I feel like crying." John—"Oh, don't cry over a few rats."—Hartford Times.

Mr. Watts—"The idea of the pastor getting up at the close of the church fair and saying that he was deeply touched!" Mrs. Watts—"And why shouldn't he say so?" Mr. Watts—"Because he was the only man there who hadn't been; that's why."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Don't you think forty dollars a week alimony is a little too much to demand," asked the referee in the divorce case, "when he is only making fifty dollars?" "No, I don't," said the lady; "that's what I used to make him gimme while I was livin' with him."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Ah," observed the by-stander, "learning to ride the bicycle, I see. How are you getting on?" "I sometimes get a crane to lift me on," she remarked, icily, "and at other times I fall off the house into the saddle." And then she tried to mount, and ran into the lamp-post again.—Ex.

Wife—"Never mind if you have failed, dear. I have fifteen hundred dollars saved up from the pin-money that you have given me from time to time." Husband (joyfully)—"You make me feel easier. What a help!" Wife—"Help! I should say so. Why, on this money I can keep up my wardrobe for a year to come."—Judge.

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An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using, sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Princes' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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Hon. C. C. Goodwin in an editorial in the Salt Lake Tribune of date June 13, 1895, says, in referring to an address made by Lord Wolseley before the English Army Temperance Association about the evils of drink:

That reminds us that as the world runs men grow careless about the things which, under other circumstances, would be of exceeding interest to them. When the Keeley cure was first announced, men generally were incredulous; but it is true that the Keeley cure has established the fact that intemperance is simply a disease; that we have no right to have a horror of a drunken man any more than to have a horror of a man who has typhoid fever or any other disease. Some of the work done by the Keeley Institute is simply marvelous. For instance, sixty-one inebriates were kept out of the work-house in Minneapolis and given the treatment. They were there with the awful appetite upon them, and with the awful consciousness that they were under disgrace in two or three ways. A record was kept of these men, and a year and a half later fifty-six out of the sixty-one were in positions of trust, and were earning honest livings among their fellow-men. After the Keeley cure was adopted by the Government of the

United States, to be used in the army and navy, it was introduced at the great garrison at Leavenworth, Kansas. The result is there has not been a man in the guard-house for twelve months, and right there the Catholic soldiers and the Protestant soldiers have built each a chapel, with the same roof over both, and the emblem of the Keeley Institute is emblazoned on one of the windows. The other day a distinguished Roman Catholic cardinal went there to dedicate the chapel. While he was talking a shaft of light shone through the emblem of the Keeley Institute on one window, across the hall, and rested at the foot of the cross on the other side, which the cardinal seeing, he exclaimed: "The light shining through that emblem points the way to the foot of the cross." In a million homes there are blessings and prayers for the inventor of the remedy to-day. It is a boon to mankind, and is about the brightest sign of advancing civilization that has been made in this last half-century. It is being extended now to the armies of Great Britain and France. And to show that alcoholism is a purely physical ailment, of scores of Indians that have been sent up from the Indian Territory and Oklahoma for treatment to Kansas City, there has been but an infinitesimal percentage that have gone back to their old habits.

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The bill introduced by Powers, of Vermont, chairman of the House Committee on Railways, has been defeated in the House by 168 yeas and 102 ayes. This was a bill designed to refund the indebtedness of the Central and Union Pacific Railways. The defeat is a definitive one, as the only chance for reviving the bill was for the House to vote to recommit it to the committee. Powers made such a motion, but the House refused to pass it, and the bill may be considered dead. The United States Government has now no hope of re-

covering the debts owed by the Central and Union Pacific Railroads. The Argonaut believed that some method could have been found for adjusting the affairs of the Pacific railways by which the government would not have lost these enormous sums of money. But the opposition to refunding would seem to imply that Congress prefers that the government should lose this money rather than make any concessions to corporations.

In all the daily newspapers published in the city of San Francisco there was not printed during the debates on the funding bill, or on the day after its defeat, a full and accurate statement of the debts of the Pacific railroads to the government. In fact, we do not believe that the Powers funding bill itself has been printed in any San Francisco paper. If so, we have not seen it. But a brief and accurate statement of the indebtedness of the companies is of interest. As we have seen it in no daily newspaper, we print it in brief.

The railway companies carried on the Treasury books as owing the "Pacific railroad debt" include the Central Pacific, Kansas Pacific, Union Pacific, Central Branch of Union Pacific, Western Pacific, and the Sioux City and Pacific. The principal outstanding at present is \$64,623,512. The interest paid by the United States amounts to \$105,685,986.44. The interest repaid by the companies amounts to \$29,040,903.56. The balance of interest paid by the United States amounts to \$76,645,082.88.

These vast sums might have been paid to the government under some system of adjustment. But as it is evident that no system of readjustment will be entertained by Congress, the government will lose these millions.

The government has two alternatives before it, and either involves the complete loss of the debts of the Pacific railways. The government can foreclose on the Pacific railways, but in order to secure a clear title to the property, it must pay off the first mortgage. It would thus have to pay over sixty millions of dollars to acquire title to a railroad system which most railroad men believe to be worth not more than twenty millions of dollars. The other alternative is that the government can initiate foreclosure proceedings, and then sell its interests in the property to the highest bidder. But the first mortgage of \$27,000,000 would have to be assumed by such a bidder, and it is not probable that any railroad corporation or syndicate would assume a debt of \$27,000,000 to purchase a property worth less than \$20,000,000. There seems, therefore, to be absolutely no alternative for the government except to lose the entire amount of the indebtedness of the railroads, which in round figures is over a hundred millions. To be exact, it will be on the first of next July, according to Assistant-Secretary Curtis of the United States Treasury \$111,193,770.81. This vast sum of money will be completely wiped off the government books.

Looked at purely from a state rather than a national standpoint, it is possible that the loss to the government may work benefit to the State of California. It is said that the defeat of the Powers refunding bill was largely accomplished by a "New York Central lobby." This implies that the Vanderbilt system may acquire possession of the Union and Central Pacific systems. If this great railroad corporation should obtain control of a transcontinental system, it might bring about such competition with the Southern Pacific as would inure to the benefit of California. But from the figures we have already given, it would seem as if the Vanderbilts could acquire a much cheaper outlet to the coast than by buying an old and expensively constructed railroad with a mortgage plaster of \$27,000,000 upon it.

It seems to us more probable that the defeat of the Powers bill may result in the Southern Pacific Company eventually regaining possession of the Central Pacific system with its entire debt to the government wiped out. No one can afford to pay as much for the Central Pacific as can the Southern Pacific. It possesses terminals and feeders which would render the Central Pacific infinitely more valuable to it than to any other corporation. For the reasons that we have already given, it does not seem as if there would be very lively bidding from rival railways. Such be-

ing the case, if the government should set foreclosure proceedings under way and knock down the road, the Southern Pacific might acquire it for a nominal sum under the hammer. Thus it would again come into possession of that road, freed from debt. But the Federal Government would lose over a hundred millions of dollars by the operation.

From any point of view, therefore, the national government is bound to lose its just debt. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody good. Let us hope that matters may so shape themselves that at least the State of California will reap some benefit from the failure of the Powers refunding bill. What is the nation's loss may be California's gain.

The failure of the National Bank of Illinois, followed as it was by other suspensions, until twenty-eight banks had closed their doors, has caused considerable comment among those who supported Bryan in the last election. They point to these failures and triumphantly ask when the business revival, promised during the election, is to begin. As a matter of fact, these successive failures, numerous though they may be, have nothing to do with the general revival of business. They were due to purely local and individual causes, and indicate nothing regarding the general trend of trade.

The National Bank of Illinois was looked upon as one of the solid financial institutions of the country. So general was this confidence that the deposits amounted to nearly thirteen millions of dollars. The failure resulted wholly from mismanagement. The affairs of the bank were directed by the president, and excessive loans were made to shaky concerns in which relatives of the president were interested. A sum equal to half the capital of the bank was loaned to a company in which a son-in-law of the president was a partner, and it is reported that another half-million dollars was loaned to another concern in which another son-in-law was interested. It is reported that besides these loans, which can not be realized upon, there are one million dollars in bad debts, though whether any relatives of the accommodating president were associated with the different concerns does not appear. The directors, instead of attending to their duties of supervision, left everything to the president to manage, and the long exercise of absolute power destroyed the sense of responsibility. The failure of the National Bank caused the suspension of the others, and all of them can be referred to the reckless mismanagement of one man.

Such failures must occur so long as it is impossible to secure more effective supervision of the affairs of the national banks. The statements presented by the boards of directors must be accepted as correct, and any irregularities that do not appear in these statements can not be discovered by the government officials. An examination of the affairs of the thousands of national banks that shall be more than superficial would require a staff of officials and the performance of a mass of work that it would be impossible to secure. The only effective remedy seems to lie in increasing the responsibility of the directors and forcing them to become more than mere figure-heads.

The suspensions of these banks do not account in any way for the postponement in the revival of industry, nor do they indicate that another era of extreme depression is approaching. The cause is to be sought in another direction. The demagogic utterances of those belligerent members of the United States Senate, who, if they are to be taken seriously, desire to plunge this country into an unnecessary war with Spain, have been the most potent cause. Capital is always timid, and uncertainty causes investors and manufacturers to hesitate. Under modern conditions, a war is an affair involving the expenditure of millions of dollars. Even Spain, bankrupt though it may be, and despised though it is by these Falstaffian statesmen, could continue hostilities for a period of more than a year. During that time the foreign commerce of this country would be practically destroyed. Large sums of money would have to be expended for armaments and munitions of war. Vast amounts of property would certainly be destroyed. Whatever the result, this

country would pay far more than the value of any results that might be secured. Business men realize these facts, and they are unwilling to embark in any extensive enterprises or to extend their present undertakings until they know that the bellicose statesmen of the Senate are to be suppressed.

Since the holiday recess of Congress, there seems to be a notable abatement of the bellicose spirit of which pervaded it so recently. This is certainly the case in the House wing of the Capitol. At the other end, in the Senate wing, we are sorry to say that as yet reason has not yet completely returned. But there are signs of returning reason. The Cameron resolution, as we write, still sleeps upon the table; inasmuch as Cameron has been absent from his post for days, and as no one else can call it up, it probably will remain there. Senator Mills, of Texas, has, it is true, again made an indecent exposure of his intellectual nudity by speaking on his joint resolution recognizing the independence of Cuba. But he spoke to an audience consisting of thirteen Democratic and six Republican senators, with nobody in the galleries.

Even if the venerable gentlemen who clamor for war in the Senate should pass any of their numerous bellicose resolutions, and overrule the President, the Secretary of State, the Supreme Court, and all the other branches of this government, it is doubtful whether they could get the House to follow them. Many of the representatives returned to their homes during the holiday session, and they learned a great deal from mingling with their constituents. Senators have no constituents. There is a bar between them and the people—the legislature. So long as the Senate is not elected by the people, it will not be in touch with the people. But the House is always close to the people, and always has its fingers upon the people's pulse. Therefore, the jingo representatives returned to the Capitol after their holiday session somewhat chastened in spirit, and not nearly so war-like as when they went away.

The condition of affairs in Cuba has also given Congress pause. The death of Maceo seems to have demoralized the insurgents, and nothing has been heard of any successor to that valiant soldier. There are rumors, it is true, that General Maximo Gomez "is advancing in force from the eastern end of the island to cross the Trocha." But General Gomez has been "advancing in force" ever since April, 1896, since which time absolutely nothing has been heard from him.

General Gomez is not a Cuban, but a native of Santo Domingo; he has always been a soldier of fortune, and his sword has been drawn for hire in Cuba, in Costa Rica, in Ecuador, in Colombia, and in Venezuela; he has persistently dunned the Cuban Junta in New York for funds ever since this insurrection began; the Cuban Junta has been extremely short of funds during the past few months; the millionaire editors of New York and the millionaire senators who are demanding war, display a remarkable lack of readiness to contribute toward the Cuban funds; General Gomez will fight only on a cash basis, and inasmuch as he is the only general left in the field, the insurgent cause is languishing.

A recognition of the independence of such an insurrection by the United States would make this government the laughing-stock of the world. There never has been at any time anything to recognize. There has been no government in Cuba, no seat of government, no courts, no seaport, and no navy. Recognition of the independence of a nation is a question of fact and not of sentiment. For the United States Government to declare that Cuba exists as a government when she has no seat of government, would not make her so. The United States is a great and powerful nation. But even it can not override truth and facts, and the recognition of governments is based upon facts.

None of these facts, however, are calculated to affect the extraordinary old gentlemen who babble bombast and gabble rhodomontade in the Senate. The latest clown to turn flip-flops in the Senate circus is Senator Mills, of Texas. Senator Mills has introduced a joint resolution, in which he attacks President Cleveland and Secretary Olney for their declaration that it is the duty of the President to "receive ambassadors." Inasmuch as that is the language of the constitution, we do not quite see how the President and Foreign Secretary are responsible for it. But Senator Mills, with his peculiar mental strabismus, seems to think they are. His joint resolution goes further, and provides not only that the independence of the republic of Cuba shall first be recognized, but "that the sum of ten thousand dollars shall be appropriated for the salary and expenses of a minister to that government." We would recommend to Senator Mills that he appropriate fifty or sixty thousand dollars more for the purpose of escorting the minister of the United States to the Cuban seat of government; probably the most feasible method of transporting him to the wandering capital of

the ever-faithful isle would be in one of Mr. Shortridge's airplanes.

Senator Mills took up the question of the right of Congress to recognize foreign governments, a question which we discussed elaborately in these columns a fortnight ago. We showed then that not only had several Presidents insisted upon their constitutional right to recognize the independence of such governments, but that the Supreme Court of the United States had repeatedly handed down decisions to the same effect. All of these facts are familiar to Senator Mills, as they have been laid before the Senate by Senator Hale and others. But he sets them blandly by with the remark: "Where the distinguished Secretary of State obtains his authority, I do not know." If Senator Mills does not know, we will tell him. Secretary Olney obtains his authority from the Constitution of the United States as construed by the Supreme Court of the United States.

Senator Mills throughout all this Cuban business has depended entirely for his information on the fake stories of sensational newspapers. Long before a single scrap of official information was laid before the Senate, Senator Mills was pouring forth frothy speeches based on fake newspaper stories. His latest instance of reliance on improbable yarns is when he said in his speech in the Senate on Monday that "the report of Senator-elect Money, of Mississippi, showed that the Cuban government was collecting taxes." To this it may be only necessary to reply that Senator Hernando de Soto Money has as yet made no "report"; that he could make no "report," because he has nobody to "report" to; that he was not a committee of the Senate, but went to Cuba in his private capacity, and hence could make no "report"; that certain statements which were quoted by Senator Money as coming from the lips of Consul-General Lee have been repudiated by Consul-General Lee himself, who not only said that he had not made these statements, but that he had intrusted no message to Senator Money for deliverance to Secretary Olney, as was stated in the New York *Journal*. None the less, the fantastic Mr. Mills bases much of his speech on this apocryphal report in a fake newspaper.

Senator Mills goes on to heap gratuitous insults upon the business men of the country. It is the old spirit of the "Southron" sneering at the "Northern mudsills." Listen to Senator Mills:

"It may be possible that boards of trade, stock exchanges, the commercial clubs in the great exporting cities on the Atlantic seaboard and in the North-West say this to the President: 'Business is just reviving, and now you are going to destroy it again. You want to bring on war. What have we got to do with Cuba? We are making money now. Let us alone.' It is this mercantile spirit in the country that is fighting against its honor."

Permit us to point out to Senator Mills that the "mercantile spirit" in this country has never fought against its honor. He may remember some occurrences which took place thirty-odd years ago, when a slave-holding oligarchy blindly believed that the "mercantile classes" of the North would tamely submit at the crack of the slave-driver's whip. They found they were mistaken. The business men of this country are more jealous of its honor than any ex-rebel ever can be.

Senator Mills goes on:

"If I had the power which the President has, I would call upon Congress to authorize me to take the armed frigates of the government to Havana, and I would protect the people of the United States, or I would reduce those fortresses to mortar and ruin."

Against what would Senator Mills protect the people of the United States? As yet they have in no way been exposed to invasion or insult, unless it be from the insults showered upon their mercantile classes by this ex-rebel. Listen to him as he raves:

"Would to God we had one hour of Commodore Ingraham or of President Franklin Pierce in these days. I would make the atmosphere smell of sulphur for a month."

Not content with insulting the business men of his own country, Mills must bespatter with his oratorical slops the governments of friendly nations. He charges Signor Crispi with having declared "that Italy would regard our recognition of the independence of Cuba as a very serious complication of foreign affairs." What if Signor Crispi did? Signor Crispi is no longer in office. He is merely an Italian subject, having no more power in Italy than has Senator Mills. The head of the Italian Government is the Marquis di Rudini. But probably Mills is not aware of that fact. There is so much of which that elderly gentleman is unaware that it would be hard to keep pace with the seven-leagued boots of his ignorance. But Senator Mills's oratorical tirade on this subject goes on:

"Who is Signor Crispi? There was a day when the Roman name was acknowledged throughout the whole earth, but that day has passed, and the symbol of power of Italy to-day is a monkey and an organ-grinder. Now, if Signor Crispi takes offense at the action of Congress; if, in conjunction with Spain, he is disposed to make a holy alliance, let them come with their monkeys, and organ-grinders, and their hot tamales. This government is too great to sit still under a threat of all the armed powers of the earth."

These uncalled-for insults hurled at the Italian nation are typical of the hysterical incoherency of this Texas senator.

He attributes to the Italian Government flings at the United States which, if uttered at all, were uttered merely by a man who once was prime minister of Italy. But Senator Mills does not even know whether the statements attributed to Signor Crispi were uttered by him or not; he has only seen them in the untrustworthy columns of a daily newspaper. Yet he does not hesitate to make grave charges based on such flimsy foundations. Correspondingly, most of the matter of Senator Mills's speeches on Cuba have been based upon the statements of the "war correspondents" in the New York faking dailies. And yet we learn by the Key West journals that twenty-seven of these gentry, who are supposed by their managing editors to be in Cuba, are in reality living luxuriously and comfortably in and around Key West and faking their dispatches there. It is bad enough when the fake newspaper correspondents deceive the public. But when the fake newspaper correspondents deceive the fake newspaper editors, the resulting matter can scarcely be worthy the attention even of a Texas senator.

We do not know exactly what is the opinion of the State of Texas upon this matter, but we presume, inasmuch as that State has a population of 2,235,523, it must contain at least some hundreds of thousands of sensible men. If the intelligent Texans do not repudiate the ravings of Senator Mills, their State will come to be looked upon as a large lunacy asylum represented by a lunatic, for the most charitable supposition to be deduced from his extraordinary speeches is that Senator Mills's mind is giving way.

The year just ended has been marked by the deaths of a number of prominent people throughout the world, though the absolute number of deaths in San Francisco has been less than occurred in any year since 1889. Among those of world-wide reputation who died may be mentioned Sir Frederick Leighton, the artist; Sir Joseph Barnby, the musical composer; Prince Henry of Battenberg; Bernhard Gillam, the artist; Thomas Hughes, author; Charles Louis Ambrose Thomas, composer; Arsene Houssaye, author; Jean Baptiste Leon Say, political economist; Nasir-ed-Din, Shah of Persia; Jules Simon, ex-premier of France; Harriet Beecher Stowe; Kate Field; Mary Abigail Dodge ("Gail Hamilton"); William E. Russell, governor of Massachusetts; William H. Gibson, artist; Sir John Millais, artist; Edgar Wilson Nye, humorist; H. C. Bunner; William Morris, poet; Professor J. D. Whitney, geologist; George du Maurier; Edward R. Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury; James Lewis; Alexander Salvini; and Alexander Herrmann.

Royalty and the nobility have not been passed over. Among those whom death has claimed, besides Prince Henry of Battenberg and the Shah of Persia, are Prince Alexander of Prussia, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir-presumptive of Austria, Prince Constantin Hohenlohe of Austria, Archduke Charles Louis of Austria, Tson Hsi, Dowager-Empress of China, Duc de Nemours of France, Baroness Tennyson, widow of the poet, Prince Egon von Hohenlohe of Germany, and Princess Olga of Montenegro.

Among the names prominent in literature are Thomas W. Knox, the author; Alexander Macmillan, George Munro, William Ivison, A. D. F. Randolph, and Joseph W. Harper, publishers; Alexander H. McGuffey, whose school text-books have rendered him famous; M. Cernuschi, political economist; Charles Dickens, Jr., Mathilde Blind, Charles K. Tuckerman, H. Van Laun, and Robert Littell.

Among the artists, besides Sir Frederick Leighton, George du Maurier, and Sir John Millais, are Charles S. Reinhart, Jean Auguste Barré, sculptor, and J. D. Shaw.

The theatrical profession has lost James Lewis, Claude Marius, James H. McVicker, John Stetson, Frank Mayo, Alice Harrison, Annie Lewis, W. A. Mestayer, Ernesto Rossi, and Minnie Conway Tearle, besides Alexander Salvini and Herrmann, the magician.

Prominent among the Pacific Coast residents who have died are Isaac de Turk, wine-grower; John Daubenbis, a pioneer of 1843; Norman A. Rideout, mayor of Marysville; James A. Clayton, of San José; Dr. J. de Barth Shorb; Albert Hart, ex-Secretary of State; Mrs. Albert Sidney Johnston, widow of the Confederate general; James W. Sperry; and Dana W. Perkins, State librarian. Among San Franciscans are A. Page Brown, Gerrit Lansing, secretary of the Southern Pacific Company; Mrs. Isaac Upham, Samuel Tetlow, George R. B. Hayes, Dennis Spencer, General John McComb, Monroe Greenwood, Edward Kruse, Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, Mrs. Annie Donahue, Captain William F. Swasey, and J. Ross Jackson.

While the list of prominent people throughout the world who have died during the last year is so large, the death-rate in San Francisco has been unusually small. In 1890 the number of deaths reported was 6,378; the next year it was 6,650, and the following year 6,911. Since that time it has steadily decreased, the figures being 6,061, 6,060, 6,059, and 5,966. The death-rate for each thousand of the

population has been 21.26 for 1890, and for the succeeding years 20.15, 20.94, 18.36, 18.36, 18.36, and 18.07. In this estimate the population has been placed at 330,000 for each year, but it is probable that it has increased slightly, and, on this basis, the showing would be better.

This reduction has been accomplished by a decrease in the number of zymotic or "filth" diseases, as they are sometimes called. In San Francisco in 1891, the filth diseases numbered 1,102; in 1892 there were 1,002; in 1895, 539; and in 1896, 472. On the other hand, constitutional diseases have increased during the five years from 1,231 to 1,460. Classified by causes, phthisis pulmonalis is the most fatal disease, being credited with 1,003 deaths during the year. Pneumonia has 467, but is passed by heart diseases, which caused 707 deaths. Other prominent causes of death are cancer, 322; casualties, 208; apoplexy, 204; atrophy, 282; and suicide, 161. One-third of the suicides selected gas as the method of ending their existence, while the remainder were about equally divided between poison, gun-shot wounds, and asphyxiation by submersion. The hangings were not numerous, and only about half a dozen used the knife. Among poisons carbolic acid was the favorite.

One of the most striking features of the death record in San Francisco is the decrease in the number of contagious diseases. The record for diphtheria during the last five years was 229, 153, 38, 21, and 19. For scarlatina it was 45, 111, 14, 2, and 6. These diseases spread where the conditions are unsanitary, and the decrease in their number is an indorsement of the work the board of health is doing. So great is the decrease that the board of health of Detroit wrote to the board in this city to inquire how it had been accomplished. The decrease in infant mortality is almost equally satisfactory. Six years ago, the deaths of children under five years of age numbered 603; the next year the number was 649. The number has been decreased during the last four years, until last year it was 314, or less than one-half of what it was five years ago. This is the absolute number of deaths; the death rate per thousand would show a larger percentage of decrease, for the number of births has increased. For the last five years, the registered births have numbered 4,088, 3,889, 3,894, 3,755, and 5,020. The actual number of births has not increased in this proportion. The registration of births was more thorough last year than before, increased attention having been given to the matter, and thus the figures indicate a greater increase than actually took place.

The decrease in infant mortality was largely the result of the inspection of milk. Consumption has been considerably decreased by it, as is shown by the fact that the number of deaths from this cause during the latter half of the last three years has been 522, 491, and 455.

We have received a long but interesting communication from Mr. Hubert Dyer, of the Cutting Fruit Packing Company, in which he comments on the editorial on beet-sugar in the *Argonaut* of the eleventh instant, and says: "Without wishing to indulge in undue praise, the *Argonaut* is usually so correct, and is always so interesting and instructive, that it seems only fair to call your attention to certain errors in that editorial." Mr. Dyer then goes on to comment on the statement in that article to the effect that the yield per acre of sugar in California is superior to the yield in other States. He says:

"While it is true that on the face of the figures it is much greater in California than elsewhere, still those figures are not comparable, because most of the California sugar is *raw*, while in Utah and Nebraska it is *refined*. You must remember that the Utah and Nebraska products are practically 99.9 fine, while the output from Chino and Watsonville is over 90, and at times has been as low as 85. This is no reflection against these plants, as it comes about from commercial exigencies, that is, Utah and Nebraska must put their sugar directly into the consumer's hands, while California ships to the Potrero refinery, just as Hawaiian plantations do."

The *Argonaut* was speaking of the gross yield. Mr. Dyer then goes on to say that while California has undoubtedly great advantages over the rest of America for the manufacture of beet-sugar, it is not nearly so great as the *Argonaut's* article would seem to imply. This may be true, but it is an open question, and it is to be hoped that California will succeed in proving her supremacy in this, as she has in so many other directions.

Mr. Dyer says that beet-sugar is no longer produced in Virginia, as the plant there has been destroyed by fire. He also says that a beet-sugar factory has been started at Eddy, New Mexico, which had its first run during last fall. The machinery came from an abandoned plant near Farnham, Canada, and, although probably out of date, this will be compensated for by the extraordinary richness of the beets, which were tested in 1892 by Mr. Dyer. He also says that the Pecos soil and water present every condition for the growth of high-grade beets. Mr. Dyer also mentions the fact that a factory is being erected at Los Alamitos, near Anaheim, which will be ready for this year's crop.

Mr. Dyer also takes exception to the *Argonaut's* state-

ment that "the necessary machinery must be imported from Germany at a heavy expense." He remarks that we do not need to import machinery from Europe, and says that of the various sugar factories, Alvarado has largely European machinery, Watsonville nearly all European machinery, Cbino nearly all European machinery, Utah all American machinery, Pecos all European machinery, and Los Alamitos all American. We are glad to see that two out of these six factories are running on American machinery, and hope that future ones will all get their machinery here instead of abroad. He further says that the large plant of the Alvarado factory, of the Utah plant, and that now being erected at Los Alamitos, were supplied by E. H. Dyer & Co., of Alvarado, Cal., and Cleveland, O., who have been developing the beet industry from 1869 to the present day. He also says that "the American machinery is better than the European, as was proved by the fact that the German Government experts made favorable reports on that examined by them at the World's Fair, 1893." Mr. Dyer indulges in some praiseworthy comments on the giant strides with which American engineers have improved upon European ideas in the construction of machinery, not only for sugar-beet plants, but for others as well.

The *Argonaut* takes pleasure in presenting these facts concerning this important industry, and is glad to hear that American brains and enterprise are supplanting the efforts of European machine-builders. As Mr. Dyer very justly says: "We are destined to be the great sugar region of the world, and we should be fully informed from the beginning."

The annual outbreak of the tramp problem is beginning again, and from all parts of the State come complaints of the depredations of these pests. Large camps of them are located near the rural towns, and they carry on their outrages in a systematic manner. In the morning they divide into squads; certain members of the gang solicit contributions of money, others beg meat, others bread, others supply the tobacco. In the evening they meet, and the money secured is expended for intoxicants, when a regular orgie begins. From Santa Clara during the last week come reports of two barns burned and several thousand dollars' worth of property destroyed by them.

It is a reproach to the people of this State that this nuisance should have been allowed to continue as long as it has. The remedy suggests itself as soon as the cause for the existence of the tramp is stated. They are men who will not work so long as they can get sufficient drink and food without effort. The mild climate of California and the abundance of food products of the farm, that can be had simply for the stealing, encourage the lazy and profligate to adopt the life of a tramp. With them it corresponds to the summer vacation of the industrious.

When Fresno was particularly overrun with these pests, a year ago, they were set to work in chain-gangs cleaning the streets, with beneficial results to the streets and to the tramps themselves. The same plan was tried with equally good results in San José at about the same time. At the present time a gang of from fifteen to twenty-five is engaged in grading a new county road from a point five miles from Los Gatos along the Guadalupe Creek to accommodate the ranches and orchards in that vicinity. The road is being constructed on an easy grade and according to modern principles. When completed the cost of keeping it in good repair will be comparatively light.

This is all work that would otherwise not be done, for many years at least, owing to the expense, and it is a benefit not only to the residents along the line, but, on account of the development of the resources, to the people of the whole county. Several experiments in working the prisoners on the county roads in Santa Clara County have been made, but they have not been wholly successful. The safe keeping of the prisoners rendered it necessary to engage extra guards. Much time was lost and heavy expense incurred in transporting them to and from the place of work. To overcome these difficulties, it is proposed to open a quarry of stone suitable for road material at a point near San José, erect suitable buildings for the housing and care of the prisoners, and there prepare road-metal to be used throughout the county. These buildings can be erected and a rock-crushing plant obtained at a comparatively small expense, and the cost of transporting the crushed rock to any part of the county will be so light that it will be available for road-work anywhere.

This is a suggestion that might well be followed in every part of the State. There is hardly a county that does not contain deposits of rock, which, properly prepared, would make excellent roads. The cost of the plant would be comparatively light, and after the initial cost there would be practically no expense whatever. The crushed rock could be furnished for the bare price of working, and, relieved of this part of the expense, the road districts could expend the funds at their disposal to much greater advantage. The

tramps, being compelled to work for their living, would diminish in numbers, engaging in legitimate branches of industry, or, what would be equally effective, migrating to other localities. The less progressive counties, those that did not adopt the plan, would be called upon to support more than their share of tramps, and thus a policy of improvement would be forced upon them.

Nor would this in any way conflict with free labor. On the contrary, it would benefit it. The cheapening of material for the construction of roads would release a certain part of the road fund, and thus there would be more work to do. The building of rock roads instead of those surfaced with gravel would reduce the expenditure necessary for repairs, because the smooth surface of the gravel resists compaction into a solid mass, while the rough edges of the rock easily join under traffic. This would increase the prosperity of the community and lead to the employment of more laborers to increase industry. The remedy is both simple and effective. It has been tried with good results in certain parts of Europe and should be adopted here.

We observe by a dispatch from Bridgeport, Conn., that "High Sheriff S. E. Hawley has decreed that the two hundred prisoners in the Bridgeport county jail shall not be allowed to read the daily newspapers." Considering the frequency and volubility with which the daily newspapers claim to be "elevating and enlightening," it naturally excited our curiosity as to why they should be tabooed in a jail. On a careful reading of the dispatch, we find that Sheriff Hawley claims that the rule was made "purely for the good of the institution and not for the purpose of further punishing the prisoners." The sheriff says that they "read with avidity the criminal news with which the daily papers are crammed, and that news of successful jail-breakings pass through the prison like wildfire"; that the accounts of burglaries and other crimes of violence which adorn the pages of the daily newspapers "incite many of the criminals in the Bridgeport jail to insubordination." The sheriff further says that he has an abundance of reading matter for the prisoners in the shape of magazines and other periodicals not containing criminal news, and that therefore there is no hardship, inflicted upon them by depriving them of the daily newspapers, and he does this "not only for the good of the prisoners, but for the good of the institution as well."

Such statements are calculated to appall even the editor of a daily newspaper. We have found very few people who deny that the daily newspapers as at present conducted are calculated to deprave ordinary minds. But to exclude daily newspapers from a jail through fear that they should contaminate the jail-birds, strikes us as being the most severe criticism upon the American daily press that we have yet heard. It irresistibly suggests an incident which once took place in San Francisco, when an unusually foul-mouthed young man was ejected from a disorderly house by the inmates for using vulgar language.

The farcical "fight" of Samuel Shortridge against Senator Perkins collapsed utterly last Tuesday by the "withdrawal" of that statesman from the struggle. There rarely has been anything more grotesque in the history of Californian politics than this self-styled "fight" of Shortridge against Perkins. Perkins has practically been assured of election ever since last fall, when the county conventions pledged their representatives to vote for him. There never has been any show for any other candidate, least of all for Shortridge.

During the progress of Shortridge's "fight" against Perkins, his organ, the *Call*, gave out the following as the "slate" which had been prepared by the Perkins men for the disposition of the Federal patronage in San Francisco: For superintendent of the mint, Colonel George Stone; for collector of the port, Colonel J. P. Jackson; for surveyor of the port, Paris Kilbourn; for naval officer, W. B. Hamilton; for collector of internal revenue, Dan T. Cole; for postmaster, S. W. Backus. It is possible that this "slate" may have been given out without any basis in fact, but it has a somewhat suspicious air. We hope that Senator Perkins is not going to hack up any such slate as that. If so, instead of bringing his party into line, instead of holding it together for the State election two years hence, instead of presenting a serried front for the Presidential election four years from now, he will raise a row in the Republican party to which preceding ones will be but as the cooing of doves. The list of names on this slate consists almost entirely of old political hacks who have been Federal pap-suckers from a time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. This State was carried for McKinley not by the politicians, but by the business men. There are plenty of business men in this community to whom the incoming administration can much more fitly give posts of honor and of profit rather than to these professional place-hunters. We commend this to the attention of Senator Perkins.

FURTHER FACTS
ABOUT
SUGAR-BEETS.

IS THERE A
PERKINS
SLATE?

THE TRAGEDY OF COYOTE HOLE.

A Story of the Mojave.

At daybreak Indian Tom emerged from his wickiup and stood at the doorway, open, as is the custom, toward the east, whence the desert tribes expect a Messiah. He surveyed the forbidding landscape with an air of proprietorship. Tall, gaunt, with an eye like a coyote's and a skin clinging close to his bony frame, tanned to yellow parchment by hundreds of electric storms, Indian Tom was a veritable wizard of the wilds. Half a dozen snarling curs scattered at sight of him, yelping, and the three squaws who formed his household hastened about their morning tasks. Evidently there was excellent discipline at his *rancheria*.

Not far to the westward rose the long, undulating outlines of the Funeral Mountains bordering Death Valley. On every other hand stretched the monotonous wastes of the Mojave Desert, now a long way of barren plain, now a range of hills rising above it. A few yards from Tom's habitation was a pool of black water which oozed slowly from the ground on a little slope. When it reached a certain level, it overflowed and trickled in a narrow rivulet along the sands into a piece of ground inclosed by wires. Here it kept alive a scanty growth of native grasses. In the background of Indian Tom's immediate landscape were dozens of *burros*, which constituted his worldly wealth and made him a lord among his fellows. When a *burro* became famished to the point of starvation on the sparse sage-brush, it was admitted to the little inclosure and permitted to feed until it could stand strong upon its legs. Then it was clubbed forth upon the desert again. Indian Tom often sold *burros* to prospectors, but the number did not diminish, and the source of constant supply was a mystery which no man had fathomed.

Above the low mountains in the distant east the sun rose like a ball of fire. There were no soft tints of blue and purple along the summits to herald the approach of dawn and indicate a little moisture in the air. But instead came a sudden flare of light that burned at once in the sky and along the mountain-sides and on the wide reaches of the plains. The air was shot through and through with penetrating, stinging rays. Here and there appeared puffs of wind, whirling sand aloft, with an ominous, swinging, funnel-like motion. And in the far north these gradually increased, until a cloud of dust hung like a curtain against the sky, higher above the earth than the tops of the highest mountains. Indian Tom surveyed the scene, sniffed the hot blasts which saluted his withered nostrils, and muttered, in the composite lingo which he had picked up from prospectors of different nationalities: "Ugh! Mucho calor! Heap dam hot wind!" Then, as one of his squaws placed before him a chunk of dingy-looking bread, a black bottle, and a savory combination of jack-rabbit and bacon, he squatted beside them, upon the ground, and attacked, with great gusto, a breakfast which, for a desert Indian, was an epicure's dream.

Three hours later the shifting gusts of wind had united in a constant furnace blast. And at a point fifteen miles from Indian Tom's, across the range, and upon the edge of the basin-like depression known as Death Valley, two men were suffering constant torments from the almost insupportable heat. These were Anderson and Grimes, prospectors. At the first indications of an electric storm they had prepared an insufficient shelter by making a low tent of some canvas, under which they had crawled for protection. They had also tried to shield their two *burros* by muffling their heads in gunny-sacks, to screen them from the driving sands which rode on the sweeping blasts of the norther. This sand penetrated everywhere, and cut the skin, if exposed, like needles. Its drift was not sufficient to bury any living, moving thing alive, but man or beast might become exhausted by the heat, and so incapable of motion, and then suffocated. Grimes and Anderson had placed the various articles of their mining outfit as a low rampart on the side next the wind, and the sand had drifted over them. When Grimes lifted an ax, to place it among their other possessions, a spark of electricity passed to his arm, with a report like the crack of a pistol, and the arm was still numbened from the shock. The high electrical tension in the atmosphere was, in itself, a tremendous strain upon the nerves. Moreover, it burned all vitality out of the air and added to its heat. To expose a hand from the partial shelter of the canvas meant a blister on the skin; and the two men lay upon the ground, struggling for breath, moistening their lips, every few moments, from the contents of their canteens, and swearing a constant succession of miners' oaths at the "luck" which had brought them to the confines of Death Valley on this direful day.

"I wonder if the critters is alive?" said Anderson, in a lull of the tempest which permitted the raising of his voice above the whistling of the wind. "If they be," he added, "t'would be a mercy to wet their noses with a little water."

Grimes struggled to his feet, throwing off the weight of the canvas, which had been pressed down upon them by the drifting sand. Five minutes later the *burros* had been resurrected, the gunny-sacks had been removed from their heads, and their mouths had been thoroughly sponged. When these things had been done, and everything had been adjusted for a probable recurrence of the tempest, the men found that they had just one canteen of water left, one which had been filled at Coyote Hole as they had come past a few hours before. It had been kept until the last as being the freshest. They each took a "pull" at this.

"It's pretty bitter and brackish, ain't it?" Grimes remarked. "Some way I never liked that water. It tastes to me like arsenic and asphalt. But—by —, it's good! Give me some more. It's good, it's good, it's good. Ha! this is life. No man knows what joy he can get out of a little thing until he's been almost dead with hunger or with thirst. Don't you think so, pard?"

"Don't be an idiotic fool," Anderson replied. "The water's a-comin' up again. Better curl down here behind the

outfit, and see that you make that water go jest as fur as it will. If we can stand it till night, and the moon comes up, and the wind goes down, and the *burros* is alive, and we can git to Indian Tom's, where there's water, we're all right. But if we can't—why, then we're jest dead and buried, and that's all there is of it," was Anderson's grimly philosophical reply.

So, as the long afternoon wore drearily on, the two men lay under their improvised shelter and suffered in silence, their lips too parched and swollen to talk, their eyes blood-shot, their cheeks puffed and blackened as the blood thickened and grew sluggish in their veins. They turned their faces apart, as though each dreaded to witness the suffering of the other, and pressed their swollen lips against their teeth to keep back tell-tale groans.

When the sun went down, blood-red in the west, the wind sank to rest, like the spent wrath of an angry giant. The airy blankets of visible, palpitating heat, which had been pressing down upon the earth, seemed lifted all at once and flung abroad into space. For a brief interval the darkness of night swept over the mountains, pierced in the illimitable vault overhead by thousands of brilliant points of fire. Then the moon came up, swimming in a sea of silvery radiance. Anderson and Grimes, by a supreme effort, aroused themselves from the lethargy which had overtaken them in the closing hours of the day, and prepared to leave the spot where so much suffering had been compressed into so brief a time.

They had adjusted the pack upon Nobles, the smaller of the two *burros*, and were preparing to "cinch" the load on Jerusalem, a big and brawny specimen of her patient race, and their principal dependence as a pack animal. Anderson stood with his foot against her side, pulling on the rope that held the pack in place, when properly adjusted. But there was no answering pull from the other side, where Grimes was standing. Anderson was angered.

"Why the devil don't you pull?" he thundered. Then, in gentler tones, "Why, boy, what in the name of Simon Peter's ghost is ailin' you? Have you got the St. Vitus dance?"

Grimes was reeling in aimless circles, frothing at the mouth and making inarticulate cries of pain. Then he fell to the ground, and his legs and arms thrashed the ground with spasmodic contortions. Then came nausea, worse than any seasickness. And a moment later Grimes sat up and "pulled himself together."

"God!" he said. "That's terrible. Little the worst I ever had. Who would have thought a man could live through such pain as that?"

"I tell you what," Anderson replied. "You've eaten something that don't agree with you—it's almost like poison. You're locoed. We've got to camp here again and make some coffee to settle your stomach."

Fortunately, a little alcohol stove and the necessary fuel were in their outfit. It took only a few minutes to prepare the coffee, in the making of which they used the last water that they had. Both drank freely; Grimes declared that he was better; the process of loading the packs was completed, and they broke camp, heading for a curved notch in the mountains, the head of a cañon, beyond which were Indian Tom's and safety.

After a mile or two of travel, almost in silence, Grimes called a halt. "I'll have to rest," he said. "I'm sick again. I hate to say so, but I can't go on."

"I'm pretty bad myself," Anderson replied, when they had stopped. "Queer, isn't it?" Then, suddenly, he felt the same symptoms which had so tortured his friend, although in a lesser degree—spasmodic, uncontrollable contractions of the muscles, a wretched nausea, and a burning, intolerable thirst, which seemed to dry up every atom of vitality and to cleave to the very centres of existence. But Anderson was strong, and he fought like a lion against his unseen foe. When he recovered a little from the paroxysms of pain, he found Grimes prostrate, moaning pitifully, and apparently unable to move.

"It was in the water," said Anderson. "We've been poisoned. Those devilish coyote-bounty hunters have put strychnine in the springs. Five dollars for a coyote's scalp and a man or two thrown in. Hell, what a country this is!"

"It's that fiend, Indian Tom," whispered Grimes. "He's poisoned the water at Coyote Hole, and he'll be looking for our *burros* to-morrow. If I can live long enough to stick a knife into him, I'll be satisfied," and the remnants of the tortured man's voice wandered off into incoherent curses.

Anderson rallied all his powers to meet the situation. "I can walk," he said, "and you can ride. Old Jerusalem is strong. I'll tie you on top of the pack, and we'll get out of here yet. Brace up!"

"For God's sake, Anderson, shoot me," Grimes replied. "I can't stand this torture any longer. We've been good friends, you and me. Take your revolver and blow my brains out. If you have any love for me, do what I say, won't you? Shoot me, man, shoot me."

"Now, see here," said Anderson, "none of that. You stop that kind of talk, or I'll bat you over the jaw. Stop kickin' now, and keep quiet. Here you go." Then, exerting all of his waning strength, Anderson lifted his companion to the top of Jerusalem's load, and propped him between two rolls of blankets. He tied him securely in place, and started the *burros* ahead, walking beside Jerusalem and listening to that heart-rending demand of agonized human nature, "Shoot me, shoot me, shoot me," until he was himself frantic with the mingled passions of anger, pity, and fear.

Thus they traversed the sloping rim of Death Valley and the comparatively level ground above it, and came to the long, winding cañon which opens upon the confines of the valley and, at its upper extremity, forms a pass in the Funeral range, beyond which lie those continuations of the desert where, at this time, Indian Tom's wickiup and the adjacent springs were the most important signs of life. At intervals when Jerusalem, staggering beneath her double load, stopped to rest, Anderson was compelled to listen to the delirious ravings of his friend, who constantly begged

for surcease from pain by death as for some priceless favor.

The situation was intolerably oppressive to Anderson. The physical pain which he endured, although terrible, was nothing in comparison with his mental torments as he listened to his friend. There were moments when he despaired of the issue, and argued with himself that neither could survive the toilsome journey; that both must die; and that it were better to end all at once.

Centering his mind upon this question, and weighing it *pro* and *con*, Anderson directed Nobles and Jerusalem along the narrow, precipitous sides of the cañon, now on the right, now on the left, here shuffling in sand, there stumbling over rocky ground where some brief winter torrent had washed the thin soil from the mountain-side. The breeze which was drawn downward through the cañon was cool and exhilarating to a degree that was surprising, when one remembered how the desert expanses over which it had been borne had so recently been broiled beneath a fiery sun and swept by a flaming tornado. The moonlight, too, was very beautiful, and the stars, dimmed by the light of the moon, yet distinct, shone with that perpetual calm suggestive of eternity. Gradually a sense of euthanasia, a longing for death, came over Anderson's spirit. It would be so easy to breathe away from that broken tenement and to become a sentient yet indestructible portion of the mighty universe which upheld those brilliant points of light through an infinity of space.

In this frame of mind Anderson no longer replied to the pleadings and groanings of Grimes until they had almost completed the ascent of the cañon, and the *burros* paused, from sheer inability to move further, upon the highest point, where the sides of the gorge dropped abruptly away into unknown depths, shrouded in darkness, where there was no fantastic play of the moonlight. Here Grimes called softly for water, asking in the tone of a spoiled child who believes that its mother denies its request from caprice. There was something in the tone, and in the repeated, insistent demand that cut Anderson to the heart. It was really such a little thing, yet so impossible. "Water, water, won't you give me water? Only a drop, one little drop, and I'll be satisfied." "Come," said Anderson, gently, "can't you be yourself for just a minute? Don't you know that I can't give you water? Try to reason, jest a little."

"Water!" was the imperious reply—"water, or kill me, in mercy."

Anderson drew his revolver from its holster for the first time. The moonlight glanced from the polished steel as he held the handle toward Grimes. He intended to test him.

"Here is the revolver," he said. "Take it and use it."

"I can't," was the reply. "My arms are paralyzed. I can't lift my elbows. Don't you see that I'm only a wreck of a man—nothing left of me except a voice and a brain that's all on fire? Anderson, I'm myself now. I know what I'm saying, and I call on you, as you are my friend, to do your duty."

Anderson hesitated for a moment. He wavered to and fro and toyed with the revolver, undecided. Then, with a quick movement, he turned the weapon upon his own heart and pulled the trigger. There was a report, followed by a cry. Anderson threw his arms into the air, fell, clutched vainly at the edge of the precipice, and disappeared into the depths.

Again, at the first break of day, Indian Tom stood at the door of his wickiup, holding erect his meagre form, unbent by the weight of a hundred years, and gazing into the far reaches of the landscape. The atmosphere, swept by the norther of the day before free from every particle of moisture, was perfectly transparent, and every outline of the mountains, every naked rock and shrunken desert bush, was distinct with a startling individuality.

Here and there a jack-rabbit bounded over the barren plain, or a coyote sneaked away from the approach of day. Shuffling unsteadily across the sands came two gray forms which Tom watched intently from their first appearance in the distance. Nobles was in advance, with the lighter load, crazed for water, and frantic to bury her nose in the black, sluggish ooze beneath the shadow of Tom's habitation. Then came Jerusalem, trembling with fever and weariness and staggering under her twofold burden. For, lying back upon the blankets, tied so that it could not fall, was a human form, rigid, uncovered, the beard and cheeks flecked with bloody foam, the glassy eyes staring unmoved into the face of the morning sun.

Then Indian Tom, lifting his hands to the east, chanted, in guttural monotone, a verse of thanksgiving to the spirit on high who puts into the white man's heart the lust of gold, and sends him forth into the wilds, driving his deft-footed little beasts laden with the miner's pick and pan, with tobacco, with bacon, and, best of all, with whisky, which warms the marrow and gladdens the heart of the Great Father's dusky servant.

WILLIAM M. TISDALE.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1897.

Reports from the local mint show a larger coinage during 1896 than has taken place since 1878. The figures are as follows:

Gold pieces—Double eagles, 1,403,925, value, \$28,078,500; eagles, 123,750, value, \$1,237,500; half-eagles, 155,400, value, \$777,000; total pieces, 1,683,075, value, \$30,093,000.

Silver was as follows: Dollars, 5,000,000, value \$5,000,000; half-dollars, 1,140,948, value, \$570,474; quarter-dollars, 188,039, value, \$47,009.75; dimes, 575,056, value, \$57,505.60; total pieces, 7,904,043, value, \$5,674,989.35.

Gold pieces, 1,683,075, value, \$30,093,000; silver pieces, 6,904,043, value, \$5,674,989.35; grand total, 8,587,118, value, \$35,767,989.35.

The feeling against the United States is very bitter in Spain. "If the Americans must have war, they are welcome," says the Madrid *Correo*. The *Globo* thinks it "mighty funny that the Americans, who are not at all anxious to admit their own niggers as equals, are so brimful of affection for the blacks and half-breeds of Cuba that they want to assist them in becoming masters of the island."

A DUCAL BALL.

How His Grace of Portland Entertained England's Future King—
The Host's Enormous Wealth—A Magnificent Under-
ground Ball-Room.

The Duke of Portland seems to have been put on his mettle by the grand doings at Blenheim, and apparently is not going to allow the Duke of Marlborough to have it all his own way. And Portland has one pull over Marlborough in whatever he does that give his entertainments a genuine ring of fitness which those of the other lacks. His money—his vast wealth, in short—is all his own. He inherited it in the direct and legitimate way from his kinsman, and is not indebted to his wife for it. In this respect the dukedom of Portland, in the eyes of the English aristocracy, stands many degrees higher than the dukedom of Marlborough. Yet it is possible that the latter may possess much more actual money than the former.

And so the ball which the Duke and Duchess of Portland have just given at their splendid country house, Welbeck Abbey, was, in the estimation of aristocratic society, a much grander event, and one achieving far greater *déclat*, than the whole week of Blenheim festivities put together. The presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales did not help it with the nobility, however the lower strata of society may have been dazzled thereat. You can not dazzle the English nobility—the older and better lot, anyhow. And to show that this abhorrence of the slapdash expenditure of money on any one particular occasion does not affect the nobility only because the money comes from America, I might mention the occasion last year when the Earl of Lonsdale entertained the German Emperor at Lowther Castle. The cost of that gigantic effort was said to be eighty thousand pounds, or about four hundred thousand dollars. Yet I do not think it dazzled any English person of high rank. People of his lordship's own station only considered it great waste, and thought how lucky it was that the Lowther coal mines ran under the sea.

The Duke of Portland, whose ball at Welbeck Abbey I started out to say a word or two about, is a very rich peer. In 1879 he inherited the vast wealth of his cousin, who for many years led the life of a recluse. Nobody ever saw him. He lived shut up from prying eyes in Cavendish House, one of the Portland town residences in London. He was the last duke, and from him the present man got his title as well as his wealth. Before then he had been a plain Mr. Cavendish Bentinck, in the Guards, a very goody-goody sort of a young officer, not bad looking, and, with his great expectations, one of the grand catches of many seasons. He managed to elude all the traps set for him, and was proof against all the soft glances bestowed upon him by every girl he met until he actually came into the dukedom, and then he married a girl of his own seeking and after his own heart.

The story of this marriage, and how it came about, proves that the romantic side of life is to be met with among the nobility outside the pages of novels as well as within them. It appears that one day, shortly after he came into the title, the duke was at Euston Station seeing off some friends by train. After he had bade them good-by and the train had gone, he was sauntering leisurely away, when his eye happened to fall on a young lady who was looking from a carriage window in a train about to depart. It was the Scotch express which leaves London about two o'clock in the afternoon.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the duke to himself, with that electric tingling all over him which most men have experienced when they see a woman who seems to possess an indefinable power of attraction in their eyes. "What an awfully nice girl. Quite the nicest and prettiest girl I ever saw. I must find out who she is."

He watched her till the train's departure, her face becoming indelibly imprinted on his memory. Curiously enough, just as the train was leaving, a friend of his hurried along the platform, took off his cap to the girl, and hastily got into the same compartment. The duke dashed up to speak to him, but too late; the train was already moving. But the duke was not to be frustrated. He waited patiently till he met this friend again in town, and then ascertained that the girl was a Miss Dallas-Yorke, whose father was a well-known army officer.

Well, it was not impossible for the duke to make her acquaintance or to win her for his wife afterward. And another romantic phase of the affair subsequently came out. Some time before the meeting at the railway station, Miss Dallas-Yorke went with a party of friends to the "Devil's Dyke," near Brighton, where there was a gypsy queen, or fortune-teller. All the party had their fortunes told for fun, that of Miss Dallas-Yorke ending with the prediction that she would marry "a rich young duke." Remarkable in the light of after events, certainly. But one can hardly regard it as more than a coincidence. For if all the girls to whom fortune-tellers give a duke for a husband actually got them, there would not be half enough dukes in the peerage to go round. Miss Dallas-Yorke is very tall, with a marvelously fine figure and pretty face, and but a few years on the other side of thirty.

To give an idea of the duke's wealth, let me say that his London possessions include Portland Place, where the Langham Hotel stands, Cavendish Square, and Welbeck Street. But about the ball. To even attempt to describe Welbeck Abbey and its wonderful underground regions would take double the space that the *Argonaut* can spare me. Suffice it to say that the ball-room was the great subterranean picture-gallery one hundred and fifty-nine feet long by sixty-three feet wide, which is probably the largest private room in the United Kingdom. By day this mammoth apartment is lighted by twenty-seven octagonal sun or skylights sunk through the ceiling, but on the present occasion it was brilliantly illuminated by eighteen hundred electric lights. Masterpieces adorn the walls of this splendid room, Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Angel in Con-

templation" being among them. Besides which there are paintings by Rubens, Teniers, Snyders, Lely, Vandyke, Holbein, and Kneller. Flowers of the rarest sorts from the ducal conservatories were used in the most lavish floral decorations, and these, with the military uniforms, levée dress, and "pink" of the members of the Rufford Hunt, and the elegant dresses and costly jewels of the ladies, presented a dazzling scene of color difficult to equal in brilliancy. An odd conceit was a stuffed bear, shot by the duke in Russia, holding in his paws a tray filled with dance programmes.

The ball was really given in honor of the Duke and Duchess of York, whose visit to Welbeck it was intended to emphasize. Among the house-party invited to meet their royal highnesses were two American ladies—both duchesses, oddly enough—viz, the Duchess of Marlborough and the Duchess of Manchester. "The two Consuelas," as people called them, were two of the most noticeable figures in the room, filled as it was with the fashionable people of the country-side about Worksop, as well as contingents from every swell house-party within reach of the ball, including that of the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle at beautiful Clumber.

I might add that among the waltzes was the old Johann Strauss favorite—"Wein, Weib, und Gesang." It was an awakening of the dim past to hear its strains, and, to the ears of people surfeited with the dreary strains of the lugubrious Waldteufel, a pleasing revelation.

LONDON, December 24, 1896. COCKAIGNE.

While in London and Paris, recently, Professor Trowbridge, of Harvard, made a special examination of horseless carriages or motor cycles. He is of the opinion that the present electrical motor carriage is altogether too heavy, clumsy, noisy, and expensive to be of public use. On smooth, level roads in London and Paris it seemed to run very well, but it can not get up hills, and it requires enormous power to be practical upon paved streets. An electrical carriage put on the streets of London to-day as a substitute for an omnibus would weigh about twenty-five hundred or three thousand pounds or more, and with passengers nearly five thousand pounds. However, according to Professor Trowbridge, the French intend to settle the carriage problem. They are spending a great deal of time and money in their experiments, so much, indeed, that several American manufacturers of bicycles feel obliged to be represented whenever a demonstration is made.

The London *Economist* gives some figures which show how great has been the "slump" in South African mining securities. For ten representative South African companies the fall from the highest point in the year amounts to no less than £34,621,000—about \$173,000,000. The decline has been equally marked in "Kangaroos," as the Westralian shares are dubbed by way of distinction from the Africans. Ten companies show a depreciation in the market value of their shares which reaches the startling sum of \$23,820,000. Here is nearly \$200,000,000 which has been lost to the shareholders in a few enterprises. When we consider the great number of these corporations, and that most of them are largely capitalized, it can easily be seen that the "slump" has been big enough to cause the most serious alarm.

The subscription for the benefit of the wounded and sick in Cuba which the Madrid *Imparcial* has opened has passed the one-hundred-thousand-dollar mark. Ex-Empress Eugénie sent one thousand dollars, each ambassador of the great powers, one hundred dollars. The *Imparcial* remarks that the success of the subscription is all the more noteworthy, as the French papers could not obtain more than nineteen thousand dollars for the wounded in Madagascar during several months.

"Some of the New York dailies are being systematically robbed by a lot of fake newspaper correspondents. In the last seven weeks," says the Key West *Equator-Democrat*, "twenty-five war correspondents have left New York for the insurgent camp, but not one of them has arrived there, yet most of them are writing letters from the rebel camp while they are 'incog' in Key West or having a good time, in perfect security, on some of the adjacent keys."

The clerk of the House of Representatives, whose duty it is to make up the list of members of each new Congress, is now wrestling with the question of the proper classification of those members who were elected by the combined votes of Democrats, Populists, Silverites, Prohibitionists, and Silver-Republicans. The members thus elected do not know what to call themselves.

A product called "wire-glass," which, it is asserted, presents an effective barrier against fire, consists simply of a mesh-work of wire embedded in a glass plate. Even when licked by flames and raised to a red heat it does not fall to pieces, and it not only resists the heat of fire, but also the shattering effects of cold water poured over it while it is yet glowing hot.

"The curious statement is made," says the Boston *Journal*, "that many of the Italian prisoners in Abyssinia have been so kindly treated and are doing so much better there than they can hope to in their own country, that they are petitioning the Italian Government to allow them to remain. This does not agree well with the earlier tales of Abyssinian cruelty."

Accident insurance companies refuse to grant a policy to the "bicycle girl." The reason is not that she is supposed to ride worse than the "bicycle boy," but that her claims for trivial and small injuries are too persistent.

In a law case the other day in England, it was decided that a house being full of fleas is a sufficient cause for the tenant declining to live in it.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Duke of Richmond receives the largest pension in the world. It is ninety-five thousand dollars a year, and is a perpetuity from the time of Charles the Second.

A "prominent member of the Players' Club of New York" informs a Philadelphia reporter that Mark Twain received in London recently a letter mailed to him in New York, and addressed only "Mark Twain, God-Knows-Where."

Wanamaker recently addressed a circular letter to three hundred thousand Republican voters requesting them to forward the inclosed postal-card to their representatives at Harrisburg, calling upon them to vote for Wanamaker. It cost sixteen thousand dollars in postage alone.

It is related of John D. Rockefeller that he once quieted the doubts of a clergyman, who asked why the Standard Oil Company did not reduce the price of oil in order to lessen its enormous net profits, by responding that such a course would make it impossible for the independent refiners, of whom Mr. Rockefeller has ever been tender, to earn a living—that they would, in fact, be ruined.

Mrs. McKinley is generally supposed to be an invalid. But when the recent reception to her nieces at Canton, O., was well under way, Mrs. McKinley danced in an old-fashioned cotillion. Major McKinley was her partner, and the set was filled up by Major Goodspeed and Mrs. Mary Lester Reynolds, Judge Day and Mrs. George D. Harter, Judge Baldwin and Mrs. William R. Day—all old and close friends of the family.

Vice-President Adlai E. Stevenson, who has extensive interests in San Bernardino and Riverside Counties, has been in Southern California a good part of this year looking after his orchards and supervising further improvements on his large estate. He will probably go to Los Angeles immediately on the expiration of his term as Vice-President next March, but will keep his present home and law practice at Bloomington, Ill.

Charles W. Crisp, son of the late Speaker Crisp, is the youngest member of the Congress now in session, being only twenty-six years old. He is also the newest member. He was sworn in December 19th, as representative from the Third District of Georgia, to fill the vacancy caused by his father's death. The House departed in his case from the rule requiring formal credentials. Instead, it accepted as satisfactory evidence of his election the brief statement telegraphed by Governor Atkinson, and the youthful member took his place amid cordial applause.

Bismarck's political re-appearance has turned the caricaturists loose on him again, and M. John Grand-Carteret, who, in 1888, published his "Bismarck in Caricature," has had to extend his collections. He gives an account in *Figaro* of some of the latest specimens that have come to his hands from Russia and Athens and Geneva, as well as from other quarters. The ex-chancellor figures as an old fox, as Mephistopheles, as the White Woman of the Berlin royal palace, as an ogre, as Saturn devouring his own offspring, etc. One of the most cruel of the caricatures is from the *Sapajou*, of Geneva, in which a feeble valetudinarian is pictured in his sick-chamber mustering up strength to write his spiteful lines in the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, the whole labeled "A Chancellor in Need of Iron."

A great number of the members of the House and some of the senators are, directly or indirectly, interested in journalism. In the Upper House, Senator Lee Mantle is the owner and proprietor of the *Inter-Mountain*, published in Butte, Mont.; Senator Hawley is the owner and was at one time editor of the Hartford *Courant*; Senator Hansbrough owned and managed a paper in San José, Cal., and in his young and callow days was on the staff of the San Francisco *Chronicle*; Senator Butler's paper bears the suggestive name of the Clinton *Caucasian*, while Senator Peffer admits in his biography, published in the "Congressional Directory," that he established and conducted two newspapers. In the Lower House, Mr. Cummings and Mr. Quigg are the best-known journalists, but no less than twenty-five of their colleagues are or have been engaged in newspaper work.

The divorce proceedings brought in Munich by Count Larisch recall the tragedy of Meyerling and the part which the Countess Larisch played in it. The countess is the niece of the Empress of Austria. She never has passed as a princess, however, as her father's marriage was morganatic. Nevertheless, with the Empress Elizabeth as one aunt and the Queen of Naples as another, and with the affections of both centred upon her, she was a considerable person in the court circles of Munich and Vienna. When married, in 1875, at the age of nineteen, she had had several love-affairs. She sought the friendship of the Baroness Marie Vetsera, one of the most celebrated beauties outside of the court circle, directed the crown prince's attention to her at the opera one evening, and was cognizant of the course which their love had taken before the scandal assumed threatening proportions. When the emperor learned of the crown prince's hopeless infatuation, the Countess Larisch's name went on the black list of the Hofburg. Her friendship with the Baroness Marie remained unchanged, however. In fact, the two women were together half of the evening preceding the day on which the crown prince's violent death at Meyerling was discovered. After the crown prince's death, the countess and her husband traveled from place to place in Bavaria and Southern France, ever in domestic difficulties. The countess, although well past thirty, still had admirers. The count, on the other hand, had grown weary in the atmosphere of intrigue and tragedy into which his union with her had brought him. Then came the final step of beginning divorce proceedings. Several European newspapers say that the decree has been given.

A SWELL BLACKBALLED.

The Coaching Club of New York Turns Down T. Suffern Tailor—
A Side-Show of the Vanderbilt-Belmont Social War
that Created a Sensation.

Not for a long time has the male portion of the New York Four Hundred been so "torn up" as over the blackbaling of T. Suffern Tailor in the Coaching Club.

These little affairs occur at long intervals and invariably cause a great sensation. Sometimes they are followed by more serious results than talk; witness the organization of the Metropolitan Club. The founding of that wealthy institution was due entirely to the blackbaling of John King, the president of the Erie Railroad. Mr. King was a well-known New Yorker, and his friends put him up for membership at the Union Club; he was blackballed, and no reason was given except personal enmity on the part of some of the members. This so irritated the friends of King—for there was nothing to be said against him on the ground of social standing, breeding, wealth, or clubbability—that they at once determined to start another club. At first the Union Club pooh-poohed this movement, but they speedily found that there was something behind it, and it crystallized into the organization known as the Metropolitan Club. It has had so marked an effect on club matters in New York that it forced the Union to throw down the barriers, to take in a large number of men on its waiting-list, and practically to invite many others to join. The addition of a large and well-equipped club to the already crowded rank of New York clubs drew from the material to which the Union looked, and practically caused the death of the Calumet Club.

The Coaching Club is one of the most exclusive organizations in New York. The number of members is very small, and every vote of the Coaching Club represents a drag. Therefore, the active members or voters are all "whips," and the others who are members of the club can not vote on the admission of candidates. Colonel William Jay was one of the founders of the club, and he retired from office last week. He was succeeded by Mr. Frederick Bronson, under whose régime it was that Mr. Tailor has been blackballed.

The manner of voting in the Coaching Club is as follows: The coach-owners are entitled to vote on candidates. Ballots are sent by mail to the secretary. The ballot is inclosed in a sealed envelope, which is inclosed in still another envelope on which is addressed the name of the sender. Thus the secretary is assured that the ballot received is from a person authorized to vote, and as the inclosure is a plain sealed envelope, it is put in the box with the others, and no one knows presumably how the sender has voted. It is said that Mr. Tailor would have been elected had all the members voting complied with the rules. A number of ballots were thrown out because they were not indorsed. This statement is given on the authority of President Bronson.

This is the second time that Mr. Tailor has been blackballed. About three years ago his name was put up for membership at the Coaching Club, and he was rejected. This caused much feeling among his friends. Tailor is one of the best amateur whips in the United States, and is an enthusiastic coaching man. In 1892 he drove the coach Comet between Paris and Poissy, a distance of forty miles, for thirty consecutive days. It was on one of these trips that he met Miss Maud Lorillard, the youngest daughter of Pierre Lorillard, and now his wife. He was married to her on April 15, 1893. He lives in the aristocratic Washington Square North, and has a place at Tuxedo. Mr. Tailor is a great swell, and hence the excitement in swelldom over his blackbaling. It was shortly after the first blackbaling of Mr. Tailor that John Jacob Astor was blackballed. At the time it was said that Astor was blackballed because he was a non-driver, but inasmuch as it would be hard to find a more enthusiastic driver than Tailor, this explanation would hardly suffice for his blackbaling.

Tailor was put up again by Oliver H. P. Belmont and Francis T. Underhill. Both of them are well-known and leading members of the Coaching Club, and Francis T. Underhill is the author of a work called "Driving for Pleasure," which, luxuriously printed and bound, has made its appearance this winter. Underhill, if I am not mistaken, acted as judge at the Horse Show in your city a couple of years ago. Both Belmont and Underhill have written to the newspapers, and stated that Mr. Tailor "was not desirous of allowing his name to be put up for election to the Coaching Club, and only consented after much persuasion and assurance of his election. The result of the election is a matter of much surprise and regret to a large majority of the club, and more especially to his proposer and seconder." This statement, duly signed by both Oliver H. P. Belmont and Francis T. Underhill, has been published in several of the New York daily papers.

It is whispered in New York that the blackbaling of Tailor is one of the outgrowths of the social war which has been going on between the Belmont and Vanderbilt factions. Ever since the divorce between Mr. and Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt and the sudden assumption of matrimonial relations by that lady with Oliver H. P. Belmont, the Vanderbilts have been at daggers drawn with the Belmonts. Society has been forced to take sides. Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, formerly of San Francisco, are heated advocates of the Belmont faction. Such is the warmth of this social fight that it has been carried even into the clubs. Suffern Tailor and his wife have attended all of the social functions which Mrs. Oliver Belmont has been giving lately. This, in the Vanderbilt camp, is considered as a high crime and misdemeanor. Therefore, it is believed by many that the blackbaling of Tailor is due to a Vanderbilt desire to punish him and his wife for siding with the Belmonts. The retiring officers of the Coaching Club, Colonel Jay, Prescott Lawrence, Reginald Rives, and others, are all very friendly with Mr. and Mrs. Belmont, while on the other hand the gentle-

men who have just been elected to fill their places belong to the Vanderbilt social wing.

It is extremely probable that the blackbaling of Tailor will result in a rupture in the Coaching Club. Prescott Lawrence, Oliver Belmont, Reginald Rives, Francis Underhill, and others are threatening to form a new Coaching Club, and as they are enthusiastic coaching men and warm friends of Tailor, they will probably do it.

A word in closing about Mr. Tailor's garments may not be uninteresting. That young gentleman paralyzes even Tuxedo at times by the loudness of the checks in his attire. His latest eccentricity was the wearing of a driving-coat of yellow box-cloth, which had a waist something like a jacket and wide, flowing skirts, not unlike the crinoline skirts which the women wear nowadays, extending to the knees. On this he wore large mother-of-pearl buttons about the size of a saucer. This curious garb was crowned with a beaver hat of the style of forty years ago. To add to the incongruity of Mr. Tailor's make-up, beneath the curious beaver hat appeared a small and chubby countenance beaming upon the observer through a pair of large gold-rimmed spectacles. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, January 9, 1897.

President David Starr Jordan writes as follows to Appleton's *Popular Science Monthly* regarding his piece of pleasantries entitled "The Sympsychnograph," which recently appeared in that magazine. "I had not the slightest idea," he says, "that any one capable of 'reading bound books' would be deceived by the meaningless phrases in that bit of burlesque. I intended it as a piece of gentle satire on the 'wizards' and 'impressionists' who follow in the wake of scientific work which attracts attention, and who pour their vagaries into the long ears of the daily newspaper. . . . I had a serious moral in the fable, and this, at the risk of trying to explain a joke, I shall give. The methods ascribed to the 'Astral Camera Club' are those which never have yielded and never can yield any results to science. Scientific investigators are not 'wizards,' their discoveries are not presaged by uncanny feelings nor green darkness, nor is there anything 'occult' about their ways of working. They are simply men of unusual persistence and steady common sense. Everything easy was found out long ago, and additions to knowledge can only come from mastery of past achievements and mathematical accuracy in the registration of small details. The progress of science is not marked by surprises and contradictions. The result of scientific inquiry comes as a surprise only to those ignorant of the steps in investigation which leads up to it."

A rival to the famous leaning tower of Pisa has been developed in America. It is located in Syracuse, N. Y., and is more than two hundred feet in height. The structure is thirteen inches out of plumb, and leans threateningly over the heads of the passers-by, apparently ready to fall. The Syracuse common council has declared its existence a menace to the public. But the owner and the architect both deny that there is the least danger of the structure's suffering any further departure from the perpendicular. From the present outlook, it seems more than likely that the views of the architect will be accepted as correct, and the tower will be left, one of the chief curiosities of the town. The tower was thrown out of plumb by the tornado which not long ago visited Syracuse. The wind, which demolished less strongly built structures in the neighborhood, struck the tower on two faces, but succeeded only in springing the frame-work sufficiently to tip the tower a little to one side, without, it is claimed, seriously damaging it.

Professor G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, has made a peculiarly interesting report on the results of a long study of the various kinds of fear to which children are subject. It seems that thunder and lightning cause terror to more children than any other one thing, and following in the order named come reptiles, strangers, darkness, fire, death, domestic animals, disease, wild animals, water, ghosts, insects, rats and mice, robbers, and high winds. It is pleasant to notice that the fear of ghosts comes very low on the list. Some forms of dread are to be found in all parts of the country. For instance, the thought of high winds excites no alarm in the East, while in the cyclone States it is a common cause of apprehension. Still more narrowly localized is fear of the world's end. This exists only where some little band of fanatics have been trying on their ascension robes.

The newsboys of Washington have been denied by the commissioners of the district the privilege of crying their papers on the streets on Sunday. Relying on the inalienable right of petition guaranteed by the constitution, they held a mass-meeting on a recent evening in Willard Hall, one of the largest in the city, to protest against the commissioners' action and appeal for a revocation of the order. Five-minute speeches were made by newsboys on both sides of the question. The ministers of Washington are directly responsible for the edict against the newsboys, and, anticipating the boys' protest, they held a meeting a day before the other to assure the district commissioners of their intention to demand an enforcement of the order.

Governor Pingree, of Michigan, has found by experience that a number of laws are obsolete or so constructed as to be inoperative. He has accordingly offered a prize of twenty-five dollars to the student of the University of Michigan who will discover the greatest number of these laws, and has appointed a commission, consisting of a circuit judge and a prominent lawyer, to decide the contest.

It is openly stated that the new English Bishop of Peterborough was not appointed for his past services to the church, his learning, or his piety, but because "he had enough money in his pocket to repair the west front of the cathedral."

OLD FAVORITES.

A Letter of Advice.

From Miss Medora Trevilian, at Padua, to Miss Araminta Vavasour, at London.

You tell me you're promised a lover,
My own Araminta, next week;
Why can not my fancy discover
The hue of his coat and his cheek?
Alas! if he look like another,
A vicar, a hanker, a beau,
Be deaf to your father and mother,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

Miss Lane, at her Temple of Fashion,
Taught us both how to sing and to speak,
And we loved one another with passion,
Before we had been there a week;
You gave me a ring for a token;
I wear it wherever I go;
I gave you a chain—is it broken?
My own Araminta, say "No!"

Oh, think of our favorite cottage,
And think of our dear Lalla Rookh!
How we shared with the milkmaids their pottage,
And drank of the stream from the brook;
How fondly our loving lips faltered
"What further can grandeur bestow?"
My heart is the same—is yours altered?
My own Araminta, say "No!"

Remember the thrilling romances
We read on the bank in the glen;
Remember the suitors our fancies
Would picture for both of us then.
They wore the red cross on their shoulder,
They had vanquished and pardon'd their foe—
Sweet friend, are you wiser or colder?
My own Araminta, say "No!"

You know, when Lord Rignarole's carriage
Drove off with your cousin Justine,
You wept, dearest girl, at the marriage,
And whispered "How hase she has been!"
You said you were sure it would kill you,
If ever your husband looked so;
And you will not apostatize—will you?
My own Araminta, say "No!"

When I heard I was going abroad, love,
I thought I was going to die;
We walked arm in arm to the road, love,
We looked arm in arm to the sky;
And I said "when a foreign postillion
Has hurried me off to the Po,
Forget not Medora Trevilian!"
My own Araminta, say "No!"

We parted! but sympathy's fetters
Reach far over valley and hill;
I muse o'er your exquisite letters,
And feel that your heart is mine still;
And he who would share it with me, love—
The richest of treasures below—
If he's not what Orlando should be, love,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he wears a top-hoot in his wooing,
If he comes to you riding a cob,
If he talks of his baking or brewing,
If he puts up his feet on the hob,
If he ever drinks port after dinner,
If his brow or his breeding is low,
If he calls himself "Thompson" or "Skinner,"
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he studies the news in the papers
While you are preparing the tea,
If he talks of the damps or the vapors
While moonlight lies soft on the sea,
If he's sleepy, while you are capricious,
If he has not a musical "Oh!"
If he does not call Werther delicious—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he ever sets foot in the city
Among the stockbrokers and Jews,
If he has not a heart full of pity,
If he don't stand six feet in his shoes,
If his lips are not redder than roses,
If his hands are not whiter than snow,
If he has not the model of noses—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

If he speaks of a tax or a duty,
If he does not look grand on his knees,
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty,
Hill, valleys, rocks, waters, and trees,
If he dotes not on desolate towers,
If he likes not to hear the hlaits hlow,
If he knows not the language of flowers—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

He must walk—like a god of old story
Come down from the home of his rest;
He must smile—like the sun in his glory
On the buds he loves ever the best;
And oh! from his ivory portal
Like music his soft speech must flow!—
If he speak, smile, or walk like a mortal,
My own Araminta, say "No!"

Don't listen to tales of his bounty,
Don't hear what they say of his birth,
Don't look at his seat in the county,
Don't calculate what he is worth;
But give him a theme to write verse on,
And see if he turns out his toe;
If he's only an "excellent person"—
My own Araminta, say "No!"

—Winthrop M. Praed.

Major Cirujeda, commanding a battalion of the St. Quentin regiment of infantry in the Spanish army, his comrades serving in Cuba, and his personal friends at Madrid, or in other cities and towns of Spain, did not share or encourage any barbarous exultation, such as the populace in those towns lately expressed at the fact of Maceo's being killed. For Maceo, though a mulatto, was a brave man. As for Major Cirujeda, who certainly did not slay Maceo with his own hand in personal combat, he is praised by his countrymen and honored by the queen-regent for a notable action in which his troops, numbering three hundred and fifty, defeated two thousand of the enemy strongly posted on a hill-side. He will probably get higher rank with better pay. He has no private fortune, and has a wife and twelve children to maintain in a modest little house in the Calle de Toledo, Madrid.

A LITERARY LIFE.

Chapters from Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward's Recent Autobiography—Her Beginnings as an Author—Notables she has Known.

The autobiographical reminiscences contained in "Chapters from a Life," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward, give a review of her literary career, with many recollections of noted New England writers scattered through them, and with glimpses besides of her childhood and girlhood spent in Andover. It was an intellectual atmosphere that she breathed in the Massachusetts university town, and it is not strange, surrounded as she was with an environment of culture and with such literary forebears as hers, that Mrs. Ward early developed literary tendencies herself. Her father and mother were both authors, one of her grandfathers was distinguished in literature, and the other, though not a literary man, wrote a "religious tale or tract," which seems to have met with much favor in its day:

It took to itself a circulation of two hundred thousand copies. I remember how Mr. James T. Fields laughed when he heard of it—that merry laugh peculiar to himself. "You can't help it," the publisher said; "you come of a family of large circulations."

The grandfather of whom this is written, Dr. E. Phelps, was a Connecticut minister whose life held a curious experience, referred to in the following paragraphs:

From his own lips, too, I heard the accounts of that extraordinary case of bouse-possession of which (like Wesley) this innocent and unimaginative country minister, who had no more faith in "spooks" than he had in Universalists, was made the astonished victim.

Night upon night I crept gasping to bed, and shivered for hours with my head under the clothes, after an evening spent in listening to this authentic and fantastic family tale. How the candlesticks walked out into the air from the mantel-piece and back again; how the chairs of skeptical visitors, collected from all parts of the country to study what one had hardly then begun to call the "phenomena" at the parsonage at Stratford, Connecticut, hopped after the guests when they crossed the room; how the dishes at the table leaped, and the silver forks were bent by unseen hands, and cold turnips dropped from the solid ceiling; and ghastly images were found, composed of underclothing proved to have been locked at the time in drawers of which the only key lay all the while in Dr. Phelps's pocket; and how the mysterious agencies, purporting by alphabetical raps upon bed-head or on table to be in torments of the nether world, being asked what their host could do to relieve them, demanded a piece of squash pie.

From the old man's own calm hands, within a year or two of his death, I received the legacy of the written journal of these phenomena, as recorded by the victim from day to day, during the seven months that this mysterious misfortune dwelt within his house.

Continuing on the subject, Mrs. Ward adds:

Perhaps it is partly on account of the traditions respecting this bit of family history that I am so often asked if I am a spiritualist. I am sometimes tempted to reply in grammar comprehensible to the writers of certain letters which I receive upon the subject: "No; nor none of our folks!"

How the Connecticut parson on whom this mysterious infliction fell ever came out of it not a spiritualist, who can tell? That the phenomena were facts, and facts explicable by no known natural law, he was forced, like others in similar positions, to believe and admit. That he should study the subject of spiritualism carefully from then until the end of his life, was inevitable. But, as nearly as I can make it out, on the whole, he liked his Bible better.

Among the Andover experiences recorded is a visit made by Ralph Waldo Emerson. He came to the town in response to a request to deliver a course of lectures, and he visited Professor Phelps during his stay. Some impressions of the distinguished guest are given:

Mr. Emerson was accustomed to do the talking himself; this occasion proved no exception. Quite promptly, I remember, he set adrift upon the sea of Alcott.

Now, we had heard of Mr. Alcott in Andover, it is true, but we did not look upon him exactly through Mr. Emerson's marine-glass; and, though the professor did his hospitable best to sustain his end of the conversation, it swayed off gracefully into monologue. We listened deferentially while the philosopher pronounced Bronson Alcott the greatest mind of our day—I think he said the greatest since Plato. He was capable of it, in moments of his own exaltation. I thought I detected a twinkle in my father's blue eye; but the fine curve of his lips remained politely closed, and our distinguished guest spoke on.

There was something noble about this ardent way of appreciating his friends, and Emerson was distinguished for it, among those who knew him well. Publishers understood that his literary judgment was touchingly warped by his personal admirations. He would offer some impossible manuscript as the work of dawning genius; it would be politely received, and filed in the rejected pigeon-holes.

Mrs. Ward relates a rebuke administered to herself by the Concord seer on one of his visits:

It chanced that we had a Chaucer Club in Andover at that time; a small company, severely selected, not to flirt or to chat, but to work. We had studied hard for a year, and most of us had gone Chaucer mad. This present writer was the unfortunate exception to that idolatrous enthusiasm, and—meeting Mr. Emerson at another time—took modest occasion, in answer to a remark of his, to say something of the sort: "Chaucer interests me, certainly, but I can not make myself feel as the others do. He does not take hold of my nature. He is too far back. I am afraid I am too much of a modern. It is a pity, I know."

"It is a pity," observed Mr. Emerson. "What would you read? The *Morning Advertiser*?" The Chaucer Club glared at me in what, I must say, I felt to be unholly triumph.

At the age of thirteen, Mrs. Ward made her first appearance in print in the *Youth's Companion*, but the real beginning of her literary work was a war-story written in 1863:

It was a very little story, not covering more than four or five pages in print. I sent it to *Harper's Magazine*, without introduction or what young writers are accustomed to call "influence"; it was sent quite privately, without the knowledge of any friend. It was immediately accepted, and a prompt check for twenty-five dollars accompanied the acceptance. Even my father knew nothing of the venture until I carried the letter and inclosure to him. The pleasure on his expressive face was only equalled by its frank and unqualified astonishment.

This was the beginning of a connection with *Harper's Magazine* which has never been broken off:

I know that longer stories went, soon and often, to the old magazine, which never sent them back, and to which I am glad to pay the tribute of a gratitude that I have never outgrown. . . . The editor of *Harper's* took everything I sent him; so the pointed letters and the large capitals continued to flow toward his desk.

Long after I had achieved whatever success has been given me, this magazine returned me one of my stories—it was the only one in a lifetime. . . .

Now begins a period of literary drudgery:

Like other writers, I did back work. Of making Sunday-school books I scarcely found an end. I must have written a dozen of them; I wrote, sometimes, when I see their forgotten dates and titles in encyclopedias; but a better judgment tells me that one should not be ashamed of doing bard work honestly.

An anecdote is told concerning one of these same Sunday-school books:

One of them came back to me; it happened to be the only book I ever wrote that did—and when the Andover expressman brought in the square package, just before tea, I felt my heart stand still with mortification. Fortunately nobody saw the expressman. I always kept my ventures to myself, and did not, that I can remember, read any manuscripts of mine to suffering relatives or friends before publication. Indeed, I carried on the writer's profession for many years as if it had been a burglar's.

At the earliest moment possible I got myself into my little room, and turned both keys upon myself and my rejected manuscript. But when I came to read the publisher's letter, I learned that hope still remained, a flickering torch, upon a darkened universe. That excellent man did not refuse the story, but raised objections to certain points or forms therein, to which he summoned my attention. The criticism called substantially for the re-writing of the book. I lighted my lamp, and, with the June beetles butting at my head, I wrote all night. At three o'clock in the morning I put the last sentence to the remodeled story—the whole was a matter of some three hundred and fifty pages of manuscript—and crawled to bed. At six I stole out and found the expressman, that innocent and ignorant messenger of joy or woe. The revised manuscript reached the publisher by ten o'clock, and his letter of unconditional acceptance was in my hands before another tea-time.

Some account is given of the young author's gains:

I never worked harder in my life at anything than I did upon those little books; for I had, madly enough, contracted to supply four within a year.

We had no vacations in those days; I knew nothing of hills or shore; but "spoke straight on" through the burning Andover summers. Our July and August thermometers used to stand up hard at over ninety degrees, day and night, for nearly a week at a time. . . . For such books as those into which I had been coining a year of my strength and heart, I received the sum of one hundred dollars apiece. The "Gypsy" publisher was more munificent. He offered one hundred and fifty; a price which I accepted with incredible gratitude.

I mention these figures distinctly, with the cold-blooded view of dimming the rosy dreams of those young ladies and gentlemen with whom, if I may judge by their letters, our country seems to be brimming over.

And to these same young ladies and gentlemen some good advice follows, and some emphatic words on the "grinding drudgery of a life spent in living 'by your brains'":

Write, if you must; not otherwise. Do not write if you can earn a fair living at teaching, or dressmaking, at electricity, or hod-carrying. Make shoes, weed cabbages, survey land, keep house, make ice-cream, sell cake, climb a telephone-pole, may be a lightning-rope peddler or a book-agent, before you set your heart upon it that you shall write for a living. Do anything honest, but do not write, unless God calls you and editors claim you. Respect the market laws. Lean on nobody. Trust the common sense of an experienced publisher to know whether your manuscript is worth something or nothing. Do not depend on influence. Editors do not care a drop of ink for influence. What they want is good material, and the fresher it is, the better. An editor will pass by an old writer any day for an unknown and gifted new one, with power to say a good thing in a fresh way. . . .

Unless you are prepared to work like a slave at his galley, for the toss-up chance of a freedom which may be denied him when his work is done, do not write. There are some pleasant things about this way of spending a life-time, but there are no easy ones.

There are privileges in it, but there are heart-ache, mortification, discouragement, and an eternal doubt.

In spite of successes begun early and continued without intermission, Mrs. Ward has not a good word for her profession from a worldly point of view:

Of all the methods of making a living, open to educated people today, the profession of literature is, probably, the poorest in point of monetary returns. A couple of authors, counted successful as the world and the word go, said once: "We have earned less this year than the fisherman in the dory before the door of our summer home." A successful teacher, a clever manufacturer, a steady mechanic, may depend upon a better income in this country than the writer whose supposed wealth he envies and whose books he reads on Sunday afternoons, if he is not too sleepy or does not prefer his bicycle.

Yet aside from the Sunday-school books, which were in the nature of hack work, the very first book written by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps had one of those successes which come now and then to bewilder a young writer. "Gates Ajar" was written when the author was scarcely twenty years old, and it leaped to popularity almost immediately upon its publication. The first news of success came in a letter from James T. Fields:

He, who was the quickest of men to do a kindness, and surest to give to young writers the encouraging word for which they had no hope enough to listen, had hurried to break to me the news himself. "Your book is moving grandly," so he wrote; "it has already reached a sale of four thousand copies. We take pleasure in sending you —." He inclosed a check for six hundred dollars, the largest sum on which I had ever set my startled eyes. It would not, by my contract, have been due me for six months or more to come.

The popularity of the book continued to increase:

"The Gates Ajar" was written without hope or expectation of any especial success, and, when the bappy storm broke, in truth I was the most astonished girl in North America. From the day when Mr. Fields's thoughtful note reached the Andover post-office, that miracle such as we have read of, often in fiction, and sometimes in literary history, touched the young writer's life. . . .

I have been told that the American circulation of the book, which has remained below one hundred thousand, was outrun by that in Great Britain. Translations, of course, were manifold. The French, the German, the Dutch, the Italian, have been conscientiously sent to the author; some others, I think, have not. More applications to republish my books have reached me from Germany than from any other country. For awhile, with the tenderness of a novice in such experience, I kept all these foreign curiosities on my book-shelves; but the throes of several New England "movings" have scattered their ashes. . . .

There was a Gates Ajar tipple for sale in the country groceries. I have fancied that it was a knit affair of as many colors as the jewels in the eternal portals, and extremely open-work. There was a Gates Ajar collar—paper, I fear—loading the city counters. Ghastly rumors have reached me of the existence of a Gates Ajar cigar; I have never personally set my eyes upon these tangible forms of earthly fame. If the truth must be told, I have kept a cowardly distance from them. Music, of course, took her turn at the book, and popular "pieces" warbled under its title. One of these, I think, is sung in Sunday-schools to this day. Then there was, and still exists, the Gates Ajar funeral piece. . . .

A peculiar feature accompanying the success of the book was the enormous number of personal letters it called forth:

The book was hardly under way before the storm of them set in. It began like a New England snow-storm, with a few large, earnest flakes; then came the whirl of them, big and little, sleet and rain, fast and furious, regular and irregular, scurrying and tumbling over each other through the Andover mails. . . .

The astonished girl bowed her head before the blast at first, with a kind of terrified humility. Then, by degrees, she plucked up heart to give to each letter its due attention. It would not be very easy to make any one understand, who had not been through a closely similar experience, just what it meant to live in the centre of such a whirlwind of human suffering. It used to seem to me sometimes, at the end of a week's reading of this large and painful mail, as if the whole world were one great outcry. What a little portion of it cried to the young writer of one little book of consolation! Yet how the ear and heart ached

under the piteous monotony! I made it a rule to answer every civil letter that I received, and, as few of them were otherwise, this correspondence was no light load.

The press notices called forth on the appearance of the book are described. They ran through the gamut of feeling, from admiration to virulence, and brought Mrs. Ward then to a resolution which she has ever since adhered to:

I quickly came to the conclusion that I was not adapted to reading the views of the press about my own writing. I made a vow to let them alone, and from that day to this I have kept it.

Unless in the case of something especially brought to my attention by friends, I do not read any reviews of my books. Of course, in a general way, one knows if some important pen has shown a comprehension of what one meant to do and tried to do, or has spat venom upon one's poor achievement. Quite fairly, one can not sit like the queen in the kitchen, eating only bread and honey. And venom disagrees with me.

Among the reminiscences of Andover days there are memories of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who lived there during the time of her husband's professorship in the seminary.

My personal remembrances of Mrs. Stowe are those of a young girl, whom she entertained at intervals, always delightfully, in the long parlor running the width of the stone house, whose deep, embrasured window-seats seemed to me only less wonderful than the soft and brightly colored, rather worldly looking pillows with which these attractive nooks were generously filled. There were flowers always, and a bower of ivy made summer of the eternal Andover winters in the stone house; and there were merry girls and boys—Mrs. Stowe was the most unselfish and loving of mothers—and there were always dogs; big and little, curly and straight; but in some form, dog life, with its gracious reaction on the gentleness and kindness of family life, abounded in her bouse. It was an open, hospitable house, human and hearty and happy, and I have always remembered it affectionately.

Whittier and Oliver Wendell Holmes were both friends of Mrs. Ward, and she has much to say of them. There are characteristic views given of Longfellow and Phillips Brooks, who were also known to her. Of the former, she tells the following incident:

I was once in a box at the theatre in a company of friends of whom he was one. The play was a simple affair—"Hazel Kirke"; there was nothing great, historic, or, perhaps in a strict sense, artistic about it; it was the old story of a Scotch marriage, separated lovers, a wronged girl, and a heart-broken father. There was a scene when Hazel followed her blind father about the room upon her knees, pressing the hem of his long coat to her lips; he, meanwhile, being ignorant of her presence, and remaining so till she had disappeared. I turned, indiscreetly enough, and looked at the poet where he sat, a little in the shadow of our box. I was astonished to see the tears—not gathering, but falling down his face. He made no effort to conceal or to check them; indeed, I think he was unconscious of them. He noticed none of us; but gave his heart up to the great human passion of the little play with a simplicity and genuineness touching to see.

Celia Thaxter, Lucy Larcom, Edward Rowland Sill, and Lydia Maria Child are among the notable people with whom Mrs. Ward has come into touch, and the pen-pictures of them, together with the many excellent portraits scattered through the volume, add much to the interest of the book.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

"It is impossible for any kind-hearted person," says the *Boston Advertiser*, "to avoid feeling sympathy with Mr. Bryan on account of the collapse of his lecturing enterprise. There is no just reason for saying censorious things of him in that connection. If his idea that he could get one thousand dollars each for fifty lectures was too absurd for sane belief, he was no more to blame for entertaining the foolish notion than were the experienced, and presumably business-like, managers, who promised him that golden reward for the wagging of his silver tongue. The disillusionizing process is, of course, painful; but he appears to be bearing it like a man, and therein deserves our respect. It is not strange at all that, after such an experience as he had last summer and autumn, when "all outdoors" was hardly big enough to hold the crowds who flocked to hear him, he should imagine that at least one per cent. of as many people would pay fifty cents each to hear him lecture in great public halls. If they really would do so, his fifty-thousand-dollar dream would be easily more than realized. What he has learned, to his chagrin, is that such frantic enthusiasm as his presence everywhere excited a few months ago, is no proof at all of a genuine and abiding interest in him. A great many other temporarily famous men have learned the same bitter lesson in the same hard school."

India is a very uncomfortable country. This year is worse than common. Drought makes every road a river of dust; other rivers are dried up. Grain is poor as well as scarce, and garden products are sapless. If the traveler eats meat or fruit, he is threatened with cholera; if grain or vegetables, he is reminded that the bubonic pest (which is the fatal "little sickness" of Bombay) chiefly affects vegetarians. Fish is forbidden by taste as well as by prudence. Milk must be rigorously eschewed, and butter is not less baneful. Bread and tea are both poor in India, and water is always dangerous. The only good and sure thing is whisky.

M. Quad, the Detroit humorist, took regular exercise by dancing jigs to the accompaniment of a piano played by another member of the household. He said that dancing not only gave him the physical exercise he required, but also furnished mental rest. "Walking would do equally well," he said, "so far as exercise is concerned, but whenever I walk, I am busily thinking. No one can do that while dancing vigorously."

A prominent Chicago lawyer changed his office from the third floor of a sky-scraper to the twelfth. "My friends use the elevator," he explained, "but I always walk both ways. My physician reported that my heart was weak and advised hill-climbing. A Chicago office-building is better than any hill I could find."

At Budapest women are now admitted to medical lectures by law, if the professor will consent. The senior professor of surgery, however, recently refused to allow a woman candidate to enter his course unless she would agree to have her hair cut short, on the ingenious ground that "wool carries infection."

LITERARY NOTES.

Marion Crawford as a Dramatist.

That Marion Crawford has dramatized one of his novels, and that it is actually on the eve of being acted, are matter of unusual interest. There has been a remarkable move lately in the way of dramatizing novels, but they have been of the romantic school, of which the works of Anthony Hope and Stanley Weyman are shining examples. But whoever has read Mr. Crawford's novels has been struck by the eminently dramatic quality that characterizes most of them. Mr. Crawford himself declares that dramatic situations have always appealed to him more than psychological analysis, and in a recent article in the New York Herald, in which he describes his most recent work as a dramatist, he states that for years he has been in receipt of frequent requests for permission to dramatize his tales. For a long time he never refused that permission, though he always discouraged the men who made the proposition. They did not propose collaboration, and for some reason or other, though they made good plays of other people's books, they could do nothing with Mr. Crawford's.

He himself tried to make an original play some years ago. He sent it to one of our most influential managers, who liked it, said he would bring it out, kept it for over a year, and at last sent it back without comment. Mr. Crawford afterward made a novel of it; but the novel, he declares, was amateurish, and he thinks the play probably had the same fault. Another dramatic essay was written on a Biblical subject at the suggestion of a well-known English manager and actor. But just then the English censor for some reason formally declared that no play in which any Biblical character appeared should be allowed to be presented on the English stage, and consequently the manuscript was pigeon-holed.

About a year ago Mr. Crawford's present collaborator, Mr. H. Saint Maur, proffered the usual request that Mr. Crawford allow him to dramatize "Dr. Claudius." Mr. Crawford has since learned that Mr. Saint Maur, who has had some twenty-five years' experience as actor, manager, and playwright, had made inquiries at leading book-stores and libraries and ascertained that "Dr. Claudius" is very generally asked for as a "love-story." Knowing that the plays which obtain most lasting popularity are always love-stories, Mr. Saint Maur at once made up his mind that there was a play in "Dr. Claudius." To his request Mr. Crawford replied: "By all means, if you like; but you will find it quite impossible." However, he sent three copies of "Dr. Claudius" to Mr. Saint Maur.

When Mr. Saint Maur read the first draft of the play to Mr. Crawford, the latter was surprised and rather piqued to find that his own opinion had been apparently wrong. The play was a strong one as it was outlined. In the first place, Mr. Saint Maur cut up two copies of the book, and pasted little bits of dialogue on little bits of paper, and roughly sketched in manuscript the necessary parts of a play which were evidently lacking in the book. Then author and playwright went over the matter together, and invented a number of entirely new incidents and situations. Next Mr. Crawford found that hardly a line of the book conversation could stand in the play. The men and women did very well in the book when one literally saw their speeches refracted in the atmosphere which description creates. But when taken out of that atmosphere into the cold air of reality, the men seemed to be pigs and the women over-educated college girls. The result was that he had to "write in" new dialogue for the entire play. The next step was to begin at the last act and make that as perfect as possible, proceeding in the same way backward step by step to the very beginning. By this means they made sure that no point in the action or dialogue was not properly prepared, accepting the dictum of the younger Dumas that "playmaking is the art of preparation." Francisque Sarcey, whose masterly articles in the Monday edition of the Paris Temps Mr. Crawford has read for many years regularly, taught him two important things: first, that the public likes surprises only when it is more or less prepared for them; and, second, that every real play contains, by its very nature, what he calls the *scène à faire*, and that to omit that altogether is far worse than to present it badly. The last work on "Dr. Claudius" was the cutting. They went through it and cut out every line that did not seem to tell the story. They found plenty to cut, of course; but, as Mr. Crawford says, "the amputations healed and the play was healthier and sounder for each one."

They had heard that John F. Harley had ten thousand dollars which he was willing to pay in advance of royalty for any play that would suit him. Mr. Saint Maur offered him "Dr. Claudius," with the result that in a few days the contract was signed and the "handsel" money was paid on the play. The contract was signed on the fifth of December, the same day in the same month on which Mr. Crawford's first novel, "Mr. Isaacs," was published, fourteen years before.

Mr. Crawford has been a writer for twenty years, first as a translator, then a newspaper correspondent, critic, editor, writer of magazine articles, and finally as a novelist. Although he is only in his forty-second year, he is now working on his thirtieth novel. He evidently believes in making hay while the sun shines—to the artistic detriment, as some think, of his work—and he is putting the same feverish

energy into the making of plays that he has in the writing of novels. In addition to the staging of "Dr. Claudius," Mr. Crawford is also at work on an Anglo-American comedy of married life, comedy being, according to his idea, the highest form of dramatic art. This play will be called "Value Received." "Takisara," Mr. Crawford's latest novel, has also been dramatized. Still another play on the stocks is "Love is as Strong as Death," a drama founded on a historical incident of modern times. Beyond that, Mr. Crawford and Mr. Saint Maur have sketched an Arabian piece and the framework of a New York society comedy upon the question of divorce.

New Publications.

"Elements of Plane Geometry" is a simplified method in text-book form, compiled by Charles A. Hobbs, A. M., which has been published by A. Lovell & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

"In Childhood's Country," by Louise Chandler Moulton, is a fancifully made, pretty children's book, full of that well-known author's choicest verse, appropriately illustrated by Ethel Reed. Published by Copeland & Day, Boston; price, \$2.00.

"Princess Desirée," by Clementina Black, is another story of a fictitious principality, a princess in the toils of intrigue, a romantic lover, hair-breadth escapes, gallant rescues, and two hearts happy in their mutual love. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"The Life of Horatio Lord Nelson," by Robert Southey, is the latest volume of the Dents' Temple Classics. It is a dainty little book in flexible covers, handsomely printed and furnished with an etched portrait of the famous admiral. Imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Uncle Scipio," by Mrs. Jeanette H. Walworth, is a love-story set in the picturesque Mississippi Valley, describing the uncertain days that prevailed in the South immediately after the war. An old slave is the delightful original of the book's title. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"Gold Stories of '49," by "A Californian," is a small book of verse dedicated to a pioneer, the father of the unknown author. "The Finding of the Gold" is the leading poem, and "Crossing the Plains" and smaller poems complete the handsomely made and interesting volume. Published by Copeland & Day, Boston; price, \$1.00.

"A Game of Consequences," by Albert Kinross, is certainly unconventional. It is the experiment of a man and woman who do not believe in the legal tie of marriage. They live for a time on probation. At last they decide to marry, and, it is presumed, live happily ever after. Published by the Merrimac Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

"The Phantom of the River," by Edward S. Ellis, is a sequel to "Shod With Silence," by the same author, and is such a story of adventure and daring as appeals to boys. Boone and Kenton and other pioneer heroes of Kentucky and of the Ohio River appear in the story. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

"Caliban" is a philosophical drama continuing "The Tempest" of William Shakespeare; translated from the French of Ernest Renan, member of the French Institute, by Eleanor Grant Vickery, with an introduction by Willis Vickery, LL. B., a member of the Shakespeare Society of New York. It is issued among the publications of the society by the Shakespeare Press, New York.

"The Desire of the Eyes," by Grant Allen, is a volume containing thirteen long and short stories, the first of which gives the title to the book. They are various in character, and illustrate the versatility of the author. "Cris-Cross Love," "The Governor's Story," and "An Episode in High Life" are a few of the stories comprised in the book. Published by R. F. Fenno & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

A "History of Proprietary Government in Pennsylvania," by William Robert Shepherd, Ph. D., and a "History of the Transition from Provincial to Commonwealth Government in Massachusetts," by Harry A. Cushing, Ph. D., both of Columbia University, have been issued in the series of Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law, edited by the faculty of political science of Columbia University in New York city.

"A Boy's Book of Rhyme," by Clinton Scollard, shows a fine conception of boy life and feeling. The poems are simple and unaffected, and have the lilt of a bird on a bough. The author, to his honor, betrays in his work the same love of children that graces the memory of Eugene Field. Such a little squib as "Fraide Cat" is sure to sing itself into a boy's heart. And "Madame Robin's Afternoon Tea" is delightful. Published by Copeland & Day, Boston; price, \$1.00.

"The Yankees of the East" is the title of a handsome illustrated book of sketches of modern Japan, by William Eleroy Curtis. In the spring of 1895, Mr. Curtis was sent to China and Japan by the Chicago Record to write a series of letters for its columns upon the commercial and industrial opportunities offered to American capital and labor in those countries. His letters were widely read, and he has since been an authority upon Japan and China. A

demand for his writings in permanent form suggested this two-volume book. Published by Stone & Kimball, New York; price, \$4.00.

A very brave and handsome book for manly boys is one which has recently been issued, and which contains two stirring tales of arms and courage: "Noble Blood," a Prussian cadet story, translated from the German of Ernst von Wildenbruch, of the German army, by Charles King, U. S. A., and Anne Williston Ward; and "A West Point Parallel," an American cadet story, by Captain Charles King, of the American army. Published by F. Tennyson Neely, New York; price, 75 cents.

NEWSPAPER VERSE.

The Ballad of Brave Men.

A song for the men so true,
The sailors of sunken ships,
The sport of the winds that blew,
Devoured by the waves' white lips.
There, where the sea-gull dips,
There, 'neath the sky so blue,
There, where the school-boy strips—
Brave men, there is rest for you.

A song for the shipwrecked crew,
The men of the docks and slips,
Propelled by a sail or screw
You made many perilous trips;
With the canvas torn to strips,
Before the gale you flew;
No more the wild wind whips—
Brave men, there is rest for you.

—William S. Lord.

The Giant Wolf.

The giant wolf, the woodland wolf,
Strode southward down the wind,
And the gale yelled keen, and the moon gleamed green,
And the little stars blinked blind.

The seething snow-snakes twined before,
And hissed through the knotted grass,
And he heard overhead the sheeted dead,
That dance in the whirlwind, pass.

His shag gray locks roughed with the wind,
His white teeth fanged with wrath;
Now God be good to the man whose blood
He smells before his path!

Now God be good to the man whose feet
On the snow-blind, swirling way
Shall meet the blaze of his hungry gaze
And the snarling fangs that slay.

And bappy he that sits at home,
Where the corn-fire smolders warm,
When alone, in the white of the whirling night,
The gray wolf walks the storm.

—Herbert Bates.

The Dream-Town Show.

There is an island in Slumber Sea
Where the drollest things are done,
And we will sail there, if the winds are fair,
Just after the set of the sun.
'Tis the loveliest place in the whole wide world
Or anyway, so it seems;
And the folks there play at the end of each day
In a curious show called "Dreams."

We sail right into the evening skies,
And the very first thing we know
We are there at the port and ready for sport,
Where the dream folks give their show.
And what do you think they did last night
When I crossed their harbor bars?
They hoisted a plank on a great cloud bank
And teetered among the stars.

And they sat on the moon and swung their feet
Like pendulums to and fro;
Down Slumber Sea is the sail for me,
And I wish you were ready to go,
For the dream folks there on this curious isle
Begin their performance at eight;
There are no encores, and they close their doors
On every one who is late.

The sun is sinking behind the hills,
The seven o'clock bells chime;
I know by the chart that we ought to start
If we would be there in time.
O, fair is the trip down Slumber Sea;
Set sail and away we go;
The anchor is drawn, we are off and gone
To the wonderful Dream-Town show.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in New York Sun.

Bereaved.

Let me come in where you sit weeping; aye,
Let me who have not any child to die
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
Their pressure round your neck; the hands you used
To kiss: such arms, such hands, I never knew:
May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service, say something
Between the tears that would be comforting;
But, ah! so sadder than yourselves am I
Who have no child to die!

—J. W. Riley in Cincinnati Commercial Dispatch.

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LITERARY NOTES.

"Eating and Drinking."

There are many books nowadays issued on the science of dietetics. It has gradually come to be recognized that the condition of the body in health and disease is almost entirely regulated by the food we eat. Even doctors nowadays pay some attention to dietetics. Laymen were the pioneers in the field of dietetic literature, but physicians at last took up the matter, and some of them now ascribe as much importance to foods as they do to drugs.

Unfortunately, however, the doctors disagree. The perturbed dyspeptic who reads the books on dietetics by the doctors will be forced to eliminate one article after another from his dietary until there is nothing left for him to eat. Meat has been condemned; fatty foods have been condemned; starchy and farinaceous foods have been condemned; and now fruit is condemned. The latest work to hand is entitled "Eating and Drinking: The Alkalinity of the Blood: The Uses of Food in Health and Disease." It is by Albert H. Hoy, a prominent physician of Chicago.

Dr. Hoy's fad, as his title indicates, is the alkalinity of the blood. There is no doubt that he proves his theory, which is that normal digestion is largely conducted in an alkaline medium; that the stomach is principally a reservoir for the food; that only a small portion of the food (the albumenoid) is digested in the stomach; that alkalinity is a *sine qua non* to the hepatic, the duodenal, the pancreatic, and the intestinal digestions. Having proved this, Dr. Hoy goes on to discuss foods. He differs from most medical writers in condemning the use of many of our ordinary fruits. He condemns unqualifiedly all of the "hyper-acid fruits." In these he includes the lemon, the "grape fruit" or shaddock, and the orange. He remarks that in Europe the "grape fruit" is never eaten, and is looked upon as being most unwholesome. Correspondingly he says that rhubarb is never eaten in Europe, owing to its large amount of free oxalic acid. But he will surprise most people when he condemns the apple, the orange, and the cherry on account of their acidity. He puts in the "sub-acid group" the grape, the pear, and the peach, and in the "sweet-fruit group" the fig, the raisin, and the date. The latter three he commends unqualifiedly; he recommends caution in the eating of the sub-acid group; and he advises people to eschew utterly the hyper-acid group. Even the harmless apple, he says, should be used only as a "relish" and not as a food.

Dr. Hoy's theories are most interesting in discussing the history of those fruits which he attacks. He points out that all of the fruits of the hyper-acid and sub-acid class are fruits that man has domesticated and brought from a wild state to their present condition; that their tendency is always to revert to their wild condition, unless prevented by grafting, budding, and other artificial means. On the other hand, the fruits which he recommends he calls "natural fruits." For example, he says:

"The date, the banana, and the fig are true examples of natural food fruits. They are to-day simply wild fruits. Man has not by any process of forcing seedlings or grafting changed their form, or natural conditions, or flavor. They are to-day the same fruits as made by the Creator, and are admirably adapted to man's use as food, and are plainly intended for his use as such."

Discussing the fruits which he condemns, Dr. Hoy says:

"That these fruits are practically abnormal or forced variations is plainly shown by the fact that all these cultivated varieties when allowed to run wild at once show retrograde tendencies—that is, the fruit returns to the naturally sour and inedible form of the wild variety. The wild grape, the wild plum, and the wild crab-apple, progenitors of our present domestic fruits, contain in their natural state an excess of fruit acid as well as tannin and other substances which properly unqualify them from consideration as food for man, plainly showing that nature did not intend them to be so used. Man, however, by forcing seedlings, grafting, and assiduously cultivating under artificial conditions, has modified these fruits so that they are very acceptable to the palate. But he has not been able to make a proper food of them, as actual experience proves. They are unnatural combinations of the fruit elements, and are frequently prone to cause digestive disturbances when taken into the stomach."

Dr. Hoy gives an elaborate historical review of the method in which "the orange has been brought to its present condition from the wild, bitter, and inedible variety by twelve hundred years of attention." He discusses also the efforts of centuries by which our present domestic fruits have also been perfected. His theories are interesting; still, we can not help but believe that he has pushed them too far.

Waiving the question of fruit, however, there can be no doubt that his book is an admirable one. He discusses the effects of different kinds of food on the blood and the different kinds of diet necessary for human beings of different ages, in different climates, and in different conditions of health and disease. He has an elaborate chapter on "Drinks, Harmless and Harmful," and he condemns alcohol, after a cold scientific discussion of its claims to be called a "food." His attitude toward alcohol is thus set forth:

"In closing these remarks on alcohol and alcoholic beverages, the writer wishes the reader to bear in mind that nothing has been said concerning their use from a moral or ethical, commercial or political, point of view. The matter has been discussed from a purely scientific standpoint, and expressly in relation to the definite effect of alcohol and alcoholic beverages on the blood."

While, as we have said, we consider Dr. Hoy pushes his "acid fruit" theories to the extreme, the rest of his book seems to be less heterodox. His ideas regarding the preservation of the alkalinity of the blood by eschewing acid foods and acid drinks

seem to us a possible method for avoiding many of the diseases due to the acid diathesis, such as gout, rheumatism, and all the protean forms of indigestion and dyspepsia which are due to the same acid diathesis.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

Castles and Cabins in Spain.

"On the Trail of Don Quixote," by August F. Jaccaci, illustrated by Daniel Vierge, is pleasantly described as a record of rambles in the ancient province of La Mancha. The book is the natural outgrowth of a friendship between artist and author—the one a Spaniard, the other familiar from youth with Spain, and both lovers of the book wherein are recounted the adventures of the good knight and his faithful squire.

The text tells of harvesting and midsummer sunshine, of quaint old scenes and customs unchanged since Cervantes described them so vividly. The pictures speak for themselves. They are by a draughtsman scrupulously true to facts, yet they are endowed with a dramatic feeling and nervous charm that proceed from his peculiar artistic personality. The book is well printed and handsomely bound.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.50.

A Story of Real People.

A book which comes from across the water heralded by laudations is "Nancy Noon," by Benjamin Swift. The time is sixty years ago, and the story runs on the evil fortunes of a maiden separated from her true love and pestered by attentions from other swains. A note of youthful fervor pervades it, giving it vitality. The characters, too, are not mere puppets, but live people. But the construction is complicated, the style is wordy, and often exclamatory. Mannerisms do not constitute originality, as the writer has yet to discover. When he learns that simplicity of style is the highest art, he may achieve something more than a promising first effort.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Two Health-Seekers in Southern California.

"Two Health Seekers in Southern California," by William A. Edwards, M. D., and Beatrice Harraden, is an impartial and conscientious little book. It is a thorough and truthful exposition of the climate, resources, and imperfections of Southern California. All the considerations likely to arise in the mind of a person contemplating a residence in this portion of California are discussed. The climatology of Southern California, the expense of living, its amusements, occupations, and business opportunities are dwelt upon, and a special chapter is given to consumption.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Dr. Fridtjof Nansen's account of his voyage to the Arctic regions will be published in this country by the Messrs. Harper, in February, simultaneously with its appearance in England, Germany, France, Sweden, and other European countries. The book was offered to other New York houses, which refused it on account of the enormous price asked—twenty-five thousand dollars—more than half of the price paid by the Messrs. Constable. It is not said that the Messrs. Harper paid this price, but merely that it was asked. The book will be published in two volumes, and will be profusely illustrated.

The Macmillan Company have recently published a translation of "The Recollections of Alexis de Tocqueville," by Teixeira de Mattos. To Americans the work is of unusual interest, as displaying so much of the character of the man whose brilliant work on American democracy did much to establish our country's place in the esteem of Continental nations.

The poems of Robert Browning, on which the copyright has just expired, include "Pauline," "Paracelsus," "Sordello," and "Bells and Pomegranates." Copyright lasts for forty-two years, or seven years after an author's death, whichever period may be longest. Browning died on December 12, 1889.

Harper's Weekly for January, 1897, will contain the first five installments of a new and powerful serial by Miss Mary E. Wilkins, entitled "Jerome—A Poor Man." Colonel George E. Waring, Jr., continues his valuable series on street cleaning in European cities, the result of his recent tour of inspection abroad. Other articles listed for early appearance are "Boston's Water Supply"—a timely paper on the great reservoir of the Metropolitan Water-Works, comprehensively illustrated; and an interesting article, by Professor Holden, on the "Lick Observatory," with many striking illustrations.

In England a sumptuous edition of Kingsley, published by the Macmillans, is a notable success. "Westward Ho!" was the initial volume. The sale of the Kingsley volumes in the United States is assured.

The sales of Marion Crawford's first book, "Mr. Isaacs," are now in their fifty-third thousand, while his most popular book, "Saracinesca," scores more than over ten thousand above the hundred-thousand mark. "Saint Ilario," "Don Orsino," "Dr. Claudius," "Katharine Lauderdale," "The Three Fates," "The Ralstons," "Casa Braccio," and "Pietro Ghisleri" follow in the order named. The

total sale of Mr. Crawford's novels in the United States has been upward of half a million copies.

On hearing that he had only received four votes at the recent election of the French Academy, against eight at the previous one, Emile Zola is reported to have said:

"What! I have really four! I am surprised, for I never expected it, having taken no part in the poll. The election was arranged beforehand, and therefore it was useless to pay any attention to it. To tell the truth, these Academic elections have no effect on me. I confine myself to putting up for every seat vacant, and then I wait to see the result without the slightest emotion. Of course, I shall continue a candidate, but I no longer pay the traditional visits. I paid them once, and that is enough. I am again a candidate for the seat of Jules Simon. As regards that of M. Challemeil-Lacour, the customary period of mourning has only just expired, and I shall wait a few days more before coming forward for his seat. And I shall continue to go on in this way. Where it will lead me to, goodness only knows."

In the January number of the *Forum* there is an interesting study of Pope Leo the Thirteenth by the Viconte Melchior de Vogué. Herr Alexander Moszkowski contributes an article on "Modern Composers in the Light of Contemporary Criticism." Mr. Fernando A. Yzaga writes of "The Wanton Destruction of American Property in Cuba," and Theodore Roosevelt a criticism on Mr. Brooks Adams's "The Law of Civilization and Decay." There are many other articles of interest.

William Allen Butler, the author of "Nothing to Wear," has been presented, by many leading members of the New York bar, with a silver flower-bowl and salver in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of his admission to the bar, on July 9, 1846.

Harper's Round Table is to publish during the year 1897 at least fifty-two short stories, one in each number of the paper. A few of the authors are:

In America, William Dean Howells, Bret Harte, Margaret Deland, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Owen Wister, Joel Chandler Harris, John Kendrick Bangs, Frank R. Stockton, Octave Thanet, Charles Dudley Warner, Molly Elliot Seawell, Ruth McEnery Stuart, Howard Pyle, and Charles F. Lummis; in England, Laurence Alma-Tadema, George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, H. Rider Haggard, Jerome K. Jerome, S. R. Crockett, Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, William Black, Stanley J. Weyman, Marquis of Lorne, Sir Walter Besant, W. Clark Russell, Ian Maclaren, and Andrew Lang; in France, François Coppée, Camille Flammarion, and Jules Verne.

Mrs. Flora Steel's novel, "On the Face of the Waters," will be published in January by the Macmillan Company. Mr. Kipling is said to have pronounced this the best story of the Indian Mutiny that has yet been written.

The scene of the new book by Mrs. Dodd, about to be published by the Macmillan Company is laid upon the rivers and meres of the "Broads" of Norfolk, England. This region, with its yachting and sporting life, is one almost unknown to Americans.

Writing of Browning in the *Temple Magazine*, Dean Farrar gives this charming incident of the poet:

"Once," said Browning, "I was walking with my son, who was then a little boy, in the streets of Paris. We saw an old man approaching us in a long, loose, rather shabby coat, and with a stooping, shuffling attitude and gait. 'Touch that man as you pass him,' I whispered to my little son, 'I will tell you why afterward.' The child touched him as he passed, and I said to him: 'Now, my boy, you will always be able to remember in later years that you once saw and touched the great Béranger.'"

The first volume of a new edition of the prose works of Swift will be issued shortly in Bohn's Standard Library, which in this country is published by the Macmillan Company. It will contain a biographical and critical introduction by Mr. Lecky.

In *Harper's Round Table* for January 12, 1897, there will be a story by G. B. Burgin, entitled "The Brother of Stefanos"; a story of Cooke's famous cavalry charge at Gaines's Mills, by Richard Barry; an interesting article on Typical English Schools, by John Corbin; an article on the Evolution of Electrical Engineering, by Herbert Laws Webb; and a short sketch of Bronislaw Huberman, the famous boy violinist, and Leonora Jackson, who captured in Europe one of the coveted prizes for violin-playing.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

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SANTA BARBARA—THE NEW.

A Bit of Eastern Life in the Far West—The Lazy Existence Led by the Lotus-Eaters of the Winter Colony.

Santa Barbara in the rain is a softly blurred picture in grays. Santa Barbara in the sunshine is a study in gorgeous tints overlaid with a yellow glow. The California landscape is the most vivid in the country, and the farther south you go, the more vivid it becomes. At Coronado the middays are a blaze of blue and gold, broken by a green shimmering of palm fans. The twilights are softly intense—pale-yellow breadths of sky, black headlands, trees of a deep, strong green that seem, in their subdued clearness, to press against your eyes. Even the nights are full of insistent color—a dark-blue velvet sky arching over a dark-green velvet earth.

Nature, however, is niggardly of decorations at Coronado. It is atmosphere that colors the hills at sunset with changing hues and paints purple distances. At Santa Barbara, Nature is in a holiday mood, and flower and leaf spring from every crevice where a root may cling and every ledge where a film of earth has accumulated. When the rain-clouds huddle away in mist over the mountains, the city opens its windows and throws wide its doors to the sun. With every leaf washed clean, every blossom folding back its freshened petals, it basks and broods between its mountain bulwarks. The nearer hills show apple-green between the round, close-growing clumps of live-oak. From wayside gardens whiffs of a soft fragrance distill into the warm air. A shivering blaze of sun on water dazzles the eyes at the ends of streets, as the sea appears between the rows of pepper-trees. Far off on its verge lie the islands, large and pale and seemingly high in the air, as they rest on the horizon like vast, vague cloud-forms.

These islands do not belie their air of remote strangeness and mystery. There are wonderful caves in them, winding inward to unknown limits, arched like cathedral domes, striped in freakish designs. In some the sea draws out, leaving a sandy floor; in others, the rollers sweep in and go reverberating and crashing back into unexplored depths where all is black as midnight. On the land above, cliffs break down to the water, and sheep feed on the uplands where the dry grass sighs all day in the sweep of the winds from the ocean. Gorges, where a fluttering of sycamore leaves shows against the slope, extend back and up toward the summits of rugged hills. Here is the place for buried treasure and wild adventure! The only story the Barbareños seem to know is one about an old woman who lived on the island for twenty years, subsisting on mussels. When they finally took her away, she was homesick and wanted to return to her hut and her mussels.

The Barbareños, native and adopted, pay little attention to their islands. It is a long trip there, and the Barbareños are lazy. The place, with its dreamy, lotus-eating atmosphere, would have made Napoleon lazy. He, too, after a while would have spent the days sitting in a canvas chair on the balcony, looking at the mountains and pondering about nothing. All the town sits on the balcony and ponders; then, as the sun drops westward, puts on its hat and goes for a drive. Sometimes it rides down State Street in the mule-cars, or exchanges greetings in front of the adobe fruit-store and the stamped-leather shops. In cases of exceptional energy, it mounts a bicycle and takes a spin on the asphalt boulevard, where the summery ocean shines between the leaves of palms. But for the most part it looks on life from the balcony, and only realizes that time is passing when it notices how high the palms have grown and how the pepper-tree, which was a bush a short while ago, is drooping its green veil over the roof.

To the casual visitor it would seem as if every one in the little town had come from afar to pitch his tent and dream away his life in the valley of the lotus-eaters. From their distant homes they have brought with them the traditions and thoughts of a people born under the same flag and of the same blood, but strangers to the life and character of the children of the soil. Santa Barbara, in fact, is an Eastern settlement beside the Pacific. It is only Californian in its climate and landscape. From the fine houses that stand up so smartly in the clipped and trimmed neatness of their newly planted grounds to the hundreds of cottages that hem the town in on either hand, the place is Eastern. The atmosphere of a lazy refinement, the lack of pretension and formality, the curious simplicity of life, the entire absence of hurry or bustle, suggest not only the East, but New England. It is only in New England or Southern California that people live with such completeness of comfort in such absurd little houses; that such an absence of formality is found coupled with so much that is graciously cordial; that life can retain its refinement and so completely lose its ceremony and pretension. The strict bonds of Eastern etiquette have been limbered in the genial climate of California, and the process has made of the adopted Barbareño a charming anomaly.

In little cottages buried deep in the verdurous tangle of untrimmed vines, one finds the comforts of life as it is practiced in the East. One of the most deplorable things about the West is that, while luxury is rampant, comfort is almost unknown. Here, around the handful of fire that palpitates on the hearth—where the dwellers in the lotus-eaters' valley are really mortals and do not like to entertain their visit-

ors in frosty parlors full of a gorgeous discomfort—one hears the accent of the Atlantic seaboard. The visitors stay long, and the talk is gay and free from a stiff consciousness of short acquaintance or the freezing memory that a truly fashionable call lasts just five minutes. The kettle boils over its circle of blue flame, and tea is administered to the guests. This is the last and greatest surprise, for it is real tea, not a cold, yellow fluid with an acrid taste that is served to you in a cup about the size of a walnut, with the saucer decorated by an enameled spoon which falls off every time you stir.

The Eastern exiles build for themselves houses of all sorts and sizes. No pent-up Utica confines their taste, and they riot in the architectural possibilities that may be perpetrated in a land of continual summer and slight rainfall. They live in ramshackle cottages that, in the rigorous climate of the East, a day laborer would scorn. It is all a sort of gigantic picnic, which, some way or other, goes on from year to year, and is too comfortable to end. At Montecito, the taste runs to barns. People buy a ranch and build a stable, and then, being too lazy to build a house, live in the stable. But the Montecito stable is a picturesque object in the landscape, being generally a rafted, many-angled structure, with vines pouring streams of blossoms over the roof. Sometimes, when its owner has realized that he will never get up enough energy to build an entire house, he gathers together all he has and decorates the barn. He rears a great stone chimney on the wall without and a great stone fire-place on the wall within. He adds a balcony, whence he can look through the dark gleaming of his own orange-trees over reaches of rich meadow land and the soft silveriness of olive orchards, to where the pale-blue sea melts into the pale-blue sky.

Here and there, blossomed deep in live-oaks and orange-trees, one catches a glimpse of a roof and an angle of wall which belong to something more pretentious than a barn. Far up on the slope, near where the mountains rise in their blue, interfolded ruggedness, the red slant of a tiled roof shines through the greenery. It is a show place, one of the few country houses in California built on the plan of the native Spanish *hacienda*. It is one room through, and the four sides inclose a small *patio*, open to the sky and planted in palms. The walls are of solid adobe, painted pale yellow. The roof, with its prodigious eaves, which slant forward almost like the roof of a balcony, is covered with real red tiles taken from the crumbling adobes in town. From the porch in front, the eye sweeps over a great expanse of country, slope upon slope, clothed in variegated greens broken here and there by the whiteness of a roof. In hollows of the hills, light films of mist, sucked in from the sea, lie like veils over slumbering nooks. All the land seems to brood, silently absorbing the warmth of the golden afternoon.

Nearer town there is the most beautiful place near Santa Barbara—one of the most beautiful in the State—a place unlike those of California, carefully planned and overlooked by an artistic intelligence. No gardener has ever worked his will of those artfully artless tangles of verdure that seem to have sprung up in an unpremeditated, spontaneous desire of beauty. The place has some magnificent live-oaks, and between their gray boles flashes of crimson color appear—masses of dahlias and scarlet flutterings of poinsettia leaves. The irregular stone house, heavily beamed and with clusters of windows looking out from unkempt curtains of vines, is in keeping with the romantically unconventional suggestion that the owner has preserved in the luxuriant wildness of the grounds. It is the mansion of an enchanted princess, round whose sleep Nature has wrapped a garment of clinging tendrils and sheltering blossom. The live-oaks crouch low, and interlacing vines weave themselves into a fragrant barrier. Above the whispering of the myriad leaves, the chuckle of streams breaks and their silvery currents glance through the greenery.

In the afternoons that are sunny—and these seem to be in a proportion of nine out of ten—the Barbareños drive. Their vehicles vary as much as their houses do. On the asphalt of State Street, well-appointed T-carts graze wheels with buggies that saw their prime when the Casa de Aguirre was still a residence of pretension. Shirt-waisted, white-veiled women drive buckboards that suggest Bar Harbor, and light road-wagons with yellow wheels are drawn smartly over the asphalt by glossy-coated cobs, with tails docked to the extreme of fashion. The driving tends toward Montecito. The roads are good, and not one of them is worth overlooking. They wind by ranches where long lines of lemon and orange-trees sleep in the sun; by slopes misty with the gray foliage of the olive; by stables drowsing in their motionless vines; by villas with only a window and a roof angle peering above massed growths of banana and date-palms, with trembling tufts of bamboo and jagged points of filamentosas reaching up toward the roof. Driving upward, the wall of the mountains rises sharply, with waves of apple-green breaking against its base. Driving downward, the arching boughs of live-oaks make a dark frame to vignettes of distant, turquoise-blue sea.

Most of the drives wind up at the Country Club, for a pause by the wood-fire and a cup of tea. The twilight is short in Santa Barbara, and as the sun draws near the sea, a sudden chill steals into the air and makes a coat a necessity. Just at this stage, when the trees along the road in front are beginning

to look black against an orange sky and the driver's hands are getting chilled, the low roof and wide balconies of the Country Club loom up hospitably. It is a pretty little house, looking like a bungalow under its sloping roof. Well-kept gardens, full of flowers, stretch from the balcony to the road. On the other side of that is the sea—at high tide making a crashing sound with each breaking roller, and a long, grating rustle as the water draws out through the shingle.

Turning in at the gate, one sees a carriage or two under the sheds in the stable direction, and through the open door the red light of a fire. The big room looks full of warmth and light. The fire and the sunset from outside illuminate it. Dark against the glow on the hearth stand out the figures of the few club members who have dropped in for a moment and are chatting over the tea-kettle. They are mostly women, and the sound of their voices and their light laughter recalls to one's mind similar scenes and similar places in the East. Even their clothes have a certain smartness that tells of New York and Paris, and the names that come up in their talk are names that are more familiar by the Atlantic than by the Pacific. The glitter of the tea-tings, the red fire leaping up the throat of the wide chimney, the figures played upon by the fluctuating light, make a picture so familiar and yet so strange that, for a moment, one wonders in bewilderment if this is not some suburban club-house outside New York. But a single turn dispels this. Through the glass door the lurid sunset glows, with great palms and flowery vines silhouetted against it. It is the first of a new year, and this is California.

Just as night is falling, the drive home begins. The dusk is short, and the horse, fresh and scenting home, flies over the hard road. The mountains behind have still a pink glow along their tops. In front is a great breadth of orange sky and a great plate of orange sea. Against this all the world is black. The narrow trees look like inky tapers. The headland in front is like some black isle of pirates. A few rays of reddish cloud drift over the glow and hang there as if burning away. And over and across all pelicans sail, and suddenly dive down and slip into the liquid, golden sea.

THE PALMS, SANTA BARBARA,
January 4, 1897.

W. H. Mills, land-agent of the Central Pacific Railway, recently closed one of the most unusual of bargains. It is the sale of a town-site, or, rather, the rest of a town that was once divided into numerous lots, but never was sold. "We sold seven hundred lots in the town of Elko, Nev.," he said. "Not a square foot of ground in that town was sold for fourteen years before. Elko had the making of a town in its years ago. It had the Nevada Normal School and some business houses, but as a town it never amounted to anything. Its population now is only a few hundred people, and the purchase is proof that some industrial revival is imminent in the vicinity of Elko. H. J. Mayham, of Denver, who bought the town-site, represented a company of capitalists. This company has developed mining properties on a large scale at a point about seventy miles north of Elko, on the southerly line of Idaho, but in the State of Nevada." The company is going to irrigate considerably, and has issued an elaborate prospectus, with illustrations showing where mines can be established, etc., also pictures of dams, and water-works, and a new town.

The late A. T. Stewart, speaking figuratively, rather than literally, once said: "If you have two bushels of potatoes to sell, spend the price of one bushel in advertising the price of the other."

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The Modjeska Engagement.

Except for the three Nordica concerts at the Baldwin next week—which are noticed elsewhere in this issue—the theatre will remain closed until Monday, the twenty-fifth, when Mme. Modjeska will begin her engagement. She has been ill for many months, but is now sufficiently recovered to undertake a brief tour, for which the management has provided her with the most capable company that could be obtained at this season. Her leading man is Joseph Haworth, an actor of well-known ability, and other members of the company in whom unusual interest is felt here are Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton, the well-known reader, and Miss Jolliffe, who will make her formal debut as an actress in this company.

The engagement is for two weeks. It will open with Sudermann's powerful play, "Magda," in which a woman who had been driven from home returns as a famous actress, and this will be followed by "Mary Stuart," "Macheth," and "Adrienne Lecouvreur." The latter play will be given only once, on the Friday night of the second week.

"The Devil's Auction."

Charles Yale's "The Devil's Auction" is to be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre next week. It is a spectacular show which has been on the stage for fifteen years, but by constantly injecting new life into it the manager has contrived to give it such a perennial popularity that he is perhaps justified in calling it, as he does, "The Forever Devil's Auction." It is an amusing *mélange* of specialties, songs, dances, and mechanical effects. The most notable specialties this year are a burlesque of the bicycle craze; a song and pantomime entitled "Weary Willie"; and such remarkable scenes as—"The Cabin of Gigantic Heads," "The Magic Vault of Benedictine," "The Gardens of the Blue Dragon," "The Palace of Roses," and the final transformation scene in which there are eight distinct changes.

The Tivoli Spectacle.

The Tivoli Opera House has nightly been crowded with enthusiastic audiences to witness the second edition of the holiday spectacle, "Jack and the Beanstalk," which is as popular with our theatre-goers as was the first edition. The new songs, topical numbers, dances, and novelties are timely, up-to-date, and humorous. Ferris Hartman's burlesque upon an aerial ballet, entitled "A Real Ballet," is excellently done; new songs of John J. Raffael, Rhys Thomas, and Master Jack Robertson are well rendered; and the specialty of Annie Suits, introducing the artist model scene, the Punctinello dance, and the coquette song, make up one of the most taking specialties in the entertainment. The new numbers by Ferris Hartman, W. H. West, Elvia Crox Seahrooke, and Josie Intropidi present all the latest quips and skits in a tuneful manner. The new dances of Henella and Remonde, the cow fling by Darcy and Kavanagh, the new figures of the ballet and in the electric march, all help to make the production enjoyable.

"Jack and the Beanstalk" will be continued until further notice. After the run of this burlesque, Wallace's hallad opera, "Maritana," will be sung for a few nights, in order to make preparations for the new burlesque, "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp."

Notes.

The California Theatre will be re-opened next month with "Our Little Cinderella Company."

Ellen Terry has gone to the south of France to find relief from her nervous troubles. She has found it necessary of late to wear blue glasses.

Yvette Guilbert will visit Montreal, Quebec, and New Orleans, in which cities she expects to make profitable appeal to the French population.

M. B. Curtis has returned to the stage. He plays the part of the Jew money-lender in the Monte Carlo gambling scene in Lillian Russell's new opera, "An American Beauty."

"The Prodigal Father," a farce-comedy in which, among other attractions, there is a very clever little dancer who calls herself Titania, is to follow "The Devil's Auction" at the Columbia Theatre.

Chicago has recently passed an ordinance making it a punishable misdemeanor for any manager who, upon the request of an auditor, fails to make a woman take off her obstructing headgear or quit the house.

Louis James is to follow Modjeska at the Baldwin Theatre. His engagement will open with "Sparta-

cus," and later he will make a new departure by presenting a comedy from the French, entitled "My Lord and Some Ladies."

De Wolf Hopper's return to the Baldwin will be in May. In addition to the operas in which we have already seen him, he will produce "El Capitan," Sousa's opera, which has been one of the successes of last season in New York.

Margaret Sylva, the young woman who is engaged to be married to young Gerald du Maurier, has decided to remain in the United States and appear in comic opera at the Casino. She came to this country in Beerbohm Tree's company.

Julia Arthur is accused by the London critics, who have seen her as Lady Anne in Irving's production of "Richard III.," of lacking force. They praised her work highly, however, when she appeared as Imogen during the illness of Ellen Terry.

David Belasco, who is something of a stickler for the proper production of plays, has rejected the proposed reduction in expense in putting "The Heart of Maryland" on the road, and will himself direct the tour of the only company that will present it.

Arthur Pinero, the dramatist, was one of those who sat in the orchestra at the first production of "Sir Henry Irving's "Richard III." Nineteen years before he had played a small part in the same tragedy on the same stage. But he gave up acting a long time ago.

Charles Frohman is to make something of an innovation when he produces Sardou's latest play, "Spiritualism," at the Knickerbocker Theatre next month. It will not be an adaptation but a plain translation from the original French. Virginia Harned is to take the leading female rôle.

La Belle Otero is to appear at Koster and Bial's in New York next Monday evening. Like Carmencita, she was seen here some years ago and attracted no unusual amount of attention. But her escapades in Russia and Paris and her jewels will doubtless make up now for her artistic shortcomings.

The venerable Mrs. John Drew has taken the place of Agnes Booth in "The Sporting Duchess." Rose Coghlan thought it was beneath her dignity to play the rôle, but she need not hesitate to take any part which Mrs. Drew is willing to act. Another veteran, J. H. Stoddard, is also a member of the company.

Marie Bates, whose impersonation of Mrs. Murphy in "Chimmie Fadden" when it was brought out in New York last season divided popular interest with the star, Charles Hopper, is still a member of the company. Its western tour begins next week, and it will be seen at the Columbia Theatre on February 8th.

When Fanny Rice comes to the Columbia, she will bring, in addition to "At the French Ball," a new operatic comedy entitled "A Flower Girl of Paris." She is supported by an unusually strong company this season. It includes Charles Drew, George Broderick, Francis and Alice Gaillard, and Kate Michelen, all well-known comic-opera singers.

The Holland brothers are now using a condensed version of "Colonel Carter of Cartersville" as a curtain-raiser before "A Superfluous Husband." The latter was made over from the German of Ludwig Fulda by Clyde Fitch and Leo Dietrichstein, and deals with the case of a man overshadowed by his wife. Joseph Holland plays the overshadowed husband, E. M. Holland is the wife's father, and Olive Oliver is the wife.

Sally, Our Sally!

(English version sung by an ecstatic Frenchman on the great day of Sarah Bernhardt's Art-Apotheosis.)

AIR—"Sally in Our Alley."
Of all the artistes svelte and smart
There's none like our Sally.
She is the crown of Gallic Art,
And to her shrine we'll rally.
No actress horn, bowever grand,
Is half so great as Sally;
She is the darling of our land,
Beloved ex-cep-tion-ally!

Of all the days in this great week
Fame will red-letter one day,
And that's the day that came between
This Wednesday and last Monday.
For "Toute France," dressed in all its best,
Crowded to worship Sally,
And see her canonized by Art
Most alle-gori-cally,—Punch.

In the Colorado Desert they have rain-storms during which not a single drop of water touches the earth. The rain can be seen falling from the clouds high above the desert, but when the water reaches the strata of hot, dry air beneath the clouds, it is entirely absorbed before falling half the distance to the ground. It is a singular sight to witness a heavy downpour of rain, not a drop of which touches the ground. These strange rain-storms occur in regions where the shade temperature often ranges as high as one hundred and twenty-eight degrees Fahrenheit.

North Carolina is a State into which there has, perhaps, been less foreign immigration than any other. According to the census of 1890, she had 1,600,000 inhabitants who were born in this country, and but 3,700 who came into the world outside its limits.

SARDOU'S AMERICAN ROYALTIES.

The Large Sums Fanny Davenport has Paid Him.

A good portion of Sardou's earnings in the past twelve years has come from this country, and as Fanny Davenport, the leading American interpreter of his plays, has announced that she will abandon her Sardou repertoire after this season, some facts and figures about the moneys she has paid him are of interest.

It was in the summer of 1883 that Fanny Davenport's association with Sardou began. "Fedora" had made a success, and she secured the American rights in Paris. For some seasons previous to that, Miss Davenport had been playing a repertoire, and she had begun to realize that she must have a new play. While playing in the West, her mother sent her the synopsis of "Fedora." She immediately saw the possibilities of the play, and set sail for Paris, where she had a personal interview with Sardou. Her arrangements for "Fedora" (says the Philadelphia Telegraph) were to pay a bonus of five thousand dollars and a royalty of ten per cent., which, according to agreement, at the end of two years was to be reduced to seven per cent., which she still pays. Now Sardou's royalty is a percentage on the gross receipts—that is, on every dollar that goes into the box-office, so that Miss Davenport really pays to the author considerably more than ten per cent. of her own receipts, since she pays him a percentage on the theatre's share as well as her own.

Next came "La Tosca," for which Miss Davenport was to pay Sardou the sum of five thousand dollars as a bonus and ten per cent. of the gross royalty for two years. At the expiration of that time, Miss Davenport reserved the right to purchase the play outright by the additional payment of fifteen thousand dollars, which agreement she took advantage of, and the piece is now her personal property. Noticing to what enormous sums the royalties footed up, she decided in her next business dealings with Sardou to purchase the play outright, and when negotiations were entered into for "Cleopatra," Sardou demanded twenty-five thousand dollars for this play, which Miss Davenport paid. Up to this time, Miss Davenport had only the English-speaking rights for the above-mentioned plays in America.

Next in order was "Gismonda." Miss Davenport desired to purchase this play outright also, but Sardou demanded fifty thousand dollars for it, which Miss Davenport thought was too high a price to pay without knowing what it would be, or even having the scenario submitted to her. The arrangements, therefore, were that Miss Davenport was to pay a ten-thousand-dollar bonus and ten per cent. of the gross receipts, but at the same time she demanded of Sardou the rights of all languages in America, that no one could play the piece here inside of two years but herself, and at the expiration of that time, in case the play was produced here by any other artist, Miss Davenport's royalties were to drop from ten to six per cent. When Bernhardt visited America last season, she came over with only one new play, "Izely," which the public did not seem to "take to." Abbey Schoeffel & Grau, who were then her managers, sent word to Miss Davenport to see if she would not permit Bernhardt to play "Gismonda" in this country. Miss Davenport consented, with the understanding that her royalties, according to her contract, should drop from ten to six per cent. Sardou's agent in America cabled to the playwright, and his reply was that he expected to make his big money from the American actress in "Gismonda," and not from Bernhardt, and refused to allow Sarab to appear in the play unless Miss Davenport would waive the clause in the contract reducing her royalty.

Miss Davenport could not see why she should give up everything, and in return gain nothing, and, therefore, said that, as Sardou had made her pay ten thousand dollars as bonus to play "Gismonda," she could not see why Bernhardt should not pay half that sum if she wanted to do the play here also. And this was finally the arrangement that was made. After this had all been completed, Sardou then refused to allow the French actress to appear in this play unless four hundred dollars royalty should be paid him for performances given by Mme. Réjane in "Divorçons," a play that has been given for many years without any royalties. This is simply given to show that Sardou is always after his "pound of flesh." He is the most exacting of all authors, and will never "let up" in any of his contracts, but insists that they be carried out to the letter. Miss Davenport has also purchased "Theodora" outright, for which she paid ten thousand dollars. She has never appeared in this play, but has it in her keeping. On figuring up a few weeks ago, the amount of royalties paid to Sardou by Miss Davenport up to the beginning of this season reached the sum of three hundred and sixty thousand dollars.

The New York Court of Appeals has recently decided that the rule of a street-car company that change shall be furnished only to the amount of two dollars in payment of a five-cent fare is not unreasonable, and must be conformed to by the public.

In his history of the Coldstream Guards, Colonel Ross narrates how the regiment's pet dog, Tohy, amused himself by chasing the enemy's cannon-halls as they went rolling over the battle-field of Alma.

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Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
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Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
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Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.50
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	7.25
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	5.50

Dividend Notice.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN Society, 326 California Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1896, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-six hundredths (4 26-100) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and three and fifty-five hundredths (3 55-100) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, January 2, 1897.

GEO. TOWN

VANITY FAIR.

Mrs. William Astor gave a ball, a week ago last Monday, to introduce to society her granddaughter, Miss Mae Van Alen. The young lady is the daughter of J. J. Van Alen, over whose alleged purchase of the appointment as Minister to Italy by making a fifty-thousand-dollar contribution to the Democratic campaign fund there was such a pother some two years ago. The invitations designated the affair as a "small dance," but any one who interpreted those words literally must have been surprised at the scale on which the affair was conducted. Not only was Mrs. Astor's house used, but that of her son John Jacob Astor, which adjoins her own, was also thrown open for the benefit of the seven hundred guests invited. The guests roamed through the splendid drawing-rooms and picture-galleries of both houses into the great ball-room, where the dancing took place. The magnificent rooms were not specially decorated for the occasion, except that a few potted palms were set about here and there, and the newel posts and balustrades were concealed by masses of Easter lilies and lilies of the valley. The affair began with general dancing, supper was served at midnight, and then a cotillion was danced, led by Richard Peters and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, and Elisha Dyer, Jr., and Miss Van Alen, at which the favors were silver trinkets, sashes, and ribbons. The display of diamonds worn by the dowagers was something dazzling.

It has been customary from ancient times for her majesty's Irish representative to bestow a fatherly embrace, coupled with one or more kisses, upon each and every lady presented to him at a state drawing-room. There has always been an undercurrent of rebellion against these vice-regal kisses, but the close social historian will observe that the opposition has waxed or waned, according as the vicerey for the time being happened to be good-looking or the reverse. At present a serious protest against the custom is on foot, and it has been whispered that the prime instigator of the movement is a lady of American birth, who objects to be embraced by Lord Cadogan. A league of ladies have pledged themselves not to seek presentation at the vice-regal court unless immunity in this particular is promised. The gay Duke of Bedford it was, who, in the century's beginning, seized upon the languishing kissing custom with avidity, and enthusiastically revived it. This merry cousin of Charles James Fox was a fervent admirer of feminine beauty. Instead of the modest, paternal kiss, which it had been usual to bestow on the forehead, he distributed hearty osculations, to the number of two, three, and even four, on the lips. There was a good deal of resentment, as we may read in memoirs of the time, and bad brothers and angry fathers talked a good deal—but one could not call out the lord-lieutenant, the king's vicerey and vicar. So the court kisses of his grace of Bedford were allowed to continue, and thus precedents were created for his successors to follow. Few instances are on record where lords-lieutenant have omitted the traditional kiss. But Earl Cadogan is a middle-aged vicerey, and plain withal. In his case (he is a sound Tory) paterfamilias is complaisant enough. It is the débutante or the young matron who objects.

A New York woman who for ten years has been a successful general shopping and commission agent, which has brought her into close relations with many women in town and out, has now added to her former business a subscription-room for ladies. It is meant chiefly for the benefit of shoppers, and affords them a place where they can rest, write notes, receive parcels, etc. Here they may also have the services of a manicure, of a bootblack, and the comfort of a bath and of a cup of tea or coffee, may use the telephone or telegraph, order cabs, and consult the directory or railway guides.

The Emperor William has twelve valets whose sole duty it is to take care of his uniforms and costumes, the value of which is estimated at scores of thousands of dollars. The London *Globe* correspondent says that his uniforms of the German army and navy, including helmets, caps, sabres, rifles, swords, and sabres, are kept in cupboards. Next to these come the uniforms of the Saxons, Bavarians, Hessians, and others. Separated in other large cupboards are the Austrian, Russian, Swedish, English, and Italian uniforms, all ready to accompany the Kaiser in his journeys, or to be used on the occasion of princely visits. Finally must be mentioned his hunting and shooting costumes, his court dresses, his yachting and lawn-tennis uniforms, and his private dresses. When the emperor travels, his uniforms and costumes fill two or three carriages. His majesty is very fond of jewelry and curios. He wears half a dozen rings, a large watch and chain, and a bracelet on his right arm.

The gossip in New York theatres caused by Emma Eames's appearance as Marguerite has not yet ceased, and the question whether the costumes were correct is still undecided. That they were beautiful scarcely anybody has denied. Many of the singer's critics blame her for departing so far from tradition as to wear a series of costumes which appear so much at variance with the rest of the personages about her. But Mrs. Eames is not greatly disturbed. She maintains that it is as much an artist's duty to be

careful and appropriate in costuming as in presenting the other elements of a rôle, and can not understand what objection there can be to varying a performance by making the costumes attractive so long as they are actually suited to the character. She denies that she followed Von Kaulbach's painting of "Marguerite," and says that Worth went to Nuremberg when he was about to make her costumes for Marguerite, and examined all the pictures there by Albrecht Dürer and the other painters. He took a sleeve from one dress, a bodice from another, and different parts of other costumes, so as to make the most artistic combination as a whole and still preserve the character of the original costume. The much-discussed dresses are the result of his study there.

The Consumers' League is an organization of New York ladies interested in the welfare of workingwomen and girls. They have published a "white list" of retail houses, and in connection with it offer much valuable advice to shoppers and salespeople. The league aims at the amelioration of the condition of workingwomen, and appeals to shoppers, when annoyed by apparent indifference or carelessness, to consider the hard labor, long hours, and beggarly salaries of those who serve them. This is all very well considered ethically; but, as the league acknowledges, the saleswomen in the shop which, of all in New York, "gives its employees the greatest number of privileges, have been so notoriously rude in their treatment of the public that ladies have given that reason for not patronizing it"; and practical shoppers are always irritated and often exasperated by the impertinence of the ordinary run of these attendants. The question of manners and consideration is of far more importance to the saleswomen than to the customers. The customers are not obliged to submit to bad manners; they can go elsewhere. The bad manners of salesmen, and particularly of saleswomen, are one of the misfortunes of modern life. This criticism is not so true of the men as of the women. The fault of the men when they try to be polite, especially with ladies, is coarse familiarity. The fault of the women is rudeness and indifference, especially toward other women. They affect not to see them when they enter the store, not to hear them when they ask to see goods; fling the article asked for before them, and resume a conversation of their own with their mates, making it difficult for the customer to attract their attention again. "I am as good as you, and I want you to know it, though I am a saleswoman," expresses the feeling at the bottom of much rudeness and indifference. Manners should be considered by these people and their employers as necessary as neat dress, or ability to add and subtract, or English speech.

The Secretary of State, in addition to the regular and obligatory entertaining which falls upon the other Cabinet officers, has to entertain the whole diplomatic corps at a breakfast on New-Year's Day, and the affair is very costly, especially as foreigners know how to punish the champagne. In fact, the dining and wining of the diplomatic corps falls chiefly upon the Secretary of State all the year round. Once during every season, each Cabinet officer entertains the President at dinner, and custom makes him the most expensive person in the United States to feed. It has been suspected that these Cabinet dinners are just a little slow, particularly as, by official etiquette, the same man nearly always takes the same woman in to dinner. The real simplicity which pervades American official life is fully exemplified in the modest mode of living followed by all the Cabinet officers, except the few who have great fortunes. They do well what etiquette and the dignity of their position requires of them, but they do not do any more. Their wives and daughters do not blaze with jewels; their sons are generally kept pretty close in the point of expenditures, and they practice economy in other ways in order that they may do decently what their position requires of them.

According to M. Berthelot, the celebrated scientist-historian, there are no very ancient pearls in existence, for which a sufficient reason is found in the fact that pearls, unlike precious stones, are destructible. They discolor and disintegrate. The pearl is not mentioned by Homer or Herodotus, he states; it begins to appear in the time of Alexander—that is, of the conquest of the East; and it is about this time that the name Margarita—that is to say, Pearl—is first given to women. Not a great deal is known about the value attributed by the ancients to particular pearls. The one that Cleopatra drank was valued at two hundred thousand dollars modern money. Mention is made by Pliny of a practice of Clodius, son of the actor Esop, who gave his guests dissolved pearls to drink. One is reminded of certain modern German Jews who, attempting to get into Berlin society, used bank-notes of large denominations as cigar lights. The Romans appreciated the pearl, and after the growth of luxury began to have its usual effect in diminishing the birth-rate, one of the laws against celibacy provided that no childless woman or spinster should wear pearls under the age of fifty-five. Pearls are prominent in the royal toilets of Europe. Catherine de Médicis was said to have the finest pearls in Europe. When she married Henri, Duc d'Orléans, Francis the First presented to her two great pearls weighing five grammes each. She afterward presented these to Marie Stuart, who, while

Queen of France, had them set in the parures familiar in her portraits. At that queen's fall, the pearls were captured by Morton and sent to London. Catherine instructed her ambassador to buy them, but they were bought by Elizabeth for twelve thousand crowns. At that time pearls cut a leading figure in woman's dress. The great sleeves were decorated with them. The favorite ornament, however, was the paternoster embracing the waist, then hanging down in front to the bottom of the skirt. The decoration was completed by a *berthe* defining the breasts, joining in front and descending in two rows to join the paternoster, giving the effect of an opening in the corsage. Pearls and precious stones were bought as a convenient investment and acceptable collateral. Elizabeth lent twenty thousand pounds on a pledge of jewels by the Prince of Condé, Jeanne d'Albret, Henry of Navarre, and Coligny. The jewels were never redeemed, and now figure among the crown jewels.

Louise Beaudet's eyes on her last visit to this country were a light and luminous hazel. Now her eyes are a dark, rich brown, which at times deepens into a jetty black. The change was brought about by the skillful treatment of Professor Henri Placide Dumont, the famous Parisian oculist. Miss Beaudet's hair is a rich reddish brown. She said one night that nature had been unkind in giving her eyes that were not of the same color as her hair, and jokingly suggested to Dr. Dumont that he ought to remedy that. Professor Dumont consented to undertake the delicate task. Miss Beaudet was prepared for the operation by a three days' bathing of her eyes with liniments, which softened the exterior of the "ball." Then followed some days' confinement in a darkened room. The next stage in the operation was the final and most important one. It consisted in her subjecting her eyes to vapor arising from chemicals, the components of which are known only to the professor. For one week the eyes of the actress were "smoked"—she herself uses the word—for an hour or more daily. She says that apart from slight dimness and equally slight neuralgic pains in her face and forehead, she suffered no inconvenience from this "smoking." The eyes soon began to change color. Little patches of brown appeared on the clear hazel. These patches spread day by day until the pupils were mottled. Dumont suspended operations for a week, and then resumed them. The "smoking" was continued for three days longer, at the end of which time Miss Beaudet's eyes were of the rich brown hue they are now. She declares that not only has she not suffered any inconvenience since the completion of the operation, but that her eyesight is, if anything, better than ever. All of which is unimportant, if true.

A New York writer gives the following description of a costume worn by Mrs. William C. Whitney at the opera: "The waist seemed to be literally covered with diamonds and emeralds. A tiara of diamonds and emeralds rested on her coiffure. About her neck was a solid band of diamonds, from which were suspended pendants of diamonds, falling over her shoulders. In the centre of the corsage was a diamond star; on either side were other diamond clusters, and suspended from the right shoulder and falling down over the waist was a single string of diamonds of immense size. I don't remember if she wore anything else or not."

In these days, when one hears so much about fashionable women going into trade, the prospectus of a company recently organized in London to take the business of a certain millinery house offers food for thought. It appears that this concern was established in Paris in 1891, with a capital of only \$40,000. It is now offered to the investing public of England at a capitalization of \$2,500,000. The prospectus, which comes from the office of a prominent London banking house, shows that the profits of the first year amounted to only \$3,000, but increased by leaps and bounds, until, in 1895, the enormous sum of \$300,000 was shown, so that in the six years more than \$600,000 of profits were paid to the proprietors. In the newly organized company the original proprietors are to receive \$500,000 in cash, more than \$1,000,000 in preference shares or cash, at the option of the company, and \$400,000 in common shares, and are employed at \$12,000 a year as managers for five years. It is probable that American patronage has done more than that of any other nation to build up this business.

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H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst.-Cashier.
Directors—John J. Valentine, Benj. J. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.
OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$1,192,001.69; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$1,506,409.41.

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager.

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Choice Woolens

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

General McClellan, when in command of the army, conducted a waiting campaign, being so careful not to make any mistakes that he made very little headway. President Lincoln sent this brief but exceedingly pertinent letter: "MY DEAR McCLELLAN: If you don't want to use the army, I should like to borrow it for awhile. Yours respectfully, "A. LINCOLN."

"How long have you been in Rome?" said Pope Pius the Ninth. "Three weeks," was the ready answer. "Ah, then," said His Holiness, "you have seen Rome. And how long have you been here?" asked he, turning to the second visitor. "Three months," was the answer. "You, then," continued the Pope, "have begun to see Rome. And you, sir," turning finally to the third of his visitors, "how long have you been here?" "Three years," was the reply. "Then you," said the Pope, "have not begun to see Rome."

A drum corps in passing caught sight of General Grant (relates a writer in the *Century*), and at once struck up a then popular negro camp-meeting air. Every one began to laugh, and Rawlins cried, "Good for the drummers!" "What's the fun?" inquired the general. "Why," was the reply, "they are playing 'Ain't I Glad to Get Out ob de Wilderness!'" The general smiled at the ready wit of the musicians, and said, "Well, with me a musical joke always requires explanation. I know only two tunes: one is 'Yankee Doodle,' and the other isn't."

Sir Astley Cooper once attended, in his capacity of surgeon, a West Indian millionaire, named Hyatt, with Doctors Lettsom and Nelson as physicians. The treatment was most successful, and in his joy Hyatt bestowed three hundred guineas on each of the doctors. "But you," exclaimed the grateful patient, addressing Sir Astley, "you shall have something better." With this he flung his night-cap at the eminent operator. "Sir," replied the latter, "I'll pocket the affront." And he slipped the "affront" into his pocket. It contained a draft for one thousand guineas.

Steuart, the celebrated painter, once painted a portrait of a lady who was exceedingly plain. When it was finished, her husband objected, saying he wanted some of the peculiarities of her face softened. Steuart did his best to make the required alterations, but again the husband was dissatisfied. At that, Steuart, who was a quick-tempered man, threw up his hands in disgust. "What a miserable life the artist's is," he soliloquized; "worried to death by the demands and complaints of his patrons! Here is a man who brings me an excellent potato, and finds fault because I can not turn it into a peach."

During the rebellion, the Nineteenth Maine acquired a reputation for foraging the country so thoroughly that they were said to have starved the Confederacy out. One day they were sweeping along, dining on the fat of the land as usual. Another troop was ahead, and between them and the Nineteenth rode General Hancock. As the general was passing one plantation, the proprietor came out and hailed his party. "General," said he, "I want some sort of safeguard. The troops that have just gone by stole my pigs, lifted my hen-roosts, and emptied my cellar." "I am very sorry," said Hancock. "Yes," continued the old man, "they stole everything but my hope of immortality. Thank God, none of them can steal that." "Don't be too sure of that," retorted the general, "the Nineteenth Maine is coming next."

Chateaubriand once invited a group of literary people to his residence at Auteuil to hear him read his tragedy of "Moses." Among the guests were Alexandre Dumas and Frederic Soulie, then young men, who listened respectfully, and even after they left the house at midnight and started back to Paris in a cab, did not venture to express an unfavorable judgment, but rode on in silence. By and by they came to one of the *octroi* stations, where all persons who enter Paris are required to "declare" any articles that they may have in their possession which are subject to the municipal import duty. The agent stopped the cab, thrust his head into the door, and said: "Have you anything to declare, gentlemen?" Whereupon Soulie exclaimed, with much emphasis: "I have to declare, and that most solemnly, that the 'Moses' of the illustrious Chateaubriand is a horrible bore!" The *octroi* employee was speechless, and the two young men drove on, greatly relieved in their feelings.

When Hannibal Hamlin was Speaker of the Maine house of representatives—away back in the forties—there was in that body a certain gentleman whose hair was very thin, and he was highly sensitive in regard to it. To hide his approaching baldness, he had a habit of carefully stroking with bandoline or other preparation each particular hair in its place. One day, while in the chair as Speaker, Mr. Hamlin, in the innocence of a good and joke-loving nature, sent for this gentleman, and looking fixedly at his smooth and polished pate, said, with a chuckle: "Blank, old fellow, I just wanted to tell you that

you've got one of the hairs of your head crossed over the other." "You insult me, sir! you insult me!" replied the member, with unexpected and altogether unnecessary indignation; and then, refusing to listen either to reason or explanation, he left the Speaker's desk and returned to his seat. When Mr. Hamlin became a candidate for the United States Senate, this gentleman was a member of the upper house of the Maine legislature. Although a member of the same party, and only one more vote was needed to secure Mr. Hamlin's election, he positively refused to vote for the man by whom he believed he had been insulted. He was defeated for a seat in the Senate—by a hair. But when the next vacancy occurred, he was elected. The story is well found, even if it be not true.

For many years the Cincinnati *Enquirer* used to print a solid editorial page, and employed an exclusive editorial staff of six writers, who wrote all their matter at night in order to keep abreast of the telegraphic news. One Fourth of July evening as they assembled to begin work, somebody suggested a patriotic drink in honor of the occasion. They filed down to a restaurant near by, and, as they lined up at the bar, the door opened and Washington McLean, the presiding genius of the paper, came in. Mr. McLean did not drink often, but when he did he drank very hard. On this occasion he was celebrating the Fourth. The result was that round after round of whisky was ordered and nobody thought of the editorial page except one writer (who tells the story in the Chicago *Times-Herald*), who went back to the editorial rooms and sat down to write an editorial. He never got beyond the first sentence, "Yesterday was the Fourth of July." The next day, when the paper came out, on the editorial page there was just one line of editorial matter. At the top were the words: "Yesterday was the Fourth of July," and the rest of the page was filled with news. The reading public believed that the change was intentional, and Mr. McLean received so many congratulatory letters, commending his enterprise in giving news preference over editorial, that he abolished the editorial page permanently.

CLANCY OF THE OVERFLOW.

I had written him a letter, which I had for want of better knowledge, sent to where I met him, down the Lachlan years ago.

He was shearing when I knew him, so I sent the letter to him. Just on "spec," addressed as follows: Clancy of the Overflow.

And the answer came directed in a writing unexpected, (Which I think the same was written with a thumb-nail dipped in tar), 'Twas his shearing mate who wrote it, and verbatim I will quote it:

"Clancy's went to Queensland droving and we don't know where he are."

In my wild erratic fancy visions come to me of Clancy Gone a-droving down the Cooper where the Western drovers go; As the stock are slowly stringing, Clancy rides behind them singing, For the drover's life has pleasures that the townsfolk never know.

And the hush has friends to meet him, and their kindly voices greet him. In the murmur of the breezes and the river on its bars; And he sees the vision splendid of the sunlight plains extended,

And at night the wondrous glory of the everlasting stars.

I am sitting in my dingy little office, where a stingy Ray of sunlight faintly struggles down between the houses tall;

And the fetid air and gritty of the dusty, dirty city Through the open window floating spreads its foulness over all.

And instead of lowing cattle I can hear the fiendish rattle Of the tramways and the husses making hurry down the street,

And the language uninviting of the gutter children fighting

Comes fitfully and faintly through the ceaseless tramp of feet.

And the hurrying people daunt me and their pallid faces baunt me

As they shoulder one another in their rush and nervous baste,

With their eager eyes and greedy, and their stunted forms and weedy;

For townsfolk have no time to grow, they have no time to waste.

And I somehow rather fancy that I'd like to change with Clancy,

Like to take a turn at droving where the seasons come and go;

While he faced the round eternal of the cash-book and the journal—

But I doubt he'd suit the office, Clancy of the Overflow. —Washington Post.

"Money-Making" is a neat little book of practical hints to men of business, which is being distributed by A. Schilling & Company of this city. Its object is to inspire common sense and confidence and stimulate healthy trade. It is an excellent essay upon advertising methods and should be widely read.

In Paradise: Eve—"That new spirit? I heard some one call him Cholly." Adam—"Dear me! Who'd ever take him for one of the family?"—Puck.

Self-Styled Professor.

The train was about to leave the station, and a young man leaned over the seat, shook hands with the middle-aged gentleman, and said:

"Good-by, professor."

A man with wide stripes in his shirt-bosom looked at him narrowly, and, after the train started, said:

"Kin ye do any tricks with cards?"

"No; I never touched a card."

"Mebbe ye play the pianny?"

"I know nothing of music, excepting as a mathematical science."

"Well, ye ain't no boxer, I kin see by yer build. Mebbe ye play pool?"

"No."

"Er shuffle-board?"

"I never heard of the game before."

"Well, say, I've guessed ye this time. It's funny I didn't think of it before. You're a mesmerist."

"I'm nothing of the kind."

"Well, I'll give up. What is yer line? I know ye're in the biz, 'cause I heerd that young feller call ye 'perfesser.'"

"I'm an instructor in Greek, rhetoric, and ancient history."

"An' yer can't do no tricks, ner play music, ner hypnotize?"

"Of course not."

The man turned and gazed out of the window on the opposite side of the car.

"An' he calls hisself perfesser," he said to himself. —Philadelphia Record.

A written word is much more binding in French law than in ours. An American woman (says the *Bazar*) was attracted by some pretty little capes in a shop on the Boulevard Haussmann, and finally ended by allowing the people to put one aside for her for two or three days—something that they themselves proposed. At the end of the three days, she wrote a note saying that she had decided not to take the cape she had looked at; and then: "I will come in some day and look at something else in its place." To her surprise, she was sued—she had either to take the cape or "the something else in its place of equal value." All the rest of the season there hung in her wardrobe a useless fifty-dollar equivalent of the cape she did not want. If a dressmaker can produce anything in your handwriting to prove that you have an account with her at all, she can hold you responsible.

"Great town, Louisville," said the man with the fat cigar. "Kentucky hospitality and all that sort of thing. The last time I was there, they didn't let me spend a cent." "Huh," said the man with the cigarette, "I had that sort of experience in Chicago." "Y-e-s you did." "Indeed I did. They didn't let me spend a cent there, either. They took it all away from me before I got two blocks from the railway station."—Indianapolis Journal.

"What did you stop that clock in your room for, Jane?" "Because, mum, the plaguey thing has some sort of a fit every mornin', mum, jest when I wants to sleep."—Detroit Free Press.

"Where are ye workin'?" "I'm plasterin' a new flat down on Seunest Avenue." "Is it a good job?" "Naw; ye have to walk a block for yer beer."—Buffalo Express.



Tickets sold to all points at lowest rates. Through Palace Sleeping cars to Denver daily, with close connections in Union Depot for Eastern cities. Also through upholstered Tourist Sleeping cars to Denver, Omaha, Kansas City, Chicago, New York, and Boston. Tickets, sleeping-car reservations, and information at 14 Montgomery Street.

W. H. SNEAKER, General Agent.

"I say, Jones, do you never hunger for the good old times you had at college?" "I frequently thirst for them, Brown."—Life.



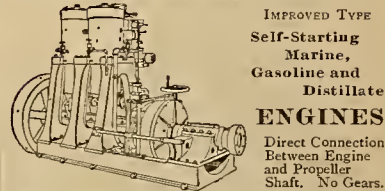
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But get the shape that is made for your lamp, "pearl top" or "pearl glass." Let us send you the Index.

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FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing. Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1897. Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, February 2 Doric.....Tuesday, February 23 Belgic. (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, March 13 Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Thursday, April 1 Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street. D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco, for ports in Alaska, G. A. M. January 9, 24. For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, Jan. 9, 14, 19, 24, 29, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Penina*, at 2 P. M. Jan. 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, at 9 A. M. Jan. 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Point Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, Jan. 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Orizaba*, 20 A. M., 25th of each month. The Company reserve all rights to change steamers or sailing dates. Ticket-Office Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

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S. S. Zealandia sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Thursday, January 7, 1897, at 2 P. M. S. S. Australia for Honolulu only, Tuesday, January 26, at 2 P. M. Special party rates.

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RED STAR LINE—New York and Antwerp. Steamers Friesland, Noordland, Westerland, Southwark, Kensington, sailing from New York each Wednesday. Favorite route to Belgium, Holland, France, Germany, the Rhine, Switzerland, Italy.

WINTER CRUISE—To Bermuda, West Indies, Mexico. American Line S. S. Ohio, from New York, February 6, 1897, for Bermuda, St. Thomas, St. Kitts, Guadeloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbadoes, Trinidad, La Guayra (Caracas), Curacao, S. Domingo, Jamaica, Progresso, Vera Cruz (Mexico), Havana, Brunswick, Ga. Duration, 45 days. Passage, \$270 and upwards. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 609 Market Street, Grand Hotel Building.

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SOCIETY.

Friday Fortnightly Club.

The Friday Fortnightly Club gave its army and navy cotillion at Lunt's Hall on Friday evening. The hall was appropriately decorated with American flags and regimental colors, and with such accoutrements of warfare as sabres and cannon. The officers were all in full-dress uniform, and the young ladies wore their most becoming gowns. The members and guests were received by a committee comprising Lieutenant M. F. Davis, U. S. A., Lieutenant C. L. Bent, U. S. A., and Lieutenant R. F. Gardner, U. S. A. Afterward they were welcomed by Mrs. Monroe Salishury, Mrs. William I. Kip, and Mrs. Gordon Blanding. Several new figures of excellent design were presented under the able leadership of Lieutenant Dana W. Kilburn, U. S. A., and Lieutenant D. E. Nolan, U. S. A. It was about midnight when the pleasant affair came to an end.

After this no invitations will be issued to the meetings. They have become so popular that it has been absolutely necessary to adopt this measure. Two more cotillions will be given, the first one to be a mask and domino affair. The final meeting of the season, which will be a ball, will be directed by Mr. Edward M. Greenway.

The Nordman-Reiss Wedding.

The Concordia Club was the scene last Tuesday evening of the wedding of Miss Clemence Reiss, daughter of Mr. Bernard Reiss, to Mr. Adolph Nordman. The ceremony was performed in the beautifully decorated ball-room, at half-past six o'clock, by Rabbi Jacob Voorsanger. The singing of the "Bridal Chorus," from "Lohengrin," by the choir of the Bush Street Temple, led by Cantor Meyerson, was an impressive feature of the ceremony.

The ushers were Mr. Emil Reiss, Mr. Samuel Reiss, Mr. Sanford Feigenbaum, Mr. Bernard Galland, and Mr. Morris Blum. The ring-bearer was little Miss Jeanne Block, and the flower-girls were Miss Rose Block and Miss May Nordman. Miss Flora Reiss was the maid of honor, and Mr. Jesse Newbauer the best man. Miss Julia Reiss, Miss Nannette Reiss, Miss Lillian Reiss, Miss Helen Blum, and Miss Wanda Galland acted as bridesmaids. Congratulations and dancing followed the ceremony, and then a supper was served under Ludwig's direction. Afterward there was dancing until early morning. Mr. and Mrs. Nordman went South on their wedding trip, and will reside here when they return.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Carroll and Mr. William R. Whittier will take place at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Richard T. Carroll, 1500 Van Ness Avenue, on Wednesday noon, January 27th. Only relatives and a few intimate friends will be present. Archbishop Riordan will officiate. Miss Gertrude Carroll will be the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will comprise Miss Julia Crocker and Miss Romietta Wallace. Mr. Milton S. Latham will act as best man. The honeymoon will be passed abroad, and the new Whittier mansion on Jackson Street will be their home.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss

Mary Crittenden Scott to Mr. Neville H. Castle. Miss Scott is the daughter of the late H. H. Scott. Mr. Castle is the son of Mrs. Castle and the late Michael Castle. The wedding will take place on Thursday evening, February 4th, at the home of the bride-elect, 1036 Vallejo Street. Owing to the recent death of the groom's father, the number of guests will be limited. They will reside in San José, where Mr. Castle has been practicing law for several years.

The wedding of Miss Agnes Smedberg and Mr. Max Rosenfeld will take place next May at the home of the bride's uncle. Miss Smedberg is the niece of Colonel and Mrs. William R. Smedberg. Mr. Rosenfeld is the son of Mr. John Rosenfeld, the Park Commissioner.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Mabel Estee and Mr. Leonard Everett. Miss Estee is the second daughter of Hon. and Mrs. M. M. Estee, and the sister of Mrs. Charles Deering. Mr. Everett has resided here about ten years and is related to Senator Edward Everett, of Boston.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Serena Thayer Goodall, who is popularly known as Miss Teen Goodall, to Mr. Hugo D. Keil. Miss Goodall is the only daughter of Captain Charles Goodall, of the firm of Goodall, Perkins & Co. Mr. Keil is a son of Mr. David Keil.

The Friday Night Club will give its postponed cotillion on the evening of February 5th, and the final one a fortnight later.

The officers at the Presidio will give a dancing-party in the hop-room there next Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Hecht and the Misses Hecht, who have been absent in Europe for a long period, have issued invitations for a ball to be given this evening at the San Francisco Verein. About one hundred and fifty guests will be present.

Mrs. Southard Hoffman and the Misses Hoffman have issued cards for Wednesdays in January, at their residence, 1625 Sacramento Street.

Mr. Nathaniel Wilson gave a dinner-party on Thursday evening at the Bohemian Club in honor of Miss Elizabeth Carroll and Miss Mattie Whittier. Covers were laid for ten.

Miss Julia Crocker gave a lunch-party last Wednesday at her home, on Pacific Avenue, in honor of Miss Myra Noyes, of Washington, D. C. The others present were Miss Elizabeth Carroll, Miss Ethel Cohen, Miss Mollie Thomas, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Eleanor Wood, and Miss Mary Bell Gwin.

Mrs. W. J. Lowry, Miss Lowry, Miss Agnes Lowry, and Miss Isabel Lowry gave a matinee tea last Tuesday at their residence, 848 Van Ness Avenue, and entertained many of their friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schroeder, Jr., Miss Maud Ingles Francis, of Peoria, Ill., Mrs. H. L. Van Wyck, and Mr. George T. Bromley were the guests recently of Mr. Richard Matthews Sturdevant on the U. S. revenue cutter *Perry*. Afterward their host took the party to the battle-ship *Oregon*, where the afternoon was pleasantly passed.

In the foot-ball game that was played at Central Park last Saturday for charity, the Army and Navy team defeated the University Club team by a score of 16 to 0. The attendance was very large and the game thoroughly interesting to those who enjoy that sport.

The Fruit and Flower Mission.

The annual meeting of the Fruit and Flower Mission was held last Wednesday at their rooms, at 631 Sutter Street. In addition to the distribution of provisions, clothing, flowers, and 30,000 books and magazines, \$2,012.65 have been expended during the past year. Of that amount, \$600 was taken by pressing needs from the small sum that had been accumulated by small bequests and given for specific work. This statement brought an appeal from the president for the need of new contributing members and renewed endeavor along all lines. The election resulted in the following:

For the advisory board—Mrs. M. West, Mrs. J. W. Raymond, Mrs. M. B. Currier, Mrs. F. L. Castle, Mrs. Clark Crocker, Mrs. Oliver Eldridge, Mrs. George F. Ashton, Mrs. E. P. Slosson, and Mrs. S. L. Abbott; board of trustees—Mr. M. H. Hecht, Mr. George H. Buckingham, Miss Mary D. Bates, Mr. Herman Shainwald, Dr. Philip K. Brown, Mrs. Leon D. Stone, Miss Hannah Leszynsky, Dr. G. F. Shields; and the new officers—Miss Anne Bryce, president; Mrs. George H. Buckingham, vice-president; and Miss Corinna Cook, secretary.

At the marriage of Mrs. Eleanor B. Linter to her sixth husband in Providence recently, four of her ex-husbands acted as ushers. The entire marital batch would have been present, but the fifth man met with an accident and was confined to his bed. In every instance the lady has obtained a divorce without opposition and without losing the friendship of any of her spouses. She convinced them all that they were not well mated, and every one of them accepted the situation gracefully and retired respectfully with proffers of assistance at any time when called on. The Eleanor B. Riblet Club was organized a few years ago by the first three ex-husbands, each of whom served a term as presiding officer. None but men who have been husbands of the lady are eligible for membership. They dine once a year, and their ex-wife is never absent from the annual dinner in her honor. The dinner for 1896 was deferred until the night before the wedding. The average term of Mr. Thistlewood's predecessors was ten months. There are no children. None of the ex-husbands has married again.

The Ladies' Auxiliary Society has arranged for a series of lectures to be given under its auspices for the benefit of the Mercantile Library. They will be three in number, and will take place at Golden Gate Hall on the evenings of Thursday, January 28th, February 4th, and February 11th. The first lecture will be by President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford, who will talk about "Seals of the Pribiloff," his remarks being illustrated by fifty stereopticon views. The second will be by the Rev. C. W. Wendte on "How the Dutch Took Holland," illustrated by one hundred views. The third and final lecture has not yet been decided upon, but will doubtless be of equal interest with the others. The price of tickets has been set at \$1.00 for the course, or 50 cents for admission to a single lecture.

One of the shop-window displays in New York that keeps the largest crowds in front of it is composed of four young girls playing a new game, and they do it with so much evident enjoyment that the people watching from the sidewalk enjoy themselves sympathetically. Further down Broadway a window in a clothing-store is fitted up as a room, and in this a man walks about brushing his hair, adjusting his scarf, and occasionally taking off and putting on his coat. This does not interest passers-by so much as the four girls in the window uptown, but it attracts always a fair crowd.

British generals have privileges not accorded to peers in the English police courts. Sir Reginald Gipps, who was recently summoned for riding a bicycle on a foot-path at Aldershot, sent his servant to pay his fine of five shillings and to tender an apology, which the magistrate accepted. Several peers' wives who were guilty of carrying unmuzzled lap-dogs in their carriages were obliged to attend court in person last year.

The Mexican Government has revoked the charter of the Topolobampo colony, in the State of Sinaloa. The action brings the end of the Utopian hopes of hundreds of colonists scattered over the Western States, principally Illinois, Michigan, and Kansas. Not less than one million dollars has been spent in the effort.

Queen Victoria's coronation ring is never out of her sight, and is worn by her every evening. It is a band of gold containing a cross in rubies surrounded by white brilliants. A coronation ring is supposed to symbolize the wedding of the sovereign with the nation.

Moët & Chandon.

Speaking of champagnes, Moët & Chandon, the brand which inspired the composition of the famous song "Champagne Charlie," appears to be the favorite among swelldom. Unaided by the influence of caterers or leaders so frequently employed, Moët & Chandon has captured New York cultured society. The brand was much in evidence at the Patriarch's Ball, was exclusively served at the Washington Gridiron Club banquet of international epicurean repute, and also at the New-Year party of O. H. P. Belmont. —*Hotel Gazette.*

—GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRY SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

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A pleasant forty-minutes' ride by rail from San Francisco, with frequent train service.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Miss Hazel King, and Miss Elizabeth Huntington have been at Coronado for the past fortnight.

Mr. Clarence Mackay is visiting Lord and Lady Mountbatten in London, and is being extensively entertained. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Neumann returned to the city last Sunday after passing a couple of months in Central America. They are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Perkins, Jr., of Oakland, will be the remainder of the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. William J. Younger left last Tuesday for Chicago. Mr. Younger and his daughters will remain here until Miss Alice Younger entirely recovers from her recent attack of typhoid fever.

Mrs. Dennis O'Sullivan and Mrs. Paul Cowles have returned from London and are visiting their father, Mr. J. Curtis, at his residence, 258 Union Street. Mrs. O'Sullivan will resume her art work in her former studio the Art League. Mr. O'Sullivan created the leading part in the new opera, "Shamus O'Brien," which has been a success in London and New York. He is expected to be in a few months.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Batchelder are now residing at 574 1/2 Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander T. Stewart, formerly of Oakland, are now residing at 6222 Drexel Avenue, Chicago.

Miss Jeannette Wilcox will leave next week for Paris to study music. She will reside with Mrs. J. E. Birmingham.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jerome, Miss Susan Earle, and Miss Nita Earle are residing at 3025 California Street.

Mrs. J. C. Stubbs is at Redlands for a few weeks for the benefit of her health. Mr. Stubbs returned from there last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Demas Colin Babin have removed from Washington Street to 2806 Bush Street, and will remain on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month.

Mrs. Charles Webb Howard and Mr. O. Shafter Howard have returned to New York city. Mrs. Howard will soon go to Europe to join her daughter, Miss Maud Howard, who is in Paris.

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contest on this coast. He punted thirteen times for a total gain of five hundred and twenty-four yards, or an average of a little more than forty yards for each kick. He was given the ball nineteen times, and gained a total of seventy-nine yards by runs. Only once did he fail to gain, and that time he was tackled behind the line for a loss of three yards.

Lieutenant-Colonel Amos S. Kimball, Deputy Quartermaster, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in this department, and assigned as Chief Quartermaster of the Department of Texas, with headquarters at San Antonio.

Major George S. Wilson, U. S. A., Adjutant-General of the Department of the Columbia, died last Tuesday morning at Vancouver Barracks, Wash. His death was caused by inflammation of the bowels after a brief illness. He had been in the service since May, 1861, and has been at Vancouver Barracks since November, 1893.

Major John S. Witcher, Paymaster, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Captain M. L. Phillips, U. S. R. C. S., accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Phillips, are at the California Hotel.

Lieutenant William G. Haan, Third Artillery, U. S. A., passed several days at the Occidental Hotel this week.

Lieutenant Eugene T. Wilson, Third Artillery, U. S. A., is on temporary duty with Battery E, at Fort Mason.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Nordica Concerts.

We are to have no opera this year, but the concerts to be given by Mme. Nordica at the Baldwin next week will fall but little short of opera from either the artistic or the fashionable standpoint. Mme. Nordica is one of the foremost of living dramatic sopranos. She was born in Maine, and her first studies were at the New England Conservatory. In 1875 she secured her first position as a soprano in Grace Church in Boston, and a year later she was heard in oratorio with Myron W. Whitney. She went to Europe with Gilmore's Band in 1878, and settled in Milan as a pupil of San Giovanni. Her European debut was made in Brescia, where the American tenor, Scovell, had a little theatre. Her debut in Paris was made in 1881 as Marguerite in "Faust." It was at this time she met Frederick Gower, an American newspaper man, to whom she was married in 1883. Two years later, when she had set about securing her freedom, Mr. Gower was lost while making a balloon trip across the English Channel.

It was in November, 1883, that she made her first appearance in opera in America, singing Marguerite, in "Faust," at the Academy of Music under Colonel Mapleson's management. She was not a regular member of the Metropolitan Opera Company in its first season under the direction of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau, but sang occasionally with them as a substitute.

At Frau Cosima Wagner's invitation, she sang Elsa in German at Bayreuth in 1894, and the German critics covered her with praise. That same winter she sang Elsa in Italian at the Metropolitan Opera House, and scored a great success; and in the same year she was a member of the famous "Huguenots" cast, in which she sang in company with Melba, Scalchi, the De Reszkes, Plançon, and Maurel. The great triumph of her career was when she sang Isolde in Wagner's music-drama, with Jean de Reszke as Tristan and Edouard as King Mark. This was on November 5, 1895.

She was not re-engaged for the opera this season. She has given a concert tour, however, and its success may almost be likened to that of Patti's last visit to this country.

On this tour she is accompanied by Mme. Scalchi, the great contralto; Barron Berthald, the tenor of the Damrosch German Opera Company of last season; John C. Dempsey, a sympathetic bass-baritone; and Isidore Luckstone, pianist. The concerts here take place at the Baldwin on the evenings of Tuesday and Thursday, January 19th and 21st, and on the afternoon of Saturday. At each a miscellaneous programme will be presented, concluding with an act from an opera, given in costume and with full orchestra under the direction of Mr. Luckstone, scenery, and other accessories. At the first concert the third act of "Faust" will be given, with Nordica as Marguerite, Scalchi as Siebel, Mme. Andra as Martha, Berthald as Faust, and Dempsey as Mephistopheles. The second will conclude with the last act of "Il Trovatore," with Nordica, Scalchi, Berthald, and Dempsey in the four leading parts. Unusual interest attaches to the third concert, which will end with part of the last act of Wagner's "Siegfried," with Mme. Nordica as Brunhilde and Berthald in the title-role. This rôle is the one in which Mme. Melba made her Wagner debut a few nights ago in New York. It is so exigent that Mme. Melba had to retire temporarily from the stage, and, on her physician's advice, refuses ever again to sing the rôle. There is a certain poetic justice in this, inasmuch as, according to general report, it was Jean de Reszke's insistence that Melba should have that rôle that kept Mme. Nordica out of the Metropolitan Opera Company this year.

The New Symphony Society.

There has lately been formed in this city a society to give orchestral concerts of classic music, to be known as the San Francisco Symphony Society. The want of a permanent organization of this kind has long been felt here. San Francisco is, perhaps, the only large city in America which has no such society. A number of music-lovers have already come forward as guarantors to a fund for making good any possible losses, and have received the hearty support of the majority of the musicians. It is earnestly hoped that the public will cooperate generously in this undertaking. The further success of the enterprise depends upon

the amount of interest taken in it by the people at large. The guarantee fund at present approximates three thousand dollars. It is proposed to give a season of six concerts, commencing in February. Should these prove successful, a second series will be undertaken in the fall. Mr. Philip Lilienthal, Mr. William L. Carrigan, and a prominent musician will compose the managing board. Mr. Gustav Hinrichs has been engaged as musical director. Due notice will be given of the opening of the subscription list.

Kimball-Andonegui Concert.

An interesting concert was given last Monday evening by Miss Marie Kimball, the harpist, and Mr. José Andonegui. They were assisted by Miss Caroline Shindler, Miss May Gilbert, Mr. H. Desmond, Mr. F. Marin, Mr. A. Panella, and Mr. Emilio Cruells. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Jolly Robbers," (violin, cello, salterio, and piano); Suppé; harp solo, "Song Without Words," Mendelssohn, Miss Mary Kimball; song, "Star of my Heart," Denza, Mr. H. Desmond; songs, (a) "Spring Song," Gounod, (b) "Venetian Song," Benberg, Miss Caroline Shindler (harp accompaniment by Miss Kimball); violin solo, "2me Polonaise," Wieniawski, Mr. José Andonegui; song, "Zanitta," Trotter, Miss May Gilbert; trio, (a) "Largo," Hændel, (b) "Intermezzo," "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni, (violin, cello, and harp); duet, "Under the Stars," Pinsuti, Misses Shindler and Gilbert (with violin, cello, harp, and piano accompaniment); cello solo, "Gesangs Scene," Popp, Mr. A. Panella; aria, "William Tell," Rossini, Miss Caroline Shindler (with violin, cello, and piano accompaniment); fantasia, "Preciosa," Weber, (violin, cello, harp, and piano); Mr. Emilio Cruells, accompanist.

Apollo Choral Society.

The Apollo Choral Society, of one hundred voices, under the direction of Mr. H. B. Pasmore, gave its second concert last Wednesday evening at Metropolitan Hall. The society was assisted by a string orchestra, and Miss Belle Rosenthal, violinist; Mr. William T. Andrews, tenor; Mr. Wallace A. Sabin, organist; and Mr. Fred Maurer, Jr., accompanist. The fashionable and appreciative audience present highly enjoyed the programme, which was as follows:

Part song, "The Bells of St. Michael's Tower," Sir Stewart; ballad, "The Erl King's Daughter," Gade, Miss Elizabeth Warden, Mrs. M. Wismer, and Mr. Loring P. Rixford; ballade et polonaise, Vieuxtemps, Miss Belle Rosenthal; Maid Marian's song, H. B. Pasmore, Mr. Herbert E. Medley; (a) "King Eric," Rheinberger, (b) "Hunting Song," Benedict; second nocturne, Chopin-Sarasate, Miss Rosenthal; cantata for tenor solo, chorus, orchestra, and organ, "Come, Let Us Sing," Mendelssohn.

Under the auspices of the Channing Auxiliary a concert will be given at the First Unitarian Church this afternoon. The principal attraction will be Herr Schott, who was one of the original singers in the Wagnerian circle at Bayreuth. Miss Alice Bacon, Signor Giulio Minetti, and Mr. H. J. Stewart will also participate in the excellent programme.

Mr. Louis Heine, the well-known 'celloist, and his sisters, Miss L. Florence Heine, violinist, and Miss Marie L. Heine, pianist, will give their first recital of a series of three next Saturday afternoon, at three o'clock, at Golden Gate Hall. They will be assisted by Mr. Herbert E. Medley, baritone, in the presentation of an interesting programme.

Mr. Hugo R. Herold will give a song recital on the twenty-ninth instant. He will be assisted by Mr. Minetti, violin; Roderick Herold, piano; and Miss Genevieve Morony, accompanist.

Mr. Donald de V. Graham, who has been called away to Honolulu on a brief professional trip, will resume vocal instruction after February 15th.

After witnessing a foot-ball game in Mexico City, in which one player was seriously injured, Mexican papers condemned the game as brutal, expressing the opinion that the Latin race was too hot-blooded to play it.

Art in Ladies' Stationery.

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Army and Navy News.

latest personal notes relative to army and navy who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Colonel Thomas H. Ruger, U. S. A., will be retired active service on April 2, 1897, under the operation law, as he will then be sixty-four years of age.

Colonel James L. Moore, Assistant Quartermaster-General, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in New York ordered to this department as Chief-Quartermaster.

Lieutenant-Colonel James G. C. Lee, Deputy Quartermaster, U. S. A., of this department, has been ordered to Chicago and assigned as Chief-Quartermaster of the Department of the Missouri. Captain Oscar F. Long, Jr., will succeed him temporarily.

Lieutenant Amos H. Martin, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at San Diego Barracks and assigned to Benicia Barracks.

Lieutenant E. L. King, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., returned to his station, Fort Grant, Arizona, last Monday after a brief visit here. He came up to act as full-back army and navy team that beat the University team at football last Saturday. Lieutenant King's was remarkable, and has never been equaled in a

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Ida—"Harry has quite a vivid imagination, hasn't he?" *Minnie*—"Yes, indeed! He thinks he has a tenor voice."—*Puck*.

Ally—"That novel of Thompson's is perfect mush." *Sallie*—"Of course. It's a cereal story."—*Philadelphia Times*.

Collector—"I can't keep coming here every day after this bill." *Landlady*—"I'll rent you a room for ten dollars a week."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Friend—"You must have a good many rejected jokes on hand by this time." *Mr. Scribble*—"Yes, indeed. In fact, some of them have been rejected so often that I begin to think that they are *not* jokes."—*Puck*.

A boy's lung capacity: "Henry," said Mrs. Woodlee, "I hear Willy's voice. Won't you step to the door and tell him I want him?" But Willy was two miles away, disputing a point with the umpire.—*Rockland Tribune*.

Boggs's old friend—"Great heavens, man! Do I find you reduced to playing a cornet on the street-corner to make a living?" *Boggs*—"I ain't doing this to make a living. My wife won't let me practice in the house."—*Tit-Bits*.

The new order had begun to be a pretty old thing, when one evening she came home to find her husband in tears. "The cook," sobbed the unhappy man, "has gone and bought a new stove-pipe but just like mine."—*Detroit Tribune*.

Old gent—"Waiter, I want a steak and potatoes. Perhaps you remember me. I was here yesterday." *Waiter*—"Yes, sir. Will you have the same today?" *Old gent*—"Yes, if no one is using them."—*New York Evening World*.

Judge—"Are you aware of any mitigating circumstances in your case?" *Criminal*—"Yes, your honor; this is the fiftieth time I have been arrested for vagrancy, and I thought that perhaps we might get up a little jubilee."—*Tit-Bits*.

The Sultan—"I'd like to speak to you about the light of the harem." *The Grand Vizier*—"Ah! the beautiful Fatima?" *The Sultan*—"No; the light of the harem. Don't you think our gas-bills are getting altogether too high?"—*Puck*.

Brown—"Bighed has profound faith in progress." *Robinson*—"Has he?" *Brown*—"Yes; he feels certain that the world will be able to get along without him, after he's gone; although he can't understand just how it is going to be done."—*Puck*.

Tom Scribbler (desperately)—"Jack, I am sick and tired of writing bad poetry for a living. I shall not cudgel my brains any longer. I have a better plan." *Jack Plunger*—"What is it?" *Tom Scribbler*—"I shall make me a sand-bag and cudgel other people's brains."—*Ex*.

Dr. Boneset—"I think you should have some chicken broth for your dinner." *Mr. Lipsner*—"Dat's a queer suggestion t' make t' a man in my condition, doctah. How's I gwine t' git chicken—me lyin' here in bed an' can't move? You don't suppose I'se gwine t' send my ole woman out on sich a risky job as dat, do yo'?"—*Puck*.

"The possession of a box," said Partridge to Mrs. S. Van Jones Smith at the opera, "is a great blessing." "No doubt," said Mrs. S. Van J. Smith; "you men can go out between the acts without disturbing anybody." "It is not that," said Partridge; "it is that we men can go out *during* the acts without disturbing anybody that makes it a boon."—*Bazar*.

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In his inaugural address, Mayor Phelan suggested the idea that circumstances might arise rendering it necessary for the city to own its water-works and to furnish the supply to consumers. He urged the supervisors to take immediate steps toward ascertaining the true value of the water company's plant, and then to fix rates that would secure a fair return on that valuation, and suggested that, if satisfactory arrangements which would protect the consumers as well as the company could not be secured, there is always the alternative of government ownership.

The question of municipal ownership of the water supply has received much attention during recent years, and has certain points in its favor. A city is more a business corporation than a political one. The compactness of the population renders it necessary that certain activities should be carried on by coöperative methods, and the city government is organized to exercise these functions. It is really only a

question of expediency whether they should be carried out by public or private organizations, and it has been found convenient to delegate the exercise of some of these powers to private corporations.

Municipal ownership of water-works has been growing in favor in the cities of the Eastern States, and it is quite common in Great Britain and throughout Continental Europe. New York city has the Croton Aqueduct, which is one of the largest in the world. The cost of the original works was \$8,575,000, and the new aqueduct, when completed, will have cost \$35,000,000. In Chicago the water supply is owned by the city, and is obtained from Lake Michigan. In order to obtain a pure supply, cribs have been constructed far out in the waters of the lake, the principal one being four miles from shore. The Philadelphia water-works are owned by the city, and the chief supply is drawn from the Fairmount Works on the Schuylkill River.

In New York the annual water rates vary according to the frontage of the buildings, but they are surprisingly low when compared with the rates in this city. A four-storied house, with a frontage of 22½ to 25 feet, occupied by one family, pays eleven dollars a year. A three-storied house, 25 to 30 feet in width, pays twelve dollars. There is an extra charge of one dollar for each additional family. Water measured by metre costs one dollar for each one thousand feet. The frontage rates in Chicago are a little higher than those of New York. In Philadelphia the annual rate for a dwelling having a hydrant in the yard and a faucet in the kitchen, or either alone, is five dollars. The metre rate is thirty cents for each one thousand feet.

In England and Scotland the tendency is for the cities to bring their water supply from mountainous regions, and often for considerable distances, for the purpose of obtaining a pure supply and using the force of gravity to avoid pumping. Until 1860, Glasgow was supplied from the River Clyde by a private corporation. In 1855, the city obtained parliamentary permission to buy out the private company and bring a supply from Loch Katrine, thirty-four miles distant in the highlands. The water charge for each dwelling is twelve cents, and in addition to this a tax of about forty cents on each \$100 of valuation is charged for water used for municipal purposes. The metre rate is eight cents for each one thousand gallons. The income of the works in a recent year was \$800,000 and the expenditures \$200,000.

Manchester purchased its water supply in 1847, and has been increasing the plant, until now there are thirty square miles of drainage-ground supplying sixteen reservoirs with an aggregate capacity of six billions of gallons. This system has been supplying the people of the city and also of several adjacent districts who purchase their water supply from the Manchester corporation. Some years ago Lake Thirlmere, in the famous "Lake Country" in Cumberland, was purchased, and the construction of a supplementary system begun. The original system cost \$16,000,000, and the new system will cost \$17,000,000 more. Rates are so adjusted as to pay all running expenses, and also to provide a sinking fund, and, while they are not as low as those of Glasgow, they compare favorably with those of other British cities.

It was during the administration of Joseph Chamberlain as mayor of Birmingham, in 1874, that that city became possessed of its water supply. It was then wholly inadequate to the needs of the city, but was enlarged and extended until the daily supply was doubled, while the rates to consumers have been considerably reduced. Later this supply was found inadequate, and it was decided to secure the water from the Elan River, eighty miles distant, in Wales. The cost of this system will approximate \$35,000,000, but it will furnish a supply sufficient for several millions of people, and will save the cost of pumping the water, which is now a considerable expense.

Liverpool derives its water supply from Lake Vyrnwy, in Wales, sixty-eight miles distant, and the system cost the city \$10,000,000. Bradford, a town of two hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants, has secured an abundant supply from the sources of the River Nidd, forty miles distant from

the town. Cardiff brings its water thirty-two miles by a system that has cost the city \$4,500,000. Sheffield purchased the water-works from a private company ten years ago; Leeds, Hull, Nottingham, and Leicester have public water systems. The magnitude of municipal investments in water-works may be appreciated from the fact that the outstanding indebtedness of English and Welsh local authorities on account of this one item has reached \$200,000,000, and is nearly one-fifth of the aggregate of local debts.

As in England, so it is on the Continent of Europe, where the government performs many functions that in Great Britain and in this country are left to private enterprise. Berlin took control of the water-works in 1873, and now furnishes water to consumers, as it does gas, by metre, which system has been found to result in great public benefit. Paris owns its water-works, and this is the general rule throughout the cities of Europe. In all of these places great benefits have been found to flow from municipal ownership, and, though the conditions in this country are different, the question is one that will well bear investigation.

The Argonaut has never joined in the attacks upon the water company which furnishes the supply to this city, because we looked upon them as unreasonable and, in too many cases, inspired by purely mercenary motives. That company is in possession of all the immediately available supplies, has given a good service, and its income of six per cent. has not been excessive. The various competing plans suggested have involved so large an expenditure, owing to the distance from which the water would have to be piped, that it would effectually prevent any private corporation carrying them out. The possible income would not, for a number of years, be sufficient to yield an adequate return on the money that would have to be invested. Municipal ownership, on the other hand, has been impossible under the existing laws. A municipal water system, with its many employees, would under the Consolidation Act be a municipal scandal.

But the conditions have now changed. Mayor Phelan was elected as the representative of the movement in favor of a new charter and general municipal improvement. He will be called upon to appoint the freeholders who will frame a new organic law for this city, and there is every reason to believe that that law will contain a provision making it possible for the city to own its water system. He has already intimated that he favors such action. The question is an important one, and should not be decided hastily. Even those who, like the Argonaut, have been opposed to a municipal water system under the old law, may be in favor of it under a new law.

Since the late election, evidences have been multiplying that the one vital issue before the people in the campaign was the question of the tariff, which had its root in the general dissatisfaction with the Wilson schedules and a desire for substantial protection. In the early spring of 1896 it was apparent that the sentiment of the country was ripe for a return to the policy of a higher and more general protective tariff, not only because of the need of additional revenues for the government, but because of the complete failure of the Democratic measure to afford protection under which industries could thrive. So strong was this feeling at that time that the triumph of a protective policy in the fall election was a foregone conclusion. Free-traders, rendered desperate by the prospect of a change of administration, supported by the silver advocates and the perennially discontented who are always "ag'in the government," began to cast about for policies with which to distract public attention and to cloud the true issue. It was thus that the silver question, the income tax, the right of the Federal Government to enforce its own laws, and the attack on the Supreme Court were dragged into the late contest. The whole people are to be congratulated that with the election of McKinley the country has escaped the dangers of the false issues, that the important question of the tariff is being grandly to the front, that the political atmosphere is clearing, and that business is being cheered by the

OPEN HEARINGS
OF THE TARIFF
COMMITTEE.

a chance to revive and progress without the blighting fear of what demagogues may do.

The dominant issue having been determined, and the way cleared by the election of an administration supporting it, it is right that no delay should obtain in putting its policies in force. This work has already begun. An extra session of Congress for that purpose has long been contemplated, and in the light of Senator Sherman's late statements, it may be presumed to be definitely decided upon. The extra session should be convened promptly after the inauguration of the new administration, and its attention should be seriously directed to the task of repairing the damage sustained by the whole country through the experiments the Democrats have been making under the Wilson bill in the interest of an approximate free trade. While a new tariff revision is not to be expected from the Fifty-Fourth Congress, it is encouraging that the Ways and Means Committee of the House has gone to work on the details of the new schedules, since their labors now should save much time in the extra session.

The committee has recently closed its open hearings, which commenced shortly before the new year. Notwithstanding the insinuations which have been rife, that the hearings would be *ex parte* in the interest of manufacturers, and that they would serve merely as opportunities for monopolists to dictate the new tariff provisions, the reports of the proceedings are convincing that under Mr. Dingley's direction the committee is investigating the subject in a broad and comprehensive manner. Delegations from every section and in many interests have been heard on both sides, the oral presentations being made by a designated spokesman in order to save time and confusion. We note, however, that so far from attempting to shut off argument in opposition to revision on protective lines, the committee has, in more than one instance, extended the time of free-trade advocates, in order that they might present their claims to their own fullest satisfaction. The hearings have impressed even Democrats that the estimates of protectionist orators in the late campaign as to the evils of the Wilson tariff were by no means exaggerations. The evidences are that they were far within the truth.

One of the most refreshing developments is that cotton, so long the autocrat of Southern business, has come before the committee humbly suing for protection against its Egyptian competitors. This spectacle was such a shock to the chivalrous pride of Mr. Wheeler, of Alabama, that he is reported to have exclaimed that the South "would be selling her birthright" by insisting on such a provision. In view of the low quotation on birthrights in this country, we suggest, for the consolation of Mr. Wheeler, that it may prove to be money in Southern pockets to part with its birthright rather than with its business. The mess of pottage resulting from a protection to cotton will be more valuable than many birthrights.

The outlook of California as a result of the hearings is so far especially bright. The industries in which the State is most interested, including sugar, coal, lumber, citrus fruits, wines, wool, jute, and fibres, have been ably and exhaustively presented, and the assurance has already been given that the claims of Californians will receive liberal allowances in the ultimate framing of the new bill. Besides the oral hearings, there will be ample opportunities for the presentation of claims to the committee in writing, and of this Californians should take advantage in order that the State may be fully protected in all its industries when a new tariff goes into effect. Much has been done, but the work should not stop. Otherwise we may not receive our full share of the business revival which is in store for the whole country.

Some months ago the Bar Association of this city took up the question of a reform in the State's judiciary system. The matter was referred to the judiciary committee, and they, in turn, communicated with similar committees in the two other bar associations in the State—one in Oakland and the other in Los Angeles. The conference decided that the defects in the existing judicial system were evidenced in two directions—unnecessary delays in the administration of justice and insufficient respect for the courts. The result of their study of the subject is a proposed amendment to the State constitution which is elaborate in its details, and suggests many changes that will appeal more directly to the members of the bar than to the layman: though, in its general outlines, the suggested system is of interest to all.

Adjusting the remedy to the main defects, the amendment proposes two changes: to divide the appellate jurisdiction, thereby curing, or at least reducing, the laws' delays; and to create disciplinary courts which shall take cognizance of all unprofessional conduct on the part of judges or lawyers. The work now done by the supreme court is to be divided among four appellate courts. Constitutional questions, those cases involving the construction of a Federal statute, and criminal cases where a death sentence has been inflicted, may

be appealed to the supreme court; all other appeals are to be heard by district courts of appeal. There are to be three of these courts of appeal, each composed of three justices, sitting in Sacramento, San Francisco, and Los Angeles. The several counties in the State are to be apportioned among these three districts by the chief-justice of the supreme court. The membership of the supreme court is to be reduced from seven to five, and the division of the court into departments and rehearings in bank are to be abolished. The decisions of the district courts of appeal will be final, but the concurrence of two justices will be necessary to render a decision.

The most novel feature and the most radical change proposed is the establishment of the disciplinary courts. A permanent court of discipline is to be established in each of the three appellate districts, consisting of nine judges each. These judges are called "trustees of the bar," and are to be elected by secret ballot by all attorneys who have been in regular practice in the State for one year. No one may be elected a trustee of the bar unless he has been in regular and continuous practice in this State for five years. These disciplinary courts are to investigate all charges or rumors which may have a tendency to impair respect for the administration of the law, and to compel the proper officials to perform the duty imposed upon them by law. The opinions delivered by the court are not to be conclusive, but merely advisory. The courts also shall hear all charges of unprofessional conduct against attorneys at law, and pronounce judgment of exoneratation, warning, suspension, or removal. All applicants for admission to practice also are to be examined by these courts, and they shall pronounce judgment granting or refusing the application.

Special courts of discipline may be created by warrant of the governor, the chief justice of the supreme or district courts, or any two associate justices. These courts shall investigate the integrity or efficiency of any judicial officer. When the charge concerns a justice or judge of a court of record, other than a trustee of the bar, the court shall consist of not less than twelve members, of whom one-fourth shall be judges of courts of record, one-fourth trustees of the bar, one-fourth members of the bar, and one-fourth freeholders, not lawyers. For the trial of a trustee of the bar, the court shall consist of nine members, equally divided among trustees, lawyers, and freeholders.

These disciplinary courts have aroused considerable discussion and not a little indignation among members of the legal profession. It is true that theoretically there should be no necessity for such institutions, but it is equally true that practically such necessity does exist, and the work has heretofore been done by the Bar Association in a manner not wholly satisfactory. The proposed plan would place the control of all disciplinary activity in the hands of the members of the bar who are best qualified to exercise it, and at the same time it would impose upon certain of them the duty of taking cognizance of all unprofessional conduct.

In the organization of the courts, the superior courts and minor tribunals would remain unchanged; the district courts of appeal would correspond to the two departments and the commissioners of the supreme court, with the difference that their decisions would be final and they would cease to be migratory. The supreme court would be decreased by the retirement of two members, its jurisdiction would be considerably diminished, and, until otherwise directed by special act of the legislature, its sessions would be held exclusively in San Francisco. The persons who may be elected a justice or judge is limited to those actually on the bench or holding the office of trustee at the time of their nomination and those who have been in continuous practice at the bar or upon the bench for ten years. Nomination of judges on regular tickets would be abolished; the nomination could be made only by petition signed by fifty electors, and no official or party designation would be placed opposite the name upon the ballot.

A feature of the proposed plan that has caused much discussion is the provision that all cases should be argued orally, and that no new case shall be heard until the previous one is decided. The result of this rule must be to limit the number of cases taken under advisement to one a day and to encourage careless and undigested work by the courts. Very few lawyers are so widely read that they can render a decision off-hand, even after hearing oral arguments. This provision is more likely to delay than to expedite the administration of justice.

The London *Spectator* has published an article in which the inability of women to understand business matters and their absence from all positions of great financial responsibility are made the subject of comment and query. Few women give evidence of either interest in or understanding of what is technically known as "business." The *Spectator* wants to know why, when drawing up his will, the Englishman doubts whether it is safe to leave his wife in the position of executor or trustee. Lawyers proclaim with one voice that, save in ex-

ceptional cases, no property is safe which is trusted to the unchecked control of a woman. The failure of the woman to distinguish herself in a position of important financial trust is set down to several causes. The New Women say she has not been trained in the ways of business or finance. While the boy is brought up to an understanding of bonds and coupons, of interests and investments, the girl is reared in the seemingly feminine ignorance of such sordid details that the male of the past thought fitting and proper. Others set down the woman's inability to become a successful business operator to her disposition to trust to intuitions rather than reason, her tendency to place her confidence where her affections lie, to believe that those whom she likes are incapable of fraud, and, above all, her lack of courage and daring in critical ventures. At those crucial moments, where the fate of an enterprise rests upon some hazardous risk, the woman prefers the course of safety, and the tide, which taken at the flood might have led to fortune, passes to the ebb.

The New Women have undoubtedly gone to the root of the question when they say that their sex's lack of business aptitude rises from a defect in training. "The shadow of the harem" still rests on the woman of to-day. The creature who for generations has had her thinking done for her, who has been hedged about with warping conventions and trained to lean upon the nearest manly shoulder, whose matured intellect was directed upon the unagitating details of housewifery, can hardly be expected suddenly to develop the shrewd penetration, the keen foresight, and the cool self-reliance of the energetic "promoter." That the shadow is drawing away is shown by the fact that women now work well under direction.

One of the results of the period of stringency through which this country has been passing is seen in the fact that the number of marriages has been steadily decreasing during the last few years.

In 1891 the number of couples who entered the matrimonial state in San Francisco was 3,389; the next year it rose to 3,500; and since that time there has been a falling off each year, until in 1896 the number was 3,138. The comparison may be most clearly seen by taking 1891 as a basis. Estimating the number for that year at 100, the figures for the succeeding years would be 103.2, 100.2, 95.8, 94.7, and 92.6.

The number of marriages to each thousand of the population, which in 1891 was 11.7, fell to 10.4 last year. This, indicating 20.8 persons married, is an unusually high rate when compared with the countries of Europe. During the year 1893, Hungary showed the greatest number of marriages and Ireland the least in proportion to population. In Hungary the rate was 18.6 people married in each thousand of the population; in Prussia it was 16.1; for the whole German empire, 15.8; in Belgium, 15.2; in England, Italy, and Switzerland, 14.7; in Holland, 14.6; in Denmark, 14.1; in the United Kingdom, 13.9; in Scotland, 13.2; in Norway, 12.8; and in Ireland, 9.4. This list shows a wide difference between the various countries, and indicates that the influence of race has very little effect upon the marriage rate. The average runs from 14 to 16 persons married in each thousand of the population each year, which shows 7 or 8 marriages. The rate for San Francisco last year, being 10.4 marriages, or 20.8 persons married, was therefore unusually high, though it fell below the rate for previous years.

When the marriages in this city are classified by the months in which they occurred, there is a very evident preference for the winter months. Representing the average number of marriages in a month by 100, the most favored month is October, with a record of 113. December comes next, with 110, and November follows, with 109. The influence of the general observance of the lenten season is seen in the fact that March has the smallest number of marriages, being represented by 82.6, while in April the number jumps up to 105, and falls back to 86 in May. January, August, and September have very nearly the average number of marriages, while February, June, and July fall below the average. In Germany the favorite month is November, with 153, but in December it drops to 76. In January it rises to 97, and February, which is below the average in this city, is represented by 118 in Germany. March has the minimum number, and April has 115. The influence of Lent is thus seen to a certain extent in the figures for Germany; but, contrary to the tendency here, the increase continues through May, when the number is 124. June, July, and August fall below the average, and October is the most favored month excepting November. In Sweden and Finland the maximum is in December; in Scotland it is in January, with a second maximum in June.

While the number of marriages has been decreased, it is gratifying to see that divorces are very few. They have aggregated in the past year only one-fifth of the number of marriages. Six hundred and ten suits were brought in the local courts in 1896, and all but twenty of them were granted. The registration of births showed 5,020 children

born, a notable increase on the 3,755 of the previous year, but this increase was largely the result of more complete registration. The number of deaths was 5,966, so that there were 310 more people married than died during the year.

The Eastern papers have lately contained lengthy accounts of Marion Crawford's intention to enter the field as a dramatist. Considering the enormous profits to be made by a successful play, it is singular that more authors do not desert the ranks of novelists for those where the dramatist sits in glorified renown. A popular novelist makes from \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year. A hack writer, well known and capable of doing good work, makes from \$2,000 to \$4,000; and for this he works long and late. Some time ago, an Eastern writer of long experience and established reputation, confessed that \$3,000 a year was the best he could do. Set against these figures those made by a successful dramatist, and there is only wonder that the whole army of writers, big and little, do not turn their attention to the making of plays. The figures realized by those whose fame is established are large enough to beguile even so successful a novelist as Marion Crawford from the making of books. Fanny Davenport paid Sardou for the American rights of four dramas \$360,000. For "Madame Sans-Gêne," Pitou gave \$30,000. Plays that we see here and fancy are merely quiet successes, net for their authors sums that even beat the enormous amounts given to Sir Walter Scott in his great days. From the Empire Company performances of "Sowing the Wind," Sydney Grundy received \$75,000, and the same sum was given for "Charley's Aunt." Even "The Masqueraders," which was hardly regarded as a success on this side of the water, brought Henry Arthur Jones \$40,000 for the American performances. The domestic playwrights fare equally well, their payments being arranged on a sliding scale of royalties based on the gross receipts. In the old days, dramatists received from \$5 to \$25 a performance, whether the play drew \$5,000 or \$10,000. To-day, such plays as "The Heart of Maryland," a war melodrama, gave Belasco \$1,000 a week, and on exceptionally lively weeks \$1,300.

Such inducements as this naturally draw aspiring crowds to the play-writing craft. But though many shall be called, few are chosen. The gift of dramatic writing is inborn, and rarely is coupled with the gift of the *raconteur* or the story-writer. Dumas's play of "Camille" lives to-day, while the book of the same story was forgotten a quarter of a century ago. It was the dream of Charles Reade's life to be a dramatist, and yet, with a distinctly dramatic tendency, the living touch of the playwright was lacking. To those who have it, recognition may be long coming, but it must come at last. Neither manager nor author can prophesy the fate of an untried play. A hundred costly failures make them fearful of attempting the new work of an unknown hand, yet they know that among these mute, inglorious novices there may be one who will repeat the successes of Boucicault. It is said that "Alabama" was put in rehearsal and taken off six times, finally to be timorously attempted as a stop-gap between more important productions. The world of art and letters awaits Mr. Crawford's dramatic debut with interest. Should he succeed, he will furnish one of the few instances of a novelist who has the gift of the playwright.

The oleomargarine bill which was passed by the lower House of Congress last week, places the sale of oleomargarine, and all other imitation butter products, under the regulation of the States and Territories into which they are taken from other States for sale. Most of the States of the Union have passed laws affecting these products, not with the intention of prohibiting either their manufacture or sale at wholesale or retail, but for the purpose of preventing their sale as genuine dairy products. Under the "original package" decision, oleomargarine could be taken from one State to another and one sale made in spite of local laws; thus it was possible for the retail dealer to cheat the purchaser by selling him oleomargarine instead of butter. The extent to which this was done is shown by the fact that in the year following that decision the Federal receipts from the tax upon oleomargarine jumped from seven hundred thousand dollars to more than a million and a half. The present bill will make such fraudulent sales impossible in States which have laws prohibiting them.

The debate in the House showed an opposition based mainly upon the assumption that the passage of the bill would conflict with the duty of Congress to regulate commerce between the States. But there was behind it all a custom of condemnation backed by a dearth of knowledge of oleomargarine which is highly prejudicial to that article in the minds of the people generally. There are a great many facts about the greatly handicapped rival of butter which should be more generally known.

France was the birth-place of oleomargarine, and Mége-

Mouries, official chemist of Napoleon the Third, was its sponsor. He sought a substitute for butter which should be cheaper, equally palatable, and more capable of preservation. He knew that the fatty particles of milk which form butter are akin to the adipose tissue of the cow, and that if the animal is underfed, these fatty components of milk must be drawn direct from the tissues of its body. Experimenting on these lines, he succeeded in producing oleomargarine from the animal fats. As he made it, so it is made to-day, with practically no change from the methods he evolved. The fresh suet is placed in tanks heated by steam, together with a small quantity of bicarbonate of potash and the stomachs of sheep and pigs. For two hours it is maintained at a temperature of 132 degrees Fahrenheit, until the pepsin of the stomach-tissues has dissolved the fat-membranes of the suet, the pure fat rising to the surface, whence it is drawn off into a second tank. Here salt is added, and at a slightly higher temperature the fat is soon rendered clear and yellow, having both the odor and taste of fresh butter. This is again drawn off, cooled, and cut up into pieces, which are subjected to high pressure in hydraulic presses at 177 degrees. By this means the stearine is separated out for use in the manufacture of candles, and what remains is the pure and wholesome substitute for butter.

It is impossible for experts to distinguish the oleomargarine thus made from the best of creamery butter. It looks the same, smells the same, tastes the same, and differs from it only in being chemically the purer article of the two. It is drawn from the same tissues as dairy butter by a different and better method, and is vastly superior to the most of the latter in the markets. In the method of manufacture, oleomargarine is preferable to butter both for cleanliness and purity. A large proportion of butter is made in private families, and so freely handled as to make it an excellent recruiting office for an army of bacteria. It is one of the slanders against oleomargarine that it is made from refuse scraps of meat and grease. The fact is that a good oleomargarine can not be made except from the best and freshest of fat, and this through the whole process is carefully guarded from the touch of human hands. There are, of course, small producers who make an inferior article from undesirable materials, or by mixing a good oleomargarine with lard. But these products can always be detected by their unpleasant smell, and need impose on no one.

A thorough examination of the hygienic qualities of butter and oleomargarine was made recently by the official chemists of the Austrian empire, who reported that the only germs discovered in the latter were those common to air and water. There were no tuberculous or other dangerous germs in the oleomargarine, while butter was found to be particularly liable to contamination because the lactic acid, which can not be entirely removed by present methods, causes fermentation and decay. Much as oleomargarine has been discredited by interest and malice, it has found many champions among physicians as well as chemists. Reputable therapeuticians state that while butter is more valuable than cod-liver oil as an agent in restoring the tissues in wasting diseases like consumption, oleomargarine is far superior to either. It contains the necessary hydrocarbons in a better form, and is more grateful to the stomach than an unpleasant, highly flavored oil. It is more digestible than either oil or butter, thus permitting larger quantities to be taken and assimilated. It does not subject the patient to butyric dyspepsia, so commonly the result of the free use of butter. In fact, oleomargarine is one of the best tissue-builders known.

Perhaps the sincerest tribute to the value and wholesomeness of oleomargarine lies in the fact that those who are its largest manufacturers are also its most constant consumers. As one of them has said, "he knows what he is eating, and has the assurance that it is thoroughly clean." It is probable that when the facts relating to the production of butter direct from the animal fats are better known by consumers generally, prejudice will rapidly disappear, and the long-despised "oleo" will be widely used. It has no occasion to blush for its origin, and we expect to see the honestly made article take its place openly in the market, to be bought and sold under its own name, unrestricted by State lines, unhampered by prohibitory laws, and unscathed by malice.

Despite the general parl of hard times, the luxuries that are part of life in a large city are as costly as they have ever been. While the general cost of living has declined till it would seem as if it had reached the lowest possible level, all that belongs to the richer and more luxurious forms of existence has increased in costliness. Life now in a large Eastern city is life only to the wealthy. A small income shuts its owner out from all that brilliant side of existence which invests a great metropolis with its compelling charm. Hotel life, with its completeness of luxury and absolute finish of management, is only possible to the possessor of a full purse. In no first-rate hotel can room and board be

procured under four or five dollars a day, from nine to ten dollars for two. Hotels on the European plan are even higher. At the Waldorf, a suite of apartments is obtainable for six dollars a day per room. In no good hotel, on any plan, can two people live for less than from \$60 to \$100 a week. In the restaurants the prices are steadily tending upward. In the halcyon past one could obtain a spring chicken at Delmonico's for a dollar. This was also the price of canvas-back and terrapin. Now, the man who pays six dollars a day for each room of his suite can not eat terrapin under \$2.50 a portion, and for the luxury of canvas-back must disburse from \$2.50 to \$4.50, according to the swellness of the restaurant he patronizes. Should he still have life enough in him to desire the recreation of a drive, he will be met again by the prices prevailing in a city that is crying of hard times. For a drive with two horses to Central Park he will be charged \$6; to Riverside Park the damage will be \$10. For a cheap coupé \$1 an hour is the usual price; for a "theatre job," \$3. Should the theatre attract him as a cheerful form of recuperation after the heat and burden of the day, he will be able to procure two seats for three dollars, unless the attraction happens to be something slightly out of the ordinary, when the price ascends by easy stages from \$1.50 to \$2.00 and \$2.50. If he has had experience, he will know that the opera is out of the question for two people under \$10 for one evening. In the matter of clothes, though cloth, labor, and rent have dropped, the first-class tailors and dressmakers are as high in their prices as they have ever been. Ready-made clothing, good of its kind, is obtainable for exceedingly low rates; but the style of raiment worn by the man and woman to whom luxuries are necessities, is as costly as ever. For an overcoat, from \$90 to \$100 does not sound extravagant to the well-dressed man. He pays \$5 for his derby and \$10 for his silk hat, and does not complain when his wife purchases a French toque for \$25 and a walking-hat for \$18. Yet the cry of hard times, like the price of the canvas-back, goes up, and is echoed throughout the land.

The correct style of engraving a lady's visiting-card is once more agitating New York society. "MRS. SMITH AND 'MRS. JOHN SMITH.'" The troubling of the waters has been caused by the new Mrs. William C. Whitney sending out cards without Christian name or initials. Mrs. Whitney has lived in England and, it is to be presumed, brings the latest fashions with her. The etiquette of who is Mrs. Smith and who is Mrs. John Smith is matter of moment across the seas. Like the customs governing the wearing of liveries and the right to use crests, it is a subject ruled, not by fashionable caprice, but by cast-iron laws. The female head of the family is Mrs. Smith—the wife of the eldest son's eldest son—though she may be younger and of less social importance than Mrs. John Smith. She takes precedence of the other women of the clan, and where she sits there is the head of the table. It was on just this issue that the famous Waldorf and William Astor battle took place some years ago, a combat at which the American people looked on in awed amaze. Mrs. Waldorf Astor's claim to be head of the family as wife of the eldest son of the elder branch was unquestionably right and proper. But Mrs. William's premise that an advantage in age and in prominence gave her the right to be Mrs. Astor without explanatory prefixes was backed by public sympathy. The Waldorf Astors became so irate that they went to England, where these things are settled past disputing and rebellious aunts are kept in their proper places. Since then the subject has lain dormant till re-opened by the new Mrs. Whitney's new cards.

Mrs. Whitney has taken the field in a particularly challenging manner, as she is not the head of the Whitney family. There are older Whitney ladies and younger Whitney ladies who, it is to be imagined, will not patiently sit down under this assumption of leadership from a handsome outsider. Still, New Yorkers will give up much to do things in the correct foreign way, and Mrs. Whitney has just come from the effete monarchies and the inner circles of the Prince of Wales's set. There will be a run on the fashionable stationers, and Mrs. John Smith will be transmogrified into Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. Tom Jones will make her bow as plain Mrs. Jones. Such revulsions of public opinion make social life in the Empire City an exciting progress between pitfalls of etiquette. For on these points the dictum of society is austere. Whether you are or are not presentable depends upon the completeness of your mastery of such details. The wild, untutored child of nature, who comes out of the West with many millions and a simple trusting faith in his power to conquer, little suspects the snares spread to entrap him. As an unflinching critic pronounced Mr. Barnes of New York no gentleman because he wore reversible cuffs, so the aspirants, whose cards are engraved after the fashion of a year, may knock like Peris at the gate of the Whitney and yearn to enter, and knock in vain.

THE OPAL SKULL.

How an Ill-Omened Gem Worked its Spell After Five Years.

Of all places to oppress one with the fruitlessness of life, there is none like unto the southern portion of the Colorado River. Other rivers—notably such a one as the Gila—may flow through as barren a country, but the desolation is different; it is suggestive of what is yet to be, while the Colorado, at the south, rolls lifelessly through a land that is of a past so hopelessly dead, so far away, that there is neither memory of it remaining nor chance of resurrection of its vanished bones. There seems always to be visible from its banks, if banks they can be called, some faint blue-gray mountain-peak off in the distance, beyond the plain with its rare groups of cottonwoods and its occasional lonely adobe. And there is something that makes one sad and restless in the sight of those misty lines of mountains, something a thousand-fold more depressing than in a prairie that meets its own unbroken horizon.

Evening—which seems the only time that should ever be there—was coming upon this country of forgotten æons. There was no color anywhere. The yellow of the sky was only a pale glimmer over the whitening blue; the green of the trees was dulled by the dust and the twilight; the country was a level dun stretch, and the mountains—far, far away—were only a shading of uncertain blue. There was but one house in sight, an adobe four hundred yards or less from the river; but there was no sign or sound of life except the quiet rattling of the cottonwood leaves in the evening wind.

Yet in among the willows by the river was a small, canvas-covered wagon. Two thin broncos were hobbled near by, and a man was gathering sticks for a fire. There was little dry wood so near the stream, and he went out into the open in front of the adobe. He was in no hurry. All the night was before him, so he stood, with his thumbs hooked in his cartridge-belt, looking at the house. He wondered if it would be worth his while to make the acquaintance of the "greasers" who undoubtedly inhabited it. They might offer him hospitality for the night; but he had learned by experience that Mexican hospitality usually implies dirt, and he disliked dirt. It was a question in his mind whether a blanket under the wagon would not be preferable. And while he debated, the flat board door of the adobe opened, and a woman came out. She was slender, therefore she was young—so reasoned the man, who knew Mexicans. More than that he could not see. After a time she went back into the house, and he fell to gathering sticks.

When the moon rose, and he, having finished his supper, was sitting beside the dying camp-fire, peacefully smoking, the low willows parted, and the girl of the adobe stood near him. She was pretty in the ideal Mexican way—red and full-lipped, brightly colored, large-eyed, with two great braids of purple-black hair; and she was dressed with surprising neatness in a fresh white frock and crude pink ribbons.

"Ah! I beg your pardon, señor; I knew note zat you wear hier," she cried, starting back.

The man arose. He was aware that it was totally improbable that she had not seen him when she had been standing in the doorway; he was also aware that she must have observed the smoke of his fire; nevertheless, he spoke and said, "Señorita, I will go away." And he stood quite still.

"Ah! no. Eet must be me to go," and she, too, stood still. "Eet ees zat I come each night hier to seet, an' I knew note zat you wear hier," she repeated.

"It gives me much pleasure to see you. Will you not sit here with me?" He spread a blanket on the ground near the bright coals, and motioned to her, with a deep bow, to be seated. She took her place, and he, stretching himself at her feet, leaning upon one elbow, offered her a cigarette.

Her name, it transpired very soon, was Anita—Anita Mañara; his, he told her, was Richard Lovell. They fell a-talking, and he did what was expected of him—made desperate love instantly; while she did what he had expected her to do, responded with only enough reserve to keep up the illusion of flirtation. Principles of severity may flourish upon mountain heights, may withstand great temptation, but on the southern prairies of a summer night, when the moon is full and shedding gold light through the willows, and a slow river trickles by, and the only voices are those of the crickets and of a Mexican woman, and the woman is beautiful, morality is at ebb tide, and principles melt like hard, white pearls in wine. Here in the half-tropic South-West, with an unwise child of sixteen, of an amorous race, the rather lax code of honor of Richard Lovell fell from him. She told him about her life.

"I was born hier," she said, "een zat house. But w'en I twelf years am, I to San Diego go to school, an' zere I Eenglish learn. I speak note much Eenglish now, for zat I have only my muzzer an' my bruzzer, who zey speake but Spanish; an' Carlos he can Eenglish speake, but he like eet note."

"Who is Carlos, sweetheart?"

"He ees my sweetheart, w'at I to marry him am."

"Where is he?" The young man drew a little away and sat erect.

"He ees at ze mines in Concepcion. He haf one mine for him, an' he weel be some time reech. He come to see me ze Sunday. Do you note Spanish speake—talk, sare?"

"No. Just a few words. And where is your brother?"

"He ees zis night far away. He weel to-morrow weeth Carlos come back."

Lovell understood. He resumed gradually his posture of adoration. When the cigarettes were finished, he held her hand, and in time he put his arm about her and kissed her, and forgot all the maxims of wisdom that had ever been taught to him.

So they sat—to all purposes alone in the prairie—she with

her black head upon his shoulder, he caressing the soft, warm fingers.

"What is that ring?" he asked, turning and toying with the only one she wore.

"Eet ees Carlos. He geef eet to me. Weel you see?" She drew it off. "Eef you weel one match light."

He struck a wax one and held it to the ring. It was an opal set in silver and carved in the shape of a skull. Lovell knew enough of stones to understand the difficulty of cutting an opal. He knew the skill and patience it must require to shape it like this one. There was probably not another like it in the world; certainly he had never seen it, if there were. In the flickering light it gleamed and sparkled blue, and red, and yellow fires, and the jaws seemed to contort themselves into a grin.

"How wonderful!" he ejaculated.

"Yes," answered Anita.

He was seized with a wild desire to obtain it, and he played boldly for it. "Do you love me, Anita, sweetheart, beautiful?" he whispered, taking her face in his hands and looking into her eyes.

She uttered a faint but sincere "Yes."

He kissed her again, not once, but many times. "If you love me, Anita, you should give me the ring to remember you by—a keepsake, as we call it."

She slipped it into his hand.

"Ah! no. Geef eet to me," she cried of a sudden.

"Why?"

"Carlos, he tell me zat eet ees very—w'at you say?—note nice lucky."

"Then why did he give it to you?"

"He say eet ees for a man, note for a woman, zat eet ees like zat."

"I expect Carlos wanted to keep you from giving it away."

"No. He say zat one man w'at keep eet for five year, he die sue."

"I am not afraid. I would be glad to die to have your ring for even a year."

"No. Geef eet back to me."

"Then you do not love me," he said, dejectedly. "You are like all women, you are glad to break a man's heart."

"No, no. I love you. You can keep eet. I weel tell Carlos I loose eet."

At the moment her mother called to her from the adobe. She threw her plump arms about the American's neck and said a clinging good-by, as if her heart were sadly wrung. And for the time being she was in desperate earnest.

At daybreak he saw two horsemen, both Mexicans, ride up to the house. He guessed that they were the man Mañara and Carlos; and he hitched up the team quickly and went, in a fashion that suggested flight, taking the ring with him.

Now it happened—as such things will happen in the new West—that Carlos Valera grew very rich within a few months and went to live in San Diego with his wife, and that they were much courted and sought after, for Valera was generous and well-mannered and not ill-looking, and Señora Valera was bewitching, a type, more than locally famous for her beauty, and possessed of a charm that is peculiar to women of her race who have learned the usages of the world. They kept open house, in the grand way of the wealthy Spanish-Americans of not so long ago. Never a day passed that more than one total stranger was not entertained. Thus it came about that, upon a spring evening some years after her marriage, Señora Valera greeted with lovely ease and grace a guest whom her husband brought home with him, a Mr. Richard Lovell, of Los Angeles. But as she greeted him she glanced down at his hands and saw that he wore the opal skull. She turned to her husband and said in English that was perfect now, though made daintily by a slight lisp: "Carlos, dear, will you see if I left my opal-and-diamond pin on my dressing-stand? I think I took it out to wear, and forgot it. I don't want it to get lost like that other opal you gave me before we were married. I'm afraid they are really unlucky stones; don't you think so, Mr. Lovell? Would you mind going for it, Carlos?"

Valera left the room.

"Mr. Lovell, take off that ring while you are here," she said, calmly.

"I have never taken it off. And I'm sorry that I can't do so now."

"If Mr. Valera sees it, he will be as apt to kill you as not. He is very jealous."

"I fancy he has good reason."

"Kindly keep your opinions where such unpleasant ones properly belong—in your own consciousness. You will be wise to do as I say, and to be quick. Do you know that the five years is up to-night?"

"I doubt that sort of superstition. As I told you before, I'm not afraid. Perhaps you are, though? It is natural you should be. I will tell you what I will do. I'll take the ring and put it in my pocket"—he slipped it off and held it between his thumb and finger—"if you will kiss me again as you did on that night."

"I will not. You would have forgotten that silliness of mine by now, if you had been fortunate enough to be a gentleman."

"Never!—not all those caresses and protestations. Come, kiss me again, and I'll hide the ring."

"No. Mr. Valera will finish hunting for a pin that isn't there in a moment more, and if he comes back it may go ill with you—it certainly will if he sees the ring."

"Then kiss me."

"I will not. Be quick. I hear him coming. Quick!"

"Kiss me. You'd better, for your own sake."

"No."

"Then don't."

"Oh! hide that ring—do, for me."

"Kiss me."

"Well, kiss me, then."

He put his hands on her shoulders and bent his head. He did not see Valera step into the French window, but he

knew that the woman pulled away from him with a loud "How dare you!" and a scream, "Carlos, Carlos, help me!"

And then he felt something sharp driven deep between the shoulders, and as he fell backward, Señora Valera grasped at the ring and caught it from his hand. She put her own hand to her throat in the accepted fashion of the conventional faint, and as she did so, dropped the jewel into the bosom of her gown. Then she lost consciousness.

The story she told her husband was one of unprovoked impertinence on the part of an utter stranger, a man she had never seen before, and the story he told the world was much the same, but slightly embellished. It was not plausible, yet it passed. It excused the murder without any great difficulty, and it was something of a feather in the cap of the beautiful Mexican—for this was in the early days.

Señora Valera ground the opal skull to bits with a heavy stone, and kept the chips in a locket, until one day she found an excuse to drive to the cemetery and scatter them upon Lovell's grave.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1897.

We have already mentioned the crusade being conducted by the ministers of Washington, D. C., against the newsboys, with the intention of prohibiting them from crying their papers on Sunday. The latest move in the matter is the drawing up of the following petition, which has been signed by over two hundred newsboys:

"We, the newsboys of the District of Columbia, being told that our cry is no longer to be heard in the land on the Sabbath, and desiring to aid all in our power the work of promoting the Christian religion and its commands, respectfully ask that to the new law about ourselves and our business, the commissioners, the President, Congress, and all concerned in our government cause the following laws to be passed and enforced:—

"First—That no minister be allowed to kiss his wife on Sunday.

"Second—That no minister be allowed to kiss any other woman on Sunday, or any other day.

"Third—That no minister be allowed to have a hot breakfast on Sunday, or a hot dinner. His servants have to work for money when they cook on Sunday. It is against the sanctity of the day.

"Fourth—We ask that all the seats in the churches be made free by law.

"Fifth—That no minister be allowed to draw more than two thousand dollars salary a year. We believe this sum is enough to support a large American family, with proper economy.

"Sixth—That each rich minister be obliged to sell all he has and give the money to the poor, according to the order of his Divine Master.

"Seventh—That ministers who can find in Holy Writ one word, text, or utterance in any way abridging the rights or happiness of children be required to publish it.

"Eighth—That each minister be required to earn his living at some trade or business, and to pay therefrom his legitimate expenses.

"Ninth—That the gospel be preached without money and without price, as the Saviour preached it. The Saviour was a carpenter, and drew no salary for his ministry."

One of the most remarkable of war inventions is attributed to the ingenuity of a Frenchman, Paul Giffard. His "miracle gun" is a repeating rifle which employs no gunpowder. Liquefied air, obtained under pressure at a temperature hundreds of degrees below zero, and thus representing an enormous expansive power, is the projecting force. This rifle is described as being much lighter in weight than an ordinary rifle. The steel cartridge, nine inches long and as thick as one's thumb, contains three hundred bullets, which may be discharged as quickly or as slowly as desired. There is no smoke and no flash, only a sharp and low report. As soon as one cartridge is empty, another can be screwed on instantly, three hundred shots costing but two and a half cents.

In a paper presented lately by A. J. Michelin to the French Society of Civil Engineers, the author gives a suggestive account of his experiments with the pneumatic tire and the ordinary wheels. The first experiment was made when the ground was covered with two inches of snow, also when the snow was melting, and then when the ground was muddy. Other tests consisted of pulls of varying speeds over macadam, paved, and ordinary roads. In all of these the pneumatic tire showing a saving in pulling power of from thirty to nearly fifty per cent.

There seems to be big money in college athletics. Yale, during the year 1896, received from all sources for athletic purposes—that is to say, from voluntary subscriptions, gate receipts, and so on—\$59,739.36; Harvard about (for the report of the graduate manager of athletics is not yet public property) \$50,000; Pennsylvania, \$46,959.78; and Princeton, \$46,615.81. This gives a rough total of \$203,314.95 taken in in one year by the athletic sports of four of our leading Eastern colleges.

Big sleeves blocked an important Paris thoroughfare the other day. A young woman was sailing down the Rue Richelieu taking up most of the sidewalk, when a polite old gentleman, to make room for her, stepped into the street directly in front of a passing cab. The driver pulled his horse up to avoid running over him, when the beast fell down, and in two minutes there was a solid block of omnibuses, cabs, bicycles, and delivery carts, filling the street for over an hour.

Russia's big cruiser *Rossia*, the largest ship in the navy, which ran aground last November while being taken from the ship-yard to Cronstadt after it had been launched, has just been floated. It was expected that the vessel would have to remain in its position till the ice broke up in the spring, but a passage was opened for it by steam ice-breakers. It took fifty-one days, working continuously day and night, to get the ship afloat again.

Paper is now being used for underground gas-pipes in England. The material is cellulose paper, soaked in asphalt. The pipes are said to be impermeable to water and air, capable of resisting heavy pressure, not subject to the ordinary causes of deterioration, and not affected by the action of electric currents.

SANTA CRUZ COUNTY'S SAND ROAD.

A Practical Lesson in Economy for Farmers.

Believing that I could improve the roads in the district in which I lived, and seeing no way in which to compass this end, except by authority, I sought the nomination of supervisor at the Republican convention, and it was given to me. There was a quarrel in the Democratic convention which resulted in bringing forward an independent candidate as well as the regular nominee. The Populists also put a candidate in the field, and against these odds I slipped into the office of supervisor by only four votes. The voters of the county thought it a misfortune for a "city man" to hold this position; they opined that I might do for supervisor, but thought it not possible for me to understand road-building as well as the men who had lived in the county for the past thirty years. It is true that I am a "city man," so far as being business manager of the *Argonaut* and a resident of San Francisco makes me one; but I am also a "country man," as I own a country place in Santa Cruz County where I have spent a portion of my time for some years. There was one proposition upon which we could agree, viz., they thought that I knew nothing of roads. I knew they did not understand the building of them, for I did not know of one road in Santa Cruz County that was laid out as it should have been for the best interests of the inhabitants, upon the best grade obtainable, and which could be maintained at the least cost. In looking over the roads, I was forced to conclude that when the people petitioned for a road the supervisors appointed viewers who, with the county surveyor, located the road; they then chose the one which crossed the most gulleys, and so required the most bridging, and generally the grade was up and down like the billows of the sea. So much in love were they with this style of roads that one of my neighbors told me that "it was a good thing that the roads were hilly, as a horse in going up and down hill brought into play different sets of muscles, and hence was not so tired at the end of the journey as he would be had he traveled over a level road."

Between my residence and the railroad station was a sand road three miles in extent. The condition of the road was caused by the action of the water upon the adjacent hills washing down the sandy portion of the loam and depositing it along the road between the hills. In the winter, the rains packed this road hard, and it was then a passably good road. But in the summer the sand cut so badly that the wheels of a loaded team sank into it for a depth of from twelve to eighteen inches. The problem before me was how to raise and cover the sand and make a road that could be maintained at a small expense. There was a tradition in the neighborhood that once upon a time the sand had been covered by redwood bark, and that for one summer it had been a passable road; but when the winter rains set in, the bark was washed away or covered so deep by sand that it has never appeared since.

The custom in the township had been to cover this stretch of sand with straw twice each summer, in order to give the wheels and horses something more substantial than sand to run upon. This covering of straw lasted only a few weeks, and cost sixty dollars. In the winter, the hilly portion of the road would gully. This required a few days' work with a dump-scraper and a road-scraper, so that the entire cost each year was about two hundred dollars. I was advised to make a plank road over it, but this would have had to be rebuilt every three years, provided it was not washed out like the redwood bark, making this too expensive a plan to consider.

While studying this problem I saw it was cruelty to animals to compel them to haul the great loads over this desert-like patch, and as this was the main road between the two ends of the county and as most of the traffic of the county was over this road, their sufferings were terrible to witness. I also found that if the driver was a deacon in the church, he was in danger of falling from grace many times in endeavoring vocally to assist his horses to pull a load uphill. Hence I concluded that if I could build a decent road upon this sand, it would be a saving to horse-flesh and in the interest of morality.

Of these three miles of sand, two of them were level. There was also one sand-hill one-quarter of a mile long, with a nine-per-cent. grade, and another hill called the "Summit" three hundred feet in length, with a fourteen-per-cent. grade. Fortunately, this hill was composed of a sort of cement gravel upon which the horses could get a good footing. This gravel differs from the wash gravel of which many of the roads in the State are constructed. Under the heavy traffic it cements into a solid mass, which is not the case with the wash gravel. Had I used the wash-gravel, I should not have obtained the good results I did. Two miles and a quarter from the "Summit" was the worst part of the road, one-quarter of a mile long. Here the road had a turn like a crescent, and here I determined I would commence my experiment of reclamation, and if this proved a success, the problem as to the rest would be solved. I commenced in the spring by grading up the sand three feet high and twenty feet broad on top. Then from the bank sides of the road I hauled sufficient dirt to cover the sand.

I covered the entire twenty feet in breadth with corn-stalks laid cross-wise on the road eight inches thick; then put on a covering of straw one foot deep. While doing this work I had to keep the road open to travel, and this cost me an extra man and four extra horses with which to hitch on to pull passing vehicles over the work. After the corn-stalks and straw were laid, it was quite easy for any team to pull its own load over the new piece of road. To protect the inside of the crescent, I cut and laid brush against the side of the raised road and shoveled the sand from the side ditches and banked it up against the brush, so as to protect the road from washing, the coming winter.

In three weeks the straw and corn-stalks were ground to powder, and the road was packed as hard as a dirt-road could be packed. In the summer the principal teaming was hauling straw to the paper-mills. The wagons used were the common farm-wagon, the front tires two inches, the rear tires two and a half or two and three-quarter inches, furnished with a rack built to clear the hind wheels, in order to load the straw two bales wide and three bales high. The covered bridges on the road prevented any high loading. The load being top-heavy caused it to sway from side to side and thus cause the wheel, with its narrow tire, to cut and grind the road.

Now, during the entire summer, with all the teaming (from two to three hundred teams per day), not a rut was cut in the road. I had proved that I could pack the sand for a foundation. The next experiment was to gravel it on top. For this purpose, I employed two men and one team, and for one week hauled the gravel from the Summit hill, a distance of two miles and a quarter, and covered with gravel one end of the hundred feet chosen for the experiment, eight feet in width. At the other end, I put the gravel on twelve feet in width for about two hundred feet in length. Both places were graveled to the depth of six inches. I found that it cost me fifty-five cents per yard to haul the gravel. The experiment was a success, and this place to-day is one of the best pieces of road in the county. But there were people who said that I ought to be indicted by the grand jury for so extravagantly using the road funds. Yet the total expense was only two hundred dollars.

In the fall I started with a gang of men and horses, with a four-horse Fresno buck-scraper, to grade the sand hill from a nine-per-cent. down to a five-per-cent. grade, and turnpiked the rest of the sand road, giving it just enough grade to carry off the water. This hill I made twenty-five feet wide on top, and I covered the entire distance with straw. Then I set stakes every quarter of a mile from the base of the Summit hill, which I intended to cut down in order to get the gravel for the road. I then called my neighbors together and told them that as there

was now nothing to do on their farms I would employ them; but as the road fund was inadequate for the job in hand, I was not able to pay for it at the wages established by the county, viz., three dollars and a half per day for a man with a wagon and two horses, but that I would pay by the square yard for all gravel hauled. They were to provide their wagons with a dump-box as large as their teams were able to carry. I then measured the box, found how many yards of gravel it would hold, and at the dump I gave a ticket for each load. Every night I collected the tickets and credited them with the number of yards hauled during the day. The men having the large teams would be able to haul more than those with the small ones, and this plan was just to all. Furthermore, I asked each man to contribute one-sixth of his labor toward the improvement, and, as all were directly interested in the road, they willingly agreed, provided that I would furnish sufficient shovels to keep the wagons constantly going, and not take more than five minutes to load.

I covered the sand to the second stake with eighteen inches of straw and hauled the gravel to this stake, dumping three loads wide back to the first stake, driving the load a foot or two on to the load dumped ahead, thus making the gravel, when spread by the man at the dump, of a uniform depth of twenty inches. For the first quarter of a mile I paid thirteen cents per yard, for the second quarter seventeen cents, and increased each quarter.

As fast as I got one-quarter of a mile covered with gravel, I strewed the next quarter, and went to the quarter stake and graveled one dump back. I had to keep a team of six horses to pull loaded teams over the work, and three times a day the gravel was turnpiked with an Austin road-grader, leaving the gravel twelve inches in the centre for a width of eight feet and spread out on the sides down to four inches thick, making the road graveled eighteen feet in width. At the foot of the sand-hill the road took a turn almost at right angles, and terminated on one side in a ditch six feet deep. This ditch would have to receive the water drained from about three thousand acres, and this would cause such a stream as would necessitate protecting the bank-side of the road, else it would not have stood two weeks of the first rain. To overcome this difficulty, I had post-holes bored down six feet into the quicksand and put in 4x5 posts, four feet apart, and brought them to within six inches of the top of the road, giving the posts a six-inch slant in toward the road. I then double-boarded bracing-joints, and covered all the cracks, and put on a three-inch plank top, making a good substantial bulkhead seven hundred feet in length, thus giving the water a straight shoot through a ditch six feet in depth.

Behind the bulkhead, on the side of the road, I put in straw and filled in dirt, packing it as hard as it could be rammed down, thus completing the reclamation of the celebrated "sand road of Santa Cruz County."

The expense of two miles of gravel road was forty-four hundred dollars, including the cutting down of the Summit hill eighteen feet and making on this hill a three-per-cent. grade in place of the fourteen-per-cent. grade which was the grade before the cutting.

I was not able, the first summer after this work was done, to put in a water plant with which to water the new road, and it was necessary to water it in order to keep it hard and free from ruts. So I put up one tank, and from that I sprinkled the road, once a week, costing the county the first season only twenty dollars to keep this road in repair. This last season I piped water two miles and put up three tanks, but did not get them until July, and so only sprinkled three months. After this it will be sprinkled five months at a cost of fifty dollars, and the road will require but five dollars more expense to run a road-scraper over it once a year. So you have learned how the noted "sand road" was built of straw.

The question is often asked, why I put straw on the roads. This was done in order to form a cushion on top of the sand to keep the gravel from sinking into the sand. This result I found by cutting across a road which had been strawed in order to put in a culvert. I found the gravel here was packed so hard that a pick had to be used upon it. I found that the straw had settled down from eighteen inches to four inches, and the sand was packed so hard under the straw that I was obliged to use a mattock to cut through it before it could be shoveled.

After the sand road was completed, teams hauling between Watsonville and Santa Cruz, a distance of twenty miles, could haul one-third more at a load than formerly, at a saving of two hours in time, and the horses would come in at night much less fatigued. Did it pay to fix the worst piece of sand road in the county? In reply to that question I can state some facts that came to my knowledge: First, the improvement of the sand road gave an impetus to the improvement of the entire main road through the county, and also to the improvement of the roads in every supervisory district in the county. The supervisor of Pajaro cut down hills, and filled up valleys, and graveled some bad spots on his roads. The supervisor of Branciforte District pulled out a bridge and made a culvert, raising the road to a better grade, and put in the first piece of macadam on the main road.

The citizens of Santa Cruz, in public meeting, appointed a committee to raise money, and spent it on the Big Tree Road; they raised \$5,200, and the county gave \$1,500 to remove bridges on the road and make fills in their place. The supervisor of that district appropriated six hundred dollars from the road fund and spent the whole amount in regrading and railing the dangerous places, and thus made one of the finest mountain roads in the State. At the time of the big railroad strike a few years ago, the teamsters of Hollister and San Benito Counties started to haul hay and grain to Boulder. Now, just before the trains stopped running, the freight from Hollister to Boulder in car-load lots cost four dollars and eighty-five cents per ton. After the strike was over, the teamsters continued to haul freight, for they found that they could make money, and they continued to haul until the railroad reduced its price to two dollars and twenty-five cents for carload lots.

This was an object-lesson to these counties, showing them how good roads saved the people's money. Since this time we have had no "kick" about the road funds being too high, or the supervisors spending too much money on the roads. So my answer is that it will pay for all money spent intelligently on the roads.

A. P. STANTON.
SAN FRANCISCO, January 20, 1897.

Few people realize the magnitude to which the electrical industry has grown in the United States. In electric lighting alone there are more than 10,000 plants in operation, and the combined capital employed is more than half a billion dollars. At least \$100,000,000 is invested in electrical appliances used in mining, and about \$15,000,000 in electric elevators. One of the most important developments in this branch of science has been in the direction of electric railways, in which nearly a billion dollars capital is employed. Altogether the combined capital invested in all electrical enterprises in the United States is \$1,500,000,000, exclusive of that employed in the manufacture of electrical machinery, which is at least half a billion more.

Maguire Hines, railroad builder, has just returned from a visit to England. He went there to raise three millions of dollars for a new line in the South. "The people I met believe that the late war over here was between North and South America," he said, recently, "and their notion about Venezuela is that the Confederacy has started the war again."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

President Cleveland will be sixty years old two weeks after the expiration of his present term of office.

Cecil Rhodes is a hearty supporter of the Salvation Army, and he has made General Booth an offer of land in Rhodesia for the army's use.

Signor Crispi has taken time by the forelock in having his marble monument erected in the Naples cemetery. The only inscription on it is "Crispi."

In a suit recently brought by Henri Rochefort against the manager of *L'Intransigeant*, it was shown that the revolutionary writer receives \$20,000 a year as editor of the paper and has drawn \$340,000 in dividends on his shares in the past seven years.

William Morris left two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars of personal property, accumulated from his applications of art to industry rather than from his poetry. There are no signs of socialism in the will, almost all the property being left to near relatives.

The Crown Princess Stephanie, widow of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, attracted much attention in Vienna recently by singing in the church at Saxenburg, a suburb of the capital. This was her first appearance in public. Her voice is a contralto.

Further evidence of William Waldorf Astor's expatriation is shown in his election to the Carlton Club. This is the ultra swell Conservative club of London, and no one is admitted to it who does not belong to the British aristocracy. *Ergo*, Mr. Astor has become a British aristocrat.

George Meredith's books do not in the least suggest his own personality. He is a very lucid, pointed, and witty talker. In height he is about five feet eight, of slender, graceful figure, and has a gentle, blue-eyed face with pointed beard and gray hair parted in the middle and falling in a fringe over his forehead.

Phil May, the English caricaturist, smokes enormous cigars. He is one of the least conventional even of artists who affect Bohemianism. He has been seen on the Strand with a frock-coat, yellow boots, and a straw hat. He often receipts an account by rapidly drawing his own characteristic face across that of her gracious majesty, with the inevitable cigar between his teeth.

Captain Robley D. Evans, of the United States navy—who, by the way, objects to his nickname of "Fighting Bob"—was a junior officer when the war broke out, and his Virginia mother, thinking her son had not yet learned his own mind, sent in his resignation without consulting him. The resignation was at once accepted, and the young man was out of the navy. But he found a way to induce the department to rescind its action, and saw much service during the war. He walks to-day with a slight limp, due to a wound received in action.

Rigó Jancsi, the Hungarian gypsy fiddler who ran away with the Princess de Chimay, led the Romany Hungarian Orchestra on the roof of the New York Casino in the summer of 1888. He also played at Colonel Elliott F. Shepard's house, and at Lakewood his music was greatly enjoyed by Mrs. Grover Cleveland. Dr. Leo Sommer, who managed the band that Jancsi led, says that the fiddler was an ignorant, illiterate, and vicious fellow. "He is of such a low order of intelligence that I had to treat him like a dog. But when he plays, this little gypsy, his music is wonderful. He is all music when he is playing."

The Count Pappenheim who is being sued for divorce by his American wife, created much comment among the visitors at Oberammergau, during the last performance of the Passion Play, by his extraordinary attire. He used to drive into town in a very smart London mail Phaeton, accompanied by his wife, and on such occasions he wore short, light-colored cloth breeches, embroidered on the side and so short that they stopped several inches above his knees. His legs were bare for several inches below the knee, and he wore the broad-brimmed felt hat of the country and one of the gayly colored embroidered belts that the peasants affect.

Miss Collins, who recently became Princess Czaykowski, once, as the story goes, carried official dispatches from the Emperor of Russia to his imperial brother of Germany. Clarence Collins, her father, closely resembles Czar Alexander the Third, and when in Berlin the two men met. Attracted by the resemblance, the Czar conversed with Mr. Collins, and found him an agreeable and well-informed man. He invited him to Moscow, and there showered imperial attentions on him. Miss Collins, who accompanied her father, was very popular at the Russian court. Having to send private dispatches to the court of Berlin, the Czar entrusted them to Miss Collins, who safely delivered them at their destination. When the invitations were sent out for the recent coronation, the dowager-empress invited Mr. and Miss Collins to the festivities by autograph letter.

When Don Cameron is retired from the Senate of the United States on the fourth of March next, it will be the first time in a generation that the Senate has been without a Cameron among its members. His father, Simon Cameron, entered the Senate in 1845, and was a famous Whig leader ten years before the Republican party was born. His son was elected largely through the father's popularity in Pennsylvania. If we leave out the brief period during the Lincoln administration, when Simon Cameron was Secretary of War and minister to Russia, and three years following, when he was in retirement, the period of Cameron occupancy of a Senatorial chair will have lasted for over half a century. Don Cameron's successor is Boies Penrose, a Harvard graduate who studied law with Wayne Ma Veech and whose political career has covered only twelve years.

THE LAST OF THE SEELEY DINNER.

Conclusion of the Trial of Police-Captain Chapman, who Made the Raid—What the Evidence Shows—Opinions of the Married Guests' Wives.

The trial of Captain Chapman for his raid on the Seeley dinner at Sherry's on the nineteenth of December, of which I wrote you a fortnight ago, was concluded on Wednesday, and the host and his guests can once more retire to the seclusion of private life. They have been on the rack for a week, and, though only the host was called to the stand, the narrow escape of his guests will make others chary about accepting invitations to like entertainments. It went but little further than many vaudeville entertainments which are given in private houses. Since Carmencita was brought out in an artist's studio a few years ago, New York has been copying London in having professional entertainers do "turns" at private entertainments. The Vaudeville Club injured society to the music-hall variety of performance, and Maggie Cline, May Irwin, and Anna Held are among those who have appeared in private houses.

But the Seeley affair indicates an approach to the orgies of decadent Rome, and this exposure will have a salutary effect in checking the tendency. It is to be said in favor of the host, who is a grandson of P. T. Barnum, the famous showman, that he is a young man only twenty-three years of age; his guests, however, were men ranging from thirty to fifty-five years. The dinner was an affair of fourteen or fifteen courses. It began at about half-past nine, and, after two or three courses had been served, the first of the entertainers made her appearance. Several acts had been performed when the raid came, and after Captain Chapman had retired—having expressed himself as satisfied that everything was all right—the entertainment was resumed. But the raid cast a damper on the entertainment, and things went very slowly; even "Little Egypt" could not restore the spirits of the guests.

As to the alleged immorality of the entertainment, it was really very much less shocking than the papers have tried to make it out. It was unquestionably coarse in parts, and much of it would seem better fitted to amuse college boys than men of discretion and refinement; but there was nothing about it to warrant police interference. There were nine performers, eight of whom were women. Of these, two were dancers, and the others merely sang songs, such as "Put Me Off at Buffalo," "Beer, Beer, Glorious Beer," and "A Little Safety-Pin upon Her Back," which latter may be classed with "Her Golden Hair was Hanging Down Her Back." Their stories, too, were not objectionable, though one young woman, of her own volition, offered a disgusting toast. One of the features of the entertainment was a distribution of Christmas gifts to the guests by Minnie Renwood, who was made up as a *fin-de-siècle* Santa Claus clad in a rather abbreviated Tilly costume. She wore certain signs, or placards, of which the papers made much. They bore the titles of four popular plays produced in past years, such as "Held by the Enemy" and "The Heart of Maryland." The prosecuting attorney attempted to impute to these signs vile suggestions, but he did not make out a case. When the presents were given out, Minnie Renwood recited certain verses which it is alleged were immoral, but they seem to have been merely rather broad jokes on the individuals to whom the gifts were presented. In fact, the charge of immorality rested almost entirely on "Little Egypt's" dance. This was the "coochee-coochee," which she had previously performed in Chicago and other Western cities, but while the dance itself is decidedly coarse, the objection was made chiefly to her costume. One witness, Minnie Renwood, declared that "Little Egypt" was improperly exposed, but the others testified that no part of her body was bare except her arms. The costume consisted chiefly of a gauze skirt over tights, and she has been appearing in the same costume at Hammerstein's Olympia, where they are giving a show called "The Silly Dinner," which purports to be an exact reproduction of the incidents at Sherry's. There are the guests and the dancers, and the police come in, and afterward "Little Egypt" performs her dance. A detective was detailed by the captain of police to witness this exhibition, and he has reported that he sees in it nothing that would warrant the police in stopping it. In fact, the entertainment offended less against public morals than against good taste.

The animus of the raid seems to have been professional rivalry between theatrical agents. The charge was made to Captain Chapman by one Moore, a theatrical agent. His step-daughter, Annabelle Whitford, a professional dancer, had been asked by J. J. Phipps, the theatrical agent who hired the Seeley dancers, to dance at the dinner without tights, according to her story, and he declares he was so indignant when she told him of it that he immediately lodged information against the entertainment with the police. Moore died a few days ago of pneumonia, aggravated by the excitement incident to the trial, and *de mortuis* is a good doctrine; but justice to the living demands that the circumstances be stated. For several years Moore had been supported by the earnings of his young step-daughter. Lately he had been connected with a firm which provides vaudeville entertainments for theatres, dinners, and other festivities. The firm of which Phipps is a member has lately taken away the Knickerbocker Club patronage in this line from a rival named Armstrong, who was Moore's employer, and jealousy and a desire for revenge would seem to have been Moore's motive in lodging the charge. At any rate, every one is skeptical of the Whitford girl's anger at the insulting proposition alleged to have been made to her, for letters have been brought out in the trial which show that, after she had been so grossly insulted, she was still willing to dance at the dinner.

The trial took place before Commissioner Grant. Spectators were admitted during the first day, and not a few were among them. But thereafter all who had no

business to be present were rigidly excluded. All of the guests at the dinner were subpoenaed, and were compelled to be present throughout the trial; but, fortunately for themselves, none were called to testify. The charge was, in effect, that Captain Chapman had "unjustifiably and without warrant of law" entered Sherry's premises and "there behaved in a rude, boisterous, insolent, and arbitrary manner." His rudeness and arbitrariness have been well brought out in the trial, and as to the justifiability of his action the commissioners have not yet decided. But the general feeling throughout the city is that he went beyond his authority in disturbing guests at a private entertainment on such a flimsy charge as that made by Moore. The justification of the raid offered by the defense is the alleged immorality of the proceedings at the dinner. But it has been brought out by several witnesses that, after inspecting the premises and the people, and witnessing a small portion of the entertainment, the captain pronounced the proceedings all right and withdrew, with apologies for his intrusion. During the trial he has been attempting to prove that the proceedings which he permitted to go on were grossly immoral. If the commissioners decide that the proceedings were immoral, he will have been proved derelict in the discharge of his duty; but if they were not immoral, he will have shown bad judgment, if nothing worse, in disturbing a private entertainment.

A curious addendum to this subject is the publication of interviews with ladies whose husbands were present at the dinner. Of the twenty-two guests, nine were married men, and the wives of three of them have been interviewed on their opinion of the affair and their feeling toward their spouses. One of them speaks anonymously, but Mrs. Alfred Marshall and Mrs. Charles Tobias seem to have had no hesitancy in giving the public the benefit of their views on this dinner. Mrs. Marshall is confident that there was nothing objectionable in the entertainment, her husband and brother having told her all about it. She "could have witnessed it herself with perfect propriety," and "no gentleman need have been ashamed to have had it occur in his own home." Mrs. Charles Tobias was told all about the dinner, including the incident of the raid, as soon as her husband got home that night, and was therefore quite prepared for the sensational accounts printed in the papers. Mr. Tobias is to be commended as a model husband who knows when to take time by the forelock. The Christmas present given him at the dinner, however, seems to have been like a donation of coals to Newcastle. It was a bottle of Moxie's nerve food.

NEW YORK, January 16, 1897.

In last week's issue we remarked that this was a business man's campaign, and we hoped the Federal offices would be filled by business men. Since then we have heard Joseph Spear named for collector of the port and George Morrow, Jr., for superintendent of the mint. These are thorough business men, and did efficient work in the late political campaign. They should be rewarded. We trust that Colonel John P. Irish will not be disturbed, as he worked faithfully for the sound-money Democrats, and this was an important factor in winning our victory. Colonel T. V. Eddy and Major W. C. Kyle also did yeoman work throughout the State. They were thoroughly acquainted with the money question, unlike some men who were sent out who were ignorant of this question and justly a laughing-stock wherever they spoke. The above-named gentlemen are the sort who should be appointed to office by the President, not the loud-mouthed pap-suckers who are now crowding to the front, making a noisy demand for the loaves and fishes. What claim have they on the party? All the work they have ever done for it has been to hold down the chairs in committee-rooms and to figure as platform statuary at public meetings.

It is stated, by the way, that Senator Perkins has promised all the Federal appointments in the State to three or four persons for each place. This may be politics, but Senator Perkins will find it difficult to deliver the goods.

Our consul at Ghent forwards the following translation of a curious statement which has recently been published in the European newspapers:

"What is the most expensive product of the world?" inquires Mr. Wilfrid Fonvielle. He answers: "It is charcoal filament which is employed for incandescent lamps. It is, for the most part, manufactured at Paris, and comes from the bands of an artist who desires his name to remain unknown in order to better protect the secret of manufacture. It is by the gram (15 1/2 grains) that this product is sold at wholesale. In reducing its price to the basis of pounds, it is easily found that the filaments for lamps of 20 candles are worth \$8,000 per pound, and that for lamps of 30 candles they are worth \$12,000 per pound. The former have a diameter of 20-100ths of a millimeter (1 millimeter equals 0.0391 inch), and the latter four and one-half thousandths of a millimeter. The filaments for lamps of 30 candles are so light that it would require nearly 1,500,000 of them to weigh a pound. As the length of each of them is 10 centimeters (3.937 inches), their total length would be 187 miles."

The latest estimate of the population of the globe is that made by M. d'Amfreville, who places it at 1,479,729,000. The number of inhabitants per square mile in Asia is 48; in Africa, 15; in America, 8; in Oceania and the polar regions, 3; and in Australia, 1. The yearly increase of the population of the earth is about 5 to every 1,000. At this rate the population of the globe will double every 139 years.

Natural gas is a mineral within the purview of the statutes of the United States, according to a decision just rendered by the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. The court held that gas piped from Shirkstown, Canada, into Buffalo, N. Y., was not subject to duty, because coming within the definition of crude minerals.

The women of Syracuse, N. Y., appear to be particularly "clubbable." Their principal organization possesses a fine club-house, and on election night the members gathered there and received the returns by telephone.

OLD FAVORITES.

Bedouin Song.

From the desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh.
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold!

—Bayard Taylor.

When the Sultan Goes to Ispahan.
*When the Sultan Shah-Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan,
Even before he gets so far
As the place where the clustered palm-trees are,
At the last of the thirty palace gates,
The flower of the harem, Rose-in-Bloom,
Orders a feast in his favorite room—
Glittering squares of colored ice,
Sweetened with syrup, tinctured with spice,
Creams, and cordials, and sugared dates,
Syrian apples, Othmanee quinces,
Limes, and citrons, and apricots,
And wines that are known to Eastern princes;
And Nubian slaves, and smoking pots
Of spiced meats and costliest fish,
And all that the curious palate could wish,
Pass in and out of the cedarn doors;
Scattered over mosaic floors
Are anemones, myrtles, and violets,
And a musical fountain throws its jets
Of a hundred colors into the air.
The dusk Sultana loosens her hair,
And stains, with a benna-plant, the tips
Of her pointed nails, and bites her lips
Till they bloom again; but, alas! that rose
Not for the Sultan buds and blows!
Not for the Sultan Shah-Zaman
When he goes to the city Ispahan.*

Then, at a wave of her sunny hand,
The dancing-girls of Samarcand
Glide in like ships from fairy-land,
Making a sudden mist in air
Of fleecy veils and floating hair,
And white arms lifted. Orient blood
Runs in their veins, shines in their eyes.
And, there, in this Eastern paradise,
Filled with the breath of sandal-wood,
And Khoten musk, and aloes, and myrrh,
Sits Rose-in-Bloom on a silk divan,
Sipping the wines of Astrakhan;
And her Arab lover sits with her,
*That's when the Sultan Shah-Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan.*

Now, when I see an extra light
Flaming, flickering on the night
From my neighbor's casement opposite,
I know as well as I know to pray,
I know as well as a tongue can say,
*That the innocent Sultan Shah-Zaman
Has gone to the city Ispahan.*

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

A Song to the Sultan.

Here underneath the palm-tree, full of shade,
The poet tasted peace and lingered long;
The Master of the Faithful he obeyed,
And searched the Koran for a theme for song.
The Vizier lodged him in his own fair house,
Where wise men gathered in a learned throng,
And when the Caliph beard his pious vows,
He gave him gifts and shielded him from wrong.

There in a white-walled garden full of trees,
Through which there ran a deep cold water-brook,
Fringed with white tulips and anemones,
Among the tender grass he wrote the book
Of Yousoof and Zuleika; not one word
Was there of all the windy war that shook
Iran of old, nor was the ear once stirred
With any name the Faithful might rebuke.

Nine thousand Persian verses told the tale;
And when the perfect poem was set down,
He rose, and left the plaintive nightingale,
That long had tuned her throat to his sweet moan;
Before the Caliph on a broad divan
To sound of rebucks, in a silken gown,
He sat in state, and when the dance began
Declared aloud that song of high renown.

Its music sank on well-attended ears;
The Caliph lounged upon his throne, and cried:
"Lo! I this day am as a man who bears
The Angel Gabriel murmur at his side—
And dies not." At the viewless harem door
The screen was swayed by bending forms that sighed,
And sheiks and soldiers, young and old, for more
Still pressed and wished, and scarce would be denied.

Ah, palmy days were those for singer's craft!
Now every worldling flings his cap in rhyme,
And from an easy bow lets fly a shaft
At verse much honored in his grandsire's time;
Now many a ghazel, soft with spices, trips
Along the alien mouth with frivolous chime,
And lightly rises from unhonored lips
The ancient rhythm sonorous and sublime.

—Edmund Gosse.

THE DAYS OF THE BUCKS.

Lively Doings of the Men of Fashion in the Century's Opening Years—Dr. Conan Doyle's Tales of Wild Rides and Prize-Fighting.

We have already made brief mention of Dr. A. Conan Doyle's new novel, "Rodney Stone," but it is heing so much talked about that we are tempted to reproduce a few of the characteristic passages in which is shown the life of the gay young blades of London town in the opening years of the present century. They were the immediate predecessors of the beaux who acknowledged George Brummel's rule—indeed, his sun is rising at the time of the story, and a brief glimpse of him is given—but they were of harder and more hoisterous stuff.

The typical "Corinthian" of the tale is "Buck" Tregellis, the uncle of the youth who tells the story. He takes the country lad up to London, and on the way gives him this advice:

"Your education has been what you could get at a village school. Well, you are not examined in Greek roots in polite society, which is lucky for some of us. It is just as well to have a tag or two of Horace, or Virgil, 'Sub tegmine fagi,' or 'habet fœnum in cornu,' which gives a flavor to one's conversation, like the touch of garlic in a salad. It is not *don ton* to be learned, but it is a graceful thing to indicate that you have forgotten a good deal. Can you write verse?"

"I fear not, sir."

"A small hook of rhymes may be had for half a crown. *Vers de société* are a great assistance to a young man. If you have the ladies on your side, it does not matter whom you have against you. You must learn to open a door, to enter a room, to present a snuff-box, raising the lid with the forefinger of the hand in which you hold it. You must acquire the bow for a man, with its necessary touch of dignity, and that for a lady, which can not be too humble and should still contain the least suspicion of *abandon*. You must cultivate a manner with women which shall be deprecating and yet audacious. Have you any eccentricity?"

It made me laugh, the easy way in which he asked the question, as if it were a most natural thing to possess.

"You have a pleasant, catching laugh, at all events," said he: "but an eccentricity is very *bon ton* at present, and if you feel any leaning toward one, I should certainly advise you to let it run its course. Petersham would have remained a mere peer all his life had it not come out that he had a snuff-box for every day in the year, and that he caught cold through a mistake of his valet, who sent him out on a bitter winter day with a thin *Sèvres* china-box instead of a thick tortoise-shell. That brought him out of the rack, you see, and people remember him. Even some small characteristic, such as having an apricot-tart on your sideboard all the year round, or putting your candle out at night by stuffing it under your pillow, serves to separate you from your neighbor. In my own case it is my precise judgment upon matters of dress and decorum which has placed me where I am. I do not profess to follow a law. I set one. For example, I am taking you to-day to see the prince in a nankew vest. What do you think will be the consequence of that? Why, the night coach will carry the news to London. It will be in *Brookes's* and *White's* to-morrow morning. Within a week *St. James Street* and the *Mail* will be full of nankew waistcoats. A most painful incident happened to me once. My cravat came undone in the street, and I actually walked from *Carlton House* to *Water's*, in *Brunton Street*, with the two ends hanging loose. Do you suppose it shook my position? The same evening there were dozens of young bloods walking the streets of London with their cravats loose. If I had not rearranged mine, there would not be one tied in the whole kingdom now, and a great art would have been prematurely lost."

Another characteristic touch is Tregellis's reply when the Prince of Wales asks if he has fought a duel lately:

"I used to go when I needed exercise," said my uncle, carelessly, "but I have taken to tennis now instead. A painful incident happened the last time that I was out, and it sickened me of it."

"You killed your man?"

"No, no, sir, it was worse than that. I had a coat that Weston has never equalled. To say that it fitted me is not to express it. It was me—like the hide of a horse. I've had sixty from him since, but he could never approach it. The set of the collar brought tears into my eyes, sir, when I first saw it, and as to the waist—"

"But the duel, Tregellis!" cried the prince.

"Well, sir, I wore it at the duel, like the thoughtless fool that I was. It was Major Hunter, of the Guards, with whom I had had a little *tracasserie* because I hinted that he should not come into *Brooks's* smelling of the stables. I fired first and missed. He fired, and I shrieked in despair. 'He's hit! A surgeon! A surgeon!' they cried. 'A tailor! A tailor!' said I; for there was a double hole through the tails of my masterpiece. No, it was past all repair. You may laugh, sir, but I'll never see the like of it again."

This same dandy had the making of a hero in him, as some of his escapades show. One was his fifty-mile race to London with Sir John Lade, one of the wealthiest men and best whips in England. Sir John had married a lady who was, to say the least, beneath his station, and she sat on the box-seat of his coach. As Tregellis had the lighter vehicle, Sir John started fifteen minutes before his rival, the latter waiting for the ninth stroke of the village clock:

It seemed to me that the stroke of the clock and the thong of his whip fell together—not in a blow, but in a sharp snap over them both, which sent us flying with a jingle and a rattle upon our fifty-mile journey. I heard a roar from behind us, saw the lines of windows with staring faces and waving handkerchiefs, and then we were off the stones and on to the good white road. . . . I had been provided with shillings, that the turnpike gate might not stop us. Never have I traveled at such a pace, and never have I felt such a sense of exhilaration from the rush of keen upland air upon our faces, and from the sight of those two glorious creatures, stretched to their uttermost, with the roar of their hoofs and the rattle of our wheels as the light curriole bounded and swayed behind them. . . . Faster and faster yet they raced, the hoofs rattling like castanets, the yellow manes flying, the wheels huzzing, and every joint and rivet creaking and groaning, while the curriole swung and swayed until I found myself clutching at the side-rail. My uncle eased them, and glanced at his watch as we saw the gray tiles and dingy red houses of Reigate in the hollow beneath us.

"We did the last six well under twenty minutes," said he. "We've time in hand now, and a little water at the Red Lion will do them no harm. Red four-in-hand passed, hostler?"

"Just gone, sir."

"Going hard?"

"Galloping full split, sir! Took the wheel off a butcher's cart at the corner of the High Street, and was out o' sight before the butcher's boy could see what had hurt him."

Z-z-z-z-z-z! I went the long thong, and away we flew once more. It was market day at Redhill, and the road was crowded with carts of produce, droves of bullocks, and farmers' gigs. It was a sight to see how my uncle threaded his way among them all. Through the market-place we dashed amid the shouting of men, the screaming of women, and the scuttling of poultry, and then we were out in the country again, with the long, steep incline of the Redhill road before us. My uncle waved his whip in the air with a shrill view-halloo.

Sure enough, on the rise of a curve upon our right, the four-in-hand had appeared, the horses stretched to the utmost. Our mares laid themselves out gallantly, and the distance between us began to decrease.

"We're on the side-road to Godstone and Waringham," said my uncle. "I suppose he thought that he could make better time by getting out of the way of the market carts. But we've got the devil of a hill to come down. You'll see some fun, nephew, or I am mistaken."

As he spoke I suddenly saw the wheels of the four-in-hand disappear, then the body of it, and then the two figures upon the box, as suddenly and abruptly as if it had bumped down the first three steps of some gigantic stairs. An instant later we had reached the same spot, and there was the road beneath us, steep and narrow, winding in long curves into the valley. The four-in-hand was swishing down it as hard as the horses could gallop.

"Thought so," cried my uncle. "If he doesn't brake, why should I? Now, my darlings, one good spurt, and we'll show them the color of our tail-board."

We shot over the brow and flew madly down the hill, with the great red coach roaring and thundering before us. Already we were in her dust, so that we could see nothing but the dim, scarlet blur in the heart of it, rocking and rolling, with its outline hardening at every stride. We could hear the crack of the whip in front of us, and the shrill voice of Lady Lade as she screamed to the horses. My uncle was very quiet, but when I glanced up at him, I saw that his lips were set and his eyes shining, with just a little flush upon each pale cheek. There was no need to urge on the mares, for they were already flying at a pace which could neither be stopped nor controlled. Our leaders had come abreast of the near hind wheel, then of the near front one—for a hundred yards we did not gain an inch—and then with a spurt the bay leader was neck to neck with the black wheeler and our fore-wheel within an inch of their hind one.

"Dusty work!" said my uncle, quietly.

"Fan 'em, Jack, fan 'em!" shrieked the lady.

Sir John sprang up and lashed at his horses.

"Look out, Tregellis!" he shouted. "There's a damnation spill coming for somebody!"

We had got fairly abreast of them now, the rumps of the horses exactly align, and the fore-wheels whizzing together. There was not six inches to spare in the breadth of the road, and every instant I expected to feel the jar of a locking wheel. But now, as we came out from the dust, we could see what was ahead, and my uncle whistled between his teeth at the sight.

Two hundred yards or so in front of us there was a bridge with wooden posts and rails upon either side. The road narrowed down at the point so that it was obvious that the two carriages abreast could not possibly get over. One must give way to the other. Already our wheels were abreast of their wheelers.

"I lead!" shouted my uncle. "You must pull them, Lade!"

"Not I!" he roared.

"No, by God!" shrieked her ladyship. "Fan 'em, Jack. Keep on fanning 'em!"

It seemed to me that we were all going to eternity together. But my uncle did the only thing that could have saved us. By a desperate effort we might just clear the other coach before reaching the mouth of the bridge. He sprang up and lashed right and left at the mares, who, maddened by the unaccustomed pain, hurled themselves on in a frenzy. Down we thundered together, all shouting I believe at the top of our voices in the madness of the moment, but still we were drawing steadily away, and we were almost clear of the leaders when we flew into the bridge. I glanced back at the coach, and I saw Lady Lade, with her savage little white teeth clinched together, throw herself forward and tug with both hands at the near-side reins.

"Jam them, Jack!" she cried. "Jam the — before they can pass!"

Had she done it an instant sooner, we should have crashed against the wood-work, carried it away, and been hurled into the deep gully below. As it was, it was not the powerful haunch of the black wheeler which caught us, but the fore-quarter of the leader, which had not weight enough to turn us from our course. I saw a wet, red seam gape suddenly through the black hair, and next instant we were flying down the road, while the four-in-hand had halted, and Sir John and his lady were down in the road together tending to their wounded horse.

Sir George Tregellis was the leader of fashion in London at this time, but Beau Brummel was coming up. We quote here a brief passage at arms between them:

"Have you heard about Vereker Merton?" asked Brummel, strolling up with one or two other exquisites at his heels. "He has run away with his father's woman cook, and actually married her!"

"What did Lord Merton do?"

"He congratulated him warmly, and confessed that he had always underrated his intelligence. He is to live with the young couple and make them a handsome allowance, on condition that the bride sticks to her old duties. By the way, I'm off to the Continent next week."

"Bailiffs?" asked one of his companions.

"Too bad, Pierpoint. No, no; it is pleasure and instruction combined. Besides, it is necessary to go to Paris for your little things, and if there is a chance of war breaking out again, it would be well to lay in a supply."

"Quite right," said my uncle, who seemed to have made up his mind to outdo Brummel in extravagance. "I used to get my sulphur-colored gloves from the Palace Royal. When the war broke out in '93 I was cut off from them for nine years. Had it not been for a lugger, which I specially hired to smuggle them, I might have been reduced to English tan."

"The English are excellent at a flat-iron or a kitchen poker," said Brummel, "but anything more delicate is beyond them."

"Our tailors are good," cried my uncle, "but our stuffs lack taste and variety. The war has made us more *rococo* than ever. It has cut us off from travel, and there is nothing like travel for expanding the mind. Last year, for example, I came upon some new waistcoating in the square of San Marco at Venice. It was yellow, with the prettiest little twill of pink running through it. How could I have seen it had I not traveled? I brought it back with me, and for a time it was all the rage."

"The prince took it up?"

"Yes, he usually follows my lead. We dressed so alike last year that we were frequently mistaken for each other. It tells against me, but so it was. He often complains that things do not look as well on him as upon me, but how can I make the obvious reply? By the way, George, I did not see you at the Marchioness of Dover's ball."

"Yes, I was there, and lingered for a quarter of an hour or so. I am surprised that you did not see me. I did not go past the doorway, however, for undue preference gives rise to jealousy."

"I went early," said my uncle, "for I had heard that there were to be some tolerable debutantes. It always pleases me vastly when I am able to pass a compliment to any of them. It has happened, but not often, for I keep to my own standard."

Quite a crowd had gathered silently round, and I could see that the talk had been regarded as a contest between two men who were looked upon as rival arbiters of fashion. It was finished by the Duke of Queensberry passing his arm through Brummel's and leading him off, while my uncle threw out his laced cambric shirt-front and shot his ruffles as if he were well satisfied with his share in the encounter. . . . They lived strange lives, these men, and died strange deaths, some by their own hands, some as beggars, some in a debtor's jail, some, like the most brilliant of them all, in a mad-house in a foreign land.

They were also patrons of sport in every form, with the P. R. as the foremost; indeed, these Corinthians gave dinners to "the fancy" which even royalty deigned to honor with its presence. At one of these a leading incident of the story takes place. The scene of the gathering is thus described:

It was at the end of my first week in London that my uncle gave a supper to the fancy, as was usual for gentlemen of that time if they wished to figure before the public as Corinthians and patrons of sport. He had invited not only the chief fighting men of the day, but also those men of fashion who were most interested in the ring. The rumor that the prince was to be present had already spread through the clubs, and invitations were eagerly sought after.

The Wagon and Horses was a well-known sporting house, with an old prize-fighter for landlord, and the arrangements were as primitive as the most Bohemian could wish. It was one of the many curious fashions which have now died out that men who were *blase* from luxury and high living seemed to find a fresh piquancy in life by descending to the lowest resorts, so that the night houses and gambling halls in Covent Garden or the Haymarket often gathered illustrious company under their smoke-blackened ceilings. It was a change for them to turn their backs upon the cooking of *Welfie* and of *Ude*, or the Chanterbin of *Old O*, and to dine upon a porterhouse steak washed down by a pint of

ale from a pewter pot. . . . Within was a large room with faded red curtains, a sanded floor, and walls which were covered with prints of pugilists and race-horses. Brown, liquor-stained tables were dotted about in it, and round one of these half a dozen formidable-looking men were seated. . . . A tray of small glasses and pewter mugs stood beside them.

"The boys were thirsty, sir, so I brought up some ale and some liptrap," whispered the landlord. "I thought you would have no objection, sir."

"Quite right, Bob! How are you all? How are you, Maddox? How are you, Baldwin? Ah, Belcher, I am very glad to see you. . . . Good evening, Lade. I trust Lady Lade was none the worse for our pleasant drive. Ah, Mendoza, you look fit enough to throw your hat over the ropes this instant. Sir Lothian, I am glad to see you. You will find some old friends here."

The supper was laid in a large room, with Union Jacks and mottoes hung thickly upon the walls. The tables were arranged in three sides of a square, my uncle occupying the centre of the principal one, with the prince upon his right and Lord Sele upon his left. By his wise precaution the seats had been allotted beforehand, so that the gentlemen might be scattered among the professionals, and no risk run of two enemies finding themselves together, or a man who had been recently beaten falling into the company of his conqueror.

There are two prize-fights in the story, and one of them is the conclusion of this dinner. Late in the night, word is sent up that an unknown wishes to fight any man in the room. Finally a champion is selected to meet him, and the whole party repairs to the coach-house to see it out. The unknown proves to be Jim Harrison, a young blacksmith, the intimate friend of the lad who tells the story, and pitted against him is one Joe Berks, who is a formidable antagonist in spite of his evening's potations. The hattle is thus described:

Jim had appeared in the ring stripped to the waist, with a colored handkerchief tied round his middle. A shout of admiration came from the spectators as they looked upon the fine lines of his figure. His shoulders were sloping rather than bulky, and his chest was deep rather than broad, but the muscle was all in the right place, rippling down in long, low curves from neck to shoulder, and from shoulder to elbow. His work at the anvil had developed his arms to their utmost, and his healthy country living gave a sleek gloss to his ivory skin, which shone in the lamp-light. His expression was full of spirit and confidence, and he wore a grim sort of half-smile, which meant, I knew, that his pride had set iron hard, and that his senses would fail him long before his courage.

Joe Berks in the meanwhile had swaggered in and stood with folded arms between his seconds in the opposite corner. His face had none of the eager alertness of his opponent, and his skin, of a dead white, with heavy folds about the chest and ribs, showed even to my inexperienced eyes that he was not a man who should fight without training. A life of toping and ease had left him flabby and gross. On the other hand, he was famous for his nettle and for his hitting power, so that even in the face of the advantages of youth and condition, the hating was three to one in his favor. His heavy-jowled, clean-shaven face expressed ferocity as well as courage, and he stood with his small bloodshot eyes fixed viciously upon Jim, and his lumpy shoulders stooping a little forward like a fierce hound straining on a leash.

The hubbub of the hating had risen until it had drowned all other sounds, men shouting their opinions from one side of the coach-house to the other, and waving their hands to attract attention, or as a sign that they had accepted a wager.

The two men had stood up to each other, Jim as light upon his feet as a goat, with his left well out and his right thrown across the lower part of his chest, while Berks held both arms half extended and his feet almost level so that he might lead off with either side. For an instant they looked each other over, and then Berks, ducking his head and rushing in with a hand-over-hand style of hitting, bore Jim down into his corner. It was a backward slip rather than a knock-down, but a thin trickle of blood was seen at the corner of Jim's mouth. In an instant, the seconds had seized their men and carried them back into their corners. . . .

They were at it again. It was evident that Berks meant to finish the battle off-hand, while Jim, with two of the most experienced men in England to advise him, was quite aware that his correct tactics were to allow the ruffian to expend his strength and wind in vain. There was something horrible in the ferocious energy of Berks's hitting, every blow fetching a grunt from him as he smashed it in. But still the lamp-light shone upon the lad's clear, alert face, upon his well-opened eyes and his firm-set mouth, while the blows were taken upon his forearm, or allowed, by a quick duck of the head, to whistle over his shoulder. But Berks was artful as well as violent. Gradually he worked Jim back into an angle of the ropes from which there was no escape, and then, when he had him fairly pinned, he sprang upon him like a tiger. What happened was so quick that I can not set its sequence down in words; but I saw Jim make a quick stoop under the swinging arms, and at the same instant I heard a ringing smack, and there was Jim dancing about in the middle of the ring, and Berks lying upon his side on the floor, with his hand to his eye.

How they roared! Prize-fighters, Corinthians, prince, stable-boy, and landlord were all shouting at the top of their lungs. The two men were hurried to their corners, one second sponging them down and the other flapping a towel in front of their faces, while they, with arms hanging down and legs extended, tried to draw all the air they could into their lungs in the brief space allowed them. . . .

"Time!" said Jackson once more.

They were both at the mark in an instant, Jim as full of sprightly confidence as ever, and Berks with a dogged grin upon his bulldog face, and a most vicious gleam in the only eye which was of use to him. His half-minute had not enabled him to recover his breath, and his huge, hairy chest was rising and falling with a quick, loud panting, like a spent hound. "Go in, boy! Bustle him!" roared Harrison and Belcher. "Get your wind, Joe! get your wind!" cried the Jews. So now we had a reversal of tactics, for it was Jim who went in to hit with all the vigor of his young strength and unimpaired energy, while it was the savage Berks who was paying his debt to Nature for the many injuries which he had done her. He gasped, he gurgled, his face grew purple in his attempts to get his breath, while, with his long left arm extended and his right thrown across, he tried to screen himself from the attack of his young antagonist. "Drop when he hits!" cried Mendoza; "drop and have a rest."

But there was no shyness or shiftness about Berks's fighting. He was always a gallant ruffian who disdained to go down before an antagonist as long as his legs would sustain him. He propped Jim off with his long arm, and though the lad sprang lightly round him, looking for an opening, he was held off as if a forty-inch bar of iron were between them. Every instant now was in favor of Berks, and already his breathing was easier and the bluish tinge fading from his face. Jim knew that his chance of a speedy victory was slipping away from him, and he came back again and again as swift as a flash to the attack without being able to get past the passive defense of the trained fighting-man. It was at such a moment that ring-craft was needed, and, luckily for Jim, two masters of it were at his back. "Get your left on his mark, boy!" they shouted; "then go to his head with the right!"

Jim heard and acted on the instant. Plunk! came his left just where his antagonist's ribs curved from his breast-bone. The force of the blow was half broken by Berks's elbow, but it served its purpose of bringing forward his head. Spank! went the right, with the clear, crisp sound of two billiard-balls clapping together, and Berks reeled, flung up his arms, spun round, and fell in a huge, fleshy heap upon the floor. His seconds were on him instantly, and propped him up in a sitting position, his head rolling helplessly from one shoulder to the other, and finally toppling backward, with his chin pointed to the ceiling. Dutch Sam thrust the brandy bladder between his teeth, while Mendoza shook him savagely and howled insults in his ear, but neither the spirits nor the sense of injury could break into that serene tranquility. Time was duly called and the Jews, seeing that the affair was over, let their man's head fall back with a crack upon the floor, and there he lay, his huge arms and legs a sprawl, while the Corinthians and fighting men crowded past him to shake the hand of his conqueror.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York: price, \$1.50.

LITERARY NOTES.

A French Masterpiece in a New Dress.

"Jack," by Alphonse Daudet, is one of those unforgettable creations of genius that live in the memory with all the color and vigor of life. It is so true to nature that from the beginning Jack rises from the printed page, a soul clothed with flesh. It is a powerful story of vicarious atonement for the culpable weakness of others, of the struggles of a generous-spirited being with bad heredity and adverse circumstances.

Poor Jack! How real is the gallant, patient, plucky struggle of this brave toiler, his touching love for his discreditable mother, his uncomplaining life. How wonderfully sympathetic is the story of his degradation through drink, the fatal consequence of terrible toil on a refined and sensitive organization. With what a masterly pen has Daudet pictured the gradual brutalizing of a nature intrinsically noble, by overwhelming events and conditions. Through all his debasement, Jack's loyalty to his mother shines like a vein of pure gold.

Between the sterner episodes, like minor chords, are delightful chapters, full of the atmosphere and peace of the country and of nature "which lulls and soothes and hushes all sorrow." After the disillusion as to his mother's true character which maturity inevitably brings, he finds a truer ideal in his childhood's companion, Cecile. The arousing of his better nature under her ministrations and his final struggle to be worthy of her are powerfully and sympathetically portrayed. His patience with his "lunatic-brained mother," his blind devotion to her weak, impulsive, childish, and unstable nature, even to the last, is a fine study without a trace of maudlin sentimentality.

"Jack" has the finish that characterizes modern French literature, without its exaggerations and artificiality. One instinctively feels its pictures of existence among the working classes are studies from life. Daudet needs no Academy to demonstrate his genius. His work shows the unmistakable touch of the master, and needs no testimonial to make it immortal.

Translated by Laura Ensor, it has just been issued in two volumes, with the pretty illustrations, reproduced from wash-drawings by Myrbach, Rossi, and others, that distinguish the Guillaume edition now appearing in Paris.

Published by J. M. Dent & Co., London (Macmillan, New York); price, \$2.00.

Du Maurier's Pictures of Society.

The series of cartoons which George du Maurier has been contributing to *Harper's Magazine* for the past ten years have been gathered together into a handsome oblong volume, which is printed under the title, "English Society: Sketched by George du Maurier." With it are included some earlier examples of Mr. du Maurier's humor, so that the one hundred pictures contained in the book cover a period of more than twenty years. The various fashions and fads of the times are brought back vividly by these illustrations, and the captions are all couched in that terse but confidential style which served Mr. du Maurier in such good stead when he afterward came to write "Peter Ibbetson," "Trilby," and "The Martian." The drawings are preceded by an introduction by W. D. Howells, who characterizes Mr. du Maurier as the greatest master of his school, "not excepting Sterne or Thackeray."

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.50.

A New Japanese Poet.

"Seen and Unseen; or, the Monologues of a Homeless Snail," by Yone Noguchi, is the first output of a new firm of San Francisco publishers. The volume contains fifty poems by the young Japanese poet, whose work has recently been favorably noticed in the *Critic* and *Bookman*, and whose alleged plagiarisms have created a tea-pot tempest in the local papers. The book contains an introduction by the editor of the *Lark*, and is handsomely printed and bound, the cover design, taken from an old Japanese volume, being admirably consistent with the character of these vague and mystic monologues.

Published by Gelett Burgess and Porter Garnett, San Francisco; price, \$1.25.

A Dime Novel for Girls.

"Her Foreign Conquest," by Colonel Richard Henry Savage, is calculated to yield all the thrills of a full-fledged melodrama. It is guaranteed to tingle with delight the nerves of the most jaded reader of novels.

The heroine is a wondrously beautiful heiress who has a father rich beyond the dreams of avarice and a jealous, "cobalt-eyed" sister who "works her woe." He dies. No will is found, and for three hundred pages our heroine treads a path of thorns, under an impenetrable cloud that is not lifted until the last chapter.

We are presented to the cream of Continental society, the "cotton divinites, the fair dancers, the sweet singers, the fair equestriennes, the thrilling recitationists, the gouty card-players and purple-necked diners, the audacious nymphs of the picnics, and the midnight moonlight strollers." We are whirled from Hamburg to Berlin, from New York to San Francisco, and even to the Hawaiian Islands and Japan.

The story abounds in adventures and adventure-

esses, "thick as leaves in Vallamhrosa." They are addicted to "withering glances"—less often, to "stony stares," and occasionally to "stony glances of holy horror." They "snarl," and "snort," and "gloom." One of them is certainly unusual. When she writes, she "sheathes her sharp claws and purrs along."

In the general "wind-up," when all the villains are unmasked, we find the "cobalt-eyed" sister depicted as a "poor wounded pigeon, now plucked to the last leathers." Our feelings are harrowed when, before the final transformation scene, "with a smothered scream, the betrayed heiress falls fainting at his feet."

At last the thorny path of sorrow becomes a bed of roses, and we leave our triumphant heroine "a pearl among the shining circle surrounding the proud Kaiser."

Published by the Home Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

A Married Dreamer's Awakening.

"White Sand," by M. C. Balfour, is a story of a dreamer who clothed a woman with the perfections of his dream and thought to worship her. She grows tired of her pedestal and reveals to him an idol, not of clay, but sand. "For stone may be carved and clay molded, but sand is neither to hold or to bind."

The book has the veiled licentiousness and insidious epigrammatic cynicism of the contemporary English novel and play. It is clever, after the manner of "Dodo" and the unwholesome drama, "Lady Windermere's Fan." Evidently if "White Sand" is a reflection of present English society, "it isn't good form to be prudish."

Published by the Merriam Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

Vigorous Verses About Dr. Johnson.

At the dinner of the Johnson Society in Pembroke College, Oxford, on June 22, 1895, a poem, written for the occasion by Mr. Austin Dobson, was read by the Master of the Temple. It has been published in "The Pageant" for 1897. The major part of it follows:

"Here Johnson is laid. Have a care bow you walk;
If he stir in his sleep in his sleep he will talk.
Ye gods! how he talk'd! What a torrent of sound
His hearers invaded, encompass'd, and drown'd!
What a banquet of memory, fact, illustration,
In that innings-for-one that he call'd conversation!
Can't you hear his sonorous 'Why, no, sir!' and
'Stay, sir!'
Your premise is wrong, or 'You don't see your way,
sir!'

How he silenc'd a prig, or a slipshod romancer!
How he pounc'd on a fool with a knock-me-down answer!

But peace to his slumbers! Tho' rough in the rind,
The heart of the giant was gentle and kind;
What signifies now, if in bouts with a friend,
When his pistol miss'd fire, he would use the butt end?
If he trampled your flow'rs—like a bull in a garden—
What matter for that? he was sure to ask pardon;
And you felt on the whole, tho' he'd toss'd you and gor'd
you,

It was something, at least, that he had not ignor'd you.
Yes! the outside was rugged. But test him within,
You found he had naught of the bear but the skin;
And for bottom and base to his 'anfractuosity,'
A fund of fine feeling, good taste, generosity.
He was true to his conscience, his king, and his duty,
And he hated the Whigs, and he softened to beauty.

* * * * *

You may talk of your Burkes and your Gibbons so clever,
But I hark back to him with a 'Johnson forever!'
And I feel as I muse on his ponderous figure,
Tho' he's great in this age, in the next he'll grow bigger;
And still while his Pembroke takes sunlight upon her,
New dons shall assemble, and dine in his honor!"

New Publications.

The children's "Chatterbox" for 1896 is filled with attractive illustrations, pleasant stories, and babbly chosen verse. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; price \$1.25.

"Kallirrhoe," by Philip Becker Goetz, is a dramatic poem, the scene of which is laid in ancient Greece. Published by the Peter Paul Book Company, Buffalo; price, \$1.25.

"Three Children of Galilee," by John Gordon, is a life of Christ for young people. It is elaborately illustrated. Published by the Joseph Knight Company, Boston.

"The Flirt to Death," by Luke Leary, a novel the scene of which is laid in California, has been issued by the J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

An entertaining children's book is "The Froggy Fairy Book," by A. J. Drexel-Biddle, which has been issued by the Drexel-Biddle and Bradley Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

The revision of his "Manual for the Use of Prospectors on the Mineral Lands of the United States" has been published by the editor, Henry N. Copp, Washington, D. C.; price, 50 cents.

"Na-Kapuna," by Julien Darwin Hayne, is an account of the Hawaiian legend of the creation, illustrated by Viggo Jacobsen. Published by William Doxey, San Francisco; price, \$1.50.

"The Crystal City," translated from the French of André Laurie by L. A. Smith, is a tale of a submarine city and of the lost Atlantis. Published by Estes and Lauriat, Boston; price, \$1.50.

"Tobacco in Song and Story" is a little book filled with the history, philosophy, and poetry of

smoking, compiled by John Bain, Jr., and published by Arthur Gray & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

"Crags and Craters," by William Dudley Oliver, M. A., contains a picturesque account of the author's rambles and explorations in the Island of Réunion. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

"Cakes, Cake Decorations, and Desserts," by Charles H. King, described as a "manual for housewives, simple and up-to-date," and illustrated with explanatory cuts, has been published by Arnold & Co., Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

"Christian Vellacott," by Henry S. Merriman; "Nor Wife nor Maid," by Mrs. Hungerford ("The Duchess"); "Mr. Bailey-Martin," by Percy White, have been issued by the American Publishers' Corporation, New York; price, 50 cents each.

The third annual report of the Massachusetts highway commission has been published by Wright & Potter, State printers, under the title, "Highways of Massachusetts." It is appropriately illustrated from photographs, and is an interesting and valuable public document.

"The Bay Colony," by William Dummer Northend, LL. D., is a civil, religious, and social history of the Massachusetts colony and its settlement, from the landing at Cape Ann in 1624 to the death of Governor Winthrop in 1650. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; price, \$2.00.

A "First Year in German," by J. Keller, professor of the German language and literature in the Normal College of New York city, is a text-book which contains a course of study eminently simple, systematic, and teachable. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"The Mastery of Books," by Harry Lyman Koopman, A. M., librarian of Brown University, contains hints on reading and the use of libraries that are especially useful to the young and to those who have the responsibility of their mental training. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 90 cents.

"Imagination and Dramatic Instinct" is the title of a book in which those two subjects are exhaustively discussed, and in which the author, S. S. Curry, Ph. D., has laid down some practical steps for their development. It is part of a second course in vocal expression. Published by the School of Expression, Boston; price, \$1.50.

"Flying Visits," by Harry Furniss, the artist so widely known for his sketch-work in the English illustrated papers, contains his written and sketched impressions gathered upon a recent tour over the British Islands, with his "The Humors of Parliament" entertainment. Published by the American Publishers' Corporation, New York.

James Whitcomb Riley's latest book of verse is entitled "A Child-World." It is not, like his other volumes, a collection of poems; it is a long narrative of his own childhood life in Indiana, interspersed with various tales narrated by the persons who figure in the story. Published by the Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; price, \$1.25.

"Dr. Jameson's Raiders," by Richard Harding Davis, is a brief history of the recent uprising in the Transvaal, based largely upon information obtained from John Hays Hammond. It is a mere brochure, containing matter already printed in the papers, supplemented with maps and illustrations. Published by Robert Howard Russell, New York.

A very attractive new production is "A Book of Old English Ballads," with an accompaniment of decorative drawings by George Wharton Edwards, and with an introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie. For text there are chosen such popular old ballads as "Chevy Chase," the songs of Robin Hood, and twenty or more other of those fascinating tales in verse. Published by the Macmillan Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

Among our latter day problem novels, "An Arkansas Planter" is like a whiff of healthful country air. It is a story of life in the South, natural, simple, and pure. There is no eccentricity in expression. The characters are not *fin de siècle*, and there is a normal wholesomeness about them that is delightful. The character sketches are vigorous and original, and true to Southern types. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

The pulsing of warm, youthful blood, the joy of living, and comradeship are inclosed between the covers of "More Songs from Vagabondia," by Bliss Carmen and Richard Hovey. The poems are full of exuberant vitality, playful, and with a fine and energetic rhythm. There is a slight touch of "decadence" in one or two of the minor poems, but the others are well worth reading. Published by Cope-land & Day, Boston; price, \$1.00.

A new volume in the International Series of Public Men of To-Day is the life of "Grover Cleveland," by James Lowry Whittle. It follows the salient points of his career and also the great public events and affairs in which he became involved. The fact that it is written by an Englishman rather adds to its interest and value, as it is always well to see ourselves as others see us, even if we do not quite agree with them. Published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

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Argonaut

Clubbing List for 1897

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

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Argonaut and Independent.....	6.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.00
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Magazine of Art.....	6.30
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.50
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazar.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Round Table.....	5.00
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice-a-Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Outing.....	5.75
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	6.30
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Demorest's Family Magazine.....	5.00
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	5.75
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.50
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	7.25
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	5.50

LITERARY NOTES.

A Book on American Fishes.

"The Fishes of North and Middle America," by David Starr Jordan, President of the Leland Stanford Junior University, and Barton Warren Evermann, Ichthyologist of the United States Fish Commission, has been issued as Bulletin No. 47 of the United States National Museum. It is a volume of more than twelve hundred pages, and gives concise descriptions of all the species of fishes known to inhabit the waters of North and Middle America. It is, in a certain sense, a revision of the "Synopsis of the Fishes of North America," published thirteen years ago by Jordan and Gilbert as the sixteenth bulletin of the United States National Museum. But, while the general character of the work is the same, the text has been entirely rewritten and the geographical range greatly extended by the addition of the faunas of Mexico, Central America, and the West Indies. All species known to occur north of the equator and all fresh-water species north of the Isthmus of Panama are included. The fact that over a hundred species have been added to the list within the time taken for printing the present volume shows that the catalogue is still far from complete, but it also gives an idea of its immense range.

Love and Moonshine.

"An American Nobleman," by William Armstrong, is a strong, simple story of the land of the moonshiners, where the illicit distillers of whisky yet thrive in the heart of the wilderness. The author represents the untutored yet deep emotions of an illiterate people with a virile touch. We are taught that there is often a capacity for heroic conduct among the lowly that comes from a deep humanity. Throughout the story runs a vein of humor parallel with its pathetic and dramatic episode. The characters of Josephine and Abel are unusually strong, and gain the reader's sympathy. The strong love of Abel for Josephine, her continued belief in the return of her recreant husband, and Abel's final marriage with the woman whom he hoped to protect and elevate, and from whom he received naught but faithlessness, form a forcible story amid unusual surroundings.

Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents.

The Christian Ideal and Others.

In "Christianity and Idealism," by Professor Watson, the Christian ideal of life is discussed "in its relations to the Greek and Jewish ideals and to modern philosophy." The first part of the book is devoted to the connection between morality and religion, the Greek ideal, the Jewish ideal, the Christian ideal, and the mediæval Christianity. The second part gives a general statement and defense of idealism, its relation to agnosticism, and the special sciences.

The work is issued by the Macmillan Company, N. Y., at the instance of the Philosophical Union of the University of California; it is one of a series. Price, \$1.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Paul Bourget, it will be remembered, brought and won a suit against his French publishers, some months ago, to compel them to give him an accounting. His example inspired his fellow-novelist, Galdós, to a similar course, and the Madrid lower court has pronounced in his favor. As in Bourget's case, there is no question of violation of contract, but the plea is that an author has a right to know, from actual inspection of accounts, not merely from statements rendered, just how his books are selling.

A sister of Marion Crawford, the novelist, has taken to fiction, and has produced a novel called "Palladia."

In an editorial on "The New Filial Piety in Literature," apropos of J. M. Barrie's book about his mother, "Margaret Ogilvy," the *New York Evening Post* exclaims: "What shall we say of writers capable of botanizing on a mother's grave?"

Richard Wheatley will describe the work of the board of health in New York city in an illustrated paper in the February *Harper's*, entitled "Hygeia in Manhattan."

The *Critic's* "Lounger" does not think that Joel Chandler Harris will be either surprised or annoyed if his latest story, "Sister Jane," is not received with enthusiasm by the critics. He has never been satisfied with the story, and tried to recall the manuscript after it had gone to the publishers, but it was too late. Mr. Harris likes the character of William Wornum, but does not like the construction of the story.

The Nansen book gets itself slowly written and published. It was first announced to appear in February, here and abroad, but it is now unlikely that it will be issued until March.

Albert D. Vandam, whose new volume, "Undercurrents of the Second Empire," has just been issued, was born some fifty and odd years ago. He spent his boyhood chiefly in Paris, and knew no schooling of the usual kind save for eighteen months at Aix-la-Chapelle. Mr. Vandam is of Continental extraction, but his reputation as the author of "An Englishman in Paris" has established for him an English character, which he accepts none the less that he never claimed it for himself. Long before the appearance of "An Englishman in Paris," in 1892, Mr. Vandam was in the thick of literary work. He has been a

constant contributor to the London press for some four-and-twenty years. His "Every Day Heroine" and his "Amours of Great Men" were published in the seventies, and for five years he was the Paris correspondent of an English contemporary, after which he became the London correspondent of *Le Temps*.

Maurice Thompson has no higher idea of Charles Dickens than W. D. Howells has. In the *Independent* recently Mr. Thompson writes:

"The pity of it all lies in the waste of genius, which at best is so scarce—a waste made distressingly obvious when we think what a novelist Dickens would have been could he but have written good English, what a romancer the elder Dumas, given the style, the art-power of Maupassant! Dickens must pass out of the list of permanent fames—he is already gone, he was so ignorant and slovenly—while De Quincey will stay. . . . Dickens had not the vast reserve of culture, the serene dignity of one who is a perfect master of his craft; nor had he Shakespeare's divine accuracy of artistic apprehension touching even the simplest human moods. Where Shakespeare sighed inwardly, silently, Dickens blubbered and wailed, and, alas! in the most slovenly literature ever penned."

The February number of *Harper's Magazine* will open with an article on "The Coronation," written by Richard Harding Davis and illustrated by R. Caton Woodville. Both writer and artist enjoyed unusual facilities for witnessing the ceremonies at Moscow—Mr. Woodville with a royal commission from Queen Victoria and Mr. Davis as a representative of *Harper's Magazine*.

Enile Zola has caused the whole edition of a book gotten up by M. Laporte, one of the oldest book-sellers on the Paris quays, to be seized by the police on the ground of infringement of copyright. The book is a selection of the most "naturalistic" passages in Zola's works, and is intended to show up the tendencies of his school.

M. Jusserand is about to publish another of his volumes on topics of historical interest. This time it is "The Romance of a Scots King," James the First.

Charles F. Lummis, who has been making a three months' journey in Mexico for *Harper's Magazine*, will contribute the first of the resulting series of articles to the February number. It will be entitled "The Awakening of a Nation."

Cosmopolis announces an essay by T. H. S. Escott and Hugh Robert Mill on "The Sources of American Literature." It also is to print this year another series of letters by Tourgenieff. This time they are drawn from his correspondence with George Sand, Emile Zola, and Guy de Maupassant.

It appears that the biography of the queen, which is soon to be published, is not, as was announced, to be written by her majesty. She will revise the proofs, but the book is being written by Richard R. Holmes, the librarian at Windsor. There are to be many fine illustrations, including a frontispiece portrait reproduced in colors from a beautiful miniature of the queen by Robert Thorburn. Two editions will be published, both of them of a sumptuous order of book-making. Bousso, Valadon & Co. are the publishers.

George W. Cable has assumed the literary management of *Current Literature*, abandoning his own *Symposium*, and will devote all of his time that is not given to original work to the New York periodical. Besides editing the latter, he will carry on a special department in it.

Poultny Bigelow's paper on "White Man's Africa" in the February *Harper's* will discuss the career of "the most enlightened statesman of South Africa," President Steyn, of the Orange Free State.

Twelve thousand copies of Ibsen's new drama, "John Gabriel Borkman," have been printed in Norwegian, being the largest edition known in Scandinavia. For Nansen's book, "Fram over Polkavet," there are eleven thousand Norwegian subscribers. Jonas Lie, too, is bringing out a new novel, "Dyre Rein."

Maurice Jókai's "The Green Room" has been translated, and will be published shortly. The book is a historical romance, with a picture of Russia in the first quarter of the present century. Pushkin is the hero.

Beside the fifth installment of George du Maurier's novel, "The Martian," the February *Harper's* will contain four short stories: a modern love-story by Margaret Sutton Briscoe, a humorous romance by Octave Thanet, a tale of colonial days by Sara Beaumont Kennedy, and an episode of American student life in Rome by John J. a'Becket.

The London *Daily Chronicle* understands that William Watson proposes to reprint his "Purple East" sonnets and his other poems on the Armenian question in a single volume, under the title of "The Year of Shame."

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, whose novel of the mutiny, "On the Face of the Waters," is just coming out in an American edition, has been accused of playing tricks with Indian orthography. She states thereupon that she has deliberately misspelled the words because she wants her readers to pronounce them correctly. In the course of her explanation she contributes a useful note on two famous words in the "Jungle Book." She heard some English people of education, she says, speaking of the "Bandar Log" as if the words rhymed with "pandar" and "fog." It seems they should be pronounced so as to rhyme with "thunder" and "rogue."

NEWSPAPER VERSE.

On an Actress.

Aye, she played rarely, though it had been played
A hundred times, and some of more renown
Have played it worse; but she bewitched the town.
Dowered with ethereal loveliness, she swayed
All hearts to love, while music lent soft aid;
She moved, she spoke, and, when she would, drew
down
Laughter unquenchable, the player's crown,
Symbol that all her frolic rule obeyed.
Aye, she played rarely; hut myself, who knew
What grief had gripped her in its chill embrace,
Could hear dumb weeping in her words, and through
Her every pose the anguished soul could trace,
And pierce the trippery of art unto
The pallor shining in her perfect face.

—London World.

The Fairy-Tales of the Race.

Who told them first, the poet or the sage,
These fairy-tales that run from age to age?
The children of the North and of the South
Repeat them and repeat,—they are in every mouth.

Behold, they were not made as other songs;
No one lone bard have they, but nameless throngs
In sundered lands have toiled upon the theme,
Whose fabric from the loom flows perfect, without seam:

A perfect whole, yet wrought by hands diverse;
The shadowy warp from India or from Perse;
Then, Greece gave beauty; Scandinavia left
A changeful and a mystic light upon the welt.

Thou simple child, pleased with thy fairy-tale,
Thou knowest not what truth it might unveil;
For old it is as are those pictured scrolls
That in Egyptian tombs shall serve returning souls.

—Edith M. Thomas in the Dial.

Lay of the Matabeleland Mounted Police.

You need no Mathematics, Euclid, Science, Hydrostatics,
No Latin, Hebrew, German, French, or Greek;
There are no exams whatever, and you need not be too clever.

For you are very seldom called upon to speak.
But you must keep a steady trigger on the deprédating
nigger,

And perhaps some day a Boer may cross the V;
He will be behind a howlder, hut your carbine's at your
shoulder,

And they want you in the M. M. P.

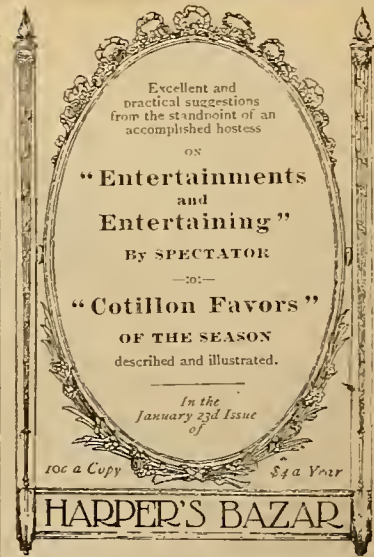
But your courage must be ready and your hand be cool
and steady,
And sometimes you'll have to sleep upon your mount;
You will just do what you are told to, and your life you
needn't hold to,

For, whatever happens, that will never count;
And the lone belt will receive you, and perhaps your dog
will grieve you,
And the news will travel somehow o'er the sea,
And the grass will wave above you, and one perhaps still
love you,

When you've vanished from the M. M. P.

—Matabeleland Times.

Under the title, "What I Have Read and Noted," C. V. S. Boettger, of Mount Tamalpais Military Academy, has published a ruled book of forms designed to assist the memory by preserving the title, author, publisher, date, extracts, and remarks.



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One of the two American correspondents who witnessed the imposing ceremonies in Moscow, and is illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE, who had a royal commission from Queen Victoria.

FEBRUARY ISSUE

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

ARTICLES ON MEXICO

THE AWAKENING OF A NATION

By CHARLES F. LUMMIS

The first of a series of timely papers, which are the result of a three-months journey through Mexico undertaken for HARPER'S MAGAZINE by Mr. Lummis, and are illustrated from photographs taken by him expressly for this purpose.

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"THE YELLOW ST"



Somewhere in one of Meredith's books there is a description of a photograph of a great prima donna. The splendid dominance, the joy of existence, the pride of life, of one whose breath is drawn in an atmosphere of adulation, who lives upon the praise of a world, were all shadowed forth in that beautiful, self-satisfied, imperious face. Life had reached its perfect flower, and in that pause of completed achievement, the singer looked forth and smiled upon the world that worshipped.

To be a great singer is the dream of all women. It seems to be the one position of prominence in which the woman belongs. The irksomeness of toil and struggle are hidden out of sight, and the world sees only the splendor of success. Work that wears away joyousness and fades out beauty never was made for the creature that Heaven created to be the consoler and beautifier of life. The storm and stress of the battle were not for her. The midnight oil only dims the light of eyes that should be soft; the quarrel with a destiny that is cruel and not to be cajoled draws hard lines round the lips that were meant for smiles.

Only as the singer does the woman seem to ascend to a pinnacle where the public acclaim is a rightful tribute, and her femininity is flattered by the public gaze. There, high aloft, bedizened, beautified, smiling in the fullness of radiant triumph, she reaches her apotheosis. No one thinks of the years of study that went to the perfecting of those crystal notes. No one looks back to the struggle and the hardships of the days when the great singer was a thin, pale, overworked girl. With the fine assurance of one used to conquer, she surveys her audience—the sea of faces all staring up ready to cry their approbation—and measures them with her level glance and knows them her subjects. They see a brilliant creature, made beautiful by the glamour of her greatness, possessing the gift most direct in its appeal, most enthralling in its power, sweetest in its memories—the gift of song.

There is more in this than the perfection of the singing of notes. Personality and charm are more important factors in the success of a singer than they are in even that of an actress. Mme. Scalchi has both. The world has loved her for a long time, loved something in that deep, heart-stirring voice above and beyond its melodious excellences. It seems to come straight from a heart that feels for all the sorrows over which men groan—not alone the fine, tragic sorrows, through which the sufferer has a comforting sense of dramatic dignity, but the hidden, secret ones that are buried deep from the world's eye under smiles and follies.

That big, kind voice searches them out, and soothes them with its message of consolation. Like the grasp of a friendly hand and the sudden glance of honest eyes, a voice with this quality is a boon in the world. Its artistic side was exploited in the aria from "The Huguenots." The human side of it came out in "Annie Laurie." That was popular singing with a vengeance. But if singing should be—as the old idea was—merely a simple, unpremeditated pleasure, then the "Annie Laurie" was the best kind of singing. The rich tones, with their soft sonority, gave out the song with a sense of deep, ineffable sadness. It must be the intensity of feeling that gives "Annie Laurie" its sadness. "And dark blue is her ee"—why should a lover's tender recollection of the beauty of his beloved one be fraught with infinite melancholy? Yet the song is one of the saddest of all those strangely pensive ballads with which the Scotch have enriched the melodies of the world.

Though Mme. Scalchi is no longer in her prime, the delight of her singing remains. She has edges to her voice where once there were only softnesses. But she is the artist still, the artist by divine right of birth. She sang the gavotte of Frederico with the sparkling witchery of a mischievous boy. All sorts of mocking threats danced in her eyes. And she has such a fine, large, singing mouth!—the real mouth for a real singer. Not any of your little pursed-up rose-buds, which belong only to women who have neither brains nor feelings, but a big, human, intelligent mouth, out of which the big, human, melodious notes rolled grandly. There is only one thing worse than a little mouth, and that is a little nose. Beware of a woman with a very small, ingenuous-looking mouth, but fly from one with a tiny, innocent-looking nose.

The benign charm of Mme. Scalchi was somewhat dimmed by the effulgence of the star. When Mme. Nordica appeared in full panoply of prima-donna glory the house applauded in delighted exultation, toned down by a sense of reverential seriousness. The San Francisco audience loves singing music, especially when administered by a hand-

some lady in a lovely dress. The star shone with diamonds as a star should, and on the lace that outlined the fine lines of her well-poised shoulders there were orders gleaming that suggested admiring royalty. Mme. Nordica has changed somewhat. She is not so sculpturally pink and white as of yore. Though the beautiful, Clytie-like slope of her shoulders is as perfect as ever, her face shows the worry and the wear of a life of bravely won but hardly worked for success.

Since she was here last, she has risen to eminence as a Wagnerian soprano. Frau Cosimo has commended her and Bayreuth did her homage. Her large, heavy, and rather cumbrous voice has been restrained, clarified, and sweetened since then. It has never been and will never be the voice that holds the soul in thrall. It is strong, clear, and instrumentally dramatic, a real Wagner voice. Its remarkable range and its almost fierce epic power were shown in the aria from Erkel's opera. The precipitous ascent to notes of an unbelievable altitude was accomplished with ease, the final cluster of notes with which the piece concluded being shrilled forth with keen, wild facility, piercing the ears like cries of anguish. The dramatic side of the aria was given the prominence which the Wagnerians alone seem capable of producing. The agonized queen, torn between despair and hope, cried her torments with the shrill, unrestrained frenzy of the bereaved mother.

The absence of lyric sweetness in the voice was felt in the scene from "Faust." A singer trained to make a great Brunhilda and an Isolde of large, tragic mold is not at ease in the tender vocalizations of Gounod's opera. That curiously naive music, with its revelations and restraints, its mingling of symbolism and realities, its trances of reverie, its moments of abandonment, is unsuited to the performers of the more direct, the more primitively tremendous style of the wizard of Bayreuth. Mme. Nordica, while dramatic in both voice and temperament, is not poetic, and Marguerite is the most poetic figure on the operatic stage. It is for this reason that the two great Marguerites have been Northerners—a Swede and a German. We can not produce Marguerites in this country any more than we can Carmens.

If temperamentally unsympathetic to the rôle, Mme. Nordica was artistically harmonious. Especially toward the close of the act, in the two love duets, her voice was clear and pure as spring water. Nevertheless, had the whole evening's entertainment been concert, the audience would have been better entertained. The male singers, most agreeable in the first part of the programme, were overweighted in the operatic half. Mr. Bertbold, who sang "The Prize Song" charmingly, was rarely on the key in the "Faust" scene. Mme. Scalchi, in the double rôles of Siebel and Martha, quite carried the act. With the calm self-reliance of the old operatic war-horse, she gave the proper air of grand opera to every bar she sang and every scene in which she appeared. It sounded like the old days of grand opera to hear the first deep, bell-toned notes of "Parlote D'Amor."

The appearance of the stamp of the Cuban Republic in the United States mails has caused much discussion in the Post-Office Department. This is probably the first case of its kind where insurgents have established their own post-offices and used their own stamps, which were transmitted in the mails to the United States. At the Post-Office Department it was said that these stamps were good so far as the United States was concerned, as the postal laws require only that the stamps be properly cancelled and the envelopes containing mail matter bear the mark of a regular post-office. These regulations have been complied with, so far as the department knows. The department knows nothing about the post-office stamped on the envelope, except that it is Spanish territory, and Spain is in the International Postal Union.

United States Consul Muth, at Magdeburg, describes, in an official report to the State Department, a farm where electricity is the primary motive power. This ideal farm is located at Mecklenburg, Germany, and receives its power from a small brook, which, by means of a dam, drives an eighteen horse-power turbine. This in turn drives the electric dynamo, whence power comes to operate the necessary farm machinery, pump the water, and light the farm-house and barns.

Some of the people who have a notion of what they mean by the word "evolution" may be surprised to see how closely it agrees with Herbert Spencer's definition, which is as follows: "It is a disintegration of matter and a concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent heterogeneity to a definite, coherent homogeneity, and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation."

The State of Maine gives official employment to a photographer who devotes his time to securing enticing views of the sporting regions of the State, and distributing them broadcast throughout the rest of the Union as advertisements.

According to the naturalists there are 397,000 distinct species of animals living at the present time. The mammals number 2,500; birds, 12,500; fishes, 12,000; mollusks, 50,000; and insects, 230,000.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Six A. M.

My alarm-clock is shaking,
With clangorous glee,
And I know it is taking,
A rise out of me!—Puck.

The Scorcher.

No more he finds existence dull,
No more he'll pine and dawdle,
He's paid the first installment on
His '97 model.—*Detroit Journal.*

Or Half-Shot.

Hark—the hunter toots gayly,
Then let me to oblivion quick be hurled;
Before that happens let me swiftly fly
To fate unknown, than to each day be nigh
The Sunday Journal or the Sunday World.
—*Life.*

Anything But This.

If every day'll be Sunday by and by,
Then let me to oblivion quick be hurled;
Before that happens let me swiftly fly
To fate unknown, than to each day be nigh
The Sunday Journal or the Sunday World.
—*Life.*

Needed Practice.

"Darling," he cried, in tender tones, "I never loved but thee!"
"Then we must part," the maid replied; "no amateurs for me."—*Baltimore American.*

An exhibition of the relics of Dr. Samuel Johnson in London last month recalls some of the remarkable definitions that remarkable man inserted in his dictionary. Among them, not the least curious was the one given for "net-work," which was defined as "anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the interstices." Other amusing definitions are: "Cough—a convulsion of the lungs vellicated by some shar serosity." "Man—not a woman, not a boy, not a beast." "Pension—an allowance made to any one without an equivalent; in England it is generally understood to mean pay to a state hireling for treason to his country."

A new marine motor promises to revolutionize steam navigation. It is an adaptation of the turbine system, and is credited with the ability to travel thirty-five miles an hour. Its cost is much less than the present design of engine, and in steam consumption it is more economical. In a trial in England on a torpedo-boat, the motor drove the propeller at the rate of twenty-four hundred revolutions per minute, and the boat at the rate of thirty-four miles an hour.

How money accumulates in a generation is shown by the increase of the fund of \$550,000 left in 1877 by Allen C. Lewis, of Chicago, to found a free technical college in that city. His will provided that the money should be invested until it reached an amount that would insure a good building and the support of the college. By November, 1895, the endowment had been swelled to \$1,600,000, and last September the institute was opened.

Paper floors are manufactured at Einsiedeln, Germany. In the form of a pasty mass, the paper is spread upon the surface to be covered and submitted to pressure. It behaves like plaster of paris, and is said to be noiseless under the foot and particularly effective in preserving a uniform temperature. Having no joints, it presents a perfectly smooth surface.

Phoenix, Ariz., has passed an ordinance imposing a fine of ten dollars upon any one spitting on the sidewalk.

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"Mary Stuart." Monday, February 1st, "Macbeth."

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The Modjeska Engagement.

Mme. Modjeska will begin her engagement at the Baldwin Theatre next Monday night in "Magda," an adaptation of Sudermann's great play, "Heimath." It was given by Mme. Modjeska in this city a few years ago; and was one of the most popular of her plays. The principal rôle is that of an actress who returns, after she has acquired fortune and fame, to the quiet country home from which she had been driven years before. It has great dramatic possibilities, and all the leading actresses have tried it. Eleanor Duse has been one of the most successful portrayals of the rôle. She played it in Italian in New York some months ago, while Bernhardt was playing it in French at the same time, and the general opinion was that the comparison was unfavorable to the French tragedienne. Again they were rivals in London later, and the English critics also favored the Italian actress. This has been a very sharp thorn in Bernhardt's side, and her resentment has had not a little to do in giving Duse the well-developed fear she has of appearing in Paris.

Mme. Modjeska's impersonation of Magda, while perhaps not so dramatic as those of some other actresses, is sympathetic and full of the charm she imparts to every rôle she undertakes. Joseph Haworth, her leading man, has already won high praise for his Major Schubert, and the remainder of the cast will be generally satisfactory. "Magda" will be given on the first five evenings of the week and at the Saturday matinee, and "Mary Stuart" will be given on Saturday night. During the second week, "Macbeth" and "Adrienne Lecouvreur" will be presented.

New Singers at the Tivoli.

Wallace's ballad-opera, "Maritana," will be given at the Tivoli next week for five nights only. The cast will include three singers who are new to the Tivoli stage. Katherine Krieg and Yves Remyton will alternate in the title rôle; Bernice Holmes will be the Lazarillo; Irene Mülle will be the Marchioness of Montefiori; W. H. West, the King of Spain; John J. Raffael, his minister, Don José; Rhys Thomas, the Don Cesar de Bazan; Ferris Hartman, the Marquis de Montefiori; D. H. Smith, the alcalde; and Marcel Perron, the captain of the guards.

On Saturday night, January 30th, an up-to-date extravaganza founded on the old story of "Aladdin; or the Wonderful Lamp" will be given. The entire stock company and several noted specialty artists will be in it, and the costuming and scenery will be exceptionally brilliant.

"The Devil's Auction."

We have had almost a surfeit of holiday spectacles in San Francisco lately, but "The Devil's Auction" was welcomed by an overflowing house on Monday night, and throughout the week the audiences have more than comfortably filled the theatre. And not without reason, for the entertainment is good of its kind. What it lacks in quality it makes up in quantity, and specialties and ballets follow each other in such quick succession that one has not time to be tired by any of them.

The best features of the show are the "aerial grotesques," Torner and Frobel, who perform remarkable feats of equilibration on a ladder teetering in mid-air on a trapeze, and the burlesque legerdemain of the Lorello brothers, which is clever in the feats performed and amusing in the way their *modus operandi* is revealed. The "Hoboes' Soirée" in the last act is decidedly coarse, but it is partly redeemed by the expert bicycle riding that follows it. The dancing includes *pas seuls* by *premieres*, and ballets in which supple young women display new and handsome costumes; the color-effects in most of the latter, however, are completely spoiled by the injudicious use of colored calcium-lights.

"The Devil's Auction" will be continued all next week, with performances on Saturday afternoon and Sunday night.

Notes.

Georgia Cayvan will soon be seen at the Columbia Theatre.

In a new play which Augustin Daly is soon to produce, Ada Rehan will create the rôle of Joan of Arc.

Primrose & West will play an engagement in Australia after they are seen at one of the local theatres in the early summer.

Paul Bourget's "Tragic Idyll" has been dramatized and produced at the Gymnase in Paris, with Mme. Jane Hading in the leading rôle.

Richard T. Brown, the comedian of "The Devil's Auction," is singing "You're Not the Only Pebble on the Beach" at the Columbia this week.

"Lorenzaccio," Sarah Bernhardt's latest success in Paris, is to be given at the St. James's Theatre in London, with Julia Nielson as the Florentine youth.

James A. Herne will bring "Shore Acres" to the Baldwin next month. He is re-writing "Hearts of Oak," but will probably not put it on the stage until next season.

One of the specialties in "The Devil's Auction" at the Columbia is a *pas seul* executed on a sheet of glass, through which colored lights are thrown on the

dancer from below. It is novel, but the effect is not pleasing.

Louis James is to follow Modjeska at the Baldwin Theatre. Alma Kruger, Florence Everett, Guy Lindsley, and William Sprague are among the members of his company.

So many inquiries have been made as to Jean de Reszké's age that he published a card, a few days ago, stating that his forty-seventh birthday would take place last Wednesday.

It is reported that the Frawley Company has been tremendously popular in Portland. On the closing night of their engagement several hundred people were unable to gain admittance.

"The Heart of Maryland" began an engagement at the Great Northern Theatre in Chicago last week. It will probably remain there until early summer, and then start on its Western tour.

Preparations for the production of Marion Crawford's play, "Dr. Claudius," have progressed so far that it is already decided that the Holland brothers and Blanche Walsh will be in the cast.

Fanny Rice is making a good deal of a splurge this season. There are nearly fifty people in the company which she will bring to the Columbia Theatre, headed by Charles Drew and the Gaillards.

The attraction to follow "The Devil's Auction" at the Columbia Theatre on February 1st is "The Prodigal Father." It is a lively farce-comedy, with plenty of amusing specialties and new jokes.

"Our Little Cinderella," which is to re-open the California on February 16th, was written by R. C. White, a well-known journalist and actor. The company will include a number of specialists, among them the well-known aerial artists, the Zanfrellas.

Gertie Carlisle, who is with Palmer Cox's "Brownies," sprained her knee while in Los Angeles last week, and has been unable to appear in Oakland, Stockton, San José, or Sacramento. She will probably resume her work in Salt Lake City.

The dispute between Mr. Frohman and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, as to who should play the heroine in "A Lady of Quality"—Mr. Frohman advocating Olga Nethersole and Mrs. Burnett championing Eleanor Calhoun—has been compromised. The rôle will be played by Olga Nethersole.

The hard times from which the theatrical profession is suffering just now are strikingly illustrated by an advertisement in one of the theatrical papers. It is that of a New York pawnbroker who proclaims that stranded actors will do better by sending their jewelry by express to him than by "hocking" it in small towns.

Women are coming to the front this year as playwrights. Madeline Lucette Riley has provided Nat Goodwin with a play which we have already seen here; Minnie Maddern Fiske is prospering in the South with an adaptation by Margaret Merrington; and Martha Morton has supplied good plays to both Sol Smith Russell and W. H. Crane.

Lively interest is being shown in the forthcoming appearance of Charles Hopper in "Chimmie Fadden." The play, which is the work of Augustus Thomas, does not follow Ned Townsend's sketches very closely, but presents the remarkable Chimmie, The Duchess, Miss Fannie, His Whiskers, Mr. Burton, and the rest of them as vividly as did the book, with the added interest of a coherent plot.

According to the members of "A Parlor Match" company, Anna Held, the pretty French songstress, is engaged to her manager, F. Ziegfeld. The marriage will take place at the conclusion of her engagement with the company. Miss Held is of Polish Jewish parentage, and was born in Paris about twenty-seven years ago. She made her debut in a White-chapel theatre in London, where she was known as "the Whitechapel beauty."

It seems probable that Blanche Bates will succeed Maud Adams as leading lady in John Drew's company. She is going to England, in company with Frank Worthing, Mr. Frawley, and her aunt, Miss Ellen Wren, at the conclusion of the Frawley Company's present season, sailing from New York shortly after March 1st. The party will visit Mr. Worthing's family in Scotland, and spend the remainder of the summer in London and Paris. Miss Bates has long had a desire to join Mr. Drew's company, and now that he has offered her such an advantageous position, it is extremely improbable that she will fail to accept it.

New York is rather surprised that the great singers so seldom make their appearance in the audience at the Metropolitan Opera House. Mme. Calvé recently made her second appearance in the theatre and off the stage since she first came to New York. Mme. Melba very rarely appears at any of the opera performances. The only time that Mme. Eames has been seen there this season was at the first performance of "Siegfried." Pol Plançon and Cremonini are frequently seen in the audience, the latter never missing a performance when Jean de Reszké sings. Neither of the De Reszkés is ever seen in the opera-house except on the stage.

Henry Miller made his debut as a star in New York in a new play called "Heartsease," by J. I. C.

Clarke and Charles Klein. The novel point of the play is in the third act, set in the lobby of a theatre, where a musician, who has just recovered from a long illness, recognizes the strains of an opera of his own composition which had been stolen from him without his knowledge. It is said to make a very powerful scene. In the company are a number of actors well known in San Francisco, including Louise Thordyke-Boucicault, Nanette Constock, Leslie Allen, Nelson Wheatcroft, and Max Figman. The music, which is an important part of the production, was composed by William Furst.

Leon Herrmann made his appearance in New York last Sunday evening as the successor to his famous uncle, the late Alexander Herrmann. He looks very much as his predecessor would have looked twenty-five years ago if he had been three inches taller, but has more hair on top of his head and less on his chin. His tricks were chiefly familiar and simple ones, but they were very adroitly performed. He had a hard time with the "patter" that accompanied his entertainment, for he is a Frenchman and speaks very little English. He would speak a sentence in French and then translate it as best he could into English, the result being almost as mystifying to his auditors as were his tricks.

New York has been making much of the fact that it witnessed the first performance of "Siegfried," with the De Reszkés in their new rôles. The cast was a remarkable one, including Jean de Reszké as Siegfried—he is said to have been better than Max Alvary at his best—Edouard de Reszké as Wotan, Mr. Bispham as Alberich, Miss Olitzka as Erda, Mr. Hubbenet as Mime, Mr. Castlemary as Fafner, Miss Traubmann as the Forest Bird, and Mme. Melba as Brünnhilde. London is to have the honor of hearing "Die Walküre" first, with Edouard de Reszké in the cast. In the same performance Ernest Van Dyck will sing Siegmund; Mme. Nordica, Brünnhilde; and Mme. Eames, Sieglinde. Anton Seidl will direct the orchestra.

From the Middle Ages to the present day, the highest price paid for silk goods that M. Georges d'Avenel, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, has been able to find, was eighty-three dollars a metre given by Louis the Fourteenth for the cloth-of-gold material for a dressing-gown. Last year, however, the Empress of Germany ordered at Lyons some white silk, with flowers, birds, and foliage in relief, at one hundred and twenty dollars a yard, five-sixths of the price being the actual value of the raw silk. She intended to make a dress of it, but it was so beautiful that she uses it for a curtain.

In her book of Irish beauties, Mrs. Gerard quotes Gladstone's story of the surpassing charms of Mrs. Dillon, who kept a furnishing-goods store on a fashionable street in Dublin. One day the beautiful Duchess of Rutland, the viceroy's wife, drove up in a grand carriage, went into the shop, and, looking hard at Mrs. Dillon, who was behind the counter, said: "Yes, you are the most beautiful woman in three kingdoms!" She then immediately left the shop. It was conjugal jealousy, excited by the duke's praise of the fair Irishwoman, that occasioned the visit.

The following remarkable physiological statement occurred in the examination papers of a school-boy not long since: "The human body is divided into three parts—the head, the chest, and the stummick. The head contains the eyes and brains, if any. The chest contains the lungs and a piece of the liver. The stummick is devoted to the bowels, of which there is five, *a, e, i, o, u*, and sometimes *w* and *y*."

The races will be resumed at the Pacific Coast Jockey Club (Ingleisle) tract on Monday, January 25th, and five or more races will be run every afternoon, rain or shine, for a fortnight. Next Saturday, January 30th, the Tarpey Stakes will attract lovers of horseflesh, and on the following Saturday the Hobart Stakes will be run for. There are already notable entries for each event.

Asbestos has recently been applied by a Massachusetts firm to the manufacture of shoes for workmen employed in foundries and smelting works. It is asserted that the new shoes, besides being more comfortable, cost less than leather shoes and wear indefinitely.

The Sultan of Morocco is about to take for his second wife the daughter of one of his most powerful vassals. The people of Morocco are much discontented, as every one of them is obliged to send a wedding present to the monarch.

An ingenious device of a professor of mnemonics was to teach his pupils to say "Good-by, umbrella," on taking leave of anybody; it must have astonished their host, but it preserved their property.

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VANITY FAIR.

A peculiar development of English journalism is noted by Elwyn Barron. It seems that a great deal of social news from America is now being printed in the London dailies, and the fact is notable that in accounts of weddings elaborate descriptions are given of the wedding presents, with the names of the donors. Although this custom has long been common enough in the English society weeklies, which go to all ends to get such information, it had not been generally done in the English dailies. The reason is that the English papers charge so much per line for printing such information, and naturally the *grandes dames* of the social world object to seeming to wish to advertise their doings. Most social events of magnitude are dismissed with a short paragraph, the names of the most distinguished guests being inserted and perhaps a reference made to the bride's toilet in the case of a wedding. So it comes with something of a shock when a correspondent sends from New York an account of a so-called swell wedding that includes a long list of presents and their donors. It is barely possible, however, that these accounts are sent by aspiring Americans who are willing to pay the heavy charges of the English papers for such social exploitation.

The latest *boutonniere* for men, according to *Vogue*, is a combination of white roses and violets, or, more properly, one white rose bordered with violets. This must certainly have a funereal appearance, as should also the other fashionable combination—a white carnation surrounded by a border of violets or intermingled with violets. The same authority says that it is no longer considered good taste for women to wear white gloves in the street. Tan shades have taken the place they held so long, and pale tan are used for full-dress visiting gloves. White gloves, however, are still worn at afternoon functions, but generally when one is driving instead of walking.

The mirror has always been among the most important adjuncts of a woman's toilet, but recently it has been put to rather novel uses. One woman, who was far from graceful by nature, overcame all obstacles to the attainment of the coveted faculty by studying her own motions in a full-length mirror. She would select a book, drag an old-fashioned chair before the glass, and seat herself to read. At first she merely looked at her reflection after she was seated, and she said she actually blushed at its ungainly angles. Then she practiced seating herself and rising. From this she progressed to going to the theatre and carefully studying the motions of the actresses, and on her return home she tried to imitate them. She studied this course of motion as one might study drawing, and in the end she became one of the most graceful women of her set. Another woman, who is one of the most clever *raconteurs* in San Francisco, acquired her facility by practicing her tales before a mirror. She recited them to herself before her glass, with careful study of intonation, expression, and gesture, until she was able to tell each one as well as a professional entertainer, and the result is that she is a much sought guest.

There is no fashionable cane at the present day. A few years ago every other man on the street carried a cane. As a general thing it had a more or less elaborate silver head. The demand for these articles was great, and to meet it the manufacturers turned out cheap plated-silver beads in all the styles of the genuine article. Then came the affectation of slim bamboo crooks that could be had for a dollar. They were light and unassuming, and were very popular. These are out of date now, and the cane-makers say that there is no standard design for walking-sticks. The reason is that they are out of fashion. Business men have seen the folly of lugging a cane about with them, and in fashionable circles it has been decided that it is a lack of courtesy to carry a cane when one goes to call. In fact, the cane is relegated to walking expeditions.

In France, tea-drinking in the afternoon—from climate and custom—might have a natural reason for existing if all tea-drinking were not a negation in France. The French first began to drink tea (writes Katharine de Forest in the *Basar*) in the beginning of this century; and to show what slow progress the habit made, along in about the thirties one of the most side-splitting farces at one of the *petits théâtres* was called "Le Thé Chez Madame Gibou." Little by little, however, into French high life—or "eeey leef," as they pronounce it—certain English influences began to creep, and in the Second Empire, according to De Goncourt, tea-drinkings in the afternoon were very grand and fashionable affairs, rendezvous for all the lovers of the period. It is only very lately, since the days of a younger school like Guy de Maupassant, Paul Bourget, and Paul Hervieu, that five-o'clock tea has begun to appear in the one-volume French novel. Nowadays there is nothing more fascinating about Paris than its five-o'clocks, for every quarter has its place of rendezvous, and every fashionable woman has her day at home. Around the Arc de Triomphe, in one of the *gay-pâtisseries*, one finds the real French *mode* in a purely French frame-work, with walls of *carre*, over which clamber Cupids and garlands of *florals*, while before the great mirrors on them stand

shining cut-glass bottles of cordials wearing little chains round their necks, and piles of little trident-like forks, with which the pretty women who fill the place with the rustle of silk, and the *fleur* of woollens, and the odor of Parma violets, spear for themselves the *baba*, or the Savarin, or the Madeleine, just as in the days of Trilby, or the *petits gâteaux*, or the *marrons glacés au chocolat*, or the *petits fours aux pistaches* that have been added on since the Du Maurier days. Colombin's, in the Rue Cambon, marks a transition period, where one finds what might be called the Franco-English era of five-o'clocks. The windows, instead of being symphonies in mauves and pale greens and roses and whites, like those of the French *pâtisseries*, put largely in evidence plum cakes and *gâteaux secs*, and, within, *gôlter* and tea join hand in hand, and are served side by side, while fashionable England and France and America laugh and talk and gossip on a common ground. But at "afternoon tea" at Miss Davies's rooms, on the Boulevard Haussmann, we are carried quite over into late English. If *petits fours* are to be found there, no one would ever think of ordering them. Everything is severely and delightfully and simply English, from the tall English clock, the old Chelsea china on the mantel-piece, down to the dainty Minton cups and English muffins, brought over every day, on the tea-tables. And England and France and America laugh and gossip there, with the gayety of France, on English soil; for the "five-o'clock" is of English birth, and most successful when it carries with it the genius of its home.

It is a rather curious fact that most children show an instinctive repulsion at the sight of a décolleté gown. The feeling is probably rooted in conventional notions, but, for all that, it is sincere and apparently spontaneous. "I shall never forget an experience I once had in visiting a country-house," said a woman not long ago. "It was summer-time, and warm, and when I dressed for dinner the evening after my arrival, I put on a black gown that completely covered my neck and shoulders, but which was cut out square in front. Being black, of course, the little bit of throat that was exposed stood out in bold relief. All the other women had donned high-necked gowns, but I thought nothing of that, as my frock, square-cut neck and all, was extremely inconspicuous. Upon seating myself at the table, though, I soon became aware that the small boy of the household had fixed his eyes upon me most ominously. All through the meal he kept staring at me, until I really felt not only uncomfortable, but alarmed, as a long and painful experience with small boys assured me that before long he would be sure to say something dreadful. Sure enough, just as the dessert was being served, he spoke. 'Mamma,' he began, and as he had been wholly silent all the time previous, of course everybody stopped talking and turned to look at him. 'Yes, dearest,' answered the fond mother. Whereupon that awful youngster lifted his fore-finger and, pointing straight at me, demanded, 'Why doesn't she shut that up?'"

Young Gerald du Maurier, being interviewed by a New York reporter, said one thing about his father that will surprise everybody who was familiar with Mr. du Maurier's drawings, and that is that he had no idea of appropriateness in dress and did not know one fashion from another. "My sisters," said Mr. du Maurier, "looked to it that he got the right things in his pictures. He would come home sometimes and sketch something which had attracted him in a passer-by on the street. Often it would be some impossibly queer arrangement, and my sisters would protest: 'Why, father, you mustn't use that in *Punch*. Nobody wears those things now; they're dreadfully old-fashioned,' and he would give in immediately to what he recognized as their superior judgment." This will be a blow to the hundreds of people who modeled their dress upon that of Du Maurier's men and women. His fashions, however, were correct, for his family saw to it that they should be.

It has for years been the public policy of the United States to exploit her democracy and simplicity among the nations, and it is for this reason (says the New York *Sun*) that America's representatives at almost all of the great European capitals are obliged to draw upon their private resources for the payment of many obligations incurred in necessary diplomatic functions. Our ambassador to London receives the largest salary paid to American ambassadors, \$17,500, the same amount paid to the ambassadors to France, Germany, Russia, and Mexico. The representative of Great Britain at Washington (which is considered a smaller diplomatic post, of course, than that at Paris, Berlin, or St. Petersburg, and, of course, carries smaller emoluments and perquisites) receives \$32,500 and the house and grounds, which are owned by the British Government. Besides this there are other perquisites allowed for horses and servants. The military *attachés* of the United States in foreign countries, unless they are independent of their salaries at home, would often be placed in very questionable positions. Europe is a finishing school for our young army and naval officers. There they are continually experimenting with improved war instruments, and the United States, while paying nothing for the information, takes advantage of all these experiments and profits by the result. It is the naval and the military

attaché of the United States who furnishes all of this valuable material to the War and Navy Departments. All military *attachés* in European legations and embassies are obliged to live somewhat extravagantly. The position occupied by officers in the armies in Europe is a high one, and this, coupled with a diplomatic mission, gives the military *attaché* a certain position which foreign military men in this country do not have. The military *attaché* of the United States at any foreign court, if he wishes to get the desired information in regard to ordnance supplies or other military facts, must entertain continually; he must preserve the position which has been assigned him by the people whose country he visits at any cost to his own pocket-book; he must have an office, servants, horses, carriages of various descriptions, a box at the opera and other such superfluities, the money for which, at least \$15,000 a year, practically goes into Uncle Sam's Treasury, for that is the price for some of the information which is obtained.

A silly protest is made in one of the Eastern papers against the practice of denying the existence of an engagement before formal announcement of it has been made. The old case is instanced of Mrs. Astor, who denied that her son, John Jacob Astor, was engaged to Miss Willing, of Philadelphia, and subsequently announced that they would wed. "It has come to be considered the proper thing to do likewise in such matters," says our Eastern contemporary. As a matter of fact, an engagement of marriage concerns only the parties to it and their immediate relatives. The foolish and premature gossip in newspapers about engagements has in more than one instance created a coolness between the parties and prevented what might have been a most desirable match; and in other instances, where an engagement has actually existed and the parties have subsequently found themselves unsuited to each other, the fact that the engagement had been announced has made it doubly unpleasant to both when it has been broken off. The rule most generally adopted now is that there shall be no formal announcement of the engagement until the wedding date has been set. Then it is announced to relatives, next to intimate friends, and afterward to the world at large.

The funeral of Mme. Furtado-Heine, which took place at the Château of Rocquencourt, recalled a pretty story of a marvelous fête given a few years ago in honor of Dom Pedro the Second of Brazil. In September, 1890, the emperor, then but recently exiled after a reign of fifty years, was staying at Versailles, passing the autumn months with his daughter, the Comtesse d'Eu. One day, as he passed before the iron railings of the garden of the Castle Rocquencourt, he saw the splendid hot-houses and the massive beds of flowers. Curious to know who lived there, he said he would much like to visit the estate. Mme. Furtado-Heine hurried to receive him, and showed him round the garden and through the hot-houses. "Madame," said Dom Pedro, "I see here the vegetation of my country; the trees are the same, and I breathe and smell the same flowers. I owe to you the first joy that I have felt since my exile; thank you, thank you." "I hope the emperor will feel at home here," said Mme. Heine; "my doors will ever be open to receive your majesty." A week after Dom Pedro returned, and consoled to remain to dinner. The walls of the dining-room were decorated with rose leaves of every color, and formed the imperial arms of Brazil. The park was illuminated, and a splendid concert was given in his honor.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Archbishop Tai's coachman was a very original character. One day a clergyman, who called at the palace, asked him whether he still bad as much to do as ever. The answer was sublime. "There's always a goodish bit doing, sir; but it has been a trifle easier since we took young Mr. Parry into the business." The Right Rev. Edward Parry had recently been appointed Bishop Suffragan of Dover.

When George the Third came to the throne, one of his first acts was to issue an order prohibiting any of the clergy who should preach before him from paying him compliments in their sermons. This was especially aimed at a prebendary of Westminster, who had in his discourse before him indulged in fulsome adulation. Instead of thanks, the king gave him the information "that he came to church to hear the praises of God, and not his own."

Mathews the elder was always well dressed and carried a handsome umbrella. Munden, on the contrary, who was miserly, used an old cotton one. After he had left the stage, Mathews met him one day in Covent Garden, and addressed him effusively: "I wish, old fellow, you'd let me have something of you as a remembrance." "Certainly, my dear friend," returned Munden, with great presence of mind, "we'll exchange umbrellas," and he did so with much dexterity.

The late General Francis A. Walker was once traveling in a railway train, and was much annoyed by the chatter of two small politicians, who were loudly gloating over a victory which their party had gained locally a few days before. One of them presently turned to General Walker and remarked in a swaggering manner, "Straws show which way the wind blows, eh?" "There is another old proverb about straws," suggested Mr. Walker. "What's that?" "Drowning men catch at them."

The police of San Francisco have recently been enforcing the law prohibiting work on Sunday, especially against Chinese laundrymen. Last Sunday, as a large load of these offenders was being carted to jail in the police ambulance, a resident of the Western Addition asked the reason, and was informed by a policeman. "Yep," grunted a disgusted Chinese, who stood near, "man workee Sunday, he go jail—gainst law workee Sunday. Man no workee, he go jail—vag. Amelica heap hell of county."

An Illinois member of Congress had dined with "Billy" Mason in Chicago. They had talked of the desire of Mr. Mason to come to the Senate, had admired the beautiful house in which he lives, and then, smoking an after-dinner cigar, the two friends walked down-town together. When they were some distance from the house, the congressman turned and looked back at the large and brilliantly lighted dwelling. "You have a beautiful home," said the congressman. "Yes," replied Mason, with a sound that was between a laugh and a sigh, "but I can hear that house drawing interest two squares away."

A certain fat lady resolved to consult a physician about her corpulence. She had had no previous experience with "baiting" of any sort. The doctor drew up a careful dietary for her. She must eat dry toast, plain boiled beef, and a few other things of the same lean sort, and in a month return and report the result to the doctor. At the end of the time the lady came, and was so stout that she could hardly get through the door. The doctor was aghast. "Did you eat what I told you?" he asked. "Religiously," she answered. His brow wrinkled in perplexity. Suddenly he had a flash of inspiration. "Did you eat anything else?" he asked. "Why, I ate my ordinary meals," said the lady.

When he first began literary work, Murat Halstead wrote several novels which appeared serially in a Cincinnati paper, one installment a week. He rarely was ahead of the printer more than one installment, and often this was received at the last moment. When he was in the midst of an exciting blood-and-thunder serial (says the *Chicago Times-Herald*), young Halstead secured a first-class position as correspondent for a leading journal, and found his time completely occupied. The Cincinnati paper did not receive its usual installment in time for publication, and at last went to press with a note apologizing and promising that the story would be resumed next week. But the next week came and brought with it no manuscript from Halstead, and before the next publication day the young author explained the situation, and added that the work would have to be dropped. The editor asked Halstead to explain the matter to his readers, and the young man sat down and wrote out a statement. The last printed installment showed the heroine in the clutches of the villain, who had pursued her to the verge of a high precipice and held her over the chasm, threatening to drop her to instant death if she refused to disclose the whereabouts of a missing will. After recounting these facts, young Halstead added that after careful and prayerful consideration of the subject, the edi-

torial management had decided that no young woman ought to be held over a precipice like that longer than three weeks, and that, as the villain evidently was growing tired, it had been decided to let him drop the whole affair right where it was and quit.

When "Brick" Pomeroy was running the *La Crosse Democrat*, he employed Judge Joseph R. Flanders as an editorial writer. The very first day the judge asked for a dictionary, and, as Pomeroy had none, he sent out and bought one. A few days later Flanders submitted to Pomeroy a very able editorial which dealt very severely with the administration. He explained that he did not care to send it to the composing-room to be put in type before showing it to the editor of the paper. Pomeroy read the editorial, and then asked: "Is what you have written true?" "Absolutely true," he replied. "Is it correct in its construction of the law?" "As I construe the law, it is," "Then your conclusions as stated here are based strictly upon truth and law?" "They are." "This being so, why do you hesitate to publish what you have written?" "Because I have employed very strong language, and it may not be policy to publish the editorial." "Will you be kind enough to bring me your dictionary." Flanders looked a little surprised, but did as he was requested. Taking the book, Pomeroy opened it at the word "policy," and with a knife cut that word out of the book. Handling the nice, new, big dictionary to Flanders, he pointed to the mutilated page and said: "In all cases when you have occasion to write of any man, party, or thing, recognize all the words now in this dictionary; but remember that whatever is right is right, that whatever is principle is principle, and that there is no such word as 'policy' in our lexicon."

THE SPECTACLED ALBATROSS.

A Naval Yarn.

Not all naval officers can boast, like Captain Corcoran, R. N., that they are never, never sick at sea. Every now and then one is met who, no matter how long he may remain in the navy, can never set sail without suffering from that dire disease. Such a man was Captain Hardy Lee, U. S. N. He rarely appeared on deck save in dead calms, or in severe stress of weather, when he dragged himself forth, looking like a seasick ghost.

He commanded the old sloop-of-war *Tampa* on a cruise she made to the South Pacific about twenty years ago. He had orders to stop at Apia to pick up a party of scientists who had been making some investigations in Samoa for the Smithsonian Institution. After passing through the Strait of Magellan, the *Tampa* bowled along at a lively gait that kept the captain closely confined to his cabin. A number of albatross followed the ship for several days for the sake of what the cooks threw overboard.

One day, Ensign Mayne Brace, more generally known by his nickname of "Splicer," sent an apprentice boy below for a stout fish-line and a piece of pork. Tying the line about the pork, he threw it overboard. Almost instantly one of the albatross pounced upon it and swallowed it, whereupon Splicer haled the bird aboard. Directing some of his fellow-officers to hold the flapping wings and wriggling head, he took a brush from the painter and drew a large pair of spectacles on the albatross; then cutting the fish-line off close to the bird's mouth, he let it go. The albatross floundered clumsily about in the air for a few seconds, and then solemnly took up its flight again in the wake of the *Tampa*. The bird's ridiculous appearance was greeted with shouts of laughter by Splicer's associates, who insisted that the entire flock should be similarly decorated, and in the course of the afternoon the task was accomplished.

A few days later the *Tampa* ran into a dead calm, and the captain emerged from the cabin, looking a little peaked, but the incarnation of official dignity. The vessel proceeded under her auxiliary steam-power, and the albatross still kept up their unceasing pursuit. Suddenly the captain observed them for the first time. He rubbed his eyes and looked at them again; then turning to the quartermaster, he asked for the glass, and scanned them closely for several minutes.

"Mr. Brace," he asked at last of that officer, who happened to be standing near, "have you noticed anything peculiar about those birds?"

"Why, no, sir," said Splicer; "they seem to act very much as albatross usually do."

"No, but their markings," explained the captain. "I never saw albatross so curiously marked in my life."

"Oh, you refer to those rather odd streaks about the eyes!" exclaimed Splicer. "Yes, sir, my attention has been called to them."

"Attention has been called to them!" shouted the captain. "You don't mean to say that you had to wait for somebody to show them to you? It's the most remarkable whimsicality of nature I ever witnessed."

"Yes, sir, I believe the species is very rare," said Splicer. "Of course," he continued, "we studied all about them at the academy, and I learned then that they were seldom met with nowadays. It is said that on account of the superstitious feelings of the sailors, it has been impossible to secure a specimen for any of our museums. *Diomedea Spectaculata*, I believe, the species is called, or Spectacled Albatross,

from a fancied resemblance of their markings to a pair of eye-glasses."

"Fancied resemblance!" roared the captain. "Why, damme, I had to take the glass to persuade myself they weren't adjustable! Gad, sir, I'll secure one of these very birds and present it to my friend, Professor Hunter, whom you'll meet at Apia."

Splicer began to fear that his jest might act as a boomerang on himself. "I am afraid it would be impossible to shoot one of those birds, sir," he interposed, "without running great danger of killing it. And of course you would not want to do that. The moral effect on the men would be very bad—I might say disastrous."

"Who said anything about shooting?" queried the captain. "Do you suppose I am going to use one of Uncle Sam's finest sloop-of-war to retrieve sea-birds with? Quartermaster, get me a stout fish-line and a piece of pork," and the captain proceeded to instruct the ensign in the art of fishing for albatross.

The ensign began to tremble in his shoes when he saw one of the birds swallow the bait and begin to come aboard with the line. As he looked around nervously, as if to seek some place whither to escape, he noticed a dark-blue streak approaching on the water. It was his only hope. The albatross was nearly landed.

"It looks as if we might have squally weather, sir," said Splicer.

The captain quickly turned, and gave the necessary orders for discontinuing the use of steam and proceeding under sail; and then, telling Brace to have the albatross properly secured and cared for, he beat a hasty retreat to his cabin.

When the *Tampa* cast anchor in Apia Bay, the captain re-appeared.

"Mr. Brace," he said, when that officer appeared in answer to his summons, "I hope you have followed out my instructions in regard to that remarkable albatross."

"Yes, sir," replied the ensign.

"I am now going on shore to meet Professor Hunter and his learned associates, but before going, I should like to examine the bird more closely than I have had an opportunity to do hitherto. . . . Well, sir, do you hear me? Why do you hesitate?"

"I regret—I fear that it will be impossible, sir."

"Impossible? Do I hear you aright? Take care, Mr. Brace! I trust you can explain your language satisfactorily, sir."

"Why, the fact is, sir," replied Splicer, "that the albatross is not on board."

"Not on board, Mr. Brace? I placed the bird in your charge, and I shall hold you responsible for it. Through whose negligence did it escape?"

"Through nobody's sir; by my orders."

"By your orders, Mr. Brace? Egad, sir, that is very like disobedience of my orders, sir! And, damme, that would be a court-martial offense!"

"Yes, sir," replied the junior watch officer; "I realized that when I took the responsibility in your—"

eh—absence, sir. The fact is that the bird, despite the most solicitous care, became ill, very ill, so ill that the men were sure that it would die. I feared that it would myself, sir; and knowing the bad name that would attach to the ship in that event, in view of the superstitious feelings of the crew, when I judged that its recovery was impossible, I—I ordered its release, sir."

"Egad, sir, you have taken a dangerous liberty!" The captain's face was purple with suppressed rage. "You say the bird was ill—what was the matter with it? Where was the surgeon? What disease could any bird get on board this ship that would justify you in throwing it overboard?"

"It was seasick, sir!"—*Harper's Weekly*.

Hôt gingerbread is one of the especial attractions offered at New York's recently established Afternoon Tea-Room, and this, with the other advantages of the place, keeps the pretty room crowded. Three hundred guests a day are not an unusual record, and the uniform excellence of everything served by the managers is probably the cause of the many petitions proffered to them of late that they should have an early breakfast for bachelors and business men and women who lack a home in which to secure a well-cooked, daintily served meal at the beginning of the day. This proposal it now under consideration, and there is a fair prospect that the suggestion may take a definite shape early in the year.

A society which disseminates moral literature sent a Chicago railway agent a bundle of free tracts to place in the time-table rack. One of the tracts was entitled "A Route to the New Jerusalem." The letter the society received from the general passenger-agent declining the tracts, contained as the closing sentence: "We can not place the tracts, as the N. J. is not on our route."

He (angrily)—"Was there any fool sweet on you before I married you?" She—"Yes; one." He—"I'm sorry you rejected him." She—"But I didn't reject him; I married him."—*Dublin Freeman*.

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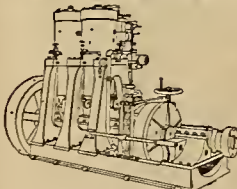
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SOCIETY.

The Presidio Hop.

The officers stationed at the Presidio gave a hop there last Tuesday evening, which was well attended and thoroughly enjoyable. The hall was handsomely decorated with flowers, plants, and flags, and appeared very attractive. The uniforms of the officers and the stylish gowns of the fair sex gave additional beauty to the scene. The guests were received by Colonel W. R. Shafter, U. S. A., Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel B. M. Young, U. S. A., Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. E. B. Williston, U. S. A., Mrs. W. H. McKittrick, Mrs. J. J. O'Connell, Mrs. R. M. Potts, Miss Young, and Miss Rodgers. The floor committee comprised Colonel S. B. M. Young, U. S. A., Captain Alexander Rodgers, U. S. A., Captain R. M. Potts, U. S. A., Captain C. G. Starr, U. S. A., Captain Guy L. Edie, U. S. A., Lieutenant H. C. Davis, U. S. A., and Lieutenant D. W. Kilburn, U. S. A. Dancing was enjoyed until two o'clock in the morning, with an intermission before midnight, when supper was served.

The Hecht Reception.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Hecht gave a reception and ball last Saturday evening at the San Francisco Verein, to introduce their daughter, Miss Edith Hecht, a debutante of this season. They have been abroad for about three years, and this is the first opportunity they have had to entertain their friends since their return. Mr. and Mrs. William Fries, Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Weill, and Mr. Jesse Triest assisted in receiving the guests, all of whom came attired in dominoes with masks. There were about one hundred and fifty ladies and gentlemen present.

At ten o'clock the grand march was formed, and each one in line carried a small lantern shaped like a domino. The march around the dimly lighted ball-room produced an effect that was almost weird. Afterward the hall blazed with electric lights, and the dancing commenced, and was continued until early morning, with an intermission at midnight, when a supper was served under Ludwig's direction. Sparkling Roederer flowed freely, and many delicious toasts were expressed.

The McCaleb Dinner-Party.

Mr. Thomas McCaleb, of New York, gave an elaborate dinner-party last Wednesday evening in the Red Room at the Bohemian Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Burden, of New York, who are here on a pleasure trip. The room was decorated with flowers and plants in exquisite taste. A string orchestra played throughout the evening. Those invited to meet Mr. and Mrs. Burden were:

Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Alice C. Hoffman, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Genevieve Goad, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Lieutenant W. L. Capps, U. S. N., Mr. Ernest A. Wiltse, and Mr. Lawson S. Adams.

The Colonial Dames.

Mrs. Selden S. Wright entertained the Colonial Dames of California recently at her residence, 910 Lombard Street. Mrs. Henry Gibbons gave a reading on the "Causes that Led to the American Revolution," which was very interesting, and Mrs. C. Elwood Brown presented Mrs. Wright with a gavel made from one of the oaken beams of her birthplace, the Bergen homestead, at Brooklyn, N. Y., built in 1662. Refreshments were served, and the afternoon

was passed very pleasantly. Among those present were:

Mrs. John D. Tallant, Mrs. S. W. Holladay, Mrs. George A. Crux, Mrs. S. M. Van Wyck, Mrs. Edwin M. Newhall, Mrs. Joseph L. Moody, Mrs. C. Elwood Brown, Mrs. Hervey Darneal, Mrs. J. H. Maddux, Mrs. L. C. Branch, Mrs. J. M. McClure, Mrs. McAdie, Miss A. A. B. Wright, Miss E. M. Jones, Miss A. Brooke Rose, Miss Eda Moody, and Miss Mason, of Berkeley.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. Valentine P. Snyder, of New York city, have issued invitations for the wedding of their sister, Miss Mary Swift Torbert, and Mr. George Underwood Kirkpatrick, which will take place on Thursday evening, January 28th, at the Church of All Angels in New York city. Afterward there will be a reception and supper at Sherry's.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Carroll and Mr. William Robinson Whittier will take place at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Richard T. Carroll, 1520 Van Ness Avenue, at noon next Wednesday.

The wedding of Miss Mollie G. Hutchinson and Mr. Ernest C. Peixotto will take place in New Orleans on Sunday, January 31st. The bride-elect and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Hutchinson, will leave Oakland this evening for New Orleans.

Mr. Herman Shainwald has issued invitations for the wedding of his sister, Miss Martha Washington Shainwald, and Mr. Leopold M. Myers, which will take place next Wednesday evening at The Colonial. Only relatives will be present at the ceremony, but there will be a reception afterward from nine until eleven o'clock.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford has issued cards for a reception in honor of Bishop and Mrs. J. P. Newman, which will be held at her residence on California Street next Tuesday afternoon, from three until six o'clock.

The Friday Fortnightly Club will give a mask-and-dominos party next Friday evening at Lunt's Hall. Only members will be present.

Mrs. E. Joseph will give a ball in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel on Saturday evening, January 30th, in honor of her daughter, Miss Nellie Joseph.

Miss Bertha Monroe Rickoff has issued cards for a tea which she will give this afternoon, between four and seven o'clock, at her residence, corner of Channing Way and Telegraph Avenue, Berkeley.

A ball will be given next Tuesday evening at the Hotel Mateo in San Mateo.

Mrs. William Kohl gave a matinee tea at the Palace Hotel last Saturday to introduce her daughter-in-law, Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, nee Dunlap, whose marriage recently in Philadelphia was one of the brilliant events of the season. Musical selections were played by a string orchestra, refreshments were served, and the many who called were delightfully entertained.

Mme. Modjeska gave an informal tea last Wednesday afternoon at the Occidental Hotel, and entertained quite a number of her friends.

Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton delivered a lecture on "Portia" last Monday evening in the opera-house at San Rafael before a very large and fashionable audience. It proved very interesting and instructive. Afterward Mrs. W. J. Corbaly tendered Mrs. Edgerton a reception at her residence. Music, recitations, and a supper made the time pass very pleasantly.

Miss Newlands gave an informal tea last Tuesday afternoon at her home in Oakland, and pleasantly

entertained quite a number of her friends. The affair was given in honor of her cousins, Mrs. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Allen.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Why is This Bequest Void?

EL TORO, ORANGE COUNTY, CAL., January 4, 1897.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I wish to bring to the notice of the clergy and laity of the Anglo-Episcopal Church in the United States a question of much importance to the temporal interests of the church. More than eight years ago one hundred thousand dollars was bequeathed for St. Paul's Church, San Diego, California, by my son, the late George I. Keating. It has not been applied to the use of the church by those whose duty it was to execute his will and give effect to his last wishes. I am now informed that the bequest is deemed void. No court of justice in England or America would uphold such a doctrine, which in its operation would offer a strong temptation to crime, defeat the intention of testators, and divert to other uses legacies for the church. I apprehend that in the present instance the money will be lost if some step is not taken on behalf of the church to prevent such a result. I can not presume to advise, but would respectfully suggest the appointment of a committee to investigate and report on the subject, that the rights of the church may not be lost by neglect, and that it may be ascertained whether bequests can be defeated and funds diverted to their own or other uses by interested parties. Should such committee be nominated, I hope for opportunity to be heard before it. Yours respectfully,
W. H. KEATING.

The Cosmos Club has at length settled the problems by which it has been confronted by securing a new club-house. Its lease of its present quarters on Powell Street facing Union Square expires on March 1st, and by that date the club expects to be installed in its new home on the north-east corner of Sutter and Octavia Streets. The property, which has been leased for three years, with the privilege of an extension of five more, is owned by the Fair estate and the present building was erected for Miss Lake's school. With few alterations it can be made into a delightful club-house, and by the difference in rent and the income from the twenty-five bedrooms available for members, the club expects to reduce its expenses some five thousand dollars a year. The new building has a floor-area one-half greater than that of its present house. The members are jubilant over the change, and expect a large increase in membership.

We have already announced two of the series of three lectures to be delivered under the auspices of the Mercantile Library Auxiliary in the library rooms on Thursday evenings, January 28th and February 4th and 11th. The first will be by Professor David Starr Jordan on "The Fur Seal of Alaska" and the second by the Rev. Charles Wendte on "How the Dutch Took Holland." The third, it is now announced, will be delivered by Professor Charles Mills Gayley, of the University of California, and Mr. Thomas Magee, president of the Library Association. The subject is "Shakespeare." Mr. Gayley will treat it from a college professor's point of view, while Mr. Magee will handle it as viewed by a man of common-school education. Tickets for the full course are one dollar, and all three coupons may be used on any one night if so desired.

The State Board of Health of Indiana is investigating a case in Columbus, where a young man who persisted in kissing his pretty sweetheart, although warned of the danger, is alarmingly ill with diphtheria, which he is said to have contracted in his osculatory practice. The secretary of the board is in favor of interdicting all kissing, but he admits that the task of enforcing such a regulation would be a Herculean one.

Mr. John M. Cunningham, of this city, died in New York city on January 14th of typhoid fever. His illness was brief. He was married here in 1890 to Miss Clara Luning, daughter of the late Nicholas Luning. He served as president of the Cosmos Club for several terms, and was a member of other clubs here. His demise is deeply deplored by a host of friends.

Anything may be bought in London. The *Exchange and Mart* has this cheerful advertisement: "Bargain—Lady leaving England permanently must sell family grave, hold five, marble slab."

At a New York literary club: "Hoot awa' mon! Hoo're ye the day?" "Ou, aye, brawlie, brawlie! Thank ye for speirin'."—*Life*.

Champagne in Europe.

For some time past the large demand for vintage wines has created a scarcity and increased the value of good brands of celebrated years to such an extent that now only the connoisseur indulges in a selection of the superior vintage years of 1874, 1880, 1884, and 1889, paying fancy prices for same. Preeminent amongst these are the wines shipped by the famous house of Moët & Chandon, the largest shippers of champagne in the world. Their brand is highly appreciated in all the prominent cities of Europe, especially in London, where it is the leader, and in great favor at court; their White Seal, Grande Cuvee, of late years has largely increased in sales and popularity.—*New York Times*.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. D. D. Colton and Mrs. Henry McLain Martin are in Paris, where they will remain until next summer.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. E. Burke Holladay, *nee* Huntington, was brightened last Monday morning by the advent of a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding are passing several months in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Shafter Howard intend to pass the remainder of the winter in New York city.

Mrs. Edward Bosqui is entertaining Miss Coralie Selby at her home in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks, of Los Angeles, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis at Bakersfield, are now the guests of Mrs. Hager.

Mrs. Daniel Hanlon and Miss Josephine Hanlon have been at the Hotel Rofel during the past fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Miss Hazel King, and Miss Elizabeth Huntington have returned from a trip to Colorado and other points in Southern California.

Mrs. George Loomis and her nephew, Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., are in Paris, but will soon leave for Nice to pass the remainder of the winter there.

Colonel C. F. Crocker and Mr. J. A. Fillmore left last Saturday for Arizona, to be away about a week.

Mr. C. A. Spreckels left last Saturday for Honolulu on the Occidental and Oriental steamship *Coptic*.

Mr. and Mrs. John I. Husband left New York city on January 13th on the White Star steamship *Majestic* for Liverpool.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Banks are passing the winter on their ranch in Lassen County.

Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Gilson are in Paris.

Mr. E. S. Pillsbury is expected to return from his Eastern trip in a few days.

Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle are in Paris, where they will remain for a couple of months.

Mrs. George W. Gibbs is visiting at Coronado Beach.

Dr. and Mrs. K. Pischl, after passing several weeks in Italy, spent the Christmas holidays in Dr. Pischl's native city, Innsbruck.

Mr. H. E. Huntington and Mr. J. C. Stubbs left last Saturday to visit Portland, Or.

Judge Joseph McKenna returned to the city on Wednesday after a brief visit to Hon. William McKinley, at Canton, O.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Neumann returned to Honolulu last Saturday on the steamer *Coptic* after a prolonged visit here and in Central America.

Mr. R. H. Pease and his brother Mr. George W. Pease, have left to visit the Puget Sound district.

Miss Mamie Riordan, who is visiting Mrs. Widdifield, in Honolulu, is expected to return in a few weeks. She will reside at The Colonial.

Mrs. E. E. Horst and Mrs. W. B. C. Brown will relocate on Tuesdays at the residence of the former, 1011 California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Swanton, of Santa Cruz, have been passing the week at The Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Weber, of Northampton, Mass., are at The Colonial. They will soon sail for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Kohlberg have removed from the Palace Hotel to their new residence, 3020 Clay Street, and will receive on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Mr. Philip W. Stanford, nephew of the late Senator Stanford, is at the California Hotel. He will leave for New York early next week.

Mr. C. R. Spilvold and family have taken rooms permanently at the California Hotel.

Among those who have been at the California Hotel during the past week are Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Devlin, of Portland, Or.; Mr. and Mrs. C. McIvor, of San José; Mr. J. W. Sibbet, of New York; General A. W. Barrett, of Sacramento; and Colonel D. B. Fairbanks, of Petaluma.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major J. Van R. Hoff, U. S. A., is now acting as post-surgeon at Vancouver Barracks.

Lieutenant and Mrs. L. H. Lefavor, U. S. N., came down from Mare Island last Sunday, and passed a few days at the California Hotel.

Lieutenant J. H. C. Coffin, U. S. N., died at Fort Hamilton, N. Y., January 4th, from heart disease, resulting from exposure during his service in Eberling Sea last summer. He was a son of the late Professor J. H. C. Coffin, of the Naval Academy, and brother of Lieutenant W. H. Coffin, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A. The deceased was well known here in society circles.

Mrs. W. D. Rose, wife of Lieutenant Rose, U. S. N., is passing the winter in Shanghai, China. Her address is in care of the United States Consul there.

Assistant-Naval Constructor Elliot Snow, U. S. N., will be detached from duty at Mare Island on February 1st and ordered to the Union Iron Works.

Assistant-Naval Constructor T. F. Ruhm, U. S. N., will be detached from the Union Iron Works on March 15th, and ordered to duty at Mare Island.

Mrs. R. E. L. Michie, wife of Lieutenant Michie, U. S. N., is expected here about March 1st, and will reside at The Colonial.

Mrs. William Henry Faust, wife of Ensign Faust, U. S. N., is passing the winter at The Colonial.

Major W. B. Kennedy, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., after thirty years of service in the army, has been retired from active service on his own application.

Captain W. D. Roath, U. S. R. C. S., has been detached from the *Perry* and granted thirty days' leave of absence. Captain M. L. Phillips, U. S. R. C. S., has relieved him.

Surgeon C. T. Hihnett, U. S. N., will be detached from the Norfolk Navy Yard on February 1st, and ordered to the *Independence*.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon F. W. Olcott, U. S. N., will soon be detached from the *Independence* and ordered to the Puget Sound Naval Station.

Chaplain A. A. McAlister, U. S. N., has reported for duty on the *Brooklyn*. During his absence at sea, Mrs. McAlister will reside at 19 West Thirty-Eighth Street, New York city.

Lieutenant William H. Bean, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of one month.

Lieutenant Amos H. Martin, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at San Diego Barracks, and assigned to temporary duty at Benicia Barracks.

Pay-Inspector J. R. Stanton, U. S. N., is staying at the California Hotel.

Mrs. Lucy Nell, wife of Captain W. W. Williams, Paymaster, U. S. N., died in San Rafael last Wednesday, after a prolonged illness. She was the mother of Mrs. Walter Scott Hobart, Miss Juliette Williams, and Mr. Wilberforce Williams.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Nordica Concerts.

Mme. Lillian Nordica and her company have given two concerts during the past week at the Baldwin Theatre, and have attracted large and fashionable audiences.

The programme on Tuesday evening was as follows:

Overture, "Euryanthe," Orchestra; serenade, "Faust," Gounod, J. C. Dempsey; aria, "Nobil Signor," "Huguenots," Meyerheer, Mme. Scalchi; "Preis Lied," "Die Meistersinger," Wagner, Barron Berthald; Hungarian aria, "Ersebeth," Erkel, Mme. Nordica; introduction, third act "Lohengrin," Wagner, Orchestra; third act of "Faust" (in Italian), Gounod, Mme. Nordica, Mme. Scalchi, Barron Berthald, and J. C. Dempsey.

The programme presented Thursday evening was as follows:

Overture, "Die Wasserträger" ("The Water-Carriers"), Cherubini, Orchestra; song, "Honor and Arms," Handel, J. C. Dempsey; aria, "Che Faro Orfeo," Gluck, Mme. Scalchi; songs, (a) "The Clown's Serenade," Luckstone, (b) "Because I Love You," Hawley, Barron Berthald; aria, "Dich theure Halle," "Tannhäuser," Wagner, Mme. Nordica; vopsiel, "Kunibild," Cyril Kistler, Orchestra; last act of "Il Trovatore," Verdi, Mme. Nordica, Mme. Scalchi, Barron Berthald, and J. C. Dempsey.

There will be a matinee concert to-day, when the following programme will be given:

Overture, "Tannhäuser," Wagner, Orchestra; song, "An der Weser," Frossel, J. C. Dempsey; Aria di Bravura, "Adio Mio Sospiri," Bertoni, Mme. Scalchi; air, "I Lombardi," Verdi, Barron Berthald; songs, (a) "Ecstasy," Mrs. Beach, (b) "Lullaby," Luckstone, (c) "Spring Song," Weil, Mme. Nordica; song, "The Two Grenadiers," Schumann, J. C. Dempsey; songs, (a) romanza, "Faust," Gounod, (b) serenade, Tosti, Mme. Scalchi; prelude, "The Ironmolder," August Hinrichs (for the first time, and conducted by the composer), Orchestra; last act of "Siegfried," Wagner, Mme. Nordica and Barron Berthald.

The farewell Nordica concert will take place at the Baldwin Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) evening. A feature of the programme will be the rendition of the famous quartet from "Rigoletto."

The Euterpe Quartet.

The Euterpe Quartet gave a concert last Wednesday evening in the chapel at Stanford University, and attracted a large audience. The quartet is composed of Mrs. Florence Wyman Gardner, Miss Elizabeth Warden, Miss Anna Forester, and Mrs. Edith Scott Basford. They were assisted by Miss E. A. Hulme and Miss May Ferral, of Stanford, and Mr. Herbert E. Medley, Mrs. Theresa Ehrman, and Miss Mary Pasmore. Mr. H. B. Pasmore acted as musical director and accompanist. Every selection was encored. The programme was as follows:

Quartet, "Swedish Wedding March," Soederman; "Florian Song," Godard, Miss E. A. Hulme; sonata in F (first movement), Beethoven, Miss Mary Pasmore and Miss Theresa Ehrman; "Israel," Oliver King, Mr. Herbert E. Medley; quartet, "Serenade," H. B. Pasmore; song, Mrs. Gardner; waltz, E-minor, Chopin, Mrs. Theresa Ehrman; "All are Sleeping," "Song Bridge," H. B. Pasmore, Miss May Ferral; "Maid Marian's Song," H. B. Pasmore, Mr. Herbert E. Medley; scene from "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni, Mrs. Edith Scott Basford; quartet, "Here's a Health" (waltz song), H. B. Pasmore.

Channing Auxiliary Concert.

The Channing Auxiliary gave a concert last Saturday afternoon at the First Unitarian Church, and attracted a large and fashionable audience. The particular attraction was Herr Anton Schott, the celebrated Wagnerian vocalist. The following interesting programme was presented:

Sonata for piano and violin, C minor opus 45, allegro molto ed appassionato, allegretto espressivo alla romanza, allegro animato, Grieg, Miss Bacon and Giulio Minetti; "Herr Heinrich," C. Loewe, "Der Erlkönig," Schubert, Anton Schott; organ solo, "Fantaisie de Concert," Callaerts, Dr. H. J. Stewart; "Russian Airs," Wieniawski, Giulio Minetti; "Tannhäuser" (Act 3d), Wagner, (a) introduction, Wolfram, (b) pilgrim's chorus, Organ, (c) prayer, Elisabeth, (d) evening star, Wolfram, (e) narration, Tannhäuser.

The San Francisco Symphony Society is meeting with great encouragement in its efforts. The members of the board of directors for the first season are Mr. William Carrigan, Mr. Louis Lissner, and Mr. Philip Lilienthal. The subscription list is rapidly filling, and the box-sheet will open at the box-office of the Columbia Theatre Wednesday next. Mr. Hinrichs has arranged a magnificent programme, including a Dvorak Symphony and a March Slav by Tschalkowsky, both to be performed for the first time in this city.

Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli, daughter of Mme. Trebelli-Bettini, arrived here from Australia last Saturday, and is at the Palace Hotel. It will be remembered that her mother sang here several years ago with the Ovide Musin company. Mlle. Trebelli is said to possess a soprano voice of fine quality, and will soon appear here in public at a concert. She recently completed a successful concert tour of the antipodes, and is en route to the East and Europe to fill engagements.

Miss Alice Bacon and Signor Giulio Minetti will give the first of their second series of ensemble concerts on Saturday afternoon, February 6th.

The Heine Trio—comprising Miss L. Florence Heine, violinist, Miss Marie L. Heine, pianist, and Mr. Louis Heine, cellist—assisted by Mr. Herbert

E. Medley, baritone, will give their second concert this afternoon.

Mr. Hugo Herold will give a song recital before his return to London, which will take place early in February.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

By the will of the late John M. Cunningham the following testamentary provisions were made:

He bequeathed to his wife, Mrs. Clara Luning Cunningham, all his property in New York in trust for his mother, Mrs. Sarah Cunningham, with instructions to pay her \$1,000 a year out of the rents. Upon the death of his mother, the property is to go to the widow absolutely. He bequeathed \$5,000 to his friend, Luther Wagoner, and \$5 to his daughter, Miss Clara E. Cunningham, making no other provision for her, as he knew she would be well cared for by her mother. The value of the estate is not known.

Since the natives in the Bucherganj district of Bengal have been deprived of their guns, they have resorted to the native bamboo to settle their disputes. A favorite method is to hollow out the weapon, load it with an ounce or two of native powder and a handful of iron slugs, and touch it off with a fuse in the immediate neighborhood of the offending person. Another way has been to employ the bamboo as a fork, with a cobra pinned to the far end. An application of the business end of this machine to the body of the sleeping patient is all that is necessary.

The paper used in making Bank of England notes is the despair of counterfeiters. It is thicker in the upper left-hand corner to enable it to retain a brighter impression of the vignette there, and it is also thicker in the dark shadows of the letters in the centre and beneath the figures at the ends of the notes. Counterfeiters have not been able to cope with this difficulty, and in the best imitations of the notes the paper has always been of the same thickness throughout.

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Fashionable Attractions.

For the three weeks last past "my lady" has devoted more attention to the style of her dress-wear than for the previous six months. Indeed, one would think from appearances, that Queen Victoria was about to hold a reception in our midst, but not so. The reason is that Mr. Arnold Cailleau has announced that he would retire from business—hence the excitement. Ladies of fashion know this means that they now have a chance to obtain the finest goods in the market for the prices that cheap grades of goods are sold for. A great many ladies have taken advantage of this offer to buy their supplies, but there is yet \$35,000 worth of stock to be sold—all at the same low prices. The establishment is situated at the corner of Geary Street and Grant Avenue.

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"If you kiss me again I will call mamma." "Well, I don't mind; she is still a young-looking woman."—*Town Topics*.

He—"What will the world say at our divorce?" *The millionaire spouse*—"That a fool and his money are soon parted."—*Life*.

Mamma—"I wish you could get George a nice situation." Papa—"I'm afraid I can't suit George. He wants a place in which time will hang heavily on his hands."—*Puck*.

Daughter—"George says he fears he can't support me in the style I'm accustomed to." The father—"Marry him, anyhow. I can't keep it up much longer myself."—*Town Topics*.

"I should like to go to my mother-in-law's funeral this afternoon, sir," said the book-keeper to the "old man." "So should I," replied the proprietor, as he turned to his desk again.—*Puck*.

"I shall hold him in sweet remembrance," said the potentate of Bkplio. He could hardly have done otherwise. Even at home the young missionary had been spoken of as one of excellent taste.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"I'm tired of the men of to day," declared Miss Elderly; "it was very different in the good old days of chivalry." "Do tell me about it dear," answered Miss Deeply; "it was before my time, you know."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Well," said the absent-minded and new arrival in Hades, as he mopped his perspiring brow, "there's something to be thankful for down here, anyway. Folks won't always be yelling at me to shut the door."—*Baltimore News*.

George—"You do not call on Miss Rosebud now?" Jack—"No, I got disgusted. She has such a coarse laugh." George—"I never noticed that." Jack—"You would if you'd been within hearing when I proposed to her."—*Dublin World*.

Briggs—"Simmerson, the inventor, says his wife doesn't even know what business he is in." Griggs—"Why has he concealed it from her?" Briggs—"He is afraid she might get the impression that he could do odd jobs around the house."—*Life*.

Landlady—"Then you would like to be called at eight, sir?" New lodger (with retiring allowance)—"Well, no; not exactly called, don't you know. But the girl might mention the time, then, quietly—very quietly, in case I should be asleep."—*Fun*.

Charitable old lady (to little beggar-girl)—"There's some bread for you. It's a day or two old, but you can tell your mother to take three or four fresh eggs, a quart of milk, a cup of sugar, some good butter, and half a grated nutmeg, and she can make a very excellent pudding of it."—*Dublin Times*.

"Yes," said the retired army officer, "I can recall two occasions when I was terribly frightened." "Oh," exclaimed the romantic young lady, "do tell me about them. I suppose it happened when you were fighting the Indians." "No," he replied; "one time was when I was married, and the other time was when we had our baby christened."—*Cleveland Leader*.

It was an hour past midnight, and Mr. Binns was fumbling about in the hall and mumbling angrily to himself. "What's the matter?" called out Mrs. Binns from the floor above. "There's two hat-racks here," he answered, "an' I don't know which one to hang my hat on." "You've got two hats, haven't you?" rejoined Mrs. Binns; "hang them on both."—*Dublin World*.

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There is no portion of the inaugural address of Mayor Phelan that has attracted more attention and caused more discussion than that in which he suggests municipal ownership of certain activities which are now exercised by private companies. Elected as he was as the representative of the new-charter element, it is probable that municipal ownership is contemplated as possible only under a new organic law. Hitherto it has been folly even to discuss municipal ownership, and the Argonaut has always opposed it. But under a proper charter, matters would be entirely different. Municipal ownership of gas-plants, water-works, telephones, and street-car lines, and, in fact, of all those activities which involve the

occupation of a part of the public streets, is purely a question of expediency.

While a city is yet young, the construction of the various plants involves an outlay that the community can ill afford to bear. There are expenses for grading and paving streets, for building sewers, and for constructing other permanent works that tax the people to the utmost. Furthermore, under the spoils system of patronage, these functions exercised by the city create opportunities for the development of vast political machines which would pervert all civic activities. On the other hand, there are many elements of convenience and economy in municipal ownership. Private corporations naturally seek to make their profits as large as possible, while the city conducts the works for the bare cost of running them. Thus the rates to consumers may be considerably reduced, even though the running expenses be increased. The practice of governmental regulation of rates is always a crude remedy. The members of the board of supervisors can not in the nature of things be experts in fixing rates, and their time is necessarily so limited that they can not become sufficiently familiar with the conditions governing the rates that should be charged to act wisely. The tearing up of the streets to lay pipes and wires destroys the pavements, and it is to the interest of the private companies to make repairs as cheaply as possible. The city authorities, on the other hand, being charged with the duty of keeping the streets in good condition, are interested in so making repairs that they will be permanent.

The city of Philadelphia has had an interesting experience in connection with its gas supply. Gas was first introduced there in 1835, being supplied by a private corporation, the municipality reserving the right when the franchise was granted to buy out the stockholders. This was done in 1841 for the purpose of keeping the gas-works out of politics, the intention being to place the control in a board of twelve trustees serving for a term of three years. The trustees were appointed by the city council, but the courts decided that the trustees could not be interfered with until the bonds that had been issued were all paid off, as otherwise the interests of the bondholders might be jeopardized. Thus it was not until 1855 that the city obtained absolute control of the works. To-day the Philadelphia gas-works are a source of profit to the city. They have always been profitable, except for a brief period immediately after the reduction of the price from \$1.50 to \$1 a thousand feet. For the year 1895, the receipts of the gas bureau were \$3,155,956, and the expenses were \$2,985,513, leaving a net profit of \$170,443. Of this sum, \$54,589 was expended in permanent improvements, and \$115,854 was turned into the city treasury, to be expended in other departments. In addition to this, the city got its gas supply free to an amount which, if sold at the usual rate, would have cost \$638,498. Since 1887, the gas bureau has paid to the city \$5,285,986 in excess of the amount appropriated for its purchase, and has expended during the same period \$3,403,347 for mains, sewers, and extensions. The plant is now valued at \$30,000,000. This is certainly a good showing for municipal ownership and for the dollar rate. Boston and Detroit both have the dollar rate, and Cleveland, O., has a rate of eighty cents, which is probably the lowest in the United States.

The city of Glasgow, which has in many ways a model municipal government, has owned its gas-works since 1869. The original cost exceeded \$2,600,000. The management by the city has given thorough satisfaction, and the quantity sold increased 170 per cent. in twenty-five years, while the population grew only 25 or 30 per cent. Careful management has reduced the amount of leakage, until the gas paid for amounts to 90 per cent. of what is manufactured. The rate has also been steadily reduced. In 1869-70 it was \$1.14 for each thousand feet; for several recent years it has been fixed at 60 cents, which is lower than the rate in any American city. And this reduction is in spite of the fact that the price of gas-making coal has been considerably increased. Yet the department has been able to construct new works, pay its interest charges and running expenses, accumulate a sufficient sinking fund, and charge large sums

each year for depreciation of works, pipes, and meters. The indebtedness reached its highest point in 1875, when it was \$5,300,000, and since then it has been steadily reduced. The city not only illuminates the public streets and highways, but furnishes the lights for the halls and common passage-ways of tenement houses. The cost and wages of lighters for the common stairs alone amount to more than that of lighting all the streets of the city. A part of this extra expense is met by a special assessment, but the larger portion is a charge upon the general rates. In the year 1887-8 it cost \$21,200 to light private streets and courts, of which \$12,300 was collected by a special assessment of \$3.75 on each lamp. The expense of lighting common stairs was \$95,500, of which \$56,800 was recovered from the owners by an assessment of \$2.50 for each lamp. More recently the city has undertaken the furnishing of gas for fuel. Gas stoves are sold for about the cost of manufacture, or are rented at a reasonable price. As fully 70 per cent. of the people of Glasgow live in houses of one or two rooms, using the same fire for cooking and heating, this is a very important innovation. In addition to the gas-works, the city has secured an electric plant. In 1892, a private company was bought out, and the next year the department began to furnish arc and incandescent lights to private consumers as well as to the public buildings.

Many other municipalities of Great Britain have undertaken to supply gas. In 1893 there were 185 communities that maintained public gas-works, the number having increased from 148 in ten years. Of these, 34 were in Scotland and 6 in Ireland. Edinburgh, Aberdeen, and Dundee have adopted the Glasgow plan of furnishing gas for fuel.

Another most interesting and successful experiment in municipal activity is the ownership of street railways. Street railways are an American invention, but this country has much to learn from Great Britain regarding their control. In 1861-2, the city of Glasgow obtained power to build a street railway in order to shut out George Francis Train, who was then trying to obtain a franchise there. In 1869, two syndicates attempted to obtain another franchise, and the city authorities agreed that they should work the lines on a lease. The two syndicates consolidated, and the company proceeded to operate the lines on the following terms: They were to pay the city's annual interest charge on the full amount of the investment; they were to pay an annual sum into the sinking fund sufficient to clear the entire cost of the lines within twenty-two years; they were to pay a renewal fund of 4 per cent. a year on the cost of the lines, out of which they were to be kept in repair and returned to the city in perfect condition on the termination of the lease; they were to pay a yearly rental of \$750 for each street mile. The result is that the city has secured its street-car lines free of cost, has received an annual rental for their use, and the company has been able to pay dividends averaging 10 per cent. a year since 1880. From its varied municipal activities, the city of Glasgow has received a sufficient income to dispense with all municipal taxes this year.

For many years, since first the tide of emigration from the Old World turned toward the New in increasing volume, the United States has welcomed the new-comers with open arms.

The new country, with work to be done and lands to be settled, profited largely by the rapid increase of population. During those years, the greater proportion of immigrants was from the United Kingdom and from Germany, and from their ranks we received many valuable additions to our citizenship. These conditions prevailed until about 1880. We had plenty of room for population, and those who came seemed of a class adapted to easy and natural assimilation. The conditions have changed. Our own populous centres are becoming overcrowded by the swelling tide of immigrants during the last fifteen years. The personnel of the arrivals has also materially changed for the worse, until the question of exclusion has become one of great importance. The increasing hordes of pauperism abroad, the in-

militarism of all European countries and the oppression of some, have driven to our shores a vast and increasing army of the vicious and incapable. It is not now a question of English, Scotch, Irish, and German. The trouble is that the increased immigration of late years is largely the human sewage of Italy, Austro-Hungary, and Russia. To choose the good and refuse the evil in the masses who present themselves for admission is the problem before us. For some years foreign immigration has been under some restrictions which accomplished much in turning back the undesirable. We have gone far enough to prove that we need added restrictions. From 1880 to 1893 inclusive, the admission of immigrants has been at the average rate of 530,000 per year. The banner year was 1882, when the numbers reached 788,992—the highest in our history. During the last three years it has fallen to an average of 312,000. This has probably been one of the few benefits of our hard times, the report of which had spread through Europe and deterred many from coming. The arrivals for 1896 exceed either of the two preceding years, showing a tendency toward increase. The figures were 343,267.

It is therefore not without good reason that Congress is engaged in putting up the bars a little higher against the undesirable class of immigrants. The top rail now is to be an educational test of fitness, and those who trip on it may well be spared. The prevailing restrictions were intended to deny admission to the destitute, the criminal, and the decrepit classes. The House and Senate have each passed a bill of its own on the subject this session, and out of the inevitable conference committee has been evolved a bill mutually acceptable, which will soon pass finally. The interesting feature of the bill is the educational test provided for immigrants. It is contained in the first section of the Senate measure, and proposes to exclude all persons over sixteen years of age who are unable to read and write some language. They may pass the test in English or in the language of their native "or resident" country. The applicant for admission will be required to draw from a box a slip of paper containing, and to copy it in writing.

The educational test is of undoubted value and should be strictly applied. It is a sensible plan on which to sift the applicants. The utterly ignorant classes who will fail to pass will be sure to contain a large percentage of dangerous elements. The test is simple enough in all conscience, but it is a step in the right direction, and should lead to still higher requirements. The worst feature of the bill is that it is not to take effect until July next. That means several months in which the vicious classes may anticipate it. This is no slight objection, when we consider the readiness of European countries to aid the coming of the very class we desire to avoid. The United States has been the dumping-ground of the Old World long enough. With the laws properly enforced, it is a simple task to weed out the lunatic, the pauper, and the cripple; but the difficulty has been, and is, to detect the worthless in character and exclude them. A radical proposition was for an English language test. This was opposed as too severe, and the present one, requiring the reading and writing of any one language, is a compromise. If the test contemplated proves ineffectual, the severer one should be applied. There can be no question that the time to apply the test of desirability is before the immigrant is landed. Once ashore, experience proves that however vicious or ignorant he may be, nothing can bar his triumphant progress to the ballot-box. He draws in political aspirations from our free soil as Antæus drew strength from the earth, and he finds plenty of political bosses to advance him to the proud position of a "beeler."

A law was enacted in 1885 providing that publications issued at regular intervals, as frequently as four times a year, should be granted transmission through the mails upon payment of postage at the rate of one cent a pound when sent by publishers or news-agents. This rate applied to sample copies as well as to unsold copies returned by news-agents. Under this law this "second-class" mail matter has increased enormously. Serials of various kinds have been established, works of fiction have been issued in "libraries" at stated intervals, business houses have published advertising sheets under the guise of regular periodicals, and all of this has been in addition to the growth of the regular publications that the law was intended to help.

The number of periodicals published in the United States to-day is fully twice what it was when the law was enacted. In 1887 the second-class matter carried through the mails amounted to 126,000,000 pounds; the following year it was 143,000,000, and last year it was 296,000,000—an increase of more than 100 per cent. in ten years. During this period the total amount carried was 2,097,640,300 pounds, which at the one-cent rate brought in a revenue of \$20,976,403 to

the government. As it costs eight cents a pound to transport mail matter, the expense was \$167,811,224, leaving a loss of \$146,834,821. The loss on this class of matter alone last year is placed by Postmaster-General Wilson at \$25,000,000, and as the deficit of the whole department amounted to only \$8,127,088, there would have been a handsome surplus had it not been for the second-class matter.

Congressman Loud, who has been a member of the committee on post-offices and post-roads for six years, and last year was its chairman, prepared a bill to wipe out the deficit by reducing the amount of second-class matter. If the bill becomes a law, those periodicals sent to *bona fide* subscribers by the publishers or news-agents are still to be mailed at the one-cent rate; sample copies, books of fiction, advertising sheets masquerading as periodicals, and returns from news-agents are to be excluded from the second class. Mr. Loud estimates that the bill would effect an annual saving of \$10,000,000. It has passed the House by a substantial majority, and is now before the Senate.

The Loud bill was introduced in Congress last year, but failed of passage. Postmaster-General Wilson urged its adoption, and the President strongly supported it in his annual message. In fact, some such measure has been asked for by successive Postmasters-General for a number of years. The strongest opposition to the measure in the hearings before the Senate committee comes from those who are most responsible for the abuses, and their opposition is based principally upon two points—that it will deprive the poor man of his reading-matter, and that there are other defects in the postal laws which the Loud bill does not touch. The latter argument is so foolish that it can be ignored; other defects may be remedied by future legislation, but we should accept now the improvement the Loud bill offers. As to depriving the poor man of his reading-matter, the class of cheap literature with which he is flooded under the operation of the present law is generally of such a character that it does him more harm than good.

The League of American Wheelmen, appreciating the value of the State bureau of highways to the cause of good roads, has resolved to enter actively into the campaign for its renewal. The present bureau was created by a law passed at the last session of the legislature, and by the terms of this law, the existence of the bureau was limited to two years. Its duties were purely advisory—the condition of the roads was to be investigated, available road material was to be examined, and a report was to be made to the legislature now sitting, recommending necessary or desirable changes in the laws concerning roads. The commissioners did not approach the subject as novices, for all of them had made a long and intelligent study of the construction of roads. Their report has now been submitted, and those who have studied the subject must admit that its suggestions are wise and well considered.

The most important feature in the scheme proposed is the division of roads into three classes: State highways, to be supported by a State tax; county thoroughfares, to be supported by a county tax; and district roads, to be paid for by the residents of the particular locality. The proposed State highways are to be laid out on a system that will traverse the great belts of timber, fruit, agricultural, and mineral wealth, connect the large centres of population in the State, reach the county seats, and tap the lines of county thoroughfares. The county thoroughfares are the main arteries of communication in each county, and the district roads are to be the feeders to these county thoroughfares.

The most important result of this classification is the more equitable adjustment of the road taxation. At present the roads are supported by the rural districts, and the cities and towns pay only for construction and repair of streets. The condition of the public roads is as important to those who dwell and do business in cities as to those living upon farms. The prosperity of these centres of population is dependent upon the rapidity and economy with which the farm products can be transported to the cities and the manufactured articles can be distributed through the rural districts. The entire cost of these arteries of commerce now rests wholly upon the rural districts. In Santa Cruz County, for example, the roads, with a mileage of four hundred miles, are maintained by five-twelfths of the population, while the remaining seven-twelfths reap an equal benefit without making any contribution. A more equitable distribution of taxation would benefit all alike, since it would result in better highways and therefore increased prosperity. For the construction of the State highways, for instance, San Francisco would pay nearly one-third of the cost, whereas it now pays nothing toward the maintenance of county roads. But, as the construction would be extended over a number of years, the tax in any one year would be so light as not to be felt, and the resulting benefits would far overbalance the cost.

Another advantage in the proposed scheme is the educa-

tion in the principles of road-building offered by the State highways. In Massachusetts the commission adopted the plan of accepting short stretches of road, distributed as widely as possible throughout the State. The worst pieces of road were selected for this purpose, and, wherever possible, the contracts for their construction were let to the counties in which they were situated. The construction was under the specifications of the commission and under the supervision of a State engineer. Thus the people driving over the State highways had a constant object-lesson in the comfort and economy of well-constructed roads, and the county officials were instructed in the most scientific methods of road construction. In many cases the counties purchased rock-crushing plants, steam-rollers, and other road machinery, and found that both economy and better construction resulted from the investment.

As has already been noted in these columns, the abolition of the office of road overseer and the transfer of the control of public highways to the supervisors has, in many cases, resulted beneficially. But it has not secured good roads throughout the State, nor was it expected to do so. The change was merely one step in advance. The proper construction of roads is a science in itself, and special knowledge and training are necessary to it. It is not possible that those elected to the office of supervisor in the different counties should have this training. The State highways would thus become schools of instruction, and the supervisors would, in time, become specialists. The State bureau has done valuable work with its limited powers; with increased powers it could do more valuable work, and it should be continued with these increased powers.

Now that the high-hat ordinance has been passed in Chicago, other cities that have suffered in silence are declaring themselves. Denver, Des Moines, and Kansas City have come into line with ordinances to avenge their wrongs. In Kansas City the feeling appears to be particularly strong. An alderman by the name of Wolf has drawn up an ordinance more sweeping than any yet proposed. Mr. Wolf thinks that the wearing of "hats, bonnets, toques, aigrettes, plumes, or any kind of head-gear" should be declared a nuisance, that a patron whose view of the stage has been intercepted has a right of action for damages against the manager, and that a woman refusing to check or remove her hat may be expelled from the theatre and also fined. In his crusade against wrong, Mr. Wolf is abetted by his wife. She, too, has suffered, but not so much from the high hat as from the man who goes out between the acts. Mrs. Wolf thinks that if the man would stop going out, the woman would take off her hat. As it now stands, she dares not do this, as in the crowding attendant on the gentleman's continued exits and entrances, her hat runs a chance of falling and being trodden upon. "If the men would only learn to keep their seats," says Mrs. Wolf, magnanimously, "we ladies would be willing to convert ourselves into clothes-racks." The case of the Wolfs appears rather an extreme one. They have been ground between the upper and the nether millstones, which must account for Mr. Wolf's austere views on the matter of plumes and aigrettes.

The Chicago ordinance, while making the wearing of a large hat an offense for which the wearer is liable to a fine of three dollars, permits the appearance of opera-hats and skull-caps. The skull-cap is a recognized article of apparel, the style and cut of which are regulated by custom. But the term "opera-bat" is a descriptive distinction which may be stretched to include almost any vagary of a milliner's fancy. The usher upon whose decision the classification of a hat rests is a creature to be pitied. Where is the man who will dare stand and argue with a woman as to what department in the millinery category her hat comes under? The recent demonstration of public opinion at the first performance of "El Capitan" in Chicago will do more to end the abuse than all the legislating to be done by aldermen and boards. A vulgar woman will ignore an audience's pleasure and protest; but the first hiss directed openly at her head-gear is a thing with which she does not care to stop and dispute. The hissing at "El Capitan" not only took off the high hats of the women then present, it swept the high hats out of all our theatres. To interfere so flagrantly with your fellow-creatures' comfort that they are forced publicly to rebuke you, is to show yourself without the pale of gentility and breeding. To wear a high hat at the theatre sets its wearer outside this pale.

A most important item of business before Congress at the present session is that of the Pacific cable. It is not a question of the desirability of a cable connecting the two hemispheres and the Hawaiian Islands and Japan. Such communication is a recognized necessity in the upbuilding of Oriental trade. It

THE LOUD
POSTAL
BILL.

TWO PROJECTS
FOR A
PACIFIC CABLE.

is not a question whether there shall be such cables. That is practically answered by the British Pacific Cable Commission that there will be British cables, whether the United States moves or not. The question is whether the United States will be a first-class or a second-class factor in the development of the Pacific. Commerce follows first the lines of least resistance. Where it finds the best lines of vessels, supplemented by the quickest method of communication and the invitation of the most energetic capital, there it will flow first and in the greatest volume. The Britons know this, and are wasting no time. Situated as is the United States, geographically, to absorb the growing trade of the Pacific, time should not be frittered away until British enterprise has acquired it.

There are two proposals before the present Congress. The Spalding Company offers to build to Honolulu upon being granted a subsidy not exceeding one hundred and sixty thousand dollars a year. The other, the Pacific Cable Company of New York, James A. Scrymser, president, proposes to lay a cable from the United States to Japan upon a subsidy of one hundred thousand dollars per annum. It is urged for the former company that the matter of contract be left to the Postmaster-General, to be awarded upon competition. The competition, however, is not apparent in the two offers already made. The Scrymser Company alone offers a complete line to Japan. Lines from Japan to China are already laid. This company is composed of men of wide experience in cable-laying, since they are the men who have laid the cables which connect us with Mexico and South America by lines covering fourteen thousand miles of communication by wire. They propose to finish the Japanese line within three years, and the subsidy which they ask seems moderate, considering that the United States would have free use of the lines for government business.

The question is a national one and should be dealt with in a national spirit, and without loss of time. An ocean cable can not be safely laid until the whole bottom of the sea upon the route proposed has been carefully sounded and examined, and this takes time. The bottom of the Pacific Ocean is practically virgin soil, waiting for its network of wire, and ready to add vastly to our knowledge of the conditions of life in the mysterious ocean depths. Such knowledge as we have, had its origin with the first cable laying. It is true the ancients thought they knew all there was to know, but their experience was confined to shallow waters. They refused to believe that life could exist below a certain depth, because of the enormous pressure of the water. They enumerated less than two hundred species of marine life. Soundings to the depth of three thousand fathoms are now common. Life has been found at all depths, and the number of species obtained aggregates a half million. Life at such enormous depths was denied by many able men, even after successful experiments had been reported, but the bringing up of old cables incrustated with animal life finally removed the last vestige of doubt. The configuration of ocean beds where cables have already been laid is well determined. The slope of the land has been found to run out under the sea to a depth of one hundred fathoms, forming what is called the continental platform, beyond which the descent rapidly increases to an average of twenty-five hundred fathoms. The deep bottom of the Atlantic presents an undulating plain interspersed with volcanic islands and coral banks. The Pacific is a deeper ocean, and will doubtless be found to have a much more irregular bottom. The continental platform is known to be very much more abrupt. These sinuosities must be known in advance, in order that a cable may be so paid out that it will be supported at all points. A cable hung from point to point at long distances will either be worn through by abrasion against the sharp edges of rock or be liable to break from its own weight. Soundings near the coasts must be thorough, while even in the great ocean depths, where the bottom is naturally more regular, they should not be more than about ten miles apart to lay a cable with assurance of success.

Not only must the configuration be known, but the temperature of the water and the composition of the bottom affect the cable, and must therefore be determined. For this work, the instrument in use at present is an adaptation of the Sigsbee sounder, consisting of a central tube with valves at the end which open in descending and close in rising, enabling it to bring up a sample of the water at bottom. Smaller tubes below the central one sink at the same time into the mud and bring up specimens for analysis. For sounding-lines, hemp has been displaced by wire. The latter, at first made in jointed lengths of one hundred fathoms each, was found very liable to break at the joints when used for great depths. It is now produced for deep-sea soundings in single lengths of seven miles. Steamships fitted up for cable-laying and all the mechanical devices for rapid and successful work have grown out of the experience already had. The scientific and mechanical problems are all

solved, the materials are at hand, capital is abundant and eager, and nothing appears to delay our assault upon the mysterious depths of the Pacific except the indecision of our national legislature.

The happy days when the dramatic pirates flew the black flag unchecked and unchallenged are at an end. By the passing of the amendments to the copyright laws, the pirating of American plays has become an offense for which a manager can be imprisoned for one year. Another and even greater advantage than this has been gained. Formerly, an injunction obtained in the circuit court of one district against the production of a stolen play would not be effective in another district. Under the revised amendments, the injunction of one circuit court in such proceedings is operative in any State in the Union. In the old days the pirates had the advantage. They produced their stolen goods in small towns far from the great centres. To send out an agent to stop the production, his claim backed by the majesty of the law, generally cost more than the receipts of the authorized version of the same play legitimately produced in the same town. Moreover, when enjoined from producing their pirated piece in one State, they simply moved over the border and played it in the next.

Chicago is guilty as the great port of the theatrical pirates. When a new piece was produced, the hirelings of the band went to see it, and took it down by stenography. When they were caught they were put out, only to return and continue their work with more secretiveness. These copies were sold for ten dollars to the companies touring the West and South, and the endless fighting between the piratical and authorized managers began. To secure property rights for an English production is an elaborate and curious piece of work. Simultaneously with the American performance of the new piece, there must be a performance given in England. It may be given in an obscure town, as was done with "The Pirates of Penzance," or at an unusual hour, as Henry Irving did when he played "The Foresters" at three o'clock in the morning of the day it was produced in New York. An advertisement is put at the play-house door and tickets are advertised for sale at any price. This secures the owner's property rights in Great Britain and the colonies.

It is expected that the new restrictions of the copyright law will affect the American drama in many ways. Judge Diffenhefer, who for the Dramatists' Club drafted the amendments and worked for their adoption, says that the changed conditions may be expected to work a revolution in the drama. As the playwright can now rest secure in the possession of his protected rights, confident that his work is insured against thieves and adapters, he will expend the care and time upon it that he heretofore has not dared to risk on so unstable a foundation. With the enormous emoluments offered him on the one hand, and the protecting shelter of the law guarding him on the other, the American dramatist ought to produce that masterpiece for which the nation has so long waited.

The board of education is confronted by the probability of a deficit of more than \$100,000 in the school funds for the current fiscal year. In July, the board of supervisors appropriated \$1,000,000 for the use of the school department. This would allow \$500,000 for each half-year. During the first half of this year, the expenditures footed up \$714,655.62, thus leaving a shortage of \$214,655 for the second half of the year. Various remedies have been suggested, the favorite ones being to close the schools for a month and to scale down the salaries of the department and thereby bring the expenses within the limit of the available assets.

It is not probable that either of these plans would be effective. What is necessary is a readjustment of the entire department. As administered at present it is unnecessarily extravagant. Closing the schools for a month would afford no relief, for the teachers would be entitled to their salaries for that period, they being employed for the twelve months, and this item forms by far the greater part of the expense. Nor would it be just to reduce the teachers' salaries. More than ninety per cent of them—836 in a total of 927—are women whose salaries are not excessive. The trouble is that the department is top-heavy. There is too much instruction given in fancy branches of learning that have no place in a public school. The true function of the public school is to furnish such teaching as will prepare the pupils to exercise intelligently the rights and duties of citizenship; when it goes beyond this, it invades the field that should be left exclusively to the private school. There is no reason why the tax-payers should be called upon to pay for the instruction of other people's children in free-hand drawing, music, dancing, elocution, stenography, type-writing, sewing, cooking, or the languages, dead or living. As nearly as can

be ascertained from the municipal reports, the annual salaries of these unnecessary teachers amount to nearly \$30,000.

The three high schools involve another unnecessary item of expense, and the city normal school is a wholly inexcusable excrescence on the system. The State now furnishes instruction in three institutions to those desiring to become teachers, and the tax-payers of San Francisco furnish nearly one-third of the money expended for their support. Why they should be called upon to pay for another to accommodate ninety-eight pupils is not apparent. While the State may have some excuse for desiring to improve the efficiency of its schools by furnishing special training for instructors, teaching is a profession, and those who desire to follow it should be willing to pay something toward the expenses of their preparation. It is no hardship for those in this city who wish to attend a normal school to enter the one at San José.

The high schools involve an expense altogether out of proportion to their importance. Of those who attend the public schools, 96 in every 100 never go beyond the primary grades, and only 4 enter the high schools. In these schools there are 1,848 pupils and 54 teachers. It is difficult to determine how much is paid annually in salaries, as the amount paid to the teachers varies between \$1,320 and \$1,680; the twelve heads of departments get \$1,860 each; the vice-principals \$1,980, and principals \$3,000. The salaries paid last year, as nearly as they can be ascertained from the school report, amounted to \$86,000. The expense of all of the primary and grammar schools for salaries was \$786,191. The expense for each pupil enrolled in the high schools was \$40.08; in the primary and grammar schools, it was only \$20.40, almost exactly one-half. The extravagance in the administration of the school department is seen in the fact that the cost for salaries alone amounted last year to \$26.85 for each pupil. The year before it was \$24.22; in 1884, with very nearly the same number of pupils enrolled, it was \$18.45. The cost in all of the common schools of the United States averages \$12.22 for each pupil. The expense of the department in this city has been steadily creeping up from year to year, and it is time that there should be a thorough overhauling of the school system.

Some of the farmers of this city appear to have caught the flame from the torch of science which the University of California is just now bearing aloft through the State, and propose to hold a real Farmers' Institute in San Francisco next month. It is well. There is no other county in the State in which farmers are so numerous as in San Francisco, and none whose farmers have harder work to make the income from the farm exceed, or even any where equal, the outgo to the farm. Whatever aid the deliberations of a Farmers' Institute can bring to these distressful persons should be, and doubtless will be, thankfully received. For some months past, the State University has been holding these Farmers' Institute meetings, apparently to the great pleasure as well as profit of those who attend them. The services consist of popular lectures on such subjects as soils, plant-growth, pernicious and beneficial insects, the bacteriology of the dairy, science of nutrition, forage plants, floriculture, fungi and the diseases caused by them, with the remedies, etc., the congregation in all cases being free, at the close of the lecture, to quiz the professor freely as to points not touched or made clear, or to ask any question germane to the general subject in hand. This privilege is always fully utilized at the country institutes, the questions and ensuing discussions being sometimes even more interesting than the formal lecture. Interspersed with the lectures from the university men are practical papers or addresses from persons of successful experience on the farm, which are also made subjects of discussion. The idea is a good one, and many of the substantial farmers of this city, including, we presume, such men as Farmer Tevis, Farmer Spreckels, Farmer Miller, Farmer Phelan, Farmer Paige, and many others well known in connection with agriculture in California, requested the university to hold an institute here. The application was extensively signed, and at a meeting called for the purpose, the details were intrusted to a committee consisting of Farmer H. H. Taylor, who farms in the Mills Building, Farmer S. F. Thorne, who pursues agriculture in the Grand Hotel, and Farmer V. L. O'Brien, who cultivates the soil in a law-office on Montgomery Street. The programme as announced is attractive, even to those not burdened with providing for a monthly farm pay-roll, consisting, as it does, of four popular lectures by professors in the agricultural college and four others by specialists not connected with the university. The meetings are to be held on the evenings of February 10th, 11th, 24th, and 25th, and are announced for the Academy of Sciences, but we very much mistake the character of our agricultural population if such a free course of lectures on their favorite subject does not compel the selection, after the first of some larger hall.

THE WRONG MAN.

How a Pretty Schoolma'am Befogged a Cowboy Damon and Pythias.

When our foreman went away to the North-West territory to find a cattle range unspoiled by settlers, Robert was put in charge of the ranch. This was equivalent to a promotion of Biddy also, for the Missourian, whose bony frame had been built from the limestone waters of his native State, was still the partisan and protector of the sappy youngster from Northern Vermont.

"You are a Canadian pony, and I am a Hambletonian," said Robert; "but if we like to trot together, I guess the other horses on this range will have to take our dust."

The friendship between these two men was founded on complementary qualities, and only a woman could break it. The woman in this instance was Miss Bell, the school-teacher at the Bend.

The burned child dreads the fire, but a bird will return and again dash into the flames. Robert's encounter with the fair fence-cutter was like flame to the bird. He sought an introduction and forthwith became a suitor for her hand. Biddy, the only one in camp who took it upon himself to criticize any act of Robert's, remonstrated with him.

"You are a bird, aren't you?" said he; "the girl mesmerized you once, she'll bamboozle you for twice, and bounce you for three times. What do you mean to do?"

"I mean to marry her if she will have me," replied Robert, simply. "Yes, I know I told you plenty times that a cowboy had no business to marry, and that's right, but I'm an exception. I don't know how and I don't know why, but I know I'm hit hard. I got to have her."

So Robert, big, hulking, forty years old, was in love for the first time in his whole life. If force and earnestness avail, he should win.

Less forceful, less earnest, half as old, Biddy was in the same plight. His advice to Robert to let the girl alone was in good faith; he thought it the best thing—for Robert, but he had a bad case of "physician, heal thyself" upon his hands. He, too, was resolved to win and marry Miss Bell. He did not say so to Robert, so hard is it for most men to be open in a love-affair, and for a time Robert knew nothing of it. Everyone else saw it, and Scotty told Biddy he had better stand from under.

"If you lock horns with Robert," said he, "he'll get you down and walk all over your frame." And Scotty added some reflections on the law of supply and demand. "If there were twenty schoolma'ams round here, you would not look at one of them, but because there is only one, you are fixing to get your skin so plumb full of bullet-holes that the wind won't whistle as it blows through."

Biddy laughed and went his way to call upon Miss Bell and urge his suit.

And Robert went *his* way, which was the same way, upon the same errand.

I do not know whether Miss Bell gave to either man any manner of encouragement, but as the dead-shot is said to add a notch to the marks on his pistol-grip for each man he drops, so it is supposable that about this time this young lady increased her list of rejected suitors by the names of these two cowboys.

It was done in her kindest manner, this rejection, and she had said to each: "I am sorry this has occurred, but since you have so honored me, you must come to my wedding. I am to be married next month in the church at Hammond. I shall really feel it if you do not come."

And each man had promised to be there.

It had come to Robert's notice before this time that Biddy was his rival, but with the hope and intention of success strong within him, he had been affected differently from Scotty's forecast. He went straight to Biddy, and told him to "go in and win if you can. I don't want the girl unless I can get her fair and hold her against all comers." But when both had been refused, each man thought the other was accepted, and each waited for the other to broach the subject.

It was a difficult time. There were dark looks, but no explosion. They avoided each other, and this little cloud, no bigger than a woman's hand, seemed about to cover the whole sky. Biddy asked for leave of absence, and got it. They did not meet again until the wedding day.

That day found Biddy still storming at fate; but Robert, who had a simpler and stronger nature, had put his own disappointment behind him and was looking forward with pride if not pleasure to his friend's happiness.

What follows is in Robert's words:

"I got there early and took a seat in the back part of the church. I wanted to be where I could get out if my nerve failed me. Many people came in, and at last the bride, looking very beautiful, came out from a side door with three men and stood up in front. And I was proud for Biddy that he was going to have such a fine wife. But I couldn't see him anywhere. And the preacher said any man having an impediment was to step forward.

"Then I looked for Biddy, but he didn't come. I had never before been at a wedding in church, and I thought maybe it was the way to keep him corralled in the little room until the last moment, for fear he would go back onto the old range.

"The preacher went on saying things, and I didn't pay close attention, because I was thinking how pretty she looked, until a bold man in a Hereford shirt and low-necked vest took her hand, and the preacher said 'I pronounce you man and wife.'

"Then I jumped up wild. 'Great Scot!' I yelled, 'that's the wrong man!'

"At that instant somebody clapped a hand over my mouth and hustled me out of the church.

"If you don't want to get shut up for drunk and disorderly," said Biddy, for he it was who dragged me out, 'top that racket!'

"What's up?" I said, soon as I could get my breath. "Why aren't you in there getting married?"

"I am not in there getting married," said Biddy, 'because she wouldn't have me. I thought you were to marry her to-day.'

"What, me?" says I. 'I never was within a thousand miles of it.'

"Why didn't you say so, old man?" asked Biddy.

"Say so yourself," said I. 'You were dumb as an oyster.'

"Then we both laughed, and while the folks inside were crowding up to the front to congratulate the happy pair, Biddy and me had a hearty handshake on the sidewalk, and we went home together."

G. B. DUNHAM.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1897.

The "type-writer prism" is an ingeniously wrought scientific adaption of a well-known principle in optics, and its object is to render the writing of a type-writer visible to the operator as it is being written, thereby doing away with the necessity of lifting the carriage to inspect the work. The principal part of the device consists of a prism of pure optical glass as long as the line to be printed. It is carefully ground and polished, and is fastened to the carriage of the machine beneath the impression roller. Two of its three sides are flat, and the third is a strong cylindrical convex curve. The curved side is in view of the operator, and the writing is visible on its surface. Not only is it perfectly reflected, but the writing is presented right side up, and in a normal position to the eye, magnified to any desired extent. A metal pointer shows the exact spot on which the next character written will appear.

Care does not seem to shorten the lives of British premiers. Mr. Gladstone, by completing his eighty-seventh year, has broken the record of modern times which had been held by Addington, Lord Sidmouth, who died at over eighty-six. Earl Russell died at eighty-six, the Duke of Wellington at eighty-two, Lord Palmerston and Earl Grey at eighty-one. Of the other prime ministers of Queen Victoria who are dead, the Earl of Beaconsfield's age was seventy-seven, the Earl of Aberdeen's seventy-six, the Earl of Derby's eighty, Viscount Melbourne's sixty-nine, and Sir Robert Peel's sixty-two. Mr. Gladstone and Sir Robert are the only two premiers who were not peers or did not accept a peerage from the queen.

American physicians were the first to treat obesity by the administration of the thyroid gland of the sheep. It is a powerful remedy. In quite a large number of cases it has been found to produce a very marked reduction of flesh. While in certain cases thyroidine produces a loss of flesh with undesirable rapidity, it has no effect in others. There are individual idiosyncrasies in some patients which may possibly cause serious accidents under the treatment. To obtain a good and lasting effect, it is desirable to combine the remedy with a course of hygiene.

The most extensive diamond mines in the world are those of Kimberley, South Africa. More than 10,000 natives are employed, besides 2,500 Europeans, together with 2,500 horses, mules, and oxen, and 350 steam-engines. The capital invested in the mines is \$90,000,000, and the amount expended for labor and fuel annually is over \$10,000,000. In one year the mines produced \$14,000,000 worth of diamonds, washed from 2,500,000 loads of dirt. The work was done at a profit of \$5,645,000, and a dividend of nearly \$5,000,000 was paid.

Pittsburg is to have a novelty in the shape of a home letter-box which will enable patrons to buy their stamps and mail their letters without going out of doors. The new device consists of an ordinary letter-box and a pouch similar to a cigar-case, with a plate of transparent mica on one side. Into the pouch is put the change necessary for postage, and with the unstamped letter it is dropped into the mail-box. The carrier takes out the money and returns the case. The remainder is done by the clerks at the post-office.

Remarkable reports are current about a new kind of steel invented by Samuel Maxim at his experimental laboratory at Wayne, Me. The inventor believes it to be identical with the ancient steel of India, which is alleged to have been far superior to any steel known to metallurgists in modern times. It is said that a small blade made from the Maxim steel possesses the power of cutting glass with as much ease as if it were chalk.

Tuberculous affections of the lungs can now be detected by the Röntgen rays, according to M. Bouchard's report to the Académie des Sciences. The revelations of the radio-scope have been confirmed by auscultation in cases where the disease was just beginning, and where the expectorations showed no bacilli and other physical signs would have left the physician in doubt.

By the aid of machinery, one man can make 1,200 fine watch-screws a day, some of which are so small that more than 100,000 of them are required to weigh a pound. One of the smallest of these is the "pallet-arbor," which has a thread of 260 to the inch, undergoes twenty-five distinct operations in the making, and of which it takes 130,000 to weigh a pound.

Germany and Spain are now connected by a submarine cable twelve hundred and fifty miles long, the ends of which are at Emden and Vigo. It is the first link in a series of lines to be first extended to Brazil and to the United States by way of the Azores.

Emperor William of Germany wears on state occasions a crown that weighs upward of three pounds.

POST HOMERICA.

By Andrew Lang.

*As one that for a weary space has lain
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
Where that Ææan isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine,
As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again—
So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
And through the music of the languid hours
They hear, like ocean on a western beach,
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.*

Psidice.

The incident is from the "Love-Stories of Parthenius," who preserved fragments of a lost epic on the expedition of Achilles against Lesbos, an island allied with Troy.

The daughter of the Lesbian king
Within her bower she watched the war,
Far off she heard the arrows ring,
The smitten harness ring afar;
And, fighting from the foremost car,
Saw one that smote where all must flee;
More fair than the Immortals are
He seemed to fair Psidice!

She saw, she loved him, and her heart
Before Achilles, Peleus' son,
Threw all its guarded gates apart,
A maiden fortress lightly won!
And, ere that day of fight was done,
No more of land or faith recked she,
But joyed in her new life begun—
Her life of love, Psidice!

She took a gift into her hand,
As one that had a boon to crave;
She stole across the ruined land
Where lay the dead without a grave,
And to Achilles' hand she gave
Her gift, the secret postern's key.
"To-morrow let me be thy slave!"
Moaned to her love Psidice.

Ere dawn the Argives' clarion call
Rang down Methymna's burning street;
They slew the sleeping warriors all,
They drove the women to the fleet,
Save one, that to Achilles' feet
Clung, but, in sudden wrath, cried he:
"For her no doom but death is meet."
And there men stoned Psidice!

In havens of that haunted coast,
Amid the myrtles of the shore,
The moon sees many a maiden ghost—
Love's outcast now and evermore.
The silence hears the shades deplore
Their hour of dear-bought love; but *thee*
The waves hush, 'neath thine olives hoar,
To dreamless rest, Psidice!

Homer.

Homer, thy song men likened to the sea,
With all the notes of music in its tone,
With tides that wash the dim dominion
Of Hades, and light waves that laugh in glee
Around the isles enchanted; nay, to me
The verse seems as the River of source unknown
That glasses Egypt's temples overthrown
In the sky-nurtured stream, eternally.

No wiser we than men of heretofore
To find thy sacred fountains guarded fast;
Enough, thy flood makes green our human shore,
As Nilus Egypt, rolling down his vast,
His fertile flood, that murmurs evermore
Of gods dethroned, and empires in the past.

Homeric Unity.

The sacred keep of Ilion is rent
With trench and shaft; foiled waters wander slow
Through plains where Simois and Scamander went
To war with gods and heroes long ago.
Not yet to tired Cassandra, lying low
In rich Mycenæ, do the Fates relent;
The bones of Agamemnon are a show,
And ruined in his royal monument.

The dust and awful treasures of the Dead
Hath Learning scattered wide, but vainly thee,
Homer, she metheth with her tool of lead,
And strives to rend thy songs; too blind to see
The crown that burns on thine immortal head
Of indivisible supremacy!

Two Sonnets of the Sirens.

"Les Sirenes estoient tant intimes amies et fidèles compagnes de Proserpine, qu'elles estoient toujours ensemble. Esmeues du juste deuil de la perte de leur chère compagne, et enuoyées au desespoir, elles s'arrestèrent à la mer Sicilienne, où par leurs chants elles attiroient les navigans, mais l'unique fin de la volupté de leur musique es la Mort."—*Pontus de Tyrad, 1570.*

I.

The Sirens once were maidens innocent
That through the water-meads with Proserpine
Plucked no fire-hearted flowers, but were content
Cool fritillaries and flag-flowers to twine,
With lilies woven and with wet woodbine;
Till forth to seek Ænean buds they went,
And their kind lady from their choir was rent
By Hades, down the irremediable decline,
And they have sought her all the wild world through,
Till many years, and wisdom, and much wrong
Have filled and changed their song, and o'er the blue
Rings deadly sweet the magic of the song,
And whoso hears must listen till he die
Far on the flowery shores of Sicily.

II.

So is it with the singing art of ours,
That once with maids went, maiden-like, and played
With woven dances in the poplar-shade,
And all her song was but of lady's bowers
And the returning swallows, and spring-flowers,
Till forth to seek a shadow-queen she strayed,
A shadowy land; and now hath overweighed
Her singing chaplet with the snow and showers.
And running rivers for the bitter brine
She left, and by the margin of life's sea
Sings, and her song is full of the sea's moan,
And wild with dread, and love of Proserpine;
And whoso once has listened to her, he
His whole life long is slave to her alone.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S PREDECESSOR.

Pen-Pictures of English Life "When William IV. was King"—He Affected the "Bon Bourgeois," but had not a Peaceful Reign—Princess Victoria and her Mother.

The reign of William the Fourth, Victoria's predecessor on the English throne, is one notable in history as an era of agitations for reform. The agrarian riots occurred in his time, the reform bill was passed through Parliament after a hotly contested struggle, thus placing more power of government in the hands of the people, and many other measures of reform were passed, to an accompaniment of high party feeling and popular agitation throughout the country, rising at times into mob violence. All this is brought out in "When William IV. was King," by John Ashton, a book which aims rather to give a sketch of the times than a biography of the king.

The very first event of William's reign to be chronicled is the sale of the late king's effects. A paragraph taken from "The Greville Memoirs" gives a very comprehensive idea of the extent of wardrobe owned by George the Magnificent:

I went, yesterday, to the sale of the late king's wardrobe, which was numerous enough to fill Monmouth Street and sufficiently various and splendid for the wardrobe of Drury Lane. He hardly ever gave anything away, except his linen, which was distributed every year. These clothes are the perquisites of his pages, and will fetch a pretty sum. There are all the coats he has ever had for fifty years; three hundred whips, canes without number, every sort of uniform, the costumes of all the orders in Europe, splendid furs, pelisses, hunting-coats and breeches, and, among other things, a dozen pair of corduroy breeches he had made to hunt in when Don Miguel was here. His profusion in these articles was unbounded, because he never paid for them, and his memory was so accurate that one of his pages told me he recollected every article of dress, no matter how old, and that they were always liable to be called on to produce some particular coat, or other article of apparel, of years gone by.

Of William himself Greville says:

Never was elevation like that of William the Fourth. His life was, hitherto, passed in obscurity and neglect, in miserable poverty, surrounded by a numerous progeny of bastards, without consideration or friends, and he was ridiculous from his grotesque ways and little, meddling curiosity. Nobody ever invited him into their house, or thought it necessary to honor him with any mark of attention or respect; and so he went on for about forty years, till Canning brought him into notice by making him lord high admiral at the time of his grand ministerial schism. In that post he distinguished himself by making absurd speeches, by a morbid official activity, and by a general wildness which was thought to indicate incipient insanity. . . . His brief administration of the navy, the death of the Duke of York, which made him heir to the throne, his increased wealth, and regular habits, had procured him more consideration, though not a great deal.

The king, we are told, "affected the *bon bourgeois*"; he was fond of going about unattended, saying that "the people were his guards." On one of these occasions, while he was strolling about in plain clothes with but one companion, "he was followed by a mob, making an uproar, and when he got near White's a woman came up and kissed him." Another anecdote is related of him, culled from a newspaper of the day:

A female servant of Mr. Brown, of Northampton, being in town with his mistress, was permitted to go to the review on Monday last, and, having obtained liberty from one of the soldiers to pass in front of the ranks, she approached the royal carriage without knowing it, and asked one of the ladies of honor: "Which is the queen?" The queen, hearing the inquiry, immediately answered: "I am the queen." "Oh, do show me the king, then." The king, hearing the request, instantly turned round, and said, with a smile: "I am the king," evidently enjoying her amazement and delight. The queen permitted the woman to hold her hand, which she had seized in the hurry of the moment, for several minutes.

Concerning the queen we find very little. We read that the Duke of Wellington, when at Windsor, directed "that the gas might be cut off from the interior of the castle," because the queen "entertained apprehensions lest an accident might be caused by explosion"; and later we read of her unpopularity and of the "groans and hisses" which followed the royal procession when she visited the city.

But groans, and hisses, and more violent demonstrations were common enough in those days. The reign of agricultural lawlessness began very soon after William the Fourth became king, arising first from the drainage and inclosing, by act of Parliament, of two thousand acres over which seven neighboring townships had right of common. The people believed that they were being deprived of their rights, and riots began, followed by incendiary fires, while threatening notices were received on all sides with the signature appended of that mythical personage, "Captain Swing." Owing to the general disturbance, the usual procession and banquet on lord mayor's day were omitted, and as a result, the city was thrown into a tumult of alarm:

Men hastened to purchase arms, and to secure the fastenings of their houses, as if there was going to be an armed rebellion. On the eighth, consols fell three per cent. in about an hour and a half, while the streets were choked with busy crowds, listening to and spreading all sorts of alarming rumors. The prevailing one was that it was intended to allow the procession to return to the Guildhall unmolested, but that, in the evening, the passage of Temple Bar and the bridges should have been barricaded, the gas-pipes cut off, and, under the cloud of darkness, an indiscriminate plunder of the city take place.

Descriptions of riots in both town and country follow, and even the king himself did not escape violence, as the following extract shows:

The king went to the play the night before last; was well received in the house, but hooted and pelted coming home, and a stone shivered a window of his coach, and fell into Prince George of Cumberland's lap. The king was excessively annoyed, and sent for Baring, who was the officer riding by his coach, and asked him if he knew who had thrown the stone; he said it terrified the queen, and was very disagreeable, as he should always be going somewhere.

It was during these disquieting times that the Princess Victoria made her debut at the queen's drawing-room, an event over which our author lingers only long enough for us to learn that the "Princess Victoria was dressed with great simplicity in a frock of English blonde," and that she "stood to the left of her majesty." The coronation took place in the same year of 1831, and in spite of the state of political ferment the country was in, the day was observed as a universal festival. There was, however, one thing lacking to the general harmony, as the following extract from the London Times shows:

The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria are the only members of the royal family, old or young, who are not to be present at the coronation. It is with deep regret that we have learned that her royal highness has refused to attend. Yes, has refused to attend! and that her absence on this occasion is in pursuance of a systematic opposition on the part of her royal highness to all the wishes and all the feelings of the present king. . . . Now, the presence or absence of the duchess herself is a matter of comparative indifference—it is merely disrespectful; but that of the Princess Victoria, which must, as to its immediate cause, be imputed to her mother, can not fail of being considered by the public as indecent and offensive.

This is not the only case of friction recorded between the king and the mother of the future queen. He becomes impatient presently over the "continual poppings in the shape of salutes" which she exacted in her progress through the kingdom, and especially in sailing to the Isle of Wight. As the Duchess of Kent refused to waive her right to these signals, in or out of season, the king changed the regulations, making it proper to salute the royal standard only for the king and queen. The quarrel finally culminated at one of the king's birthday dinners, given not long before Victoria came of age. The princess and her mother were both present at this outburst of the king's, which is thus described by that entertaining gossip, Greville:

Though the celebration was what was called private, there were a hundred people at dinner, either belonging to the court or from the neighborhood. The Duchess of Kent sat on one side of the king, and one of his sisters on the other, the Princess Victoria opposite. . . .

After dinner, by the queen's desire, "His majesty's health, and long life to him," was given, and, as soon as it was drunk, he made a very long speech, in the course of which he poured forth the following extraordinary and *foudroyante* tirade:

"I trust in God that my life may be spared for nine months longer; after which period, in the event of my death, no regency would take place. I should then have the satisfaction of leaving the royal authority to the personal exercise of that young lady" (pointing to the princess). "the heiress-presumptive of the crown, and not in the hands of a person now near me, who is surrounded by evil advisers and who is herself incompetent to act with propriety in the station in which she would be placed. I have no hesitation in saying that I have been insulted—grossly and continuously insulted—by that person, but I am determined to endure no longer a course of behavior so disrespectful to me. Among many other things, I have particularly to complain of the manner in which that young lady has been kept away from my court; she has been repeatedly kept from my drawing-rooms, at which she ought always to have been present, but I am fully determined that this shall not happen again. I would have her know that I am king, and I am determined to make my authority respected; and, for the future, I shall insist and command that the princess do, upon all occasions, appear at my court, as it is her duty to do." He terminated his speech by an allusion to the princess and her future reign in a tone of paternal interest and affection, which was excellent in its way.

This awful philippic (with a great deal more which I forget) was uttered with a loud voice and excited manner. The queen looked in deep distress, the princess burst in tears, and the whole company were agast. The Duchess of Kent said not a word. Immediately afterward they rose and retired, and a terrible scene ensued: The duchess announced her immediate departure, and ordered her carriage, but a sort of reconciliation was patched up, and she was prevailed upon to stay till the next day. The following morning, when the king saw Adolphus, he asked him what people said to his speech. He replied that they thought the duchess merited the rebuke, but that it ought not to have been given there; that he ought to have sent for her into his closet, and have said all he felt and thought there, but not at table before a hundred people. He replied that he did not care where he said it, or before whom; that "by God, he had been insulted by her in a manner that was past all endurance, and he would stand it no longer."

The agrarian riots were followed by more mob violence when the reform bill failed to pass in 1831. The Duke of Wellington, then the premier, was especially unpopular, and an attack was made on Apsley House, his London home:

The duke . . . had been in attendance, previously at the sick bed of the duchess, and she expired just as the park guns began to fire. He was, therefore, ignorant of the state into which London had fallen, till a surging crowd swept up from Westminster to Piccadilly, shouting and yelling and offering violence to all whom they suspected of being anti-reformers. By and by, volleys of stones came crashing through the windows at Apsley House, breaking them to pieces, and doing injury to more than one valuable picture in the gallery. The duke bore the outrage as well as he could, but determined never to run a similar risk again. He guarded his windows, as soon as quiet was restored, with iron shutters, and left them there to the day of his death, a standing memento of a nation's ingratitude.

In 1833 an epidemic of influenza broke out, proving more fatal than the cholera, and four years later came a new spread of the same disease in a form still more virulent. An idea of its ravages may be gained from a newspaper cutting which is inserted:

Death had a high day in the metropolis last Sunday; and, perhaps, in the memory of the oldest inhabitant such a scene has not been witnessed. There was scarcely an undertaker unemployed, and many were unable to accomplish their orders. Horses and mourning-coaches were to be seen driving through the streets, hurrying from the execution of one funeral to the commencement of another. Walking funerals were met at almost every corner of the public streets, and many who had ordered carriages were unable to procure them, and were compelled to wade through the dirt and wet on foot. . . .

In the church-yard of St. Pancras and St. Giles the scenes were truly awful, and even disgusting to the feelings. The burial ground in the former had more the appearance of a plowed field; furrows from the graves were turned up all over the place, and such was the scene between three and four o'clock, that not less than between forty and fifty interments took place, the undertakers scarce knowing which grave to go to.

William's reign saw many changes, small in themselves, but significant of a new order of things. It was in 1835 that a member of Parliament gave notice of his intention to move "that a portion of the Strangers' Gallery in that House be set apart for the accommodation of ladies—which elicited great laughter." The first bansom cab was of this time, and the first railway coaches are described:

When William the Fourth came to the throne, there were practically no railways for passenger traffic; and it was during his reign that nearly all the main lines in England were projected. I now marvel at their having attained so rapid a popularity, for the traveling was very uncomfortable. The idea of a stage-coach was very difficult to get rid of, and the carriages were subdivided so as to represent it as much as possible—even their outside were modeled, as far as could be, to look like a coach, and to this day a train is, in railway parlance, made up of so many coaches. The first class were padded and cushioned, and were very stuffy, having small windows; the second class were of plain painted wood, narrow seats, no room for one's legs, and very small windows; in the third class there were no seats, it was simply a cattle-truck in which every one stood up, and as there was no roof, it was rather lively traveling in wet weather.

Many more topics are touched upon which concern both the political and the social aspect of the times, in most cases through the medium of extracts. These are not always wisely chosen, and the plan of making long cuttings from the newspapers of the day does much to mar the interest of the volume.

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THE PRINCESS WHO ELOPED.

A Parisian View of the Princesse de Caraman-Chimay's Escapade—Her Ingenious Confidences to the Press—Who her Gypsy Lover Is.

The *Pester Lloyd* and other Hungarian journals are full of details concerning the voyage of the Princesse de Caraman-Chimay and her future husband, the tzigane Jancsi Rigo, in the latter's native land. It seems that the princess and her lover are exciting great curiosity, which is not always expressed in a discreet and sympathetic manner. At Buda-Pesth, although Rigo and the princess arrived two days before they were expected, they were much annoyed by the crowd, which, soon hearing of their arrival, surrounded their hotel and refused to leave it until the police dispersed them.

The princess did not seem at all annoyed, however, at these demonstrations. She has sent to Italy for servants, and so it is supposed that the pair will take up their abode in the Hungarian capital. Rigo, who has soon acquired a taste for luxury and "high life," is, so it is said, delighted at this idea. He has at once assumed the rôle of *grand seigneur*, and treats with disdain his former friends who endeavor to renew their relations with him. He spends his time shopping, buying here and there the most costly things. The only anxiety that has clouded Rigo's unexpected Mohammedan heaven has been his fear that his wife would wreak some terrible revenge on him for his desertion of her and her children. But Barcza, who they say is very handsome, has relieved her husband from all anxiety on her account by giving the affair a *dénouement* worthy of a comedy: she has, in her turn, run off with a lover—perhaps a prince.

The princess has given several interviews to reporters, to whom she has most willingly related the story of her life, her youth, her marriage, and her escapade. She speaks in great praise of her husband, the Prince de Caraman-Chimay, who she avers "has acted throughout the whole affair like a perfect gentleman." The only thing with which she reproaches him is having spent so much of her money. As the practical daughter—so far as finances are concerned—of a very clever business man, she told the journalists who interviewed her various details concerning her fortune: how at the time of her marriage she had eight millions of francs, and how she signed all the papers her husband presented to her without reading them for fear of hurting his feelings, and that she is now reduced to an income of one hundred and fifty-five thousand francs. When she fled from her home, she left her husband a deed drawn up in due form conveying to him seventy-five thousand francs a year for the education of her two dear children, and would therefore have to be contented henceforth with eighty thousand francs a year. "I have heard from my husband," she added, with a little sigh.

"I have heard from my husband," she went on to say; "he has just given a splendid fête at the Château de Chimay, as he always does at Christmas time, and who do you think did the honors of the entertainment in my place? My mother—yes, my mother! But you must not be astonished, my mother is very eccentric."

The princess, formerly Miss Clara Ward, is the daughter of one of the richest men in Michigan. The prince made her acquaintance at Nice, and their marriage was celebrated at Paris, in the Nunciô's Chapel, on the thirtieth of May, 1890. They were married by the Papal nuncio, Mgr. Rotelli. The bride's witnesses were Lord Lytton and Mr. Whitelaw Reid, then the English and American ambassadors. Those of the prince were the Baron Beyens, Belgian minister to France, and the Duc de Fezensac.

Jancsi Rigo is a native of Pakso, a little town in Hungary. There is nothing of the Adonis about him. He is a tall fellow, about thirty years of age, very insignificant in appearance and very thin, and wears his brown mustache *en brosse*. With his black hair, worn flat, parted in the middle, and shining with pomade, he looks like a barber's apprentice, and his face bears deep scars of small-pox. Like the majority of his compatriots, Rigo manifested from his youth a great talent for music. He became an accomplished and renowned violinist in his own country, and married the daughter of his former teacher, Barcza, who, under the name of Simplicius, led the tzigane orchestras at London and Paris. Janos Rigo—"Jancsi" is the princess's pet name for him—came to Paris five years ago and hired a small apartment in the Rue d'Hauteville. Last winter, the beautiful princess—whose gallant adventures, by the way, were already the occasion of much talk—saw him and fell desperately in love with him, so much so that she abandoned all decorum and occasioned so much scandal at the Café de Paris, where Rigo and the tziganes played, that the proprietor of the restaurant summoned Rigo to choose between his mistress and his place. He resigned his position, and the princess definitely abandoned her husband and ran off with him. The lovers went to Naples, and are now, as I have said, at Buda-Pesth, awaiting the issue of the suit for divorce which Prince Caraman-Chimay has instituted.

I can recall the first time I saw the lovely princess in question, who was then Miss Clara Ward. It was at a grand ball given by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, then United States minister to France. It so happened that on that night there was a bevy of celebrated American beauties present under the minister's hospitable roof: Mrs. Pulitzer, the wife of the editor of the New York *World*, Miss Mitchell, now the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, and Miss Sibyl Sanderson. But Miss Clara Ward, dressed in a white satin gown, her wealth of beautiful hair coiled round her delicately shaped head in artistic manner, and with no ornament save that of her own consummate loveliness, outshone all the others and looked for all the world just as she looked in her portrait by Gondard, which was the gem of the Salon du Champ de Mars two years ago. She carried herself with so much dignified grace that it seems almost impossible to associate her with the vulgar heroine of this low love-romance.

PARIS, January 6, 1897.

Do

AN EVENTFUL MUTINY.

How an American Youth Just Missed Being a Mexican Admiral.

I shipped on the old bark *President* in 1854 as second mate. The bark had been chartered to load logwood on the coast of Mexico and deliver it at Valparaiso, Chile. While we were getting the bark ready for the voyage, the captain had a proposition made to him to take a party of four hundred men as passengers, and land them at Cape St. Lucas. As it would not interfere with the voyage for which we were chartered, he accepted it. The bark was fitted up with standing bunks between decks, and, as soon as we were ready, we dropped down to the old Meiggs Wharf, and there took on our passengers with all their traps and bedding. From here a tug towed us to sea, and left us after crossing the bar. We now learned that the men we had taken on board were recruits for the army of the "gray-eyed man of destiny," General William Walker, who at that time was with a large command in the State of Sonora, Mexico, endeavoring to create a revolution, with the intention of adding another slave State to the Union.

The party we had on board was the hardest set of men I had ever met, drinking and fighting all the time except when sleeping off their debauch. They took command and ran the bark, as we did not dare to interfere with them, and it was a relief when the last one went over the side in the harbor at Cape St. Lucas. From this place we went to San Blas and discharged the freight we had on board. We then went down the coast sixty miles to Apallo, to take on board our cargo of logwood. The wood was as heavy as iron; it is called by the Mexicans "Brazilian" logwood. The wood was brought alongside in lighters from the beach. The second day after we commenced to load, I found we had about one-tenth of the cargo aboard; therefore I sounded the pumps, and found twenty-two inches of water. I started the pumps and pumped it clear. The next night I was obliged to do the same, and as the cargo was taken on board, the ship sank deeper in the water, so that it took longer each night to pump the bark dry. In the voyage down from San Francisco we had carried a very light cargo, and as the sides of the bark had been high out of the water, I thought that the leaking came from the opening of the seams caused by the extremely hot weather, and I concluded that as she sank in the water by reason of the heavy cargo, the planks would swell and stop the leak. But when we had the cargo on board, I found she leaked so much that it took one dog-watch to pump her dry. After we got to sea, the bark rolled and rocked, and the leak gained so much that each watch had to take a turn at the pumps, and each day it took longer to keep the water down.

The weather was pleasant, with a good north-west wind. From the day we left Apallo we had carried the starboard stunsails set. How badly would she leak, was my thought, if we encountered a gale? The same thought was in the minds of others on board; the carpenter told me that the men were afraid to continue the voyage, and wanted to put into some Mexican port and have the bark calked, and he asked if I would speak to the captain and state their wishes. When I went below to dinner, I asked the captain if he did not think it unsafe to continue the voyage, and would it not be better to run into some port and have the upper works calked. He got angry at my question, and replied that she would go to Callao, or go to ——. Now, I had not been much of a Biblical scholar, but I knew that the latter place was not the port I had shipped for, and I had no intention of going on such a voyage if I could help myself. I told the carpenter what the captain had said. Shortly after, the carpenter reported to me that the crew wanted to know if I would take the bark into port. I thought of this all night before I gave an answer. I could see no chance for our lives if we continued the voyage, and I could not understand why the captain was so averse to going into port, unless it was owing to the cost of recalking the sides. By holding to his purpose, he stood a chance of losing everything, as well as his life and ours.

I told the carpenter to tell the men that, if they would stand by me, I would take charge of the bark at twelve noon, and take her into Acapulco. I wished to wait until the captain and mate made it twelve o'clock, so that I would have the latitude, which would give me the course to steer for Acapulco. While waiting for this event, I prepared myself by taking possession of the mate's pistol and dirk-knife. These I gave to the carpenter, while I went down into the captain's cabin and took the captain's holster and two pistols, and put it around my waist, under my coat. When eight bells struck, I told the captain that the course of the bark was going to be changed so as to go into Acapulco, and that he could retain command if he would take the bark in, as that was the nearest port; if not, I would take her in. The captain and mate rushed down for their arms, and got quite angry when they could not find them and I informed them that I had taken them. The crew by this time had all mustered aft to emphasize the demand I had made upon the captain. The captain and mate then had a long conference, and after it was concluded the captain informed us that he would take the bark into Acapulco. We kept the arms, however, and I saw that she was steered the true course. Every day the water gained on us, and when off the harbor of Acapulco we found thirteen feet of water in the hold and were working the pumps all the time, day and night.

We found the harbor blockaded by two revenue cutters and the bark *Caroline*, which had been taken from General Walker at Mazatlan and turned into a sloop of war. The *Caroline* fired a gun with a ball across our bow, and we bore to, and an officer came on board and found that we had no contraband of war on board and that we were in a sinking condition. Upon this they allowed us to go into the harbor. I then presented a petition to the American consul, signed by the carpenter and all the crew, asking for a survey of the bark. The consul appointed the carpenter of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company stationed at Acapulco and

two sea captains, who were residents of the town, to examine the bark. After a careful survey by these three men, the ship was condemned as unseaworthy. The crew was then discharged, and I was left on board with a gang of 'longshoremen to attend to unloading and storing the cargo until the owners provided for it otherwise. While at work discharging cargo, the United States side-wheel steamer *Mississippi* came into Acapulco from San Francisco to protect the interests of the Americans at that port, as General Alvarez, governor of the State of Guerrero, and General Comerford, mayor of Acapulco, had started a rebellion against the rule of General Santa Ana, then president of Mexico. The harbor was blockaded, and the Pacific Mail steamships were not allowed to come in. At that time, Acapulco was a coaling station for the steamers of this company, and the only port at which its steamers touched between San Francisco and Panama.

No sooner had the *Mississippi* dropped anchor in the harbor than the captain of our bark entered a charge of mutiny against the carpenter, crew, and myself. The carpenter and crew were arrested on shore and taken on board the *Mississippi*, and a boat was sent alongside of the bark for me. We remained on board the steamer a few days until the consular court was convened, before which I had a bearing. The first lieutenant of the steamer was appointed to defend me, and the court, after hearing the testimony of both sides, discharged us, as it was found that we had used no violence and had protected the captain's life as well as our own in the measures we had taken. Upon being discharged, I went back on board of the bark and finished discharging the cargo. She was then put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder. A Captain Jack bought her and put her on the beach and patched and partly repaired her; then he took the cargo to Chile; from there he sailed her to Australia, and there took on board a cargo of coal for San Francisco. On the way to this port she ran into a norther, and was obliged to put into Cape St. Lucas for a harbor. The bark that night sank at the anchor.

After the bark was sold, the crew and I were paid what was then due us, and also for three months' extra pay. We were then sent to a boarding-house, where our board was to be paid until some vessel should come into the harbor and return us to the United States. As our vessel had come into port in a sinking condition, and had been condemned as unseaworthy, and as we had been tried for mutiny, it had naturally caused a great deal of comment in Acapulco. The captain and mate had reported that I was the instigator and ring-leader of the whole affair, and that I was not yet eighteen years of age, and there was some curiosity to see me when I came ashore after discharging the cargo.

At this time the army of Santa Ana was marching upon Acapulco from the City of Mexico, with an army of six thousand men, to put down the rebellion headed by Generals Alvarez and Comerford, and any one who was credited with having pluck or courage was sought for to aid the rebel cause. I became acquainted with General Comerford, and he invited me to dine with him. After dinner he offered me the command of the rebel fleet if I would join his party. I thought I would inspect the fleet before joining. The next day I inspected it, and found it to consist of one vessel, what we would call a "plunger," a boat thirty-one feet long with one sail, a mainsail, with a brass gun on the bow, a crew of two men, and a dory at anchor for tender to go from the beach to the sloop. I declined the honor with many thanks, and laughed heartily at the command that had been offered to me.

The city of Acapulco contained at this time between three and four hundred Americans from all parts of the United States, most of them prospectors, miners, and gamblers. An American kept the only barber-shop in the city. He had a large hall, and in one corner was his shop, in another part of the room a billiard-table, and there were also tables fitted up for a variety of gambling games. This place was the head-quarters of the Americans, and at all times, day or night, we went there to learn the latest news. From four o'clock in the morning until ten the city was very lively; drilling the troops up by the castle was the principal attraction. The castle was on an eminence opposite the entrance to the harbor, and commanded the city. It was an old Spanish fortification, with a moat and drawbridge. After ten o'clock, until three P. M., the city was, in appearance, deserted. All business was suspended on account of the intense heat. But at three o'clock the city woke up, and drilling was resumed until dark, which in this latitude comes very soon after sunset. It was very amusing to see the army drill. Every one who could bear arms, except the very aged, was recruited, and their uniforms were of all descriptions, from a dress-suit to a shirt merely, and not all of the soldiers were supplied with arms. Every hour news was brought in from Santa Ana's army, detailing how they were closing the gap toward the city, etc.

I was spending the evening at General Comerford's home, and at midnight I bade the family "Good evening," and started down to the hotel to get the latest news of the army. I had walked but a few steps when I was arrested by two soldiers. As I did not speak or understand Spanish, and as they did not speak English, I did not comprehend the meaning of my arrest. They led me along until they came to a young officer, who addressed me in English. He asked me who I was, where I had been, and where I was going. To all of these I replied truthfully, without naming the house at which I had passed the evening. This officer and the soldiers took me to the plaza, which was surrounded by a guard of soldiers. In the centre of the plaza, three tents had been pitched. To one of these I was conducted, and passed inside; here I found four or five officers, one of whom was sitting at a table facing the entrance. He who had conducted me made his report in Spanish, and the officer at the table asked me in English the same questions which the young officer had previously asked; he then asked me if I knew Major Ames, the American commanding the castle.

"Only slightly," I replied.

He then asked me if he "could be purchased."

"No," I replied. "Major Ames was educated at West Point, and is a loyal officer and gentleman."

At this he shrugged his shoulders and smiled, showing by these actions that he did not believe in his honor. Before anything more could be said, four officers entered the tent and, bowing to the officer at the table, spoke to him in Spanish. From the expression on the faces of the officers at the table, I knew that some plan had miscarried. The officer at the table looked toward me, and said "You were right." He then told the officer who had arrested me to pass me outside the lines, saying to me that I had better go to my hotel and keep within the house.

When I arrived at the hotel, it was explained to me that General Santa Ana, with his staff officers and a few hundred soldiers, had slipped into the city in the night and pitched their tents on the plaza, and that he had sent some of his staff to interview Major Ames, and made him an offer of two thousand dollars to surrender the castle to General Santa Ana. Had Major Ames accepted this offer it would have ended the rebellion; but he declined, and the staff returned while Santa Ana was questioning me. He passed me out, and then he withdrew from the city.

The following morning I went up to the castle, and from the walls I saw the fight between the two armies. Six thousand men were under General Santa Ana and five thousand under Generals Alvarez and Comerford. At half-past nine the battle stopped until the heat of the day was over. The rebels brought into the city from their force nine dead and twenty wounded, the result of four hours' fighting. While resting in the middle of the day, the soldiers of the opposing forces fraternized, and, lying down in the shade, smoked cigarettes together in friendly fashion. About three o'clock the call to arms was given, and the battle recommenced, lasting until dark. The killed on the rebel side was twelve and forty wounded in the afternoon engagement. The army of Generals Alvarez and Comerford came into the city to camp for the night. General Santa Ana camped on the battle-field.

The next morning the army moved out of the city to renew the battle, but they could not find Santa Ana's army, as during the night he had commenced a retreat for the City of Mexico. Generals Alvarez and Comerford were not prepared for Santa Ana's retreat, and it was five days before they could get their pack-trains ready to follow him with their army. Then it was a race to see which should get to the City of Mexico first. General Santa Ana arrived first, and with him but half of his staff-officers and a few hundred men of his army. The rest of his soldiers had left him and joined the opposing army. When Generals Alvarez and Comerford arrived under the walls of the City of Mexico, they had with them forty thousand men who had flocked to them on the march to the capital. Santa Ana now saw that his cause was hopeless, and he escaped to the coast and went to the West Indies and afterward died there.

General Alvarez assumed the presidency of Mexico. This act was afterward confirmed by the people. General Comerford became the chief justice.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

My story shows that I did not take the tide at the flood. Had I done so, I would have accepted the offer of General Comerford. This would have made me admiral of the fleet—the first officer of the Mexican navy commissioned by the president. Shortly after these events, the army disbanded, the blockade was raised from the port of Acapulco, and the Pacific Mail steamer *Sonora* came into the harbor, and on her I returned to San Francisco, leaving my embryo greatness behind me.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1897.

The proportion of women among centenarians is nearly twice that of men. A group of people cited by one of the most careful and least credulous of the numerous English authors of works on the subject shows that out of 66 persons who were 100 years old and upward, there were 43 women to 23 men. A census of centenarians taken in France, in 1895, gives 213 persons of 100 years and over, of whom 147 were women and 66 men. In London, the census of 1891 shows 21 centenarians, 5 men to 16 women. Our census of 1890 gives 3,981 persons of 100 years of age, or over, of whom 1,398 were men and 2,583 women. The fact that nearly all the centenarians were poor, shows that the rich are at as great disadvantage in the matter of long life as in the matter of entrance into the kingdom of heaven. Of the female centenarians, it may be said that the very nature of their occupations protects them by keeping them so much in the house, where they are shielded from adverse influences of atmospheric changes, accidental causes of death—to which so many men are subject—and the perils of certain manly pursuits and pleasures. Though the number of women who live to a century or a little more is undoubtedly greater than that of men, yet the men in the few cases have gone to a higher figure.

The Bertillon scheme of identification is being resorted to in the case of persons other than criminals. A growing number of men, private citizens of unsullied character, have voluntarily gone through the Bertillon ordeal. The records thus obtained they have given to their families to preserve, in case of their sudden death away from home, and under circumstances which might make identification of their bodies difficult or impossible.

On one occasion, at a party given by Sir John Millais, Lady Halle rose to play the violin, when, to her intense amusement, she heard Landseer exclaim, "Good gracious! A woman playing the fiddle!" On the other hand, an old-fashioned nobleman, when he saw a gentleman sit down to the piano, contemptuously remarked: "I wonder if the creature can sew!"

THE FRENCH BALL.

New York's Annual Pretense of Gallic Naughtiness—The Shadow of the Seeley Dinner over It all—Otero, "Little Egypt," and an Improvised Toboggan-Slide.

The shadow of the Seeley dinner hung like a wet blanket over the French ball at the Madison Square Garden last Monday night. Captain Chapman, who made the raid at Sherry's, was there with a cloud of his men, and their presence put an effectual damper on any inclination on the part of the giddy-minded to break loose. During the night there were probably ten thousand persons present, and four-fifths of them were men. They were of the usual class who attend such affairs, except that the gilded individuals who are known in certain circles as "spenders" were conspicuous by their absence. The majority were sporting men, easily distinguishable by their large diamonds; beardless youths, who had come with the hope of seeing life; and men from the country, judging by their ill-fitting dress-suits and an inability to dispose comfortably of their hands that reminded me of John L. Sullivan in similar garb. There was also the usual supply of men who do nothing but sit about and drink, or stand about and watch other people drink.

This ball was the thirty-second given under the auspices of the Cercle Française de l'Harmonie. The club, which was founded in 1866, just before its second ball, has a membership of less than fifty, but it manages to maintain a sumptuous club-house in Twenty-Sixth Street off of Broadway. At present they have little to do with the balls given under their name, but lend its prestige for a consideration to certain astute individuals, who make not a little money out of the bar and other privileges. The managers made a special effort, this year, to make the ball a success. A year ago the offer of a prize called forth some unusual and startling attempts at originality in costume, and this year, for several days previous to the ball, the soubrettes have been staring with envious eyes in the window of a down-town jewelry-store at a pearl necklace, said to be valued at four hundred dollars, which was offered as a prize for the most original costume. The winner of the prize, I may add, was a girl, who had conceived the strikingly original idea of impersonating the Goddess of Liberty. An elaborate programme of quadrilles and ballets had been arranged, and in it some two hundred coryphées took part. Most of them were such matronly old parties as one would expect the Metropolitan Opera House chorus to prove at short range. They impersonated the usual list of characters popular on such occasions: pages, Portias, fairies, Robin Hoods, queens, jesters, and the like. The only notable innovation was made by one young woman who appeared in the full dress of a nun. Her audacity in assuming this garb, even to the huge cross that goes with it, so stunned the revelers that for quite a time they did not realize that it was a masquerade costume.

In the afternoon Captain Chapman sent for the manager and asked if he intended to sell wine at the Garden after one o'clock. The manager replying in the affirmative, the doughty captain made a tour of the premises, from the cellar to the base of Diana's statue on the tower, and, having taken a census of the sleeping-rooms and found that there were thirty of them, he expressed himself as satisfied that the Garden came within the provisions of the Raines law as a hotel. He was on hand again in the evening, and stalked solemnly about, leaving a trail of gloom in his wake.

The first indication that anything was going on at the Garden was the arrival of the cabmen, who began to line up in the neighborhood early in the afternoon. They evidently thought that the fares they would get at three or four o'clock in the morning would compensate them for a wait of eight hours or so. At eleven o'clock the hired dancers came, and an hour later the hall was half-filled. A noticeable feature of the attendance at this time was a number of clerical-looking individuals and sober-faced women in the upper boxes. I suppose they were preachers in search of material for sensational sermons and officers of the various organizations which become conspicuous in the papers after a Seeley dinner, a French ball, or any other assault on the morals of the people of this town.

Perhaps the most important event of the evening was the appearance of Otero, the Spanish dancer, at about half-past one. She had evidently come from her performance at Koster & Bial's, where she had made her re-appearance that evening after an absence of six years. She has had a tremendous success in her peculiar line since she was last with us, and last Sunday's papers were filled with accounts of the enormous treasure in jewels which she has had given her by European kings and princes. She is a harder looking woman than she used to be, her voice is more harsh, and she dances with a great deal more abandon. At Koster & Bial's she fairly blazed with gems, but at the ball her ornaments were chiefly ropes of enormous pearls which made the soubrettes stare. She came in, escorted by half a dozen men, and so long as she remained, her box on the north side of the building was filled with a succession of visitors. The champagne bottles emptied in the box soon made a very formidable pile, but the dancer herself looked bored through it all. She wrote out her impressions of the ball for one of the papers, and her judgment of it may be epitomized in this extract: "During my two visits to New York I have attended two French balls. At the first I was insulted; at the second I was bored."

Two other personages who attracted attention during the evening were a pair of Salvation lassies. At first they sat in the gallery, but later they ventured on the floor, offering *War Cries* to the revelers and exchanging a few earnest words now and then with some of the younger women. They were treated respectfully, and in an account of their impressions which one of them sent to the same paper that Otero's screed appeared in, she said she was satisfied that they had accomplished some good by their presence.

"Little Egypt" came in shortly after Otero. She was

dressed in the same garb that she had worn in her performance at Hammerstein's Olympia. Through the gauze of which it largely consisted, a pink hue showed in the space between her waist and the little bolero jacket she wore, but whether it was flesh or fleshings no one had opportunity to discover, for Inspector Harley met her as she was going on the floor and escorted her to a dressing-room, where she was told she must dress herself properly or leave the Garden. She was thoroughly frightened at the prospect of arrest, and fled without more ado. As to high-kicking, there was none. Three young women did the split a few times, but the swarm of black coats that instantly gathered around them soon attracted the committeemen, and they had to stop. Whatever there was to shock one was to be found in the wine-room, and there was little excitement there. There was no ripping of men's coats up the back, nor dancing on tables by exhilarated young women. In fact, about the only thing out of the ordinary was the innovation started by one young woman who, after rather copious libations, slipped and slid to the bottom of the stairs. She seemed to regard this improvised toboggan-slide with great favor, and immediately repeated the performance, and her example was followed by several others.

To show how very orderly the whole ball was, I may add that the police docket, next morning, was swelled by only two arrests arising from the ball. One was that of a woman accused of theft, and the other was a young man who had had a fight with a cabman. He had crawled into the cab, after the altercation, and had sunk to slumber in the blissful bope of soon reaching his domicile; but the astute cabman woke him up at the police station, and he ended his night's revels in a prison cell.

NEW YORK, January 23, 1897.

The dove-cotes have been ruffled again. A Scotch professor has announced that, in the average woman, literary taste is almost an unknown quantity. Women, says the sage, like the books that are the fashion, changing their opinions as they do the cut of their gowns. They permit themselves to be governed by popular prejudice. "This," continues the professor, with gloomy certitude, "is not taste." The question is one over which rival factions might wrangle indefinitely. That women are larger readers of light literature than men any librarian will certify. The writers of fiction—and fiction is becoming the medium for all who have a message to deliver—fail or succeed according to the disapproval or approbation of their feminine readers. Even Howells has admitted that the novel-writer, to win fame, must make his appeal to women. Whether the literature they encourage is the sort of literature that ought to be encouraged, is a question for Scotch professors to disagree over.

Women are said to be responsible for the vogue of Ian Maclaren. While one's faith in their taste is still reeling from this blow, the recollection that they were the faithful supporters of Pierre Loti comes as a consoling reassurance. It is well known that Stevenson was rarely read or appreciated by women. This is attributed to his own acknowledged inability to write knowingly of the modern Sphinx and her secrets. Her enigmatical glance was full of direful mysteries to the frank-hearted Scot. The taste evinced by women in their effusive reception of such problem novels as "The Heavenly Twins" is no criterion, as their approbation was not for the literary merit of the work, but for the emancipated doctrines it advanced. To Balzac, who put them under his microscope and ruthlessly wrote up his discoveries, they extend the warmest approval. For Thackeray, who worshiped them even in their most foolish phases, they have not a good word. In their love of poetry they show the highest form of taste. They are the great readers of poetry, and poetry is the great form of literary art. Misdirected enthusiasms lead them to the worship of strange gods; but even the gentle strains of Adelaide Proctor and the sentimental ones of "L. E. L." were worth the passing tribute that women gave them. Mr. Richard Henry Savage—who gallantly flew to the side of beauty when the Scotch professor lifted up what Walt Whitman would have called his "barbaric yawp"—says that women have been reading "Lucille" for thirty years. As a test case, this is not a good selection. The faithful feminine adherence to "Lucille" is one of the most damning proofs of bad taste. To forget it one must remember that women read and love Keats, that they are the great students of Shelley, that they have learned to know Browning, and that they worshiped Byron the poet even as they worshiped Byron the man.

Dr. Ranke, of the German Anthropological Society, recently undertook to describe the physical characteristics of the earliest men, as ascertained from the examination of prehistoric graves. They were of a yellowish color, he said, and had coarse hair. Their heads were peculiarly shaped, the part of the skull which contains the brain being large relatively to the face, while the face was small. They had other peculiarities, among which was the rudimentary or undeveloped condition of the third molar, or back grinder tooth. The doctor believes that the first men originated in Asia.

David Livingstone's father was a thrifty Scot. One day David brought home the word that a heavy tax had been put on tobacco. His father was just filling his pipe when the sad news was broken. "If we have to give it up," he said, "we may as well begin now." And he knocked the weed out of his pipe, put the pipe in his pocket, and never smoked again.

Said George du Maurier once in a private chat: "I think that the best years in a man's life are after he is forty. A man at forty has ceased to bunt the moon. I would add that, in order to enjoy life after forty, it is perhaps necessary to have achieved, before reaching that age, at least some success."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lord Charles Beresford will soon be promoted to flag rank, it is said. He will be the youngest rear-admiral in the British navy.

Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indiana, who has just been nominated for United States senator, goes at one step from private life to the Senate. He has never held a public office.

Two hundred million dollars' worth of property, real and personal, including forty million dollars in hard cash, is what the late Shah of Persia, Nasr-ed-din, left behind him, according to official statements.

Sir Joseph Lister's elevation to the peerage is the first instance of that form of recognition of merit being awarded to the medical profession in England, though baronetcies to attendants on the royal family have been common enough.

The German empress has one great trial, and that is a tendency to grow stout. For herself she would not mind, but the emperor has a horror of having a fat wife, and the poor empress is obliged to diet herself and to wear clothes much too light for her.

Henry Labouchère, M. P., the proprietor of *Truth*, has spent forty thousand pounds in successfully defending vexatious actions for libel brought against him. He is entitled to the thanks of the English-speaking world for having exposed so many abuses.

The children of Harriet Beecher Stowe do not look kindly upon the proposition to erect a public statue of their mother. Her son, the Rev. Charles E. Stowe, says it belongs to him and his sisters to erect whatever monument may be placed over his mother's grave.

E. D. Middlekauff, the man who invented the glass lemon-squeezer, or rather the glass cone by which the inside of a lemon is taken out, made fifty thousand dollars out of it, and now has been offered one hundred thousand dollars for four new inventions of a similar simple and practical character.

Immediately after Mr. McKinley's election to the Presidency, he was besieged by life-insurance agents. The President-elect was compelled in self-defense to take out a policy. It is for fifty thousand dollars, and the company is the same which paid heavy policies on the lives of Garfield and Arthur.

Within three or four years the youngest group of senators ever known has entered that body. Senator Butler, of North Carolina, is thirty-three years old; Senator Cannon, of Utah, is thirty-seven; Senator Pritchard, of North Carolina, is thirty-nine; and Senator-to-be Penrose, of Pennsylvania, is thirty-six.

The biggest Christmas present in St. Louis was undoubtedly the check Adolphus Busch received from his wife. It called for fifty thousand dollars deposited in Mrs. Busch's bank to the credit of her husband. The fifty thousand dollars represented the saving of her household allowance for a number of years.

Chester Sanders Lord, who has been managing editor of the New York *Sun* for sixteen years, and still holds that position, has been nominated to the vacancy in the board of regents of the New York State University. Mr. Lord is the son of a Presbyterian clergyman who was a fighting chaplain during the war.

Both Sagasta and Canovas are from the soil, although they rule alternately the proudest monarchy in Europe. The former is an engineer by trade, and followed that profession until he abandoned it for politics. At present, being out of office, he is the president of the Northern Railway, at a salary of twelve thousand dollars a year.

The late Joseph Willard, of Washington, was noted for his eccentricities. A capitalist once desired to erect an expensive building on a lot in Washington owned by Mr. Willard, but the latter refused to sell the property, saying that the Italian fruit-vender, who had been on the corner for five or six years, did not want to be disturbed.

A new biographer of Ibsen says the dramatist spends an hour twice a day at a Christiania hotel reading the papers. On his right hand he has a glass of brandy and on his left a glass of beer, and from them he takes alternate sips as he reads. Another hour of the day he passes walking, clad all in black, on the main street. He is rarely seen in any man's company, and never at the theatre.

Mascagni, according to an Italian critic, has accepted a commission to compose a comic opera to an English libretto. Apropos of Mascagni's facility in composing, it is related that the composer was recently in Berlin directing the performance of one of his works. The orchestra was hurrying the time, notwithstanding his best efforts to keep it within bounds. Finally, after a long struggle, he lost his temper. "Body of Bacchus," he cried, dropping his baton, "do you think I expect you all to keep playing as fast as I compose?"

George Mason Lee, the young man who has just run counter to all the traditions of his family by failing at West Point, is not, as some papers have stated, a grandson of Robert E. Lee. Fitzhugh Lee, the boy's father, is a nephew, not a son, of the great Confederate general. The children of the latter are General George Washington Parke Custis Lee, who recently resigned as president of Washington and Lee University, Robert E. Lee, Jr., and Miss Mildred Lee. Another son, W. H. F. Lee, once congressman from the Alexandria district, is dead. The first-named and oldest son has the military bearing that distinguished his father, but he is a bachelor, and there is said to be no promise in the sons of W. H. F. Lee of attaining their grandfather's fame.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Last New Fad.

The literary sensation of the year in Germany is Johanna Ambrosius, the peasant poetess. She began writing in 1884, and has produced more than five hundred poems—every one of which she knows by heart—and a little more than a year ago Professor Karl Schrattenthal, who has made a special study of German lyric poetesses, published a book of selections from them. The book has now reached its twenty-sixth edition, representing a vogue that neither Goethe nor Schiller nor Heine attained in so short a time, and the author has derived from it a sum of nearly five thousand dollars. Moreover, the German empress has signaled her appreciation of Johanna's work by giving her a considerable present of money.

Johanna was born in Eastern Prussia in 1854, and has lived there all her life. Her father was an itinerant cattle doctor, and she was compelled to leave school at the age of thirteen years. At twenty she was married to a peasant who followed her father's calling, and she has borne two children, a daughter now nineteen years old and a son three years younger. Her entire life has been passed in the incessant toil that is the lot of the poor Prussian peasant, and six years ago she was made an invalid by an attack of lung inflammation. Her only literature in her younger years was that afforded in *Die Gartenlaube*, a popular family magazine, and it has been only in recent years, after she had begun to write her poems, that she first read Goethe, Schiller, and the German poets.

A translation of the twenty-sixth edition of her poems has been made by Mary J. Safford, from which English readers may get some idea of her qualities. It should be remembered, however, that translation of poetry from one tongue to another is almost an impossibility. Leaving out of consideration the difference between the genius and spirit of two races as embodied in their languages, the difficulties of paralleling the thought, the rhyme, and the metre at the same time are almost insurmountable. A paraphrase often conveys a more precise conception of the original than a translation can; but Mrs. Safford has not only striven for an accurate rendering of the sense, but endeavored to retain the alternations of rhyme, the number of syllables in each line, and other formal characteristics. The result has, in many cases, been disastrous, and one should not judge the German poetess too strictly on this translation. On the other hand, Mrs. Safford has performed a service in giving us at least an inkling of the verses that have made such a stir throughout the Fatherland.

In an introduction the editor reviews the poetess's life and works, and discusses her nature and her position in the temple of fame. He also gives a selection of phrases from her letters, some of which are worth quoting:

"In my hands ornament would be irony."
"In my youth I often wept from longing and homesickness for knowledge."
"In Germany, death is the poet's best letter of introduction."

"Nothing is so insatiable as the human heart. If it has enough to eat and drink, it longs for costly gear; and if it obtains that also, it would fain have the blue sky for a table-cloth."

"God knows what is good; He had compassion upon my burden, and sent me the angel of comfort (the Muse)."
"Often an hour is enough to grow old."
"The heart dictates, the mind does the work, and the soul sings the rhyme."

As an appendix to the volume are printed two essays on the poetess, one by Herman Grimm and one by an American journalist. In the course of his review of her works, Grimm says:

"Her poems, which she writes only for her own solace, arouse my surprise, admiration, and hearty sympathy by the depth of their insight and the power of their utterance. . . . One of Johanna's last poems (January, 1895) is 'My Last Song.' Not one verse in this song which does not contain an insight. How beautifully the first three strophes introduce what the poetess calls 'the whole world'! How clear all the images are to our eye! How they alternate! What contrasts they form, and how touchingly the last strophe reverts to the poet! This poem explains the nameless lays of popular poetry."

"The Last Song" is her acknowledged masterpiece. It is what attracted the attention of the empress, and it procured for the poetess decorations and honors. This is it:

"THE LAST SONG."

"A song of my creating,
A wondrous song I'd sing,
Which like the fragrant breeze of May
O'er earth its flight would wing,
From North to South, from East to West,
A way break in a trice,
And give to all mankind sweet rest,
Joy, Peace, and Paradise."

"Unto the sick and dying
Sweet cordial it should bring,
The sound of its soft pinion's stroke
Still grief and suffering,
Mid clank of arms and conflict hot
Fan courage to a flame;
For woe men comprehended not
Comfort it should proclaim."

"But where'er sin is lurking
With cruel serpent e'e,
To hurricane swiftly rising,
'Twill sweep it in the sea.
On every chink in house of pain
A cooling balm distill,
The temple cleanse from ev'ry stain,
And every want fulfill."

"And if this song succeeded,
Nor fame nor gold to gain
I'd wish, but throw my lyre down
And sing no other strain.
Unto the pine woods stealing,

Lay me for death's repose,
To no one e'er revealing
Who did this song compose."

Herr Grimm further says:

"Petöfy, Mistral, Goethe, Shakespeare, and Homer sometimes seem to me the recurring embodiment of a single poet. This is the great primeval poet of mankind, who gives vent to his grief in words whose melody enchants him. Amidst the despair which almost breaks his heart, he is utterly unable to grieve. An unknown feeling of happiness in mere existence never leaves him. This is the secret of the poetry of Ada Negri and Johanna Ambrosius."

Ada Negri, by the way, is a woman who has startled Italy by her verse, written apart from her daily labors as a factory-girl.

There is no question of Ambrosius's strong, genuine feeling in her poetry; and doubtless her religious fervor sometimes glorifies it. Notice the love and longing in the two following poems:

"TO MY BOY."

"The sons of many other mothers
Have pink and white cheeks just as fair,
And wealth of gold and brown locks waving;
But none can with my boy compare!
Oft in the distance with his comrades
I see him coming, while afar,
Among the whole group shining radiant
As when from gray clouds gleams a star!"

"When merry songs in neighborly woodlands
Ring forth like sweet bells, pure and clear,
I hear but one 'mid all the voices,—
My son's alone doth reach my ear!
And when a ball in happy play-time
Flies upward to the very roof,
I know that my own boy's hand flung it,—
Of his young strength a joyous proof!"

"When fifteen more brief years have fled,
The vision ye will see with me,
As slender as a green young fir-trunk
He stands beneath the apple-tree!
E'en now his bright, clear eyes uplifted
The radiant sunshine strive to bear:
Yes, there are sons of other mothers,
But none can with my boy compare!"

"TO MY DAUGHTER."

"Fain would I see thee silken garments wearing,
Mid braided locks bright flashing jewels bearing,
A golden bracelet on thy arm secure:
Forgive me, dearest child, I am too poor."

"Now gladly would I, to thy banquet going,
Pour richest wine from silver goblet flowing,
At night with purple wrap thee warmly o'er:
Forgive me, dearest child, I am too poor."

"I nothing have except my love to give thee;
From it a little warm shawl I will weave thee;
Entwining with it blessings manifold,
And prayers that God thee safe from ill will hold."

"That He from all grief's storms thee ever guarding,
To deck thy breast love's roses fair awarding,
May feed and give thee drink from mercy's store:
This is my wish, dear child; I have naught more."

But the reader will find when he has concluded the volume that the burden of Johanna's song is a longing for death. There are surprising little glimpses of sunshine in the book, of homely joys and pleasures that appeal to a great many; but as a general thing Johanna Ambrosius's *motif* will be found in:

"WOULD I WERE DEAD!"

"Would I were dead! How sweet must sleep be, lying
Thus from all earthly sorrows far removed;
Like mariner from seltzer harbor eying
With quiet gaze the sea's tempestuous flood,
While to the safe baven Fate his ship hath led—
Would I were dead!"

"Would I were dead! What dreams of wondrous beauty
Must visit those in the cool house below;
When linden-trees, low rustling, roused to duty,
No more would I to life, so barren, go.
Nor grief nor care could reach my narrow bed—
Would I were dead!"

"Would I were dead! Both hate and love past feeling,
The pangs all past which mankind to me gave,
My glowing heart, now into dust congealing,
Moldering slowly in the peaceful grave,
The flow'rs all withered which once fragrance shed—
Would I were dead!"

"Would I were dead! The evening shades come gliding,
I've seen enough delusions here below,
The birds' sweet songs in silence are subsiding.
An icy wind doth on my temples blow.
Long since hath faded joy's last sunset red—
Would I were dead!"

Grimm says her verse has in it the invisible life of Germany. She writes of simple things, often in strangely polished verse, again with the crudeness of a boy struggling with his first valentine. Naturally, most of it is personal. She loves the flowers and can sing of love. Note these lines from different poems:

"So dearly I love thee, beyond belief,
Yet ne'er must thou know the secret.
Fain would I once, drawing near like a thief,
A kiss from thy hands in thy sleep get."

"A warm thatched roof, 'neath which peer windows small;
A lush green vine, thick clust'ring o'er the wall,
And level, flower-gemmed, low-lying meads;
A narrow path which to the cornfields leads;
The little plain encircled by pine woods,
Where it is bliss to rest in dreamy moods;
Blithe birds that cheer the heart with roundelay;
The peaceful grave-yard a few steps away;
A glimpse of the blue sky, like azure shrine,—
How small, how poor doth seem this world of mine!"

"A sky always cloudless
Would not he fair;
It would kill the flow'rets
Everywhere!
The ground would soon harden
In sunshine's glow,
And then the fair flowers
Could never grow."

In the same vein is this little poem:

"PASSED BY."

"I've bore so much already,
A little flow'ret moans;
So oft rough hands have pelted
My head with sand and stones!

"Oft, too, have footsteps heavy
Caused me such anguish keen,
It seemed for long, long hours
Destroyed my life had been!"

"But when, your way pursuing,
You calmly passed me by,
All pain that I have suffered
The pangs you dealt outvie!"

Her verse has been compared to the poetry of Goethe and Shakespeare, and there are many passages that justify such comparison. Why should she not in her simplicity have borrowed a form or style from stray verse in the *Gartenlaube* or from her books? She may even have seen some Scott, for in the minstrel's song to Roderick Dhu after the battle of Beal an Duine, and elsewhere in Scott, there is found the poetic arrangement of her "Good Luck." Read:

"GOOD LUCK."

"My daughter, be the rich man's wife,
Provided then thou'lt be for life,
And need not hunger more,
His house can with a castle vie,
His purse is full, his standing high,
His fields with sheaves run o'er."

"Two dresses he has also brought;
This hat—isn't it splendid?—hought,
How fine your clothes will be!
I'll joy in your good fortune, too,
While thinking of the poor girls who
Envy your finery."

"Only when, shut within her room,
She opens her closet door, doth come
Cry shrill as lyre's snapped string:
Two dresses and a showy hat,—
My mother thought me worth just that!
How small a price brides bring!"

Compare this with:

"Above the tide, each broadsword bright
Was brandishing like beam of light,
Each target was dark below;
And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing,
They hurled them on the foe."

The similarity in metre is striking—and the dissimilarity in every other respect is more so.

An enthusiast who believes that "her technic in rhyme and metre is well-nigh perfect" writes in an Eastern magazine that "A Summer Night" is "an absolutely perfect poem." We reproduce the translation of this *rara avis*:

"A SUMMER NIGHT."

"Her soft, cool arms extending,
Night comes anew;
Fields, woods, and meadows clasping
Her heart unto;

"With mantle light unwrapping
Each tree and hush,
While murmuring tones the world
To dreams doth hush."

"The earth hath now forgotten
Day's misery;
Mine eyes I lift in longing
Toward the sky."

"I see a wee bird soaring
In sunset's glow;
Ah, would my heart, so weary,
With it might go!"

As a matter of charity, perhaps, the book should be encouraged upon its way. Professor Schrattenthal says in his introduction:

"My task is twofold. First, I would fain, as has already been mentioned, win for the work of this poetess a little nook in the history of the poetry of our own times—poetesses of the people and of nature are rare; second, the purpose of this volume is to procure for the invalid, needy woman a net profit which will somewhat lighten the burdens of her peasant life, and it is to be hoped, from the success thus far obtained, secure a future competence."

But Johanna Ambrosius, as shown in this translation, can not be yet considered more than a novelty in literature.

Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

"Statesman and Demagog; or, The Dynamical Theory of Money," styled a "physico-political argument on the silver question," by Alphonse Allman, has been published by the author through the press of the Hicks-Judd Company, San Francisco.

"An English Paraphrase of Horace's Art of Poetry," by Abby Osborne Russell, with an introduction by Secondo Marchiso, M. A.; and "La Lampe de Psyche," by Léon de Tinsseau, have been published by William R. Jenkins, New York; prices, 60 and 35 cents, respectively.

The "Tribune Almanac and Political Register for 1897" has been issued by the New York Tribune. It is deemed the best edition ever turned out by that famous journal. Its voluminous, valuable, and reliable information is fully indexed and is summarized under the following topics: Statistical contents, elections, laws, political, special features, and miscellaneous. It is brought right up to the new year, and is an excellent reference book. Published by the Tribune, New York; price, 25 cents.

"Matins," by Francis Sherman, is a dainty little book of verse, with an artistic cover like a piece of old brocade. The poems, which are pervaded with a fine, spiritual feeling, are very musical, with an organ-like cadence befitting their themes. They are imbued with the religion of Nature, and one feels that to the author the world is a great cathedral, full of the harmonies of the universe. "The Rain" is unusually refined and subtle. "The Window of Dreams" reflects the mystical atmosphere of a pre-Raphaelite picture. Published by Copeland & Day, Boston; price, \$1.25.

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Our Juvenile Offenders.

By W. DOUGLAS MORRISON, author of "Jews under the Romans," etc. A new volume in the Criminology Series. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

Mr. Morrison shows the effect of sex and age on criminal tendencies, and describes the geographical distribution of the juvenile criminal population. He discusses the physical and mental characteristics of the juvenile offender; his parental condition, his social condition, his economic condition. Finally he deals with the institutions at present in existence for reclaiming the young criminal, and the methods which are the most likely to be successful in attaining this result.

The Career of Candida.

By GEORGE PASTON, author of "A Study in Prejudices," etc. No. 208, Town and Country Library. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

"One of the most robust and refreshing stories of the year. It tackles more than one thorny social problem with admirable courage, and challenges Mrs. Grundy to mortal encounter, but there is not the least verbal offense in it, not even to the most priggish and prudish of novel readers."—*London Daily Telegraph*.

McLeod of the Camerons.

By M. HAMILTON, author of "A Self-Denying Ordinance." No. 207, Town and Country Library. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

The author describes vividly, and in an extremely interesting way, the different phases of military and social life in the isle of Malta and in England. Her characters are firmly impressed in the mind of the reader, and the situations are carefully worked out.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Great Achievement.

The publication of the third volume of Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Sociology" completes one of the most remarkable literary and philosophical achievements of our time.

Thirty-six years have passed since this system of Synthetic Philosophy was commenced, and this volume represents the completion of that undertaking. Although the work has not been performed strictly as planned, the author feels that he has carried out the spirit of his prospectus.

It is an example of indomitable perseverance in a high undertaking. Although retarded in this purpose by long periods of invalidism, he finally, at the age of seventy-six, has the satisfaction of seeing his life-work realized and the system of Synthetic Philosophy stand complete. "Doubtless in earlier days," as he writes, "some exaltation would have resulted; but as age creeps on, feelings weaken, and now my chief pleasure is in my emancipation. Still, there is satisfaction in the consciousness that losses, discouragements, and shattered health have not prevented me from fulfilling the purpose of my life."

Whatever opinions may be held of his deductions, the Synthetic Philosophy will always remain a treasury of an immense number of systematized facts. More than five hundred books were read for the collection of material used in the "Principles of Sociology" alone.

The present volume reviews ecclesiastical, professional, and industrial institutions. The third part, on industrial institutions, presents a full philosophical resumé of the question of labor. The development of industry is traced through all its successive stages, from the savage who covets his neighbors' goods and obtains them by barter, through its complicated evolution to the present time.

Among the chapters of special import are those on compound capital, trades-unionism, cooperation, and socialism. The author believed compound capital to be a great modern force; trades-unionism not an un-mixed evil; cooperation an ideal to strive after; but for the principles of the socialist-communist he has no approval.

The complete set of Synthetic Philosophy is in ten volumes. Starting from "First Principles," it embodies the principles of biology, psychology, sociology, and ethics. What would have been the fourth volume of "Principles of Sociology" remains unwritten. "It was to have treated of progress—linguistic, intellectual, moral, æsthetic. But obviously for an invalid of seventy-six to deal adequately with topics so extensive and complex is impossible."

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

For Incomplete Bachelors.

To be a Napoleon of cotillions, a sporting bachelor, an ideal letter-writer, an envied clubman, and, finally, wedded according to Mrs. Grundy, is the aim of those for whom "The Complete Bachelor" was written. The author modestly shields his name from the gaze of a too-curious world. While conducting the agony department in *Vogue*, he says, he received many queries about masculine etiquette, and finally, feeling that the bachelor had been disregarded, he has issued this little manual to fill a long-felt want. *Vogue*, however, denies the soft impeachment, and does not desire "him" to "appropriate to himself credit to which he is not entitled and which he can not deserve." That journal does not quite approve of his superficiality and levity, and declines to stand sponsor to his effort without editorial supervision.

In the book one is instructed in the use of tooth-washes, tonics, and towels; one is cautioned against swearing, although permitted the expletive "damn" under great provocation—it whispered.

Seriously, aside from its triviality, there is abundant information in the book, and it may prove both useful and amusing to many desiring fuller information than they possess of manners and social customs.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

The Science of Reading Faces.

One of the best informed and most lucid writers on the science of physiognomy is Mary Olmsted Stanton, who has just issued a second revised edition of her "Encyclopedia of Face and Form-Reading." The subject is one of interest to all people who would know their fellow-men. We instinctively feel, when we first meet a person, that such a one is weak, that another is strong, that this one is fond of good living, or that one of intellectual studies. But with intercourse this first impression soon fades away. The first impression, however, is our instinctive reading of physiognomy. Its value is enormously enhanced when we read a face by the rules which physiognomists have laid down.

A great many books have been written on this subject, but none has equaled in popularity or in practical value those written by Mrs. Stanton. The present encyclopedia is divided into two parts: theoretical physiognomy and practical physiognomy. In the first the author explains at length the bases of principles of scientific physiognomy, the basic principles of form, the five organ-systems which create form and character, the sub-basic principles of physiognomy, the rationale of physical functions and mental faculties and their signs in the face, and, finally, the theories of the mode of action of certain traits. In the second part she first explains the three

natural and primitive divisions of the face created by the mouth, the nose, and the eyes; and then she discusses the location and descriptions of signs of character in the face, describing with great particularity the different forms of the chin, the jaw, the lips, the mouth, the cheeks, the nose, the eye, the eyelashes, the eyebrow, the forehead, the ear, the hair, the teeth, and all the other characteristic portions of the face. The concluding chapter is on the choice of vocations, in which she discusses at length the combinations of faculties which best fit one for the various trades and professions. The book is very copiously illustrated with ideal features, and also with the faces of famous men and women who particularly illustrate the traits which she describes.

The book is provided with a bibliography, a glossary of unusual terms used in the text, and an elaborate index.

Published by the T. A. Davis Company, Philadelphia; sold only by subscription; price, \$4.00 in cloth and \$5.00 in sheep.

A New Book on Architecture.

In "The Story of Architecture," Charles Thompson Matthews treats the subject in a broader manner than is usual with books of this kind. He does not disdain domestic architecture or confine himself entirely to the customary descriptions of architectural style. He introduces much interesting collateral information, and extends his observations to this continent, including Mexico, Central America, and Peru. A chapter on American architecture brings the book to date. Its principal characteristic is the philosophical and entertaining spirit in which it is written. Architecture is handled as an art, and the influences of climate, race, and religion upon architecture are not neglected.

Not only is the book useful for reference, but a bibliography has been appended to each chapter for the benefit of any one desiring a more exhaustive knowledge of a particular period. It is profusely illustrated.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$3.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Since his return from Africa a few months ago, Mark Twain has been living in very modest lodgings in London, going nowhere and seeing but one or two friends, working all day and every day at a history of his trip around the world. With the proceeds of this book he hopes to be able to pay off his creditors and leave something for his family. Mark Twain lost practically everything when Webster & Co. failed, and the lecture trip around the world did not turn out a financial success for him. Over sixty years of age, in poor health, and in a strange country, America's greatest humorist is, perhaps, working harder than ever before.

Cosmopolis has obtained admission into Russia, and is even to have a Russian supplement, so that it will appear in four languages instead of three, as at present.

"The Early Correspondence of Hans von Bülow," edited by his widow, is the title of a noteworthy volume which will be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co. These letters contain graphic descriptions of the trials of a young musician, and much interesting gossip about Liszt and Wagner, to whose encouragement Von Bülow owed so much in his youth and early manhood.

The cable announced the death of "The Duchess" in Ireland last Saturday. The facts of her literary career may be summarized thus:

Mrs. Margaret Hungerford, better known to novel-readers as "The Duchess," had been writing love-stories for over twenty years, and there are twenty-seven to her credit. Her first works, "Phyllis" and "Molly Bawn," were the freshest and best. She was married when very young, and she resorted to novel-writing to support her family, as she was left destitute by the death of her husband. She married again in 1883. "Phyllis" was completed before she was twenty, and was accepted by James Payn for Smith & Elder. Mrs. Hungerford earned a handsome competency with her pen. She never associated her *non de plume* with her identity where it could be avoided. Last November she suffered from a severe attack of pleurisy fever, which left her so weak that she never recovered her strength.

Mr. Whibley's "Book of Scoundrels" is to have a companion written by various hands. It will soon be published under the title of "The Lives of Twelve Bad Women," and will celebrate such amiable gentlewomen as Barbara Villiers, the Duchess of Cleveland, Alice Ferrers, and Mrs. Brownrigg. The editor is Arthur Vincent, and Andrew Lang is one of the contributors.

"The Career of Candida," by George Paston, deals with difficult social problems, which are treated with perfect reserve. It is published in D. Appleton & Co.'s Town and Country Library.

Dr. Nicoll calls the attention of those interested in the binding of books to the first volume of Mr. Henley's "Byron," which Mr. Heinemann has published. The lettering on the back is peculiar—"too small for my taste," he writes, "but I believe the letters were chosen by Mr. James MacNeill Whistler, who also contributed the monogram. The significance of the monogram is one H for Henley, another H for Heinemann, and the two H's together form a lyre, to represent Byron." The edition is apparently to have three publishers in New York: George E. Croscup & Co. have one hundred copies for sale, George Sproul expects to have the *édition de*

luxé, and the Macmillan Company will have the regular trade edition. Mr. Henley's notes are said to be as unconventional as some of Dr. Johnson's famous definitions in his dictionary.

John Murray was to publish all three volumes of the unpublished works of Gibbon, the historian, about the middle of this month. When Gibbon died, he left several different autobiographies, and his letters and papers generally, to the care of his friend, Lord Sheffield. A volume of autobiography, consisting of extracts from these remains, was prepared and published, but that was necessarily only a preliminary to the publication, which is now to take place, of the whole of the materials.

Sir Edwin Arnold has bought a yacht, and, accompanied by his son and daughter-in-law, purposes to start for a cruise in the Mediterranean.

"The True Life of Captain Sir Richard F. Burton," by his niece, Georgiana M. Stisted, is likely to prove one of the most striking and interesting books of the year. It will be published shortly by D. Appleton & Co. The object of the author of this memoir has been "first to tell the truth, secondly to supply a want often complained of—the story of the great traveler's life in a popular form."

S. R. Crockett's latest novel is called "Lads' Love," the title being also the local name for a sweet-scented Scotch wormwood, more correctly known as "Southernwood."

Theodore Stanton sends the following notes to the *Critic* from Paris:

"J. H. Rosny, the novelist, is engaged on a number of short tales, an Egyptian story whose action occurs during the reign of Thothmes the Great, and a novel whose theme is *la femme libre*. The aim of this last romance is to prove that women can scarcely ever be happy in French society as it is now constituted, 'because,' as M. Rosny puts it rather obscurely in a private note, 'she sacrifices herself, if she is attractive, to future hopes.' This 'eternal woman question' is quite to the fore just now in the French book-world. Besides M. Rosny's fictional study of the subject, two or three new volumes, examining it from various points of view, have come under my eye. M. Jules Bois's 'L'Eve Nouvelle' (Paris: Chailley) also condemns the French social system in its treatment of women, and comes out squarely in favor of their 'emancipation.' M. Léopold Lacour, one of the most effective of Parisian *conférenciers*, and an exceedingly brilliant conversationalist, published, a few days ago, a still stronger defense of the modern woman, 'Humanisme Intégral' (Paris: Juven)."

In "Our Juvenile Offenders" Douglas Morrison deals with the extent and character of juvenile crime. This new volume in the Criminology Series will be published soon by D. Appleton & Co.

Life has recently grown larger, and now contains several pages more reading matter than formerly.

W. Clark Russell, the English novelist, has been an invalid for nearly twenty years. His tales of the sea have all been written in his London house, it having been over fifteen years since he has seen the sea.

Among the new books announced for early publication by D. Appleton & Co. are:

"The Early Correspondence of Hans von Bülow," edited by his widow, selected and translated by Constance Bache, with portraits; "Our Juvenile Offenders," by Douglas Morrison, a new volume in the Criminology Series; "Memoirs of Marshal Oudinot, Duc de Reggio," compiled from the hitherto unpublished souvenirs of the Duchess de Reggio, with portraits; "The True Life of Captain Sir Richard F. Burton," by his niece, Georgiana M. Stisted, with the authority and approval of the Burton family, with portrait; "The Story of Extinct Civilizations in the East," by Robert Anderson, M. A., F. A. S.; "The Career of Candida," by George Paston; "Arrested," by Esme Stuart; "Tatterley, the Story of a Dead Man," by T. Gallon; "Marietta's Marriage," by W. E. Norris; and "Dear Faustina," by Rhoda Broughton.

Professor William M. Sloane has accepted an invitation to write an article on Napoleon for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

Among the new features of the *Academy*, in its rejuvenated form, is an original method of reviewing books for boys. The reviewer pretends to be a boy himself, and discourses after such fashion as this:

"Harold the Norseman" is simply a ripping story about Harold Haardrada, King of Norway, who was howled out at last by the other Harold at the Battle of Stamford Bridge with Tostig, who was a bit of a bouncer. The story is just as good as history, because the writer has taken it from the old poet Johnnies [Our esteemed correspondent means, we have reason to believe, that the author has drawn his material from the old Norse Sagas, and we endorse his encomium.—Ed.] This book tells you all about the Vikings, how they lived, and hunted, and fought; and you feel that it is all real, because the writer has taken it all from the chaps who saw it done. The story of how Harold scored off that rotten emperor at Constantinople is awfully exciting, but, indeed, the whole story is good from beginning to end."

Mrs. Sala is about to edit the much talked of "Commonplace Book" of her husband. When the work is published the original volumes are to be presented to the British Museum. George Augustus Sala was in the habit of entering any news he wished to preserve in this book.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

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The Argonaut

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Since "Camille," "Magda" is the finest play written for a woman. As a drama, it is one of the masterpieces of the day. It has a sincerity which the French play lacks. It has a deep and stirring humanity. The sentiment of "Camille" is as false as only French sentiment can be. The tremendous scope it gives to an artist of emotional power makes one overlook the essential inharmoniousness of the situation and treatment. In "Magda," the sentiment is as finely true as all sentiment is which comes from the honest and simple German heart.

In this great play Sudermann has presented his heroine with an insight and sympathy almost feminine. The woman has been drawn from the soul out. She is no man's superficially imagined heroine, a thing made up from hooks and the gracefully untruthful confidences of *femmes incompréhensibles*. The dramatic side of such a character would have carried away the ordinary playwright, and only another Denise or Marion de l'Orme had been the result. But Sudermann set drama aside and presented his heroine, not as "a great part for an emotional actress," but as a woman. Like Balzac, the delicate and intricate mechanism of feminine character possesses for him an absorbing interest. He, too, would find the Parisienne, in the modish smartness of the latest fashion, a more interesting object of contemplation than the statue of the great Venus that she was standing and looking at.

The curious study of a morbidly sensitive conscience which he made in "The Wish" could only have been done by one who had looked into the soul of the Sphinx. There he had read some of those cherished secrets that women guard as the heart of their mystery. The character of Magda is presented with such consummate knowledge of those strange contradictions which sway the lives of women that it appears with a curious, unpremeditated naturalness which seems the height of simplicity. She never rises to dramatic declamation; each action, each word, is the action and word of that woman in that position. Even the terrible question, "How can you be sure there were no others?" comes as the spontaneous last utterance of all the rebellion and despair that have been rising within her, not as a great point for a great actress.

To render such a character, the actress must have gone down into the depths of suffering and risen to the heights of joy. Genius is a law unto itself, and has the key to the human heart. Talent must learn by the lessons that life gives, and gain "the intelligences of the mind and the heart" by slow experiences that, like the mills of God, grind slowly and sometimes grind exceeding small. As Magda herself, by love and jealousy, hope and joy, despair and hunger, reached to that splendid fullness of life and comprehension which made her so deeply and richly a woman, so must she who strives to personate her have either the divining power of genius, as Duse has, or the perfected intelligence of sympathy, and feeling, and insight that Modjeska brings to the part.

A year's severe illness has naturally done much to impair the dramatic power of the Polish star. She has been so long before the footlights, has given so much pure pleasure to so many thousands of people, that we had grown to think of her as one who was always to be handsome, and young, and brilliant. A beautiful figure, a nobly-set head, a pair of deep brown eyes full of a light more gracious than sparkling, a mellow voice, with musical notes and sudden rises into animal tones of angry, sharp suffering—these we thought were always to belong to the artist whom we had stolen from Poland and have never been willing to give back. Time has been arrested in Modjeska's favor, as it sometimes is for women who, with talent and grace and charm, seem born for the bright parts of life. Age is reluctant to touch what is so attractive, and the beauty goes on being beautiful—the actress remaining young, and fresh, and brilliant, into that age where "the woman is as young as she looks." It was this unchallenged freshness that caused Enobarbus to pay his princely compliment to Cleopatra's youth. When the gods see their handiwork that it is good, they can not bear to destroy it, but let it live on, like Helen, in perennial bloom.

The change that suffering and illness is bound to make is observable in Mme. Modjeska. It was more noticeable in her voice than in anything else, her intonation during the first act being exceedingly low and almost faint. In the latter part of the play the voice strengthened, and, in the great scene with Von Keller, it regained all its pristine force for the noble and impassioned account of her early sufferings and her redemption through maternal love. Her costume in the later acts was also much more becoming. The severity of the black and gold was trying, and at the first glimpse of her, with the voluminous folds of a gray opera-cloak falling back over

a stiffly theatrical costume of black velvet with gold embroideries, she had more the appearance of a distinguished dowager of the court circle than of the imperious and magnificent prima donna, Magdalena del Orte. It was in the later scenes, in the shimmering folds of a white silk tea-gown shot through with pink and edged with rims of fur, that she looked the Magda who, at thirty, had passed through the dark places of life and had struggled back again to the air and the sunlight.

Some three or four years ago, we saw her in this same part, in which she afterward added to her fame in the East. She has never had the *abandon*, the power to rise absolutely above and beyond herself necessary to the making of a great Magda. In the first scenes the prima donna has a certain largeness—the breadth and scope of a woman whose home has been the stage, her domestic circle the world—that the Polish actress, in her delicately tinged and dainty self-respect, was not successful in portraying. It is in the concentrated, purer feeling of the later acts that she is at her best. Here Magda ceases to be the great singer, whose actions are right because they are hers and who rules her public like a capricious queen, and becomes the woman—stirred by the same feelings, victim to the same conditions, as she whose life has not expanded outside the kitchen and the nursery.

She had conquered her weakness of voice and warmed to the part in the scenes with Von Keller and her father. The bold and reckless Bohemianism that marked her at first, dies out before the still intensity of these two terrible interviews. The wild laugh of fury with which she greeted Von Keller's proposition to hide and deny the child, rang out with all the energy of rage and scorn. The difficulties of the scene were increased by the fact that Mr. Osbourne seemed so out of sympathy with the part of Von Keller. It must have taxed the abilities of even an actress of Mme. Modjeska's experience to play feelingly to such an extremely unconvincing *vis-à-vis*. For some curious reason, known only to himself, Mr. Osbourne chose to invest the character of the privy counselor with a sort of humorous gawkiness. He continually decorated his dialogue with that sort of long-drawn, protesting "Aw!" which is supposed to be peculiar to English lords on the stage. It made one think of Phineas Fogg, in "Around the World in Eighty Days." The sigh—a positive cyclone in the way of sighs—with which he greeted the closing of the pistol-case, was on the verge of burlesque.

In reality, Von Keller is meant to be a man of some elegance, ambitious, selfish, cold, a coward unquestionably, but a coward who knows how to behave himself in drawing-rooms, even when greeted by such disturbing revelations as those made to him in Major Schubert's. The character is absolutely void of anything suggesting humor. It is contemptible in the extreme, but has that surface polish which keeps so many men from becoming ridiculous, and even lent to his cowardly qualms a certain protesting dignity. Von Keller had implicit belief in the justice of his own attitude, and it gave him the distinction that truth to one's self always lends. He thought himself magnanimous and manly. He was incapable of understanding the fierce independence of the girl he had wronged and deserted. The reparation he offered and the conditions he imposed seemed to him perfectly fair and reasonable. That the woman should prefer her own splendid life of artistic triumph to the smothering restraints of society's petty régime that he offered her, was incomprehensible to him.

Von Keller is really the most interesting male character in the play. The clergyman, like the best people in plays and out, is always getting pushed into the background. The major, whom the author evidently intended to be a great figure, is in reality a bore. This may seem a heresy, but it is the truth, nevertheless. When Magda is on the stage, Major Schubert is interesting, because he draws her out, but taken by himself he is a dull man—dull enough to be perfectly natural. Men of his kind are always abnormally dull, and Sudermann drew him with life-like accuracy. Mr. Haworth did the best he could with him. He has one bad habit of accentuating the old man's tendency to be plaintive, by talking in a whining tone. A bore is bad enough, but a whining bore is one of those things that one would like to kill. These men who have cast-iron ideas on the domestic sphere for women ought to try and make the domestic sphere a little more interesting, not regard it as a sacred place, where they can be bores and whine and no one dares to shut them up.

On the Ingleside Track this (Saturday) afternoon, under the management of the Pacific Coast Jockey Club, some exciting races are promised by the speedy animals entered for the Tarpey Stakes. The Hobart Stakes are posted for next Saturday. All events will be called, regardless of the weather.

Cook's cycling-tours are already announced. They extend through the warm countries in the winter time, and in the summer cooler climes are sought. They are of about three weeks' duration, and are "personally conducted."

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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Dramatic Episode.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are
At, behind the hat so high
That occludes you from the eye?
—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Couldn't Bluff.
"Mamma is calling, George," she said;
Her words they roused him not,
For, still absorbed in reverie,
He answered, "Take the pot."—*Truth.*

Bitter Is Her Cup.
Her face was her fortune, you know,
And bitter is her cup,
For her face is all gone and now
She has to have it chalked up.
—*Washington Star.*

A Scottish Version.
Mither, may I gae out to sweep?
Aye, me dairlin' dochter.
Hang your kilt on a thistle, dear,
And don't gae nigh the wachther.
For ye be pure-bred Scotch, me lass,
And perhaps the mon that's fated
To make ye his bride would far prefer
His Scotch unadorned.
—*Barrie Mac Ian in Life.*

The Future.
We had a New Year good and mild,
December sweet and kind;
The weather man has gently smiled,
But we should bear in mind
That further down along the bill,
When spring's soft months unfold,
The weather more than likely will
Be
Dog
Gone
Cold.—*Chicago Record.*



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Wednesday and Friday Nights, and Saturday Matinée,
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STAGE GOSSIP.

Modjeska's Second Week.

The last performance of "Magda" will be given at the Baldwin Theatre by Mme. Modjeska this (Saturday) afternoon, and "Mary Stuart" will be given for the first time this evening. For next week an interesting list of plays has been prepared. On Monday and Tuesday nights, Mme. Modjeska will appear as Lady Macbeth. She presented the rôle for the first time when she was last in this city, and made a marked success of it. On Wednesday night, "Mary Stuart" will be repeated, and again on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon. On Thursday night, Mme. Modjeska will appear for the only time in "Adrienne Lecouvreur," and the final performance on Saturday night will be devoted to "Macbeth."

Following Mme. Modjeska, Louis James, who is the only notable tragedian who will visit us this season, will begin a two weeks' engagement. The first week will be devoted to "Spartacus," and the second to Mr. James' new play, "My Lord and Some Ladies," a comedy adapted from the French of Scribe.

A New Farce-Comedy.

"The Devil's Auction" will end its engagement at the Columbia Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) evening. There have been a number of changes in the show during this second week, the most notable of which is the trapeze balancing act of Tonner and Fobel. They balance on the ends of an oaken spar some sixteen feet long, and perform various gymnastic feats upon it, winding up by whirling about the trapeze as a pivot. It is one of the most astonishing feats of its kind.

Next week there will be a new farce-comedy at the Columbia. It is entitled "The Prodigal Father," and is said to be full of amusing situations. Among the company a notable member is Titenia, a dancer who made something of a sensation at Koster & Bial's in New York. "The Prodigal Father" will remain here for only one week.

A New Tivoli Extravaganza.

The Tivoli will give, this (Saturday) evening, the first performance of its new extravaganza, "Aladdin, or The Wonderful Lamp." Aladdin probably figures in the cast, but it is safe to say that there will be many innovations in the old "Arabian Nights" story. In fact, it will be simply a hodge-podge of mirth, music, and ballets. The Oriental title gives opportunity for some gorgeous effects in the way of scenery and costumes, and of these the management will make the most. Among the specialties in the entertainment will be a new electric "Danse des Fleurs," a palace floating in mid-air, and an entire ballet of Cleopatras. Hartman, West, Rhys Thomas, Raffael, Elvia Crox-Seabrooke, Anna Schnabel, and the other members of the company will give the piece a strong cast.

Notes.

Irene Perry intends soon to become a star in comic opera.

James A. Herne will appear at the Baldwin next month in "Shore Acres."

Henry Miller will go on to Australia for a summer tour after his engagement in this city.

Mlle. Rhea has secured a new play in which she will assume the character of Nell Gwynne.

John Drew is in Boston, where he has been repeating his New York success in "Rosemary."

Yvette Guilbert has been appearing in Chicago, and has not met with even the success that greeted her there a year ago.

The Lilliputians will soon be here with their new spectacle "The Merry Tramps," which has been very well received in the East.

Wilton Lackaye, while acting in Atlanta recently, dropped a knife on his foot, and was so badly cut that he had to omit several performances.

Russ Whytall and Miss Mary Knowles Whytall will make their first appearances at the Columbia Theatre in March in "For Fair Virginia."

Primrose & West's minstrels will soon be seen at one of the local theatres. It is announced that their entertainment will comprise a number of striking novelties.

"A Run on the Bank" will be presented by the Ward & Vokes Company when they come to this city. The leading comedian will be Joe Kelly, who was here with Bobby Gaylor two seasons ago.

Bret Harte's play, "Sue," is still running in New York, but it will not last long. Joseph Haworth left the cast to come here and join Mme. Modjeska's company, and now Annie Russell is to shift to another play.

The fiftieth anniversary of the French Archaeological School at Athens is to be celebrated by a performance in the Greek capital by Mounet-Sully and the company of the Théâtre Français. The play will be "Œdipe Roi."

It was in "Adrienne Lecouvreur" that Mme. Modjeska made her first appearance on the English stage. It took place at the old California Theatre in this city in August, 1877, and she was supported by Kate Denin, Carrie Wyatt, Belle Chapman, Tom

Keene, W. J. Mestayer, Harry Edwards, J. N. Long, and E. N. Thayer.

Sol Smith Russell has never been a popular actor in New York, but he is to storm the fort again under Charles Frohman's management, in a new play called "A Bachelor's Romance," which is built on the same theme as "The Professor's Love Story."

Maggie Mitchell has just erected an apartment-house in New York that cost her a quarter of a million dollars. It is called the St. Andoche, in honor of the strongest act in the play that made her not only famous, but wealthy—"Fanchon, the Cricket."

Edward Sothern is to act a stage version of "Henry Esmond." This dramatization was made by Glen Macdonough. In England, dramatic versions of the same novel had been made by W. G. Wills and Edgar Pemberton, but neither amounted to much.

Beebohm Tree is not satisfied with the New York failure of "The Seats of the Mighty," and has decided to try it again while on his American tour. Gilbert Parker, the author, is with the company, making alterations in the piece and attending rehearsals.

Otis Skinner, who seems to have secured for himself a distinct place in the firmament of stars, will soon be seen at one of the local theatres. He brings a notably large company with him, and his repertoire includes two new plays, "A Soldier of Fortune" and "His Grace de Granmont."

Bessie Clayton, who is appearing at one of the local places of amusement, is going to Europe as soon as she concludes her present American contract. She has been engaged by the manager of the Folies Bergère, in Paris, for six weeks at a salary said to be three hundred dollars a week.

A lively interest is being expressed among theatre-goers in the forthcoming engagement of Georgia Cayvan at the Columbia Theatre. In her last visits here she enjoyed almost the prominence of a star, and there is curiosity to see how she will do in the new plays which have been selected especially to fit her abilities.

The version of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" in which Minnie Maddern Fiske is to assume the rôle of the heroine in New York next month, was made for her by Lorrimer Stoddard. The author had made a version and submitted it to Mrs. Fiske, but he has agreed with her that the Stoddard version is the better.

Blanche Walsh is playing a dual rôle, that of the heroine and also of a young boy, in "Straight from the Heart," a new melodrama which is being done at the Academy of Music in New York. The lad who was to have taken the minor rôle was taken ill too shortly before the production for a substitute to be found, and Miss Walsh, who knew his lines by heart, stepped into the breach and took his place. For the boy's part she wears male attire, of course, and has had to have her crowning glory, her hair, cropped close to her head.

May Irwin has made arrangements by which she will become the manager of a theatre in New York city. She says she is tired of making money for her managers, though her salary has been a very comfortable one for some years, and now she intends to reap the managerial profits herself. She will maintain a stock company suitable for light comedy, and expects to produce one or more pieces of the McNally order every season. She will act in her own theatre most of the time, doing very little traveling, and, in earnest of this intention, she has just bought a house in West Fifty-Eighth Street, where, with her mother, she will make her permanent home.

Georgia Cayvan has added to her repertoire a new light comedy by Elizabeth Bisland. It is called "Goblin Castle," and the plot resembles that of Thellie Smith's one-act piece, "My Uncle's Will." To fill out the evening, Miss Cayvan presents with this Thomas Haynes Bayly's familiar one-act comedy, "Tom Noddy's Secret," to which she has given the new name "The Little Individual." Her repertoire includes, besides these, two plays, "Squire Kate" and "Mary Pennington." The latter has been improved by some changes in the second act. "Vanity Fair," the other new play with which Miss Cayvan started out, has been found so unpopular that she has dropped it.

Mrs. John Drew has retired from the cast of the English melodrama, "The Sporting Duchess." She was so frightened by the horses that appear in it that she was unable to do herself justice during the week she played the rôle in which Agnes Booth had been her predecessor. Rose Coghlan has succeeded her, and is making a success of it. For this opportunity she has to thank John Drew, who was bitterly opposed to his mother's playing again. He has recently offered her a handsome home, and it is probable that she will definitely retire from the stage. John Drew, by the way, against whom it is often said that he has a society bee in his bonnet, has supported and educated the three children of his favorite sister, Georgie Drew Barrymore, in addition to helping his brother out of innumerable holes.

The English investment in American breweries is placed at ninety-one millions of dollars, on which dividends of nine per cent. were paid last year.

CONFEDERATE THEATRES.

Tribulations of the Drama during the War.

The Confederate authorities knew the value of well-regulated amusements at a time when the people were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, and all reputable actors found no difficulty in securing exemptions after the passage of the conscript law. Among the stars on the Confederate stage in those days were W. H. Crisp, the father of the late Speaker Crisp; E. R. Dalton, Theodore Hamilton, and Sam Hubbard. Among the ladies were Mrs. Crisp, Miss Jessie Crisp, Miss Eloise Bridges, and the Waldron sisters. These favorites of the public appeared before the footlights in various cities, but, as a rule, they alternated between Richmond and Atlanta.

What were the plays on the Southern war-time stage? Perhaps the most popular were "Camille," "The Marble Heart," "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," "Rolla," "La Tour de Nesle," "London Assurance," "The Serious Family," "Naval Engagements," "Box and Cox," "Corsican Brothers," "Lucretia Borgia," "Black-Eyed Susan," and others familiar to the theatre-goers before the war. Comedy seemed to have the preference. The people had so many serious things to worry over that they did not care for tragedy. So Shakespeare became a back number, and there was no demand for his masterpieces. Yet some of the Confederate theatres would have been equal to the task of rendering Shakespeare. Mr. Crisp was an actor of renown, and Dalton and Hamilton were fair tragedians. Mrs. Crisp and her daughter possessed rare talent, and a half-dozen others might be mentioned who would be players of note on the stage of to-day.

The last year of the war found the theatres in a bad fix. The property-men and managers were in despair. To dress these stage ladies and gentlemen in a fashion suited to their different rôles was an impossibility. So Camille went through her struggle with consumption and other things in front of delighted audiences attired in a costume which would have been more becoming to her grandmother, and Rolla looked not only like the "last of the Peruvians," but like a bewildered gentleman who had come to his last shirt and was wondering where he could get another. Still, the theatres drew better than ever. People had money to throw away, and they tried to get rid of it.

Sometimes it was very inconvenient to attend these places of amusement. Soldiers with muskets and bayonets were stationed there to preserve order, and when the audiences filed out officers were on hand to force every man to show his papers. Frequently, a young man with his best girl would find that he had forgotten his documents, and a squad of soldiers would then escort the two to the lady's house, and then carry the gentleman before the provost marshal for an explanation.

Generally, whenever a play was presented, the prettiest actress in the company would come out between the acts and recite "My Maryland," or some other war poem, and wave a Confederate banner. This feature of the programme always drove the soldiers wild with enthusiasm. A few original plays were placed on the stage in those stirring days. Maria Jourdan Westmoreland, of Atlanta, wrote "The Soldier's Return," and John Davis, an actor, produced "The Roll of the Drum." These dramas had more or less merit, but were not destined to live.

In Atlanta the theatre became a troublesome problem shortly before the siege. The city was filled with soldiers and refugees, and with them the play was emphatically the thing. It was their only amusement, and the roughs crowded the theatre in such numbers that the better classes remained at home. About this time the city gas-works had to shut down because Sherman had cut off the supply of coal. The theatre, therefore, used tallow candles, kerosene being unknown in that region. This was a picnic for the soldiers. Every private in the gallery fastened his eyes upon the candle immediately under him, and confiscated it when the guards were not looking. More candles had to be lighted, but sometimes the house would be in darkness, except for the footlights. Scandalous things were done during these periods of artificial twilight. Good people protested, but the city was becoming a camp, and there seemed no remedy.

Just when affairs were coming to their worst, however, Mayor James M. Calhoun did what no mayor ever did before in the history of the world. He issued an order closing the theatre, and pledged himself to use all the force at his command to keep it closed. There was a tremendous uproar. But the mayor was firm. He admitted that he was outside the law, but he claimed that it was a case of necessity—that the theatre must be closed or the city would become a whirlpool of vice and crime.

The best people upheld the mayor, and the Confederate vice-president, Alexander H. Stephens, in a written opinion, justified his action. The theatre had to suspend indefinitely, and the players packed their things and departed for other cities. A few weeks later the citizens were dodging shells, for the siege was on in earnest. The old theatre did not re-open until some of Sherman's soldiers gave an entertainment in it, and when the Federals started on their march to the sea, the building was destroyed in the fire.—Chicago Times-Herald.

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VANITY FAIR.

The children's party given in New York recently by Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Beckwith is the third of a series of quaint costume affairs which are the ruling fad among the swell set there this winter. Mr. Hermann Oelrichs's vaudeville dinner was the first. The second was the famous vaudeville supper given by Mr. James Lawrence Brees in his studio, upon which occasion Mrs. George B. de Forest's gown caught fire, and she had to be deluged with champagne to save her life. The Beckwith affair was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Cowdin, as a graceful recognition of Mrs. Cowdin's services to society as the discoverer of the possibilities of vaudeville in private life. Mrs. Cowdin's original vaudeville supper was given two seasons ago at her house. She called it "A Supper at the Black Cat"—referring to the celebrated restaurant of that name in Paris, a portion of which was faithfully reproduced in Mrs. Cowdin's dining-room. One of the special hits of the evening was the appearance of Mrs. Carroll Beckwith as a school-girl in a stiffly starched linen frock, embarrassedly fingering her coral necklace as she sang a repertoire of "good little girl" songs. At this affair, and at others which followed it—notably the Calvin S. Brice vaudeville dinner, at which Maggie Cline appeared—professional people contributed a portion of the programme.

The Beckwiths' children's party differed from its predecessors in that no professional vaudevillians appeared, the entertainment being furnished entirely by the guests. The idea of using children's costumes only was conceived by Mrs. Beckwith while a guest at the recent Brees affair. Upon that occasion Mrs. Pierre Lorillard Ronalds and Mrs. Leslie Cotton were dressed in *chic* little school-girl costumes, while Mr. Henry McVicker's Eton boy's costume assisted in giving a juvenile aspect to the occasion. The Beckwiths' children's party was given in their handsome apartment in the Sherwood. Mr. Beckwith's studios being in the adjoining apartment, they also were thrown open to the guests. Mr. Beckwith's studios bear the honor of having been the scene of Carmenita's first private reception in New York. Mrs. Carroll Beckwith received the guests attired as a little girl of very long ago. Her skirts were not so noticeably short as her pantalettes were noticeably long. They were the wide, long pantalettes of our great-grandmothers' time, reaching to the ankles. Mr. Beckwith looked exceedingly comical in a boy's costume of the same period. Mr. Henry Poor represented a little French boy, with blue blouse, low stockings, and a big, round collar. Mrs. Poor was the Spanish Infanta, from a picture by Velasquez. Mr. Stamford White, who is fully six feet tall and has a big, bristling mustache, was made up as an infant in arms. Mr. Laurence Hutton's bare knees showed below the kilt of a Highland laddie. Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs appeared as the Babes in the Woods, and Miss Virginia Fair as the good little, had little girl, with a little curl right in the middle of her forehead. Mrs. Beckwith introduced children's games early in the evening. It was rich and rare fun to see these grown-up babies playing "puss in the corner," "hunt the slipper," "the cushion dance," and "blind-man's bluff." Then came the vaudeville part of the programme. Clyde Fitch, dressed as a school-boy, recited in school-boy fashion. James Barnes's "turn" was bogus sleight of hand, and very funny. William A. Coffin, in the costume of a bad boy, sang French songs very badly, to be in character with himself. The entertainment ended with a supper, to which the grown-up children trooped arm in arm and ate as children do.

The sentence of Lady Scott for circulating libels concerning her son-in-law, Earl Russell, calls attention to the fact that there are at present in Europe quite a number of other people of title and rank undergoing more or less lengthy terms of imprisonment. Lady Gunning, widow of Sir Henry Gunning and granddaughter of the second Lord Churchill, is serving a term of several years' penal servitude for having forged the name of her father to a number of notes. She might have escaped with a punishment less severe had the fact not been brought to light during the trial that her frauds had extended over a number of years, and that the financial necessities which had prompted her to resort to this means of obtaining money had been caused by her recklessness in betting on the races. Mrs. Osborne, wife of Captain Osborne of the Scots Greys, who belonged by birth to the aristocratic Elliott family, was sentenced to hard labor for purloining a pearl necklace from her dearest friend. Equal severity was extended to Gwynneth Maude, granddaughter of the Earl of Montalt, for obtaining goods under false pretenses. The Dowager Duchess of Sutherland, more fortunate, was exempted from hard labor and convicted garb during the six months' imprisonment she recently underwent in Holloway Prison, where Lady Scott is now undergoing her punishment. The daughter of Lord Robert Montague was convicted a year or two ago of the most shocking cruelty to her children, one of whom succumbed thereby. The popular feeling was that she deserved hanging. But owing to the tremendous influence exercised in her behalf by all the relatives of the great house of Manchester, to which she belongs, she was let off with a term of two years' imprisonment without hard labor.

In times gone by, an English duchess, namely, Her Grace of Kingston, underwent imprisonment for bigamy and forgery. At the present moment there are actually relatives of the queen who are "doing time." They bear the name of Count and Countess Leiningen, and belong to the princely and sovereign house of that name. The first husband of Queen Victoria's mother was a Prince of Leiningen. While the count is wearing stripes in an English penitentiary, the countess is in jail at Vienna for a long series of crimes, including forgery, black-mail, and swindling. The Marchioness of Donegal, a peeress of Great Britain, has time and again been sent to jail, generally for brief periods, following her arrest in the streets of London for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Baroness von Gleissenberg and her pretty daughter, the Countess Waldeck, the two Sicilian Dukes of Villarsosa, and Prince Caracciolo have been imprisoned for larceny and fraud, perjury and forgery, assassination, and wife-murder.

The double-breasted, white duck waistcoat has become universal in New York, according to "Him" of *Vogue*. Men wear the high-necked ones with afternoon-dress and the low, U-shaped ones with evening. Tie-pins are becoming more elaborate, the same authority declares, and he tells of ushers at recent weddings who received the most gorgeous affairs in diamonds and rubies. For those who are about to marry the smart dress this season consists of black frock-coat, white, double-breasted waistcoat, very light-gray trousers, and white four-in-hand tie. The ascots, with their wide aprons and their narrow "V," are reserved for afternoon-dress proper—that is, for teas, and calling, and the like. The thick white gloves are somewhat worn in the afternoon, but they have reached the middle and lower classes, and the fad will soon die out. Brown and tan kids and the *suede* or undress glove remain the favorites.

Skating is, at the moment, in high favor in New York. The fashionable St. Nicholas rink is daily filled with gliding belles and beaux, and evening skating-parties are the despair of the theatre managers. These parties are followed by a chafing-dish supper, usually, though the most approved form of ice-party refreshment is found in the oyster roast. This is simply managed and needs only a sufficient supply of shell oysters, a dish of deviled toast or mock sandwiches of thin brown bread, a pile of Japanese napkins, and two sets of tin trays. When the company reaches the home of the hostess after a two hours' skate, it is to find the bare table in the dining-room set out with wax lights, low baskets of green ferns, smilax, or other green, and the covers laid with trays in lieu of plates. The second tray is in front of each cover to receive the shells, or if preferred, a shallow basket may serve for that purpose. The oysters are hurried in from the kitchen smoking hot, and are eaten with a relish that makes a goodly receptacle for the shells quite necessary.

There was a flutter in diplomatic and social circles in Washington because the committee which managed the bachelors' cotillion boycotted the French ambassador. The bachelors' cotillion is "the" social event of Washington. All the members of the French embassy were invited except M. and Mme. Patenotre. The cause of their omission from the list of guests was the old quarrel between M. Patenotre and Mrs. Rockhill, the wife of the First Assistant Secretary of State, dating from the time when both were in diplomatic circles in China. The social leaders of Washington have decided that M. Patenotre's persistent refusal to recognize Mrs. Rockhill is rudeness.

It might naturally be expected that marriage would lead, if not to a union of hearts, at least to unity of interests and identity of domicile. To glide slowly into a state of affairs in which there is no union of interest, no *éclaircissement* or violent action on either side, nothing in fact but a desire to maintain sufficient pretense to enable each to refrain from attacking the other and the world from renouncing both, would have seemed to our forefathers impossible for a man of honor, intolerable for a woman of spirit. But this has all changed nowadays in London, according to the *World*. Formerly, a violent quarrel, a terrible scandal, a forcible breaking down of the barriers of matrimony were the methods adopted when marriage proved to be a failure. Now there is no violence, and plenty of pretense. The woman who is ready to go about without her husband is decidedly more welcome in smart circles than the one who insists on invariably bringing with her so many pounds of respectable and highly gilded but dull and wearisome manhood. It is easier to fit this woman into parties, especially those small ones wherein it is as well that all should be ready to contribute to the gaiety. It is far more feasible to arrange amusements for the delectation of this woman when the host has only to think of her and need not trouble to provide a partner for a husband. At house-parties, moreover, the semi-detached wife is more readily accommodated than a pair, and is far more likely to be "useful" in the way of entertaining the men than if she were bampered by the threatening eye of a husband. Even if she is of the kind that gives law to her hostess, and tacitly insists that a certain person shall be provided as fellow-guest to meet her, that is often more convenient than inviting a husband. The latter would be merely *de trop*, and would have to be provided for. The semi-detached wife attracts men as honey does flies. There is something of independence and originality of disposition in her method of practically ignoring her lawful lord which seems to promise amusement. The idle and the vicious are sure to flock around her. She is fair game, in their opinion, and, as they are aware that she can well defend herself, the sport of the chase is all the more exciting.

Card etiquette is more pronounced on the Continent than in America, for society as a whole is more conventional, and social customs are much more matters of form. Emotions are expressed by cards, and, as an example, Katherine de Forest tells of a bride whose husband had lived in Paris ten or fifteen years before she married him. The proper thing for her to do on her arrival was to leave cards on all her husband's old friends—that is to say, at the places where he was in the habit of visiting, or upon women who had said to him that they hoped his wife would call on them. Nearly all these cards were returned within a week in person—that is to say, the right-hand corner of the card was turned down. And when the woman leaving it had a reception day, not engraved, it was written in the lower left-hand corner. It so happened, however, that two of the husband's visiting acquaintances were not pleased with his marriage and did not care to know his wife. They simply left cards with no corner turned, and the wife did not call again. A year later a little misunderstanding that had crept up between the two families was explained away, the two ladies left cards with corners turned down and their day written upon them, and the course of social intercourse ran smoothly ever after.

The rather lately established custom of sending out cards announcing an engagement does not necessarily imply that an invitation to the wedding will follow. When the guest-list for the wedding is being made up (says the *Bazar*), house limitation is the inexorable pruner of its dimensions. A fashionable and exclusive caterer will not serve when he is asked to crowd five hundred into a house that will not comfortably hold more than three hundred and fifty. He goes over the rooms carefully, with a skill born of long experience, and estimates to within a dozen persons the number that can be accommodated, according as it is a "sit-down breakfast" or a "stand-up reception." From his decision there is no appeal. Left-out acquaintances should appreciate this fact and realize that rigid laws of space and matter alone have excluded them.

In many things New York society is showing a reaction from the exaggerated display of a few years ago. At afternoon receptions now (writes Mrs. Welch), décolleté dress worn by the receiving party is rarely seen, the sensible European fashion of reserving evening-dress for evening hours having at last been appreciated and adopted. Luncheons, too, even festal luncheons, are less elaborate than formerly. In many New York homes, the dining-room is open for the hour between one and two, and the family goes in at will, with a friend who may have dropped in, to nibble a sandwich or bit of cold joint or similar something that may stand without harm, tea or chocolate being served hot as needed. This is a most informal meal, often partaken of standing and bonneted. Invitation luncheons, too, are not in the best hours, occasions for elaborate display—which is a decided contrast to quite recent custom. It is not three years ago that an English peeress shocked a company assembled in her honor at one of the aristocratic homes on Washington Square, by driving up at one o'clock in a shopping-gown, with an English walking-hat. It was as great a shock to her to find herself ushered into a drawing-room, darkened from the daylight and softly radiant with wax-lights, heavy with the perfume of exotics, and filled with women in silks and laces, the flashing of jewels alternating with the flutter of costly fans held in gloved hands. High corsages marked the only difference from hall-room gowns. The luncheon counted ten courses, and was two hours in being served. The guest was frankly amazed, and said so in explanation of her own shortcoming in the way of toilet. These evening functions at midday are now not considered good form.

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STORYETTES.

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Tennyson used to tell the story of a farmer who, after hearing a red-hot sermon of never-ending fire and brimstone, consoled his wife quite sincerely with the naïve remark: "Never mind, Sally; that must be wrong; no constitooshun could stand it."

Voltaire and Piron were enemies. To their embarrassment they met one day at the country house of a friend. Piron got up early, went to Voltaire's door, and wrote upon it the word "Rogue." At breakfast, Voltaire smilingly said to him: "I thank you for showing your interest in my welfare by leaving your card at my door this morning."

Chinese cheap labor may yet ruin New Zealand. In Otago, where there are a good many Scotchmen, a contract for road-mending was awarded to the lowest bid, which was signed MacPherson. When the bidder appeared to sign the contract, he was yellow and had a pigtail. "But," said the official who met him, "your name can't be MacPherson." "All right," answered the Chinaman, "nobody catches contact in Otago unless he named Mac," and the contract was signed.

A wealthy Irish lady, whose summer home is situated near a garrison town in Ireland, once sent an invitation to Captain Armstrong to take tea with her, saying that "the pleasure of Captain Armstrong's company is respectfully requested," etc. To her astonishment, she received by an orderly the following note: "Enlisted men Jones and Smith have been detailed to do guard duty, but the remainder of Captain Armstrong's company accept with pleasure Mrs. Naylor's polite invitation."

A young contralto at a Handel concert which Sir Joseph Barnby was conducting, at the end of a solo, put in a high note instead of the less effective note usually sung. This innovation shocked the conductor, and he immediately asked whether Miss Singer thought she was right in trying to improve upon Handel. "Well, Sir Joseph," said she, "I've got an E, and I don't see why I shouldn't show it off." "Miss Singer," rejoined Barnby, "I believe you have two knees, but I hope you won't show them off here."

Dr. Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1848, one day drove up to the door of the House of Lords in a coach-and-four, with liveried coachman and two footmen. A Quaker, who knew him, addressed him: "Friend Howley, what would the Apostle Paul have said if he had seen these four horses, and the purple liveries, and all the rest?" The archbishop, who was seldom flustered, replied with a benignant smile, "Doubtless the apostle would have remarked that things were very much changed for the better since his time."

An ancient resident of Willowby, whose conduct in one of the battles of the Civil War had brought him under suspicion of cowardice, used to declare, "I didn't run away and stay till 'twas all over, no such a thing; I retreated in good order, that was all." One day a military man beard the oft-repeated explanation. "Well, my friend," he said, looking steadily at the hero of the retreat, "you say you retreated in good order, but I should like to ask one thing: About how fast did you go?" "Well," said the other man, surprised into telling the unadorned truth, "if I'd been at home and going after the doctor, I reckon folks would have thought somebody was pretty sick!"

Professor Blackie was once staying at Tynemouth. Before retiring to rest he informed his host that he had two requests to make: first, that they would allow his bedroom door to stand wide open; and, second, that they were not to be alarmed should they hear him singing in the middle of the night, for when he could not fall asleep he wooed Somnus with a song. Accordingly, at two o'clock in the morning the old professor was heard singing in strong, cheery tones, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," like a veritable Highlander on the war-path. And again, in the stillness of the night, he sung out: "Green grow the rushes, O." The last lines were sung in more subdued tones, and sleep came to him ere he finished his song.

Last spring a guest here in a Chicago hotel (according to the *Times-Herald*) used to receive a telegraph message every morning from his wife in Cleveland, and would answer it every evening by sending a dispatch detailing his doings during the day. After this telegraphic bombardment had been kept up for several months, he came in one day and gave the operator a twenty-dollar bill, and said: "I'm going up to Waukesha for a week. Look after my business here as usual. Don't let me do anything a dutiful husband shouldn't, you know, till I get back." For the next week the operator presided over his affairs. On Sunday she sent him to church. Twice during the week she sent him to the theatre. One afternoon she let him go out driving, and two or three times permitted him to dine at the clubs with business friends. One day he returned to Chicago and, walking briskly into the hotel, inquired if "everything was all right." Then he wrote out a message, ending with "your

loving husband, Bert," and ordered it sent to the old Cleveland address, and also to a woman in Milwaukee. The surprised operator called his attention to the wording, thinking he had made a mistake. "That's all right, my girl," he said; "make it a double-header; I've been busy since I was away."

One evening after the performance, Nat C. Goodwin went to a restaurant for a late "bite." At the table adjoining the one where the actor sat with a couple of friends was a small group of first-row youths. One of these young men had met Nat Goodwin somewhere for a minute. He wanted to show to his friends that he was acquainted with a real actor. Accordingly he brought up some topic relating to theatrical matters, and made a statement which some other Prominent Citizen, Jr., disputed. "Well, now, I'll leave it to Goodwin," said the young man who had met Nat Goodwin—somewhere, for a minute. So he turned around and called out rather loudly: "Oh, Goodwin! I say, Goodwin, come over here a minute, will you?" The actor was startled for a moment, and then he arose. He took hold of the back of his chair, and, with all the artistic dignity at his command, he said, looking coldly at the young man: "Call me either Nat or Mr. Goodwin, if you please." Then he seated himself.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Arbitration Treaty.

NEW YORK CITY, January 22, 1897.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: There is great danger that the United States Senate will reject the arbitration treaty, whose negotiation has been hailed both by the European and American press as one of the great events of the century. Private advices from Washington assure us that nothing will now save the treaty but an overwhelming expression of public opinion.

We are sure that you will gladly exert the influence of your paper to prevent the threatened action of the Senate, which would be at once a national disaster and disgrace. Kindly urge your readers to write personal letters to the two senators of their State, and suggest to pastors the desirability of asking from their congregations a public expression of opinion, a report of the result of which should be sent to United States Senators as above, and to No. 573 United Charities Building, New York.

Yours faithfully,
JOSIAH STRONG,
General Secretary Evangelical Alliance.

The Seeley Dinner and the Sensational Press.

GALVESTON, TEX., January 17, 1897.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your paper of January 11, 1897, is before me. I have just read "Flaneur's" letter about the "Seeley Dinner." I am glad to see that you condemn the invasion of Chapman, captain of police, on the privacy of a company of gentlemen. I am always in favor of law and good order, but a great many people beside myself condemn the action of the police when they wish to appear before the public as exponents of morality. I read Hearst's *Journal*, and I think it, along with one other New York paper, is going so far into the sensational that their articles are becoming absolutely unreliable and indecent. With their pictures and descriptions of several of the "Vaudeville" stars, they are unfit to be read by ladies, and had I a family, these papers could only find service as "kindling-wood." I am no "moralist" either. Wish you a happy 1897.
ANGUS MCD. FEETE.

A Correction.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 20, 1897.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of the eighteenth instant, you mentioned in "The Death Roll of the Dead Year," Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir-presumptive of Austria.

Your statement I believe to be incorrect, and you would greatly oblige me by letting me know when said archduke died. As your statements are generally correct, your reply will set aside my doubts.

Thanking you in anticipation, yours very respectfully,
ROBERT E. ROTHSCILD.
[We were in error in including the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir-presumptive of Austria, among those who died during the past year, and are glad that our correspondence has drawn our attention to the mistake. The death-roll which we published was compiled from a wide variety of sources of information, one of which erroneously named the archduke among the notables who had died in 1896.—EDS.]

Origin of a Slang Phrase.

PHOENIX, ARIZ., January 13, 1897.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Apropos of the *Argonaut* "Story-ette" about General Lew Wallace's *burro*, we have a slang saying here in the South-West of "I sabs the burro." The origin is probably the original of the above story. Here Lew Wallace is left out, and the shipping-clerk at the starting point, on receiving the tracer, remarks, "I sabs the bureau"—or *burro*. You have certainly improved the old story. Yours truly,
P. H.

An Appreciative Reader.

NORTH WOBURN, MASS., January 18, 1897.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Having just read a copy of the *Argonaut* of date December 28th, in the Boston Public Library, I am so pleased with the paper that I send you herewith post-office money-order to cover subscription to it for the year 1897.
Very truly yours,
E. L. FOUCAR.

Such devotion as Browning paid his wife was rare. His marriage having taken place in 1845, Mrs. Sutherland, the poet's biographer, writes that on each visit he paid "to London with his wife, he commemorated his marriage in a manner all his own. He went to the church in which it had been solemnized and kissed the paving-stones in front of the door."

"Why do you recognize that old duffer?" "By their fruits ye shall know them." "Eh?" "He has a daughter who's a peach."—*Detroit Journal*.

"It is pretty hard," said the Boston boy, bitterly, "when a rude, illiterate youth from New York tells one that one don't know beans!"—*Puck*.

A Chicago Man's Surprise.

A Chicago man, who has been visiting New York, sends the *Evening Sun* the following account of "an actual occurrence at one of your leading hotels":

"[Cast of a hotel, ten-thirty o'clock on a Sunday morning. NEW YORKER, constant visitor, enters and sits down at a table. Enter WESTERNER.]

"NEW YORKER—How do you do? Have a drink?"
"WESTERNER—Thanks, no. Had a cocktail before breakfast.

"NEW YORKER—Well, have another. Waiter! Waiter! [WAITER rushes up.] Two cocktails, with French vermouth.

"WAITER—Eh—eh?"

"NEW YORKER—Two cocktails, I said.

"WAITER—What will you have to eat?"

"NEW YORKER—I don't want anything to eat. I want two cocktails.

"[HEAD-WAITER approaches and whispers to NEW YORKER in an almost inaudible voice.]

"NEW YORKER—What? What? Oh, yes. Sunday—I forgot. Well, what is the smallest thing you've got?"

"HEAD-WAITER—How would a couple of croquettes do?"

"NEW YORKER—Well, bring them. Will this do for all day?"

"HEAD-WAITER— [Goes away smiling.]

"[Ten minutes elapse. WAITER returns with a tray covered with silver dishes. The table is laid and the two cocktails are set down. After they are drunk the WESTERNER goes away.]

"SCENE II.—Same as before. Time, 3:30. Same NEW YORKER and another man. Same croquettes, but different cocktails.

"NEW YORKER—Hello! Sit down. Let me introduce Mr. Jones, of Boston. What'll you have with your croquette this time?"

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has written another play, "The First Gentleman in Europe," in collaboration with George Fleming, a lady, who, under this masculine pseudonym, wrote, some time since, a clever drama, called "Mrs. Lessingham."

"I saw Mrs. Higby standing at the window weeping." "I don't blame her; Mr. Higby was cleaning the pavement with that hand-painted snow-shovel she gave him Christmas."—*Chicago Record*.

She—"I think Mr. Rymer felt hurt at a remark you made the other night." He—"What did I say?" She—"You said there was only one Shakespeare."—*Puck*.

"Do you think you could learn to love me, Maud?" "I don't know, George," she answered, softly; "I might. I learned German once."—*Hartford Times*.

Tommy—"Are all men who have too many wives called bigamists, pa?" Henpeck—"No; only those who have two or more, my son."—*Puck*.

To Get Out of the Way

When trouble is coming, is obviously the part of common sense. An obstruction of the digestive organs is a serious obstacle to health. To get this out of the way is an easy matter with the thorough laxative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which, although it affords relief, never gripes and convulses like a drastic purgative. Dyspepsia, malarial, kidney and rheumatic ailments, and nervousness yield to this genial family medicine.

Mrs. E. N. Taylor, of 413 River Street, Manistee, Mich., testified to her belief in Steedman's Soothing Powders by writing all the way to England for a packet.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

Cynthia—"Do you think Frank will love me when I am old, Maud?" Maud—"Well, there's one thing, dear, you'll soon know."—*Pick-Me-Up*.



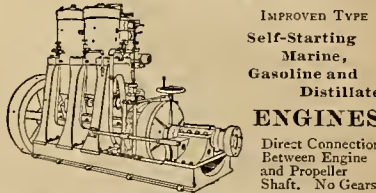
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Steamer, From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1897.
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, February 2
Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, February 23
Belgie. (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, March 13
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WINTER CRUISE—To Bermuda, West Indies, Mexico, American Line S. S. Ohio, from New York, February 6, 1897, for Bermuda, St. Thomas, St. Kitts, Guadalupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, Barbados, Trinidad, La Guayra (Caracas), Curacao, S. Domingo, Jamaica, Progresso, Vera Cruz (Mexico), Havana, Brunswick, Ga. Duration, 45 days. Passage, \$270 and upwards. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet.
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SOCIETY.

The Whittier-Carroll Wedding.

A prominent wedding of the past week was that of Miss Elizabeth Carroll and Mr. William Robinson Whittier, which took place at noon last Wednesday at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Richard T. Carroll, 1320 Van Ness Avenue. The bride has been very popular in society circles since her debut, and has been particularly favored in the way of entertainments in her honor since her engagement was announced upon her return from a trip to Honolulu some months ago. The groom is the son of Mr. William F. Whittier and brother of Mrs. Henry E. Bothin and Miss Mattie Whittier. He is interested with his father in business, and has a host of friends.

The rooms of Mrs. Carroll's residence were artistically decorated by Miss Bates with a carload of orange-branches, rich with fragrant blossoms and luscious, golden-hued fruit. They were a wedding-gift to the bride from Mr. Callaghan Byrne, who sent them up from Los Angeles.

Only relatives and a limited number of intimate friends were present to witness the ceremony, which was performed by Archbishop Riordan, assisted by Rev. Father Mulligan. Miss Gertrude Carroll, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Julia Crocker and Miss Romietta Wallace. Mr. Milton S. Latham acted as best man, and the bride's uncle, General P. W. Murphy, of San José, gave her into the keeping of the groom. The bride's attendants received favors in the form of heart-shaped gold pins set with pearls and diamonds, and the best man's souvenir was a diamond fleur-de-lis scarf-pin. The wedding presents were very costly and elegant. After the ceremony and congratulations, a breakfast was served under Ludwig's direction. Later in the day, Mr. and Mrs. Whittier left to pass a couple of weeks on General Murphy's ranch in San Luis Obispo County. They will soon go to Europe, to be absent about five months, and on their return will reside in the new Whittier mansion on Jackson Street.

The Keil-Goodall Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Serena Thayer Goodall and Mr. Hugo D. Keil took place last Tuesday evening at the residence of the bride's father, Captain Charles Goodall, corner of McAllister and Pierce Streets. The bride, who has been known among her friends as Miss Teen Goodall, is a stately and handsome demi-blond, and is very popular with the many who know her. The groom is the son of Mr. David Keil, and is a prominent merchant here.

The residence was beautifully decorated with a profusion of flowers and foliage. The ceremony was performed at half-past eight o'clock by Rev. George Edward Walk, of Trinity Episcopal Church. Miss Nellie Boyd was the maid of honor, and Mr. Edward A. Keil, the groom's brother, was best man. Afterward a supper was served, and the evening was delightfully passed. The wedding presents were numerous and elegant. Mr. and Mrs. Keil have gone to Southern California for a few weeks, and upon their return will occupy their cottage at Belvedere.

The Myers-Shainwald Wedding.

Miss Martha Washington Shainwald and Mr. Leo M. Myers were united in marriage last Wednesday evening, in the presence of but a few relatives of the

contracting parties, in the parlors of The Colonial. The bride is the sister of Mr. Herman Shainwald, of this city, and Mr. Julius C. Shainwald, of Chicago. She has been interested in the Fruit and Flower Mission and kindred charities, and is highly esteemed by all who know her. Mr. Myers is a resident of Auckland, New Zealand, and is a barrister by profession. Recently, however, he has been in Paris and London, interesting himself in the disposal of mining properties.

Rabbi Jacob Voorsanger performed the marriage ceremony at nine o'clock, and there were no attendants other than the bride's brother, Mr. Herman Shainwald, who gave her into the groom's care. Afterward there was a reception, which was attended by many friends of the happy couple, and, with music and feasting, the evening was delightfully passed. Mr. and Mrs. Myers will leave here on February 4th for Auckland, which will be their future home.

The Frank-Ehrman Wedding.

The San Francisco Verein was the scene last Thursday evening of the wedding of Miss Mattie Ehrman, daughter of Mr. S. Ehrman, of the Mission San José, and Mr. Albert Frank. A large number of relatives and friends were present to witness the ceremony, which was performed by Rabbi Jacob Voorsanger. Miss Ehrman, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Grace Hecht, Miss Agnes Brandenstein, Miss Martha Triest, and Miss Ida Son. Mr. Alexander Frank was the best man. The ushers comprised Mr. L. Ehrman, Mr. Manfred Brandenstein, Mr. Bernard Rosenberg, and Mr. Leon Greenebaum. The little flower-bearers were Miss Alice Marcus, Miss Helen Neustadter, Miss Emma Brandenstein, and Miss May Greenebaum. The ceremony was followed by dancing and the service of a supper, and the festivities were kept up until a late hour.

The Stanford Reception.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford gave a large reception last Tuesday afternoon at her residence on California Street, complimentary to her old friends, Bishop and Mrs. J. P. Newman. Fully one thousand invitations were issued for the affair, and the attendance was very large. The hours were from three until six o'clock. Flowers in artistic arrangement adorned the various rooms, but there was no attempt at elaboration, which would have been unnecessary, as the rooms are beautiful in themselves.

The hostess was assisted in receiving by Miss Flora Low, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Josselyn, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Helen Hopkins, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Florence Mills, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Annie Lyle, and Miss Alice Hager. A string orchestra played during the afternoon, and light refreshments were served. The Stanford University Glee and Mandolin Clubs sang and played at intervals. The affair was a most enjoyable and memorable one. Bishop and Mrs. Newman went to Los Angeles on Wednesday, and will remain there several months.

The Friday Fortnightly Club.

The members of the Friday Fortnightly Club gave a cotillion on Friday evening at Lunt's Hall. It was led by Lieutenant C. L. Bent, U. S. A., and Miss Ida Gibbons. Among the others in the first set were Miss Kate Thornton Salisbury, Miss Della David-

son, Miss Cunningham, Miss Susan Blanding, Miss Brooks, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Florence Josselyn, Miss Miriam Moore, Miss Frances Moore, and Mrs. John E. de Ruyter. Five figures were introduced, and the dancing progressed until midnight, when the pleasant affair came to an end. The next cotillion will be given on Friday evening, February 12th. The final affair of the season will be a ball after Lent, and it will be managed by Mr. Edward M. Greenway.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Mary Crittenden Scott and Mr. Neville H. Castle will take place next Thursday evening at half-past eight o'clock at the home of the bride-elect, 1035 Vallejo Street. Miss Scott is the daughter of the late H. H. Scott. Mr. Castle is the son of the late Michael Castle. Misses Laura and Katherine Scott, sisters of the bride, are to be the bridesmaids, and Mr. John B. Casserly will act as best man. Rev. Edgar J. Lion is to be the officiating clergyman. Mr. and Mrs. Castle will reside in San José.

The wedding of Miss Sadie Hyman, daughter of Mrs. M. Hyman, and Mr. Wilfred Lawrence Mack will take place at the San Francisco Verein on Wednesday, February 3d, at noon. Miss Agnes Hyman will be the maid of honor, and Mr. Eugene Korn will act as best man.

The wedding of Miss Mollie G. Hutchinson and Mr. Ernest C. Peixotto will take place on Sunday, January 31st, in New Orleans. The bride-elect is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Hutchinson, of Oakland.

The fourth cotillion of the Friday Night Club will be held at Odd Fellows' Hall next Friday evening. Mr. E. M. Greenway will lead and Miss Della Davidson will be his partner. The final one will take place a fortnight later.

Mrs. Southard Hoffman and the Misses May and Alice Hoffman will give a matinée tea at their residence, 1625 Sacramento Street, on Sunday, January 31st, in honor of Miss Della Davidson, who recently returned home after a prolonged absence at school in the Eastern States.

Mrs. E. Joseph will give a ball in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel this evening to introduce her daughter, Miss Nellie Joseph.

The wedding of Miss Mary Swift Torbert and Mr. George Underwood Kirkpatrick took place last Thursday evening at the Church of All Angels, in New York city. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Charles J. Torbert, and sister of Mrs. Valentine P. Snyder and Mrs. Fearon, of New York city. A wedding supper at Sherry's followed the happy event.

The wedding of Miss Rose Eppinger and Dr. James Graham Sharp took place last Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's parents, 1707 Octavia Street. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Eppinger, and both she and her husband are graduates of the medical and dental departments of the University of California. Rabbi Jacob Voorsanger performed the ceremony. Miss Julia Eppinger was the maid of honor and Dr. William Sharp the best man. A supper was enjoyed after the ceremony. Dr. and Mrs. Sharp went to Southern California Thursday on a brief trip, and when they return will reside at 2315 California Street.

Mrs. E. E. Eyre gave a lunch-party last Thursday at the University Club in honor of Miss Kate Thornton Salisbury. The table was handsomely decorated with flowers, and an elaborate menu was served. The others present were Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, Miss Della Davidson, Miss Mollie Thomas, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Cunningham, and Miss Helen Hopkins.

Mr. Redick McKee Duperu gave a theatre-party, followed by a supper, last Saturday evening in honor of Miss Elizabeth Carroll and Mr. William Robinson Whittier. The others present were Mrs. Richard T. Carroll, Miss Romietta Wallace, Miss Gertrude Carroll, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Dottie de Noon, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Edgar Peixotto, Mr. F. A. Greenwood, and Mr. Samuel G. Buckbee.

Bishop and Mrs. J. P. Newman were entertained at dinner last Monday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Holmes at their residence, 610 Shotwell Street.

A progressive-euchre party was given recently at the Hotel Rafael, which was very successful. The prizes were won by Mrs. W. F. Hasson, Mrs. L. Hastings Jerome, Miss Marie Zane, and Mr. Finnigan.

Mr. Emerson Warfield, son of General and Mrs. R. H. Warfield, celebrated the anniversary of his birth by giving a dinner-party last Wednesday evening at the Hotel Rafael. Covers were laid for twenty young men at a beautifully decorated table, and the evening was delightfully passed.

Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann gave a lunch-party last Thursday at her residence, 3414 Washington Street, and entertained Mrs. Frederick A. Stolp, of Oakland, Mrs. Charles Stovel, Mrs. William Miller, Mrs. George Stewart, Miss Adelaide Russell, of Alameda, and Miss Bessie Norton, of Boston.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William B. Bourn will leave this evening for the Eastern States on a prolonged visit.

Judge and Mrs. F. E. Spencer came up from Sao José last Tuesday, and passed several days at the Palace Hotel.

Judge W. B. Gilbert is here from Oregon on a visit, and is staying at the Occidental Hotel.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Gregory was brightened on January 21st by the advent of a son.

Mr. Fred Yates, who has been in Honolulu for some time, intends returning here on February 6th by the steamer *City of Peking*. He will remain here about three weeks, and then go to London, as he is expected there in April. While in Honolulu, Mr. Yates painted portraits of President Dole, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Rev. Dr. Hyde, Judge Hastwell, and a dozen others, and could have done more had he remained there.

Colonel C. F. Crocker and Mr. J. A. Fillmore have returned from a visit to Arizona.

Dr. M. Herzstein will leave on Sunday, January 31st, for Europe, where he will visit the principal clinics in England, France, Germany, and Austria for about three months.

Miss M. S. Dole returned to Honolulu last Tuesday on the Oceanic steamer *Australia*.

Mrs. Julius C. Shainwald, née Barnard, is here from Chicago, and is visiting her parents at their residence, 1213 Laguna Street. She came out primarily to attend the wedding of her sister-in-law, Miss Martha Shainwald.

Mr. Alfred Dunham will soon leave for the East, and will be away about six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Murphy, of San José, have been passing the week at the California Hotel.

Mr. E. A. Bresse has returned from New York, and is at the California Hotel.

Among those who have been at the Hotel Rafael during the past week are Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker, Mrs. A. Cook, Mrs. L. Hastings Jerome, Miss Marie Zane, Mr. S. D. Freshman, Mr. F. S. Bullock, Mr. A. S. Crawford, Mr. J. L. Luckey, Miss Burton, and Mr. George Thomas Page, of San Francisco.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Colonel O. D. Greene, Assistant Adjutant-General, U. S. A., was retired from active service last Monday by operation of military law, on account of age. His retirement promotes Lieutenant-Colonel Michael V. Sheridan, U. S. A., now at St. Paul, to be colonel, and Major J. B. Babcock, U. S. A., now on duty at the War Department, to be lieutenant-colonel.

Major Stephen W. Groesbeck, U. S. A., is temporarily acting as Adjutant General of the Department of California.

Major Clarence E. Wenn, Medical Department, U. S. A., was retired from active service last Monday, on his own application, after thirty years of service.

Chief-Engineer George J. Burnap, U. S. N., of the *Olympia*, has been invalided home from the Asiatic Station, and is expected here in a few days. The recent death of his daughter at Vallejo was the cause of his prostration.

Captain H. L. Howison, U. S. N., commander of the battleship *Oregon*, will be promoted to flag rank next March, when Rear-Admiral J. G. Walker, U. S. N., is retired from active service. It is probable that Captain Howison will have to take a shore station until a sea billet becomes vacant.

Lieutenant and Mrs. C. D. Rhodes, U. S. A., of Fort Myer, Va., are entertaining their cousins, the Misses May and Carrie Ayers, the daughters of Mr. Grosvenor P. Ayers, of this city. The young ladies are being entertained extensively in the social circles of Washington, and were present at the reception given there by President and Mrs. Cleveland to the Diplomatic Corps on January 14th.

Lieutenant James Hamilton, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Dr. and Mrs. Clement Biddle, U. S. N., of Philadelphia, have been at the Hotel Rafael during the past week.

Major and Mrs. C. Ewen, U. S. A., are residing permanently at the California Hotel.

Chief-Engineer J. Entwistle, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Boston*, on relief, and ordered to the *Olympia* as fleet engineer.

Assistant-Engineer R. E. Carney, U. S. N., retired, is residing at Vallejo, Cal.

Ensign R. McLean, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Oregon* and ordered to the *Adams*.

Mrs. F. H. Lefavor, wife of Lieutenant Lefavor, U. S. N., is here from Mare Island, and is staying at the California Hotel.

Lieutenant Frank H. Dimock, U. S. R. C. S., has been ordered to join the *Colfax* at Jacksonville, Fla. He was appointed first lieutenant on January 16th.

The first of the course of three lectures for the benefit of the Mercantile Library, given by the ladies of the auxiliary society, took place at Golden Gate Hall last Thursday evening. President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, was the lecturer, and his subject was "The Fur Seal or Sea Bear of Alaska." It was well attended, and proved very interesting. The next lecture will be "How the Dutch Took Holland," by Rev. Charles W. Wendte, on February 4th, and the last will consist of two papers on Shakespeare, by Professor Gayley, of the University of California, and Mr. Thomas Magee.

The following gentlemen have been elected officers of the Harvard Club of San Francisco: President, Mr. Edward J. Pringle; vice-presidents, Mr. Augustus Compton and Mr. Vanderlynn Stow; secretary, Mr. Richard C. Harrison; treasurer, Mr. J. S. Severance.

Mrs. Leland Stanford entertained about five hundred telegraph and messenger boys last Wednesday afternoon at her home on California Street. An orchestra entertained them with music, and a bounteous supply of refreshments were served.

At the elaborate reception given by Mr. and Mrs. A. Hecht at the San Francisco Verein last week, the famous Möt & Chandon champagne was used exclusively.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The San Francisco Symphony Concert.

The first concert of the newly organized San Francisco Symphony Society will take place at the Columbia Theatre next Thursday afternoon, at half-past three o'clock. The orchestra of fifty-five musicians will be conducted by Mr. Gustav Hinrichs, with Mr. Sigmund Beel as concert-master. Mrs. Katherine Flemming-Hinrichs, contralto, will be the soloist of the occasion. The programme selected is an excellent one. Two of the numbers—Dvorak's Symphony No. 1 in D-major and Tchaikowsky's "Marche Slave"—have never been heard in this city before, and the other numbers include a Wagner overture and an aria from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba."

It has been arranged that Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli, whose arrival from Australia we noted last week, will give a concert under the management of Messrs. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co., week after next.

The Pacific Coast Steamship Company has issued its corrected schedule for February, but it was received too late for insertion in full in this number. The complete time-card will appear next week and thereafter. The following first sailing days in February may be noted: For Alaska, February 10th; British Columbia and Puget Sound, February 4th; Eureka and Humboldt Bay, February 1st; Los Angeles and way ports, February 3d; San Diego, limited way-ports, February 1st. The company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

A London paper says that one afternoon a gorgeous motor-car, used by a firm for advertising purposes, decked with a driver and a footman in gold-laced uniforms, was speeding along Stoke-Newington Road, when the machinery suddenly gave a sharp crack and broke down. The liveried attendants were obliged to descend from the vehicle and push it slowly along from behind. A number of cabmen in the neighborhood promptly entered into the humor of the situation and formed themselves into a procession, one of them performing an imitation of a dead march on an old trumpet which he had picked up somewhere.

Dresden owns a morning newspaper, the *Dresdener Anzeiger*. This daily, upon the death of its last proprietor, was willed to the city, upon the condition that all profits arising therefrom should be spent upon the public parks. Last year a large play-ground of nearly eight acres was purchased from Prince George, the king's brother and heir-apparent, and it will be ready for use this spring. The paper continues to hold the respect of all citizens, for the trust has been carried out in its broadest spirit, and the power has never been employed to foster any school of opinions.

They are introducing office girls in Chicago, and those who have them in their employ are very well pleased with them. They say that the office girl is superior to the office boy in many particulars. In the first place, she does not smoke cigarettes. As a rule, she has absolutely no taste for dime novels. She is usually bright, quick, and energetic, and ever so much cleaner and neater than any boy can be. Most of those who have tried office girls declare that never again will they have an office boy around the premises.

Paris needs the services of another Pied Piper. Rats are honeycombing the city, particularly the docks and walls of the Seine. Householders have found it impossible to do anything to arrest the plague, which is devastating kitchens, cellars, and walls. The municipal council has been invoked to take preventive measures, as it is feared that some of the old buildings, valuable on account of their historical associations, will have their foundations so badly riddled as to render them insecure.

An agitated lawsmith of Minnesota has introduced a bill to the State legislature which is styled "A bill for the suppression of female fools." It provides that "women, or men, or neuter who send flowers, and candy, and angel-cake, and plush-bound copies of Keats to wife-murderers and thugs, shall be punished by imprisonment or fine, unless the wife-murderer or thug be a near relative." The latest dispatches do not say that the measure has been acted upon decisively as yet.

The first thing the Populist reformers of the Kansas senate did to relieve the toiling masses was to vote a private secretary to each member. The cost of this move to the tax-payers of the State will be about six thousand dollars, requiring the down-trodden farmers to raise sixty thousand bushels of ten-cent corn to foot the bill.

Mormon missionary work is being pushed in Pennsylvania and Tennessee. A recent report from "elders" at work in the mission field showed one hundred and twenty-four conversions in one month in Fulton County, Pa.

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Death of Mrs. Flood.

Mrs. Mary Emma Flood, widow of the late James C. Flood, died last Wednesday evening at her home on California Street, after a brief illness, the cause being pneumonia. Her daughter, Miss Cora Jane Flood, and her son, Mr. James L. Flood, were with her in her last moments. Mrs. Flood has lived in almost constant retirement since the demise of her husband, residing at her Menlo Park villa and her home here. Her daughter has been her constant companion, and her son has done everything possible to cheer her declining years. The deceased did much for the cause of charity in an unostentatious way, and there are many who deplore her untimely death and sympathize with her family in this time of distress.

Death of A. H. Loughborough.

Mr. A. H. Loughborough, the attorney-at-law, died suddenly last Thursday evening at his residence on O'Farrell Street, after a brief attack of la grippe, which brought on apoplexy. His wife and children, Mr. George A. Loughborough, Mr. Alexander Z. Loughborough, Miss Fanny Loughborough, and Miss Josephine Loughborough, survive him. The latter is in Nice, France. The deceased was one of our leading lawyers, of unimpeachable reputation, an hospitable entertainer, and was highly esteemed by a large circle of friends.

The Russian Academy of Science has elected Professor Simon Newcomb, the distinguished astronomer of Washington, an honorary member of that body. Professor Newcomb's portrait is hung in the observatory at Pulkowa, the Russian Government having in 1889 ordered that it be painted for the collection of portraits of famous astronomers.

Any young man who wishes to become a duke should answer this advertisement in the London *Morning Post* of December 10th: "An opportunity occurs by which a gentleman, under 30, of good education and means, may be adopted by a childless duke, the title descending by letters patent to the adopted son."

The city of Kobe, Japan, has issued a set of regulations governing the use of bicycles in its streets. They are much the same as those adopted in this country, except that riding for pleasure is prohibited after dark. One may ride on business, provided he goes slowly and carries a lantern.

Mexico has an excellent federal telegraph system. Nothing of any importance can happen in the whole republic that President Diaz does not know of it almost immediately. The government has recently inaugurated a night service by which ten words are sent for ten cents.

Mrs. Whitney's Social Advent.

A new fad has been introduced in New York in visiting-cards by Mrs. Whitney, and has resulted in a diversion of opinion on the subject. Mrs. Whitney has recently returned from England, and her cards read, "Mrs. Whitney," without any surname. According to Mr. Cooper, the Market Street stationer, this is correct, and in future we may expect to see all cards engraved in this manner.

THE STANFORD CHORAL ASSOCIATION and the Apollo Choral Society will give a joint concert here and at Stanford in the latter part of April. The Apollo Society will receive a limited number of singers to membership. The qualifications are a good voice, correct ear, and some knowledge of music. Application may be made to the director, Mr. H. B. Pasmore, on Tuesday and Friday at 1:30 P. M., or at rehearsal on Monday evening at Kohler & Chase Hall, 26 O'Farrell Street.

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"Do you like cabbage?" "Well, I never eat it, but I smoke it sometimes."—*Chicago Record.*

First burglar—"Hist! Here comes the janitor!"
Second burglar—"Well, we wiped our feet, didn't we?"—*Detroit Journal.*

She—"Passé has no exact equivalent in English."
Her brother—"What's the matter with calling the lady a 'has been'?"—*Puck.*

Miss Dimples—"Well I'm glad to begin the new year right." Miss Passay—"And I hate to begin it left."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Famous author (who has been invited to dinner, to himself)—"What a wretched menu! I shall take good care not to make any witty remarks."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Mother—"Dear me! The baby has swallowed that piece of worsted." Father—"That's nothing to the yarns she'll have to swallow if she lives to grow up."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Mountain had strangely found voice. "Mohammed?" it repeated, thoughtfully, "why, yes. I always regarded Mohammed as a coming man, you know."—*Detroit Journal.*

Hope springs eternal: Jones—"I hear that Simpson is hopelessly in debt." Smith—"I guess not. He struck me for ten yesterday, and seemed to think he was going to get it."—*Puck.*

"As I understand it," said the Innocent Man, "the main thing in poker is to be lucky in the draw." "It ain't so much in bein' lucky as bein' quick, out our way," explained Rubberneck Bill. —*Indianapolis Journal.*

Mrs. Crimsonbeak (as her husband comes in late at night)—"What does the clock say, John?" Mr. Crimsonbeak (with difficulty)—"Nothing, madam, nothing. It's got sense enough to say nothing."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Doesn't your daughter dance?" inquired the hostess. The lady addressed looked around at the tall, anæmic girl leaning against the wall. "Not unless she's asked," she somewhat frigidly replied. —*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Old friend—"Was that 'Richard III. Up-to-Date' you were playing in the West a farce?" *Vernon Hamham* (indignantly)—"No! We just couldn't raise any historic costumes; but we all had dress-suits, so we wore them."—*Puck.*

"It," said the grinning savage, as he turned the machine gun on the discomfited Christian civilizers, squinted along the barrel, got the range, straightened himself up, and set one of his followers to turning the crank, "is a poor Maxim that won't work both ways." —*Indianapolis Journal.*

"You," said the new cashier, "will find me like a watch. You can judge me by my works." "All right," responded the banker, arising to the merry occasion; "I will bear your case in mind, and see that you do not accumulate any superfluous dust in your movements."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"Why is it," shrieked the reform orator, "that the moral elements of the community can not stand shoulder to shoulder as the forces of sin do?" "Coz there won't none of 'em admit anybody else is right," explained the man in the red neck-tie who had been regarded with suspicion ever since he entered the hall. —*Chicago Journal.*

The Human Knot—"The sailor in this book of Clark Russell's that I'm reading must have been a great contortionist!" The Human Pin-cushion (interested)—"That so?" The Human Knot (professionally impressed)—"Yes; it says here: 'Before beginning his yarn, Bill Binnacle carefully lit his pipe and sat down on his chest!'"—*Puck.*

"I guess I have made a mistake," remarked the war correspondent, gloomily; "my methods are too old-fashioned." "But you were one of the very first to reach the scene of the strife." "That's where some of my competitors got the better of me. I ought to have stayed close to the home office, where I could get my copy in early and obtain some hint of the kind of news the other fellows were composing." —*Washington Star.*

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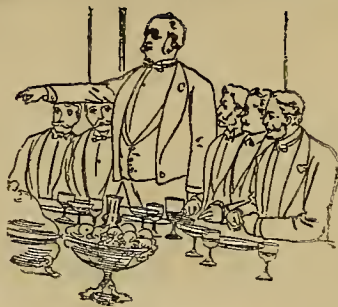
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One of the most difficult problems with which the law has to deal is the adjustment of old legal rules to fit the new social conditions that are constantly arising. Every new discovery or invention that has commercial value creates new relations in the social and business world which it would be impossible for the legislator to anticipate, and, until such new relations become sufficiently known and understood for the proper laws to be framed, the courts must, by the interpretation and adjustment of existing laws, find the necessary power for their regulation.

The development of industrial activity by extending the

use of corporations is an illustration. The corporation has made vast commercial enterprises possible which could not otherwise be undertaken, but it has at the same time created new relations and made necessary an entirely new body of legal rules. The railroad has revolutionized transportation and multiplied the extent of commercial enterprises; the telegraph has brought the entire commercial world into practically one community.

These inventions and developments, and many others that will suggest themselves, have a world-wide influence, but there are others that affect as deeply the life in cities and complicate the problems of municipal government. Perhaps the most important of these recent developments is the general use of the telephone. It is comparatively but a few years since the telephone was invented, yet it has now become a necessity in every business house and a convenience to do without which is becoming increasingly difficult in every residence. It would be impossible to overestimate the importance and value of this invention, yet its general use has given rise to new problems of administration that have not yet received the consideration they deserve.

When the new constitution was framed for this State, the telephone was almost unknown. The framers of that instrument saw fit to provide that in cities owning no public water-works or light-plants the boards of supervisors should have power to fix the rates to be charged by private companies for water or light annually. The reason for this is found in the fact that such service is in its nature public, and that such companies must make use of the public streets for laying their pipes. This provision applies to electric-light plants as well as to gas-works, and by the same reasoning would apply with equal, if not greater, force to telephone companies. Their service is of a general and public nature, and they, equally with the others, make use of the public streets for conducting their wires and distributing their service. Had the telephone been in general use at the time the constitution was adopted, the telephone companies would undoubtedly have been included in the regulation.

The telephone company in this city emphasizes the advantage that would be derived were such power placed in the hands of the supervisors. That their rates are excessive is generally conceded. There are in use in this city about eighty-three hundred telephones. An average of five dollars a month is not an excessive estimate of what the company receives for the use of each of these instruments. Many subscribers pay far more than this, when the rental and cost of switches are considered, and very few pay less. The subscribers therefore pay to the company \$41,500 each month, or nearly half a million dollars each year. The expenses of the company are more difficult to estimate, but it is not unreasonable to say that \$10,000 would cover the cost of operation and the salaries of officers and employees. This would give a monthly profit of \$31,500, and an annual profit of \$378,000. This is equal to a five per cent. income on a capitalization of \$7,560,000. The rates to be charged for telephone service depend upon the size of the city in which the service is furnished. There are certain fixed expenses that vary but little, whether there are many or few telephones in use. The greater the number of subscribers, the less should be the tax upon each. The rates charged for telephones in this city are higher than those of any city of equal size in the country. They are far higher than the rates at which other companies have offered to give the same service.

But, while the board of supervisors may not under existing conditions regulate the rates to be charged for telephones, they may certainly prescribe the conditions upon which the streets may be used by the company. The unsightly wooden poles, with their net-work of wires, that disfigure the streets, are not only an offense to the eye, but they are a positive menace to life and property in case of fire. The death of a fireman, a few months ago, who fell from the roof of a building, was attributed to the fact that he tripped over a telephone wire improperly attached to the building. The firemen are hampered and delayed in raising their ladders and manipulating their apparatus, when the fire is upon the upper floors of buildings, by the multitudi-

nous wires. The supervisors should prescribe that all wires be placed under ground, and the companies should be allowed a limited time to effect the transfer. And in order to accelerate the action of the company, a plan that has been tried in other cities might be adopted. For every pole that remains standing after the time set, the company should be required to pay a certain annual tax, which tax should be doubled each succeeding year that the poles remain standing.

While the supervisors may not now regulate the rates directly, they may indirectly force a reduction by adopting a more liberal policy in granting franchises to rival companies. The company in this city has been protected by the refusal of boards of supervisors to grant franchises to other companies, though terms much more favorable than the existing ones were offered. The present board of supervisors has an opportunity to reverse this policy.

The legislature of Nevada last week passed a bill legalizing prize-fights under the name of "glove contests," upon the payment of one thousand dollars for each event. By this act Nevada has written herself down the black sheep in the family of States—the only State in the Union willing to sell her birthright for a pittance. No wonder her population is decreasing, if her recent action is representative of prevailing sentiment. The census of 1880 gave Nevada a population of 62,266; in 1890, it was 45,761; and in 1895, it was estimated by the governor of the State to be 44,000. That this insignificant number of persons should have the same power in votes in the United States Senate as the 6,000,000 inhabitants of New York, the 5,000,000 inhabitants of Pennsylvania, or the 4,000,000 inhabitants of Illinois, has long been a just cause of complaint against the Silver State, and the often preferred charge of political immorality implied in the statement that she has become a pocket borough is corroborated by this revelation of her lack of public morality.

Some excuse may be made for individuals who countenance pugilistic encounters by their presence. As we have said before, the love of a fight is deeply ingrained in the masculine heart, and so long as man remains a fighting animal he will take pleasure in seeing a fight. But this is in his private capacity as an individual. It is a very different matter when the governor and legislature of a State, in their official capacity, solicit the favor of a class of men whose vocation has always been considered disreputable, and is now prohibited in every other State and Territory in the Union.

Feeling the need of excuse, these officials offer one. It is to the effect that prize-fighting will bring money into the State. How much of the money brought by the fighters and their backers and admirers will go to open new mines? How much to till her valleys? None whatever. Vice-President Stubbs, of the Southern Pacific Company, says that trains will leave San Francisco on the evening preceding the fight, arriving in Nevada the next morning, and will leave on the return trip immediately after the fight, "thus relieving the passengers of the necessity of scrambling for hotel accommodations"—thus also relieving the Nevada bonifaces of all but the smallest possibility of plundering the visitors. So it will be to a great extent with the other visitors to the scene of the fight. A few saloons, gambling-dens, and worse resorts will reap a temporary harvest, to be followed by an aftermath which the State will pay for by taxing her citizens. That is what Nevada is inviting to her soil.

What shall be said of Governor Sadler? He was intrusted with the executive power, to exercise it for the benefit of the whole people in the interest of law, order, and decency. How has he discharged the trust? He has exhibited an unseemly haste to sign the bill, in order that Corbett and Fitzsimmons might have ample time to train before March 17th. We can not believe that Governor Sadler will gain the respect or good will of a majority of the citizens of Nevada by this betrayal of a public trust. If he needed precedent to strengthen his mental backbone, to fi

he had but to raise his eyes above the sage brush of decadent morality which surrounded him. He would have recalled that Florida had had her experience and reformed. He would have seen that Louisiana, once the hot-bed of lotteries and pugilism, had driven them both from her soil, and that in so doing her supreme court had denounced similar litigation as "a piece of legislative fraud and mendacity." He would have been reminded of the course of Governor Culberson, of Texas, who, when his State was threatened with a like invasion, aroused public sentiment, called a special session of the legislature, and in twenty-four hours placed on the statute books an act which forbade all such encounters.

Nevada is out of step with her sisters in the march of progress. She has sown the wind, and her people of good repute must either move to law-abiding communities or prepare to reap the whirlwind.

Although the international copyright bill became a law by the signature of the President on March 3, 1891, it has not yet been interpreted by the courts, and it is only now that a question under it has arisen. It is in connection with the publication and sale of "St. Ives," the last novel written by Robert Louis Stevenson, and left unfinished when he died at Samoa. His executors, Robert Baxter, of London, Mrs. Stevenson, and Lloyd Osbourne, sold the right to publish the novel in serial form in this country to S. S. McClure, proprietor of *McClure's Magazine*, and in England to William Waldorf Astor, proprietor of the *Pall Mall Magazine*. Charles Scribner's Sons secured the American book rights.

In the contract made by Mr. Astor with the executors, it was stipulated that he had the right "to circulate the issue or issues of the *Pall Mall Magazine* containing the said story throughout the world, provided that all such issues of the magazine circulated outside Great Britain and Ireland be printed in and shipped from the United Kingdom." The executors reserved the right "to publish the said story in the United States of America in the periodical known as *McClure's Magazine*, in serial form, provided that the publication of each monthly part in such magazine shall be simultaneous with or subsequent to the publication of that part in the American edition of the *Pall Mall Magazine*." Serial publication of the story was commenced in the English periodical in November, and no part of the story has yet appeared in *McClure's*. Mr. McClure, however, claiming that he holds the copyright for this country, has served notice that the circulation of the *Pall Mall Magazine* in the United States is a violation of the copyright law.

The law provides that the author of a book, or his executors, or any person to whom he may sell the right, may obtain a copyright by complying with certain prescribed conditions. The person desiring a copyright must, on or before the day of publication, file with the Librarian of Congress a printed copy of the title of the book, and must also, not later than the day of publication in this or any other country, file two copies of the book with the Librarian of Congress. When these provisions are complied with, copies of such books printed in a foreign country may not be imported, with certain limited exceptions. One of these exceptions is "newspapers or magazines, not containing, in whole or in part, matter copyrighted under the provisions of this act, unauthorized by the author."

The attorneys for Mr. Astor depend upon the clause quoted above. They claim that the *Pall Mall Magazine* does not contain any part of "St. Ives" not authorized by the author or his personal representatives. On the contrary, the express stipulations of the contract contemplate the circulation of the magazine in this country, provided only that it is printed in England. There is, however, the further question whether the parties to the contract can set aside the provisions of the copyright law. Mr. McClure purchased only the right to publish the novel in serial form in this country; he did not purchase the copyright. It would probably be held, therefore, by a court of equity that whatever rights he secured under the copyright, he held as trustee for the executors of Mr. Stevenson's estate. And the validity of the copyright must be considered from this point of view.

The law provides, not only that a printed copy of the title must be filed with the librarian of Congress—which we understand Mr. McClure has already done—but that two copies of the book, published in this country simultaneously with or before its publication in any other country and printed from type set here, must also be filed with the librarian. In the case of magazines or periodicals there is a separate copyright for each issue. But the copyright is not completed until both of these conditions have been complied with. It is clear, upon the statement of facts as presented, that Mr. McClure has complied with the first only. No part of the story has yet been published in his magazine, and, unless there are other facts which have not yet appeared, it is doubtful whether a copyright can be obtained

on those parts which have been circulated here in the *Pall Mall Magazine*.

Another consideration that arises in this connection is that the copyright law is intended to protect and encourage the author rather than the publisher. It was the apparent creation of a monopoly in the publisher that caused the most active opposition to the international copyright law when it was under discussion in Congress. In this case the author, or his executors, receive equal benefit whether the publication in serial form is in the American or the English magazine. The right to publish in book-form has not yet been lost by the Scribners, and, in fact, Mr. McClure would seem to be the only loser by the delay in publication.

In a recent issue we called attention to the decline of matrimony in this city, but we showed that San Francisco was better off in this respect than other localities. The matrimonial question appears to have found its most complicated form in the Argentine Republic. The sparsity of population has finally attracted the attention of the legislators of the country, and they have taken the matter in hand. In order to people their corner of the world, the wise men of Argentina have decided to make marriage almost compulsory. They have recently, according to a veracious Eastern contemporary, passed a new law on the subject, the first clause of which reads: "On and after January 1, 1897, every male from the age of twenty to eighty shall pay a tax till he marries, and shall pay it once every month." This was not considered severe enough, however, and the second clause regulated matters still more strictly: "Young celibates of either sex who shall, without legitimate motives, reject the addresses of him or her who may aspire to her or his hand, and who may continue contumaciously unmarried, shall pay the sum of five hundred piasters for the benefit of the young person, man or woman, who has been so refused." This will soothe the pain of many broken hearts and have a strong tendency to boom the matrimonial market. After a young man has been refused three or four times, the damages awarded to him by law will have made him a most desirable *parti*, and the *demoiselles à marier* of Argentina will size a man up accordingly: "So-and-so, having been refused so many times, is therefore worth so much. Let us encourage him."

While the Argentine Republic is resorting to such heroic measures to increase the vogue of matrimony, other peoples of the globe are also concerning themselves in the matter. In New York, a philanthropic gentleman by the name of Morgenthau has started a society to provide dowries for poor orphan girls, irrespective of sect or race, who desire to marry. The sole qualifications required of candidates are a good character and an empty purse. At the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, the bride will be presented with one hundred dollars in gold, and an equal sum will be deposited to her credit in a bank, to be drawn by her at the expiration of five years, if during that time she shall have comported herself in a manner deemed worthy and fitting. The only condition imposed with the first gift of money is that it shall be expended upon her own needs, household furnishings, clothes, etc. The second gift depends upon the proof of her personal worthiness. The object of the society is to protect orphan girls from the temptations of a great city. Given into the care of a decent husband, and provided with sufficient means to found a home, they are started fairly in life, with a good chance for happiness and prosperity.

With the Argentine Republic dragging reluctant brides and grooms to the altar and Mr. Morgenthau making things as smooth as possible for the Deserving Penniless Female Orphan, marriage ought to enjoy a boom on this hemisphere.

One of the hopeful signs of the times is the general movement in cities East and West to restrict the spread of consumption. Up to within a short period, the disease was viewed solely with reference to the individual, who was supposed to have inherited it or to have contracted it from exposure. The patient was cared for and treated, but healthy persons with whom he mingled were not thought to be in any danger. This view is now radically changed. The bacillus of consumption has been isolated, and scientific investigation has proven that the germ survives apart from the patient and may be transmitted from person to person in many ways. Its terrible powers are not destroyed by moisture, drying, cold, or heat except in a very high degree.

Statistics show a steady increase in mortality from this disease, until consumption has become the chief cause of death in the United States. It is now considered a more infectious and a more frequently fatal disease than small-pox. During the census year of 1890, consumption caused 102,199 deaths in the United States. The number is greater than that credited to any other disease. Pneumonia comes next to it with 76,496 victims—more than one-fourth less.

A table of the causes of death in the same period in twenty-five principal cities shows that in nineteen of them consumption exceeds all other diseases as a cause of mortality, and in the remaining six it is second only to pneumonia. The latest report of the board of health of California for the month of December, 1896, reveals the same condition in this State. The diseases which head the list for the month are as follows: Consumption, 181; heart diseases, 117; stomach and bowel troubles, 63; cancer, 47. In the census year, San Francisco reported 1,131 deaths attributable to consumption—almost twice as great as the number set down to any other cause. The report of the health department for the year ending June 30, 1896, gives the deaths from the same cause as 1,460, and the number in the last six months ending December 31, 1896, as 486. In every report examined, not only is consumption the most fruitful cause of death, but it everywhere holds its own, and in many cases is on the increase.

People who would fly like sheep at the mere suggestion of small-pox, have grown so accustomed to the presence of consumption, really a more dangerous disease, that it has few terrors for them. They are apt to neglect, and even to resist, regulations for its control, and there are other difficulties that can not be overcome except by the education of the masses. The consumptive patient can not be sequestered, as in other contagious diseases. He is well enough to be abroad, he needs the open air, and the consequence is that he is a walking source of infection, sometimes for years. He infects those with whom he comes in contact in the intimate relations of the home, a frequent means of contagion being the household utensils which are used in common. Household pets, birds or animals, carry the fatal germs from one person to another. The household linen and the garments in the laundry spread the disease, and carpets, rugs, and upholstered furniture, which catch the germs and are shaken and swept by thrifty housewives, send into the air showers of germs to be inhaled by healthy lungs. But more effective than these as a cause of the spread of the disease is the criminal carelessness of its victims in their manner of expectoration. The sputum in consumption contains an enormous number of bacilli, and expectoration is the patient's natural relief. Each patient discharges millions of bacilli every day. The sputum dries, becomes pulverized, floats in the air in a fine dust, and is absorbed into the lungs of thousands of persons. Some sturdy individuals escape because their tissues do not offer a suitable breeding-place for the germs, but those who are weakened by hereditary tendency or pathological condition are almost sure to contract the disease.

Many people recognize the filthiness of this disgusting habit of universal expectoration who do not understand its infective danger, but boards of health in many important centres are now taking up the subject in earnest. New York has recently suggested isolation of all persons afflicted with consumption, but this is regarded as impracticable. But it is generally conceded that one of the most necessary regulations is that aimed at expectoration in public buildings, on sidewalks, in street-cars, and in other public places. The danger to the public health is imminent. San Francisco must not lag behind or, as a prominent physician has said, "it will be only a matter of time when not a family will remain unaffected." The officials must act and citizens must coöperate. An ordinance curbing public expectoration was presented to the late board of supervisors and it was "indefinitely postponed," for what reason, heaven and some supervisors only know. Another will be presented for action by the present board, with the hope that knowledge of the increasing danger and enlightened public opinion will insure its adoption. The health department is awake to the necessity and ready to urge reforms with an earnestness born of conviction. Truly, this world is what we make it. Intelligent observance of health regulations may transform into a veritable Garden of the Hesperides what neglect of them has made a hot-bed of pestilence.

The use of slang is one of the fashionable follies of the day. There are sixty thousand words in the English language, leaving out of count the thousands of technical terms called into being by recent scientific developments, and the average man with a fair vocabulary uses only about four thousand of them. There are still fifty-six thousand words in the dictionary upon which he may draw if he finds himself at a loss to communicate his ideas, and yet he finds it necessary constantly to replenish his collection of words with additions from the great annual output of slang. These newly coined phrases, according to their value, either die after one season's popularity or live to act as a tonic influence on the wearied languidness of pure, academic speech. As the best English is now said to be spoken in certain parts of the United States, so the best national slang comes from certain sections of the country, and the best local slang from certain strata of society. The author of "Chimmie Fadden"

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found the Bowery dialect and opened it up to the world. The acclamations of delight with which the discovery was hailed proved the passion of the people for novelties in language with which to freshen speech as she is spoken. "Chimmie Fadden" has lent half a dozen new phrases to the verbal fashions of the year.

Slang attains its finest growth in this country. It is native to the American people, who love a figurative form of speech or a picturesque piquancy of expression. Eastern people use less slang than their cousins in the West, mainly because European ideas are corrupting their native independence of tongue. English people never use slang, for the reason that English slang is the vulgarest and the most meaningless of the day. From it we get such refined expressions as "pulling a person's leg," and a nation that could exalt the word "bally" into a position of universal usage and esteem can never be taught the niceties of expression, the piquancies of speech which distinguish all good slang. The desperate attempts made by English writers to cope with such elusive Americanisms as, "What's the matter with the mince pie?" proves the hopelessness of ever initiating the British mind into the true beauties of slangular diction.

The annual raid against the water company has commenced and is being pushed in certain directions with a vigor that suggests some other incentive than pure public spirit. Led by certain newspapers which value sensation so highly that they sometimes forget the dictates of justice, the whole pack of agitators is at the heels of the company in full cry. As was said in these columns a few weeks ago, the *Argonaut* has but little sympathy with these attacks. They are not based upon any knowledge of the actual conditions, and therefore can accomplish no good. We believe that the water company is as much entitled to fair treatment and a reasonable income as is the *Examiner* or any other enterprise in which private capital is invested. These papers, which urge the supervisors on to reduce rates whether there is reason in it or not, are unrestrained by any sense of responsibility, for they know that the blame for any mistake, however serious it may be, will rest upon others than themselves.

Were they familiar with the facts that must govern in fixing reasonable rates for water, their protests and their urgings might have some weight. But they know nothing of these things, and, without such knowledge, their clamorings can not command respectful attention. What would be thought of a man who proposed to invest his money in some manufacturing enterprise without first having investigated the conditions governing its success? A business man would consider the cost of machinery, the price of raw materials, the wages to be paid for labor, the rent, taxes, and insurance rates, and the price and demand for his finished product. Without such preliminary investigation, he might with reason be expected to make a failure of his venture. Yet this is precisely the position of these agitators. They know nothing of the details of the business or of the cost of furnishing water, yet they assume to declare off-hand that the rates are too high and that the income of the company is excessive.

It is but natural that a man should seek to get what he buys as cheaply as possible, and to believe those who assure him that he is paying too much and who offer to assist him in getting a reduction in price. The consumers of water are so numerous that it is easy to give the agitation in favor of reduced water rates the appearance of a popular demand. We do not believe, however, that the demand is by any means so general as it is made to appear, or that it comes from the more intelligent class of the population. The people of this city have a strong sense of fair play, and they would not knowingly do an injustice. The people of the State have declared that seven per cent. is a fair and legal rate of interest upon an investment. The water company asks for only six per cent., yet this is declared to be unreasonable and excessive. Would Mr. Hearst consider a return of six per cent. upon his investment in the *Examiner* excessive? Would any business man consider his business prosperous if his income did not amount to more than six per cent.?

It has come to be the fashion in this country to look upon corporations as enemies of society. They are regarded superficially as some intangible species of ogre, without soul and without human feelings. Yet behind this artificial organization are the stockholders, with the directors as a committee of management drawn from their number. The water company is not owned by a few rich capitalists, but by thousands of stockholders. Confidence in the integrity and economy of the management has led widows, and orphans, and trustees of estates, to invest their money in the stock of the company, in order to secure a small income upon which to live, and six per cent. is not an excessive return upon such investments. The assaults upon the water company are really attacks upon these people, and, were the demands of

the agitators complied with, their little accumulations would be swept away.

It is unfortunate that Mayor Phelan should have associated himself with these agitators. Had he gone to the directors of the water company and had a business talk with them, he would have received all the information he desired, and would have gained a better understanding of the situation than he can get by the present course. The proposed reduction of rates can accomplish but little, for, distributed among the thousands of rate-payers, the relief would be infinitesimal, while the aggregate result would cripple the company. This city is, with reason, proud of its water supply. The supply is adequate to every demand that can be made upon it at present or in the future, and the quality of the water is unsurpassed. It furnished secure investment in stock and bonds for those whose lack of training prevents them from engaging in active business. This continued agitation hurts the credit of San Francisco and menaces the efficiency of the water supply. It puts an unnecessary expense upon the company and upon the city government. It accomplishes no good purpose and harms everybody concerned. It would be far better were it discontinued.

Though the female athlete has not yet become a prominent figure in San Francisco, the native daughter seems to have come up as a flower to an even finer physical standard than the Eastern girl, with all her gymnasium development, has attained. Judging by a table of average measurements of girls from Berkeley and Wellesley Colleges, it would seem that the Californian is built upon a more generous mold. Striking an equal average in weight at 119.4 pounds, the other measurements show an interesting variation. The average height of the Berkeley girl is 63.5 inches to the Easterner's 63.2. She is 30.8 inches round the chest to the Wellesley girl's 28.8, while her waist is 24.2 to her Eastern sister's 24.6. Her proportions in the measurements of the torso are not so even as the Easterner's, as her smaller waist is emphasized by a girth round the hips of 37.6 to Wellesley's 25.2. The Wellesley girl has a larger throat, her measurement being 12.2 to the Berkeleyan's 12.1. But, on the question of feet, Berkeley comes out ahead, as her right foot is 9.3 inches to a right foot of 9.4 on the part of Wellesley.

With this generous development, achieved without the fostering aids of gymnasiums, the California woman may regard herself as the American Diana. Her beauty, which is known from Dan to Beersheba, is the beauty of health, of a sound digestion, of good blood, and no nerves. Fresher complexions, clearer eyes, and finer figures are seen on Kearny Street of a sunny afternoon than on any other thoroughfare in the Union. These evidences of a radiant and bounteous health are ascribed to several causes, the chief being climate and outdoor life. The native daughter does not dry up her complexion in the withering warmth of the furnace-heated rooms in which the Eastern girl spends half her winter. She is constantly out-of-doors, where she is neither pinched with cold nor wilted with heat. Moreover, the climate does not stimulate her nervous energy, and this is conducive to that untroubled calm which is one of the secrets of health. Another cause is that her veins are enriched with the fresh, strong blood of a sturdy ancestry. The vigorous blood of the men whose youthful energy drove them from the country-house and farm to turn their faces westward in '49, has contributed to give the California woman her splendid heritage of health.

What can be accomplished by systematic and intelligent work in the improvement of the public highways is illustrated by the experience of Santa Clara County. Santa Clara County. Any person who traveled over the roads of that county during the summer months, ten or twelve years ago, will remember how he was assailed by clouds of dust that obscured the view and rendered breathing a torture. A drive of a few miles beyond the city limits rendered a thorough cleansing process absolutely necessary as its end. To-day Santa Clara County has a greater mileage of improved roads than other county in the State, and one may drive for miles in any direction over smooth, level roads without encountering any dust at all.

The people of Santa Clara County early realized the advantage to be gained by improving their highways. The dirt roadways were compacted and properly crowned, and a good surface of gravel placed on them. All wheel-ruts and chuck-holes were immediately filled with gravel, on the principle that early repair was far cheaper than reconstruction. In addition to this, the roads have been thoroughly sprinkled through the summer months. The importance and economy of sprinkling during the dry summers in this State can not be over-estimated. The road-bed becomes dry and parched; the heavy traffic of hauling fruits and farm produce to market grinds the surface to a fine powder.

When the rains of winter come, the dust retains the moisture which should be drained into the ditches at the sides, and the mud thus formed softens the lower layers of the road-bed. The wheels of passing vehicles cut into the mud and form depressions for puddles of water to settle in and complete the work of destruction already commenced. When the roads are properly sprinkled through the summer, the surface remains hard, and the winter's rains drain off into the ditches, so that the roads are dry soon after the rain ceases.

In 1885 there were but two roads in Santa Clara County being systematically sprinkled—the Alameda, leading from San José to Santa Clara, and the Monterey road, leading to the cemetery. The sprinkling covered about five miles of roadway. The question of preserving the county highways by a liberal use of water during the summer months was investigated, and it was found that a complete system of sprinkling would involve a heavy expense for first cost. A modest beginning was made, however, and the results were so satisfactory that demands for an extension of the system came in so rapidly from all districts that, for a time, the supervisors were unable to meet them. The system has been developed until now 270 out of a total of 400 miles of graveled road are sprinkled. There are 55 watering carts, 90 miles of pipe-line, and machinery valued at \$150,000.

The county has made some experiments in working prisoners on the county roads, but owing to the expense of keeping and transportation, they have not been very successful. It is now proposed to erect buildings at a quarry three miles from San José, where road material may be prepared by the county prisoners and used in all parts of the county. Another proposed improvement will decrease the expense of sprinkling the roads. The heaviest item of expense now is the purchase of water. In the hills surrounding the valley are many small streams, the water of which may be impounded and brought to convenient localities by gravity. By this means, the cost of water may be reduced to a nominal amount.

Santa Clara County now has a mileage of 775 miles of roadway, of which 400 miles have been graveled, and has expended in their construction and maintenance during the last ten years \$960,376, or an average of \$1,110 a mile. During that period the county has opened and improved 229 miles of new roadway. This is about one-third of the cost of roads in the Eastern States, and indicates what can be accomplished in any of the other counties of California.

The news that Marion Crawford's first play, "Dr. Claudius," is a failure does not come with any shock of surprise. The surprise was felt earlier, when the announcement went abroad that "Dr. Claudius" was to be turned into a drama. Where the most experienced playwright was to find material in the story of the German doctor's love for the dark American lady, was a question dramatists asked each other. Some of Crawford's novels, such as "Casa Braccio" and "To Leeward," are distinctly dramatic and fall naturally into scenes; but "Dr. Claudius" did not contain a single playable element, and why so well-tried an adapter as Mr. St. Maur should have selected it, and so ambitious an "angel" as Mr. Hanley have risked ten thousand dollars upon it, is one of those questions that Mr. St. Maur and Mr. Hanley will never tire of asking themselves.

The craze for dramatizing popular books is becoming unbridled, and the next thing we know we shall have the Book of Genesis done over into a spectacular drama and rattling comedy made out of "Pilgrim's Progress." The success of several modern stories such as "Trilby" and "The Prisoner of Zenda" has brought every novelist panting into the field, adapter, author, and manager alike forgetting that "Trilby" ran on the boom of its original popularity and that "The Prisoner of Zenda" from the first was more a play than a book. Everybody who has ever had a novel published wants to make a play out of it, and in consequence much trash is added to the trash already on the boards. That the talent of the *raconteur* is rarely coupled with that of the dramatist no one seems to realize. In the one the capacity to tell a tale well is the chief requisite. In the other the instinct of construction and the ability to indicate character through the medium of dialogue are the most important attributes. Just before the failure of "Dr. Claudius," Gilbert Parker's play, "The Seats of the Mighty," fell with a thud, though it was presented with all the attractions of an excellent English company and sumptuous setting. Mr. Parker dramatized it himself, and his ignorance of stage craft, coupled with the fact that the characters had lost all life in the transition from the book to the boards, combined to kill it. If the adapters, instead of turning their attention to these light and trivial books, would take some of the masterpieces of fiction, they might hope for better results.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

A Tale of Rum and Arithmetical Retrogression.

Jim threw another log on the camp-fire, and the blazing circle of light grew to its old dimensions. We could see the stars dodging back and forth behind the tops of the pines, and the lone coyote who had a monopoly of noises down the gulch was indulging us with a temporary rest. The Patriarch occupied the seat of honor, a camp-stool, and the rest of us were ranged on a tree-trunk.

The Patriarch looked at me. "I'll do you the favor," he said, "of filling my pipe with your tobakky. Speakin' of sea-yarns, that story of Jim's about the icebergs that hunted in pairs, keepin' a keen lookout to squeeze a ship caught without a breeze, while the polar bears sat by and laughed, was tol'bly good; and the one you told about the Thing that could stand on its head on the floor of the ocean and flap the face of heaven with its tail, was purty fair, yes, purty fair. But they war just yarns, plain yarns, neatly unraveled. And that makes me think of what old Absalom Biggs used to say: 'Always tell the truth, my lad, if you're a master smart hand at it.'

"Absalom had a distant relative—he lived in Nantucket, and his brother was anchored in Jamaika—who bought and sold everything, from queer shells to queer money. His brother was a smart man, nigh as smart as Absalom himself, and he might have lived to be a great one if they had given him plenty of rope. As it was, he war a leetle too high-strung to make a success of life. It's queer bow the fur-riners acquire all of our improvements, even the art of lynchin'.

"Absalom was master and sole proprietor of the good old tradin' brig, *Keep Mum*. They war two of a kind, Absalom and the brig. Absalom wore a suit of homespun that hung on him like a sail wrapped around a wind-mill, and the brig was all right if she was only as black as she was painted, for she needed sprucin' up badly; but they war both hard to beat in their deceptive lines, I reckon. The *Keep Mum* was one of the best of her kind that ever faded out of sight of a revenue cutter, and Absalom was entitled to a patent right on lots of the tricks of his trade. He was a quiet kind of man, though he had a good command of language, resultin' from hard study of circus-posters when he was a lad, and the *Keep Mum* sailed so stilly that the wind couldn't whistle through her rigger'n even.

"Now, Absalom was a temperance man from principle and interest, though he wasn't particularly religious and worshiped nothin', so far as I know, except savin's-hanks. 'Never taste the intoxicatin' cup, young man,' he used to say; 'you might miss a chance to make a dollar.' But just the same, after his brother came aboard at the end of my first trip to Kingston, bringin' with him a mysterious air (kind of strongly scented), Absalom loaded the *Keep Mum* up with rum. And such rum! In barrels, with rusted hoops and cobwebs clingin' round 'em, they hoisted it on board. The pirates that hid it a century before stored nothin' weak, and every year added to its strength. Our second mate, who was a man of much liquid experience ashore as well as at sea, took a cargo of one cup. It was just three days before he could navigate, and—would you believe it!—for two weeks after that whenever he dreamed of that rum at night he'd wake up in the mornin' tipsy.

"Absalom was a man who glanced over newspapers from curiosity and read trade journals for profit. So I knew somethin' extremely uncommon was up when he spent a whole forenoon porin' over a newspaper, with his elbows on the table and his fingers clutched in his hair; and when I heard him chuckle, I was interested. Absalom Biggs never wasted a chuckle. I heard him say, as he went out of the cabin: '*They're strong in the body, but weak in the head.*'

"Of course I picked up the paper. It told a story of an awful tribe of cannibals who resided on the west coast of Afriky. It seemed they war a tribe of reg'lar hunko-steerers, for all the missionaries who went there war invariably taken in. Then the Queen of England sent down a gun-boat, and the captain of the gun-boat sent a man with a white flag and a proclamation in violent language to these cannibals. But there was some misunderstanding about the matter, for the cannibals ate both the gallant tar and the proclamation. It hurt the captain's feelin's very much, so he landed most of his force and went after the heathen. Alas! he didn't know 'em. I disremember all of the affectin' lines the poet larryate wrote about 'em, but the centrepiece of the work run somethin' like this:

" 'They war an awful hungry lot
And havin' nothin' much to do,
Invagled the tars—the sun was hot—
Into a nice, secluded spot,
Then ate that gallant crew.'

"Her majesty missed a reception on account of that, and the foreign secretary missed two first-class races. Then a cruiser went down there on business, but the captain, not hein' onto his job, was shortly on the rocks, and when the men swam ashore, the beathen met 'em with a bearty reception. And it was awful annoyin' after that to the people on the English boats that went sailin' by to see them savvidges a-sittin' on the rocks and sunnin' themselves, dressed in British naval uniforms and sarcastic smiles. And the foreign secretary had taken to his bed. So the papers said.

" 'We sail for London to-morrow,' said Absalom Biggs, who was standin' in the doorway with his hands in his pockets. All the information you ever got out of Absalom about his business was volunteered, so I saved my breath by askin' no questions. We sailed with fair weather and a good breeze. All the way over, Absalom didn't do anything but walk the deck with his hands in his pockets and a commercial expression on his face. Did I tell you that we didn't unload that run?

" 'We reached London, and Absalom put on his best store-front to go up to see the foreign secretary. He put one leg out his trousers outside his boot and one inside, 'for I don't know,' says he, 'how the foreign secretary wears his'n.' You

see, Absalom Biggs could carry water on both shoulders about as well as anybody. We had to pass about twenty secretaries and assistant-secretaries, and every blessed one of 'em had an objection, but Absalom outmaneuvered all of them. The foreign secretary was sittin' in a chair as if it had been built up around him. 'What do you want?' said he, lookin' at his watch. 'Permission,' says Absalom, 'to catch Wally Bo Logn and his cannibals.' 'You have it,' said the secretary, 'and if you are successful, her majesty will be pleased to extend to you ber grateful thanks and gracious commendation.' 'And what might that combination be worth?' asked Absalom Biggs. 'Ten thousand pounds,' said the secretary, shortly. When we had a note to that effect, we left.

"So we sailed down the African coast with a cargo part of rum and part of water. We had no fire-arms. 'Ammy-nition,' said Absalom, 'costs money.' I didn't understand his plan. Once before a trader had tried to do business and Wally Bo Logn at the same time with rum, but that sly old chap ate the trader first and drank his rum afterwards. 'Business before pleasure,' remarked Wally Bo Logn.

" 'We went inshore at night by the dark of the moon, and while the heathen war sleepin', we lightered that rum to land. And then at daybreak we stood off. There, along the beach, stood barrel after barrel of rum. And every barrel had a spigot and a bright new tin cup, chained fast, 'for tin cups cost money,' was what Absalom said.

"The heathen came down to look at the brig and speculate about the chances for breakfast; the tin cups caught their eye, and then, pretty soon the rum caught them. Absalom stood on the upper deck and watched them: '*They're strong in the body, but weak in the head.*' Then he went down below, and read his 'Pilgrim's Progress' and 'Guide to Wealth.'

"In the afternoon, Absalom Biggs surveyed the scene again. He seemed kind of pleased. And finally, when Wally Bo Logn got his marine cap jammed down over his eyes and his lieutenant's sword tangled up with his legs and sat down to unmix himself, Absalom ordered out the boats. 'Take care of all of them that can't take care of themselves,' kindly said he. By nightfall we had all the heathen carefully stowed below.

" 'These are your instructions: keep the brig out of sight of land until further notice.' And then Absalom went back to his 'Guide to Wealth.'

"We sailed up and we sailed down. We tacked this way and that, and roamed around at our own free will. One more order we had from Absalom: 'All you need give the savvidges is plenty of water and room to play. No rum,' he added, absent-mindedly, 'for rum costs money.' And then I heard him chuckle again, and say: '*They're strong in the body, though weak in the head.*'

"Well, we went on a-sailin'. And Absalom consulted me just once more. 'What do you know about 'arithmetical retrogression'?' he asked me. I was young in those days—almost young enough to know everything—and, havin' the cannibals on my mind, I answered up smartly: 'The water is a leetle brackish, but the harbor is fair and there are plenty of palms. It hadn't any inhabitants the last time I was there.' 'Never mind,' he said; 'if you take seven hundred and sixty and divide it in two, and then every four days cut your fingers down one-half, how long'll it be until you have only one?' Bein' a little weak on fingers, I said nothing. And then he fell to cipherin'.

"After that Absalom didn't seem to take any interest in our cargo. He usually stayed in the cabin and read. And the *Keep Mum* kept sailin' on, sometimes towards the tropics and sometimes towards the pole. It didn't seem to make any difference to Absalom whether her canvas from sky-sails to courses was spread to a spankin' breeze or flapped idly in a dead ca'm.

"But finally, one day, after he had held a deep consultation with the almanac, our course was laid for London. The mornin' we went up the Thames, Absalom's interest in our cargo came to life. He lifted up the hatch, careless like, and after a bit, Wally Bo Logn's black head appeared. Now, through livin' with and on missionaries, Mr. Bo Logn could speak English. 'We're goin' ashore,' said Absalom. 'To eat?' asked Wally Bo Logn. 'Yes,' replied Absalom, and Wally nodded his head. So we disguised him with a linen duster that fitted him rather soon, and added some other old clothes by way of adornment; then went we to the foreign secretary. Between you'n me, be's a better man to do business with than the lord high admiral, not havin' so many titles. The first assistant to somethin' stood in the doorway with his nose tilted skyward. 'We've business with the secretary,' said Absalom. 'And what might your business be?' said his bigness, with considerable scorn. 'Eat,' said Wally Bo Logn, and he smiled at him with his meet-you-at-the-mess-room smile, and his highness just shrank into nothin'. Then we steered for the secretary's office, and found him at home with the same big chair around him.

" 'What do you want?' he said, frownin'. And then Mr. Bo Logn and the secretary sized each other up, for they war two of a kind.

" 'Allow me,' said Absalom Biggs, 'to introduce to you Mr. Wally B. Logn, King of the Guinny Cannibals.'

" 'And where are the rest of the tribe?' asked the secretary, impatiently.

"Then Absalom drew himself up to his full height and made his best, best bow. '*They're strong in the body though weak in the head.*' They're in him,' said Absalom Biggs."

Just then the waiter at the cook-house sounded his sheet-iron supper-call, and the Patriarch rose stiffly, scraping his pipe. "It's supper-time, boys," he said.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1897.

PAUL SHOUP.

Joseph Jefferson has taken up the cudgels against undue athletic training, which, he says, "kills off more people than it cures. The strain undermines the system, forces the heart to a task far beyond its powers, and, as a result, there is a collapse of the life machinery long before the appointed time."

JENKINS IN AMERICA.

The London Daily Telegraph Printing Columns of American Social News—What London Thinks of the Astors and the Four Hundred.

I do not know what has got into the *Daily Telegraph*. It has become so awfully American. I do not mean in the tone of its leaders, for in them, as in those of every London paper, there is always a covert sting, if not an open shaft, at the great republic. But it is in the prominence it gives news and intelligence from the United States. There has been running in the *Telegraph* for some weeks a series of letters, generally a column or two in length, headed "Social America," in which the writer has been laboriously endeavoring to give an idea of the social customs of the United States, running from Presidential elections to life in hotels.

The letters are from New York, and the author is an Englishman. They are all written with the cramped pen of the Briton when depicting any other country but his own, for, try as he may, to speak in praise or in compliment of what he sees, he can not help giving frequent token of his nationality. He has evidently lived long enough in America to have picked up a fair smattering of knowledge about the country and people, observing through British spectacles; and he appears to have gathered a mass of information which, to the Americans in London who read the letters, is in the main both novel and amusing. What English readers think of the articles I am unable to say. I have yet to meet an Englishman who has ever referred to them.

The latest thing of all in this affectionate boasting which the *Telegraph* is giving to American affairs, is an almost daily cable letter from New York, telling of the doings of the Four Hundred. In it we are told of all the people who constitute New York society, as if either they or their deeds were matters of importance to people in London. What do they suppose the average English reader, who unfolds his paper of a morning at breakfast, cares about Mrs. Astor, or whether she is "the acknowledged leader of New York society," or not? It is just possible that some English readers may recognize the name of Mrs. Astor, having heard of Mr. Astor, the American millionaire who bought the Duke of Westminster's pretty place on the Thames. Others, too, may recollect that that is the name of "the Yankee who owns the *Pall Mall*." But how they are going to place or define the individuality of the people who took part in the cotillion of Mrs. Astor's ball, beats me.

Yet these persons, and those given prominence as "among the company," are spoken of as though they were Bismarck or Patti, Mr. McKinley or "Ouida." For my own part, I think it is a great pity. There are no greater quizzes on earth than English people of the upper classes, and this foisting of a lot of unknown people under their noses for their notice will provoke laughter at the grotesqueness of the whole proceeding. And again—and this is where failure peeps out in another form—the *Daily Telegraph*, splendid newspaper though it may be, is hardly the social power in London society that these New York grandes appear to imagine. Now, if it were the *Morning Post*, or even the *Court Journal*—but the *Daily Telegraph*! I am surprised at the New York people not being knowing enough to understand this. Better not have had their doings chronicled in London at all than to have pitched upon a vehicle so unfashionable.

Now, just let me take one of these cable letters intended to beguile British breakfast-tables, and give you some of the names of New Yorkers mentioned in it. The letter is chiefly devoted to Mrs. Astor's ball, which took place at the beginning of the year. Here is one of the introductory remarks: "The company, which numbered some five hundred, comprised the *élite* of the American world." Just imagine such a thing! Strictly speaking, that would mean that there were but one hundred other people in the United States fit to associate with the Four Hundred of New York. I wonder how Philadelphians, Bostonians, and San Franciscans like that? And just here, there is nothing that amuses English people so much as these petty strifes in America as to social position. In the eyes of English ladies and gentlemen, there is nothing so vulgar as openly contending about such matters. "Many of the dresses were of supreme beauty." Who cares? Handsome dressing is now much too common in England for English people to be interested in it three thousand miles away. Again we are told that "the display of diamonds and pearls was especially profuse." One London drawing-room would eclipse a hundredfold in jewel display all the balls of the New York season put together. Where, then, is the dazzle to English readers? Further on we are treated to the astounding facts that "general dancing took place before supper, and after supper the cotillion followed." Mind you, this is all cabled. "Mr. Elisha Dyer," we are calmly informed, "led." Now, who is Mr. Elisha Dyer? I certainly never "beard tell" of the gentleman before, though I can not but admire his aristocratic name, and I doubt if one out of ten thousand of the *Telegraph's* readers ever heard of him either. "Mr. Richard Peters," it seems, assisted Mr. Dyer. Peters and Dyer or Dyer and Peters. Sounds like a firm of brewers or fishmongers. What a pity not to have put forward for these important posts a Havemeyer or a Tiffany, a Belmont or a Lorillard. About a fortnight ago we had nearly a half-column cable describing the wedding of a Miss Tailor to a Mr. Smith. I have no doubt that thousands of Englishmen have heard of "Mr. Smith," and that thousands know him. But I'll bet a cooky that not one ever heard of Miss Tailor—spelled that way, anyhow. All these accounts are puzzling to English readers—not only their contents, but their object. And so, I repeat: I do not know what is the matter with the *Daily Telegraph*. Wherein lies the motive of these New York society cablegrams—the motive power, in short? Does it not come from the other side, I wonder? It looks that way.

LONDON, January 15, 1897.

COCKAIGNE.

A POET-SOCIALIST'S UTOPIA.

William Morris's Dream of the Future, Set Forth in "News from Nowhere," where All Men Do as they Like and Every One is Happy.

One of the foremost figures in the literary and artistic society of London in the latter part of the Victorian era was the late William Morris. As a poet he took high rank; the volumes he issued from his Kelmscott press are among the most beautiful examples of book-making in this or any age; and not to have his wall-papers on your drawing-room walls was to argue yourself without the pale of artistic society in London. In addition to all this, he was a socialist: not a vulgar thrower of dynamite bombs, but a man with "views," and one who scorned the conventions of dress that obtained in the society to which he was *persona grata*, and preferred the plain—and becoming—severity of serge suits and flannel shirts. He was an intensely picturesque figure, and his socialism was one of his most picturesque attributes. He had a handsome chapel attached to his home, and on Sundays he would address all who chose to come on the native equality of man and the wrongs inflicted by capital. Nevertheless, he did not divide his fortune of two hundred and sixty-five thousand dollars among his fellow-men; he left it to his wife and daughter. Inasmuch as this has brought against him the charge of insincerity, it is interesting to see what were his socialist views. These he embodied, some time ago, in a book entitled "News from Nowhere."

The book is a romance, the narrative of a man who has a dream in which he awakes and finds himself in England in the twenty-first century, many years after "the great change" had taken place. He is ferried across the Thames by a berry-brown young waterman, and when he offers to pay for the service, the waterman is puzzled. He says:

"I think I know what you mean. You think that I have done you a service, so you feel yourself bound to give me something which I am not to give to a neighbor, unless he has done something special for me. I have heard of this kind of thing, but pardon me for saying that it seems to us a troublesome and roundabout custom, and we don't know how to manage it. And, you see, this ferrying and giving people casts about the water is my business, which I would do for anybody, so to take gifts in connection with it would look very queer. Besides, if one person gave me something, then another might, and another, and so on; and I hope you won't think me rude if I say that I shouldn't know where to stow away so many mementos of friendship."

This young waterman takes the stranger to a "guest-house":

We were presently within doors and standing in a hall with a floor of marble mosaic and an open timber roof. There were no windows on the side opposite to the river, but arches below leading into chambers, one of which showed a glimpse of a garden beyond, and above them a long space of wall gaily painted (in fresco, I thought); everything about the place was handsome and generously solid as to material. . . . Three young women were flitting to and fro. . . . As to their dress, which of course I took note of, I should say that they were decently veiled with drapery and not bunched up with millinery; that they were clothed like women, not upholstered like arm-chairs, as most women of our time are. In short, their dress was somewhat between that of the ancient classical costume and the simpler forms of the fourteenth-century garments, though it was clearly not an imitation of either; the materials were light and gay to suit the season. As to the women themselves, it was pleasant indeed to see them, they were so kind and happy-looking in expression of face, so shapely and well-knit of body, and thoroughly healthy-looking and strong. All were at least comely, and one of them very handsome and regular of feature. They came up to us at once merrily and without the least affectation of shyness, and all three shook hands with me, as if I were a friend newly come back from a long journey. . . . They bustled about on our behalf, and presently came and took us by the hands and led us to a table in the pleasantest corner of the hall, where our breakfast was spread for us; and, as we sat down, one of them hurried out and came back again in a little while with a great bunch of roses. . . . She hurried back into the buttery, and came back once more with a delicately made glass, into which she put the flowers and set in the midst of our table. One of the others, who had run off also, then came back with a big cabbage-leaf filled with strawberries, some of them barely ripe. . . . Our breakfast was simple enough, but most delicately cooked, and set on the table with much daintiness.

The stranger is surprised at the youthful appearance of the women when they speak of their age, and one of them blushing asks how old he thinks she is:

"Well," quoth I, "I have always been told that a woman is as old as she looks, so without offense or flattery, I should say you were twenty." She laughed merrily, and said, "I am well served out for fishing for compliments, since I have to tell you the truth, to-wit, that I am forty-two."

I stared at her, and drew musical laughter from her again; but I might well stare, for there was not a careful line on her face; her skin was as smooth as ivory, her cheeks full and round, her lips as red as the roses she had brought in; her beautiful arms, which she had bared for her work, firm and well-knit from the shoulder to the wrist.

While they are at the "guest-house," a gorgeous personage appears:

A splendid figure slowly sauntering over the pavement; a man whose surcoat was embroidered most copiously as well as elegantly, so that the sun flashed back from him as if he had been clad in golden armor. The man himself was tall, dark-haired, and exceedingly handsome, and though his face was no less kindly in expression than that of the others, he moved with that somewhat haughty mien which great beauty is apt to give to both men and women. He came and sat down at our table with a smiling face, stretching out his long legs and hanging his arm over the chair in the slowly graceful way which tall and well-built people may use without affectation. He was a man in the prime of life, but looked as happy as a child who has just got a new toy.

This man was called Boffin by his friends, but:

"Of course his real name is not Boffin, but Henry Johnson; we only call him Boffin as a joke—partly because he is a dustman, and partly because he will dress so showily and get as much gold on him as a baron in the Middle Ages."

This, in fact, is the sort of person who, in Mr. Morris's Utopia, follows the gentle calling of ashman.

And if a mere ashman was such a gorgeous creature, one would expect the other citizens to be equally resplendent, as they were:

Almost everybody was gayly dressed, but especially the women, who were so well-looking, or even so handsome, that I could scarce refrain my tongue from calling my companion's attention to the fact. Some faces I saw that were thoughtful, but none that had a glimmer of unhappiness, and the greater part were frankly and openly joyous.

The stranger and his cicerone are journeying along, when the former finds that he has no tobacco and no money wherewith to buy more, and the manner in which shopping is conducted in this new country is forthwith shown him:

The shop, or booth, had a counter and shelves on the walls, all very neat, though without any pretense of showiness, but otherwise not very different to what I had been used to. Within were a couple of children—a brown-skinned boy of about twelve, who sat reading a book, and a pretty little girl about a year older, who was sitting also reading behind the counter; they were obviously brother and sister.

"Good morning, little neighbors," said Dick. "My friend here wants tobacco and a pipe; can you help him?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," said the girl, with a sort of demure alertness which was somewhat amusing. The boy looked up, and fell staring at my outlandish attire, but presently reddened and turned his head, as if he knew that he was not behaving prettily.

"Dear neighbor," says the girl, with the most solemn countenance of a child playing at keeping shop, "what tobacco is it you would like?"

"Latakia," quoth I, feeling as if I were assisting at a child's game, and wondering whether I should get anything but make-believe.

But the girl took a dainty little basket from a shelf beside her, went to a jar, and took out a lot of tobacco, and put the filled basket down on the counter for me, where I could both smell and see that it was excellent Latakia.

"But you haven't weighed it," said I; "and—and how much am I to take?"

"Why," she said, "I advise you to cram your bag, because you may be going where you can't get Latakia. Where is your bag?"

I fumbled about, and at last pulled out my piece of cotton print which does duty with me for a tobacco-pouch. But the girl looked at it with some disdain, and said:

"Dear neighbor, I can give you something much better than that cotton rag." And she tripped up the shop and came back presently, and, as she passed the boy, whispered something in his ear, and he nodded and got up and went out. The girl held up in her finger and thumb a red morocco bag, gayly embroidered, and said: "There, I've chosen one for you, and you are to have it; it is pretty, and will hold a lot."

Therewith she fell to cramming it with the tobacco, and laid it down by me, and said: "Now for the pipe; that also you must let me choose for you; there are three pretty ones just come in."

She disappeared again, and came back with a big-bowled pipe in her hand, carved out of some hard wood very elaborately, and mounted in gold, sprinkled with little gems. It was, in short, as pretty and gay a toy as I had ever seen—something like the best kind of Japanese work, but better.

"Dear me," said I, when I set eyes on it, "this is altogether too grand for me, or for anybody but the Emperor of the World. Besides, I shall lose it; I always lose my pipes."

The child seemed rather dashed, and said: "Don't you like it, neighbor?"

"Oh, yes," said I, "of course I like it."

"Well, then, take it," said she, "and don't trouble about losing it. What will it matter if you do? Somebody is sure to find it, and be will use it, and you can get another."

I took it out of her hand to look at it, and while I did so forgot my caution, and said: "But however am I to pay for such a thing as this?"

Dick laid his hand on my shoulder as I spoke, and turning I met his eyes with a comical expression in them which warned me against another exhibition of extinct commercial morality; so I reddened and held my tongue, while the girl simply looked at me with the deepest gravity, as if I were a foreigner blundering in my speech, for she clearly didn't understand me a bit.

"Thank you so very much," I said at last, effusively, as I put the pipe in my pocket, not without a qualm of doubt as to whether I shouldn't find myself before a magistrate presently.

"Oh, you are very welcome," said the little lass, with an affectation of grown-up manners at their best, which was very quaint. "It is such a pleasure to serve dear old gentlemen like you, especially when one can see at once that you have come from far over the sea."

"Yes, my dear," quoth I, "I have been a great traveler."

As I told this lie from pure politeness, in came the lad again, with a tray in his hands, on which I saw a long flask and two beautiful glasses.

"Neighbors," said the girl (who did all the talking, her brother being very shy, clearly), "please to drink a glass to us before you go, since we do not have guests like this every day."

Therewith the boy put the tray on the counter and solemnly poured out a straw-colored wine into the long bowls. Nothing loath, I drank, for I was thirsty with the hot day; and, thinks I, I am yet in the world, and the grapes of the Rhine have not yet lost their flavor. For if ever I drank good Steinberg, I drank it that morning. . . . I asked if children generally waited on people in the markets. "Often enough," said he, "when it isn't a matter of dealing with heavy weights, but by no means always. The children like to amuse themselves with it, and it is good for them, because they handle a lot of diverse wares and get to learn about them, how they are made, and where they come from, and so on. Besides, it is such very easy work that anybody can do it. It is said that in the early days of our epoch there were a good many people who were hereditarily afflicted with a disease called Idleness, because they were the direct descendants of those who in the bad times used to force other people to work for them—the people, you know, who are called slave-holders or employers of labor in the history books. Well, these Idleness-stricken people used to serve booths all their time, because they were fit for so little. Indeed, I believe that at one time they were actually compelled to do some such work, because they, especially the women, got so ugly and produced such ugly children that the neighbors couldn't stand it. However, I'm happy to say that all that is gone by now; the disease is either extinct or exists in such a mild form that a short course of aperient medicine carries it off. It is sometimes called the Blue-devils now, or the Mulleygrubs."

The old English axiom that a man's house is his castle does not hold in this new order of things:

"We live as we like, and we like to live as a rule with certain house-mates that we have got used to. Remember, again, that poverty is extinct, and that the Fourierist phalansteries and all their kind, as was but natural at the time, implied nothing but a refuge from mere destitution. Such a way of life as that could only have been conceived of by people surrounded by the worst form of poverty. But you must understand, therewith that, though separate households are the rule among us, and though they differ in their habits more or less, yet no door is shut to any good-tempered person who is content to live as the other house-mates do; only, of course, it would be unreasonable for one man to drop into a household and bid the folk of it to alter their habits to please him, since he can go elsewhere and live as he pleases."

The conditions of love and matrimony in this Utopia are explained in this story of a couple of whom an old man tells:

"They lived together two years the first time; and then she got it into her head that she was in love with somebody else. So she left poor Dick. But it did not last long, only about a year. Then she came to me, as she was in the habit of bringing her troubles to the old carle, and asked me how Dick was, and whether he was happy, and all the rest of it. So I saw where the land lay, and said that he was very unhappy and not at all well; which last, at any rate, was a lie. There, you can guess the rest. Clara came to have a long talk with me to-day, but Dick will serve her turn much better. Indeed, if he hadn't chanced in upon me to-day, I should have had to send for him to-morrow."

"Dear me," said I, "Have they any children?"

"Yes," said he, "two; they are staying with one of my daughters at present, where, indeed, Clara has mostly been. I wouldn't lose sight of her, as I felt sure they would come together again; and Dick, who is the best of good fellows, really took the matter to heart. You see, he had no other love to run to, as she had. So I managed it all, as I have done with such-like matters before."

"Ah," said I, "no doubt you wanted to keep them out of the divorce court; but I suppose it often has to settle such matters?"

"Then you suppose nonsense," said he. "I know that there used to be such lunatic affairs as divorce courts; but just consider, all the cases that came into them were matters of property quarrels; and I think, dear guest," said he, smiling, "that although you do come from another planet, you can see from the mere outside look of our world that quarrels about private property could not go on among us. . . ."

"Well, then, property quarrels being no longer possible, what remains in these matters that a court of law could deal with? Fancy a court for enforcing a contract of passion or sentiment! . . . We do not deceive ourselves, indeed, or believe that we can get rid of all the

trouble that besets the dealings between the sexes. We know that we must face the unhappiness that comes of man and woman confusing the relations between natural passion and sentiment, and the friendship which, when things go well, softens the awakening from passing allusions; but we are not so mad as to pile up degradation on that unhappiness by engaging in sordid squabbles about livelihood, and position, and the power of tyrannizing over the children who have been the results of love or lust."

Again he paused awhile, and again went on: "Calf love, mistaken for a heroism that shall be life-long, yet early waning into disappointment; the inexplicable desire that comes on a man of riper years to be the all-in-all to some one woman, whose ordinary human kindness and human beauty he has idealized into superhuman perfection, and made the one object of his desire; or, lastly, the reasonable longing of a strong and thoughtful man to become the most intimate friend of some beautiful and wise woman, the very type of the beauty and glory of the world which we love so well—as we exult in the pleasure and exaltation of spirit which goes with all this, so we set ourselves to bear the sorrow which not un seldom goes with it also. . . . But you must know that we of these generations are strong and healthy of body, and live easily; we pass our lives in reasonable strife with nature, exercising not one side of ourselves only, but all sides, taking the keenest pleasure in all the life of the world. So it is a point of honor with us not to be self-centered—not to suppose that the world must cease because one man is sorry; therefore we should think it foolish, or if you will, criminal, to exaggerate these matters of sentiment and sensibility; we are no more inclined to close out our sentimental sorrows than to cherish our bodily pains; and we recognize that there are other pleasures besides love-making. You must remember, also, that we are long-lived, and that therefore beauty both in man and woman is not so fleeting as it was in the days when we were burdened so heavily by self-inflicted diseases. So we shake off these griefs in a way which perhaps the sentimentalists of other times would think contemptible and unheroic, but which we think necessary and man-like. As on the one hand, therefore, we have ceased to be commercial in our love-matters, so also we have ceased to be artificially foolish."

He paused, as if for some words of mine; but I held my peace. Then he went on: "At least, if we suffer from the tyranny and fickleness of nature or our own want of experience, we neither grimace about it nor lie. If there must be sundering betwixt those who meant never to sunder, so it must be; but there need be no pretense of unity when the reality of it is gone. Nor do we drive those who well know that they are incapable of it to profess an undying sentiment which they can not really feel; thus, as that monstrosity of venal lust is no longer possible, so also it is no longer needed. Don't misunderstand me. You did not seem shocked when I told you that there were no law courts to enforce contracts of sentiment or passion; but so curiously are men made that perhaps you will be shocked when I tell you that there is no code of public opinion which takes the place of such courts, and which might be as tyrannical and unreasonable as they were. I do not say that people don't judge their neighbors' conduct—sometimes, doubtless, unfairly. But I do say that there is no unvarying conventional set of rules by which people are judged; no bed of Procrustes to stretch or cramp their minds and lives; no hypocritical excommunication which people are forced to pronounce, either by unconsidered habit or by the unexpressed threat of the lesser interdiction, if they are lax in their hypocrisy. . . . The men have no longer any opportunity of tyrannizing over the women, or the women over the men—both of which things took place in those old times. The women do what they can do best and what they like best, and the men are neither jealous of it nor injured by it."

That this plan did not always work well is shown by this anecdote:

"There is a very charming girl here whom we all like, and whom some of us do more than like; and she very naturally liked one of us better than anybody else. And another of us (I won't name him) got fairly bitten with love-madness, and used to go about making himself as unpleasant as he could—not of malice prepense, of course—so that the girl, who liked him well enough at first, though she didn't love him, began fairly to dislike him. Of course, those of us who knew him best—myself among others—advised him to go away, as he was making matters worse and worse for himself every day. Well, he wouldn't take our advice (that also, I suppose, was a matter of course), so we had to tell him that he must go, or the inevitable tendency to Coventry would follow; for his individual trouble had so overmastered him that we felt that we must go if he did not."

"He took that better than we expected, when something or other—an interview with the girl, I think, and some hot words with the successful lover following close upon it—threw him quite off his balance; and he got hold of an axe and fell upon his rival when there was no one by; and in the struggle that followed the man attacked bit him an unlucky blow and killed him. And now the slayer in his turn is so upset that he is like to kill himself; and if he does, the girl will do as much, I fear. And all this we could no more help than the earthquake of the year before last."

The author of this rosy-hued scheme of existence rather glides over the problem of the care of children. Their mothers care for them until they are able to toddle about, and then they seem to become the care and pride of the entire community. They wander about where they choose, and pick up knowledge from every one they come in contact with. Coming upon a group of them playing in the country, the stranger's queries bring out the following:

"These children do not all come from the near houses, the woodland houses, but from the country-side generally. They often make up parties and come to play in the woods for weeks together in summer-time, living in tents, as you see. We rather encourage them to it; they learn to do things for themselves, and get to notice the wild creatures; and you see, the less they stew inside houses the better for them. Indeed, I must tell you that many grown people will go to live in the forests through the summer, though they for the most part go to the bigger ones, like Windsor, or the Forest of Dean, or the northern wastes. Apart from the other pleasures of it, it gives them a little rough work."

I can assure you, our children learn, whether they go through a 'system of teaching' or not. Why, you will not find one of these children about here, boy or girl, who can not swim; and every one of them has been used to tumbling about the little forest ponies—there's one of them now! They all of them know how to cook; the bigger lads can mow; many can thatch and do odd jobs at carpentering; or they know how to keep shop. I can tell you they know plenty of things. . . . Most children, seeing books lying about, manage to read them by the time they are four years old; though I am told it has not always been so. As to writing, we do not encourage them to scrawl too early, though scrawl a little they will, because it gets them into a habit of ugly writing; and what's the use of a lot of ugly writing being done, when rough printing can be done so easily. You understand that handsome writing we like, and many people will write their books out when they make them, or get them written; I mean books of which only a few copies are needed—poems and such like, you know. . . ."

"Of course, sometimes even before they can read they can talk French, which is the nearest language talked on the other side of the water; and they soon get to know German also, which is talked by a huge number of communes and colleges on the mainland. These are the principal languages we speak in these islands, along with English and Welsh; and children pick them up very quickly, because their elders all know them; and besides our guests from over sea often bring their children with them, and the little ones get together and rub their speech into one another. . . . When a person can read, of course he reads what he likes to; and he can easily get some one to tell him what are the best books to read on such or such a subject, or to explain what he doesn't understand in the books when he is reading them. . . . As a rule, they don't do much reading, except for a few story-books, till they are about fifteen years old; we don't encourage early bookishness—though you will find some children who will take to books very early; which perhaps is not good for them; but it's no use thwarting them; and very often it doesn't last long with them, and they find their level before they are twenty years old. You see, children are mostly given to imitating their elders, and when they see most people about them engaged in genuinely amusing work, like house-building, street-paving, and gardening, and the like, that is what they want to do."

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SEEKING THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

An Experience at Barbering in the Early Days.

In the early days of California, if only a report of a new gold-diggings was started, a large proportion of the male inhabitants of all sections of the State would rush for the newly discovered gold camp. Gold Bluff, Kern River, Fraser River, and Sierra County had each its rise and decline. I went with the crowd to each of these El Dorados. Fraser River was the only "digging" from which I returned "flat broke," and this was the fate of hundreds of others who were reckless enough to rush to these wild and mountainous regions. All through the summer of 1856, the newspapers of the State published glowing accounts of the rich strikes made in the wash-gravel mines of Rabbit Creek, Sierra County, and in the fall of that year I started for this new El Dorado. I went by boat to Sacramento, and tramped from there to Rabbit Creek. When I crossed over the mountain from Strawberry Valley, it was covered ten feet deep with snow. The mail was brought in by a carrier on snow-shoes.

We found every place crowded, and the hotels and boarding-houses charging one dollar a meal, including a place in which to spread one's blankets. I immediately "hustled" around for a place to work or a chance to stake off a claim, but was a little discouraged when I found eight thousand persons looking for the same chance. By noon I was quite disheartened, and went into a ten-pin alley to get warm.

The proprietor of the place was playing a game with a man, and as he had to leave to eat his dinner, he requested me to finish his game. I replied that I would willingly do so, but that I had no money to pay for the games if I lost. "Oh, that makes no difference," he said, "only play while I get something to eat." I was a lover of the game of ten-pins, and was glad to have a chance to play the game and get warm. When the proprietor returned, I had won eight games and lost two. He wished me to continue the play, but I declined, saying that I was hungry, which seemed to surprise the proprietor, and he kindly gave me a note to the hotel manager, telling him to give me a dinner and charge the same to him. He invited me to return after I had dined, which I did. He then told me that I could spread my blankets in the alley at night, and added that if I would assist him until I got work, he would supply me with meals at the hotel. The price of a game was one dollar, and as I was more expert than the average man, I was quite a profitable assistant.

I soon tired of working for my board, as that was not the bonanza I expected to find. One day I had been to Spanish Flat to look for work. I was not successful, and was returning to Rabbit Creek on Warren Hill. On my way over, I found a deserted log-cabin. Now it was one of the unwritten laws of the mines that any one could take possession of a vacant cabin and hold it until the owner claimed it. I thought that the cabin, with its open fire-place, would be more comfortable to sleep in than the ten-pin alley. I concluded that I would take possession of it, and returned to Rabbit Creek to get my blankets. When I told the proprietor of the alley what I contemplated doing, he gave me an order on the store for some provisions, which I carried to my new residence, and proceeded to make myself comfortable. The next morning I set to work cleaning up the cabin. Among the debris I found a rusty pair of shears. While I was cleaning them, a miner called and asked me what I was doing. I told him that I had taken possession of the cabin until the owner's return. He then asked what I was doing with the shears.

"Cleaning them to use," I answered.

"Can you cut hair?" he asked.

"Yes," said I, "at a dollar a head."

"All right," said he, "cut mine."

So I set to work, and, as I had never done such work before, I cut it straight across the back of the head from ear to ear. I saw my mistake after I had finished; but the miner did not object to that style, and he proved an excellent walking advertisement for me, as every one he met asked him where he had got his hair cut.

"Up on Warren Hill," he replied. "A Yankee has taken possession of Bill Benton's cabin, and he cuts hair."

Before long another customer came in, and before night I had cut six and pocketed my six dollars. Others came next day and asked if I could shave.

"Yes," I replied. "I am not fixed for it yet, but I will be ready to-morrow."

That evening I went to Rabbit Creek and bought razors and the necessary articles for use in the tonsorial art, but could not get a barber's chair. So my patrons sat on a box until I manufactured one out of a flour-barrel.

A few days' practice in my new profession proved to me that I had struck a "soft snap," earning big wages in a good, warm cabin, and I planned to make the most of it until the snow blockade was raised in the spring. I gave the mail-carrier an order to obtain from Marysville for me, through the stage-driver at Strawberry Valley, the magazines and illustrated papers, in this way making my cabin an attractive head-quarters for the miners in the evening. One day, while shaving a man, two young men called and asked if I could give them something to eat. I told them to help themselves; that there was plenty to cook and a good fire to cook it, and that they were welcome to what they needed. After I finished my customer, I sat down and talked with them, and they told me their story. They said that they were graduates of Yale College and had followed the stampede to the new diggings and got "strapped." Like the rest of us, they were unable to get out before spring, when the roads would be open. I invited them to spend the winter with me, they doing the cooking and cleaning, while I did the shaving and hair-cutting, and I must say that I have seen better cooks who had not the advantage of a college education.

Rabbit Creek and Spanish Flat were three miles apart. The cabin which I occupied was half-way between the two

places on Warren Hill. One day, while standing in the door, we saw four men rush by with guns in their hands, and after awhile a crowd of men from Spanish Flat came by. Before they got to Rabbit Creek, they caught a man and put a rope around his neck, and started back to Spanish Flat, intending to hang him from the hydraulic flume. We joined the crowd to learn what it meant. The story was that a John Irish had come into Spanish Flat, and was boarding with a Mrs. Burroughs, who kept a boarding-house. Alongside of her place was a store kept by a Mr. Brown, and he boarded at the same place. Irish was looking for work, and Brown, having a water-right, hired him to employ men to dig a ditch and bring water into Spanish Flat, in order to sell it to the miners. After Irish had finished this contract, he took up a claim on the side of the road opposite the Brown store, buying his water from Brown, and worked his claim by hydraulic washing. After working in this way for a year, he concluded that Brown was charging too much for water, so he built a ditch, taking the water that passed Brown's ditch, and brought the water into his claim.

This started bad feeling between the two men. Brown's ditch always ran full, and Irish could only take what water ran past Brown's ditch. Brown sold to the miners, while Irish took only what he needed to work his claim. Yet Brown insisted that Irish was taking his water, and he employed men to break Irish's ditch. This trouble had been brewing for a year, when Brown objected to having the water run down a small ditch from which Irish wanted to fill the canvas hose that drove the fall and force of his piped water, which he used in hydraulic-mining. This ditch, which Brown objected to, was across the road from Brown's store, and he sent word to Irish that if he did not stop the water running there, he would turn off the water. Irish paid no attention to Brown, and the next day Brown invited some friends to come to his store with their guns. They accepted the invitation. Then Brown went up and turned the water off. Irish was working thirty men with three pipe lines, when one was turned off. Irish sent his two partners to Brown to find out what was the matter, and Brown told them that if they turned on the water it must be at their peril. The two partners armed themselves with pistols, and then turned the water on.

At this moment a double-barreled shot-gun was stuck out from Brown's store door, and the youngest partner was killed at the first fire. Then some one stuck out a pistol and broke the arm of the other. He dropped into a dry ditch. Then the fun commenced. The men in the store fired, but the shot and balls struck the ground and went over the man in the ditch. He returned the fire and hit Brown in the wrist. By this time Irish had gathered his men, and they had armed themselves and were prepared to storm the store, when those inside of it took to their heels and ran to Rabbit Creek, and these were the men I had seen going by my cabin. Brown, having received a wound, had stopped to have it dressed by Mrs. Burroughs, so he was delayed, but tried to get to Rabbit Creek, and was the one who was caught; he was being taken back with a rope around his neck by the followers of Irish, they intending to hang him from the wooden flume from which he had turned the water off.

When we got to Spanish Flat, it was growing dark. Here Mrs. Burroughs joined the crowd, and said to the men that if they hanged Brown, they must hang her. Then she horrified a knife from one of the men and cut the rope from Brown's neck. By this time the sheriff of the county had arrived, and he made the best speech for a man's life that I had ever heard. He carried the crowd with him, and got Brown released, and took him to jail. At the time I left Sierra County in the following spring, Brown's trial had not taken place, and I never heard how it ended. However, I had had a good warm cabin to work in all winter, had learned and practiced a new trade, and came out in the spring with eighteen hundred dollars for my winter's work, while most of the miners who came out with me had nothing.

A. P. S.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1897.

"Dr. Ottolenghi reports," says the *Medical Record*, December 12th, "the tests made with Edelmann's faradimeter of the sensitiveness to pain and the endurance of pain in six hundred and eighty-two women. He finds that women are less sensitive to pain than men, and that this sensitiveness is less in early life, increases to the twenty-fourth year, and decreases after that. The higher classes are most sensitive, and the degenerate least. He found the latter class very obtuse to the sensation of pain. Endurance of pain varies between much broader limits in women than in men, reaching a maximum far beyond the masculine limit, possibly due to the 'greater suggestibility' of the female sex. General sensibility reaches the highest point in the nineteenth year. He . . . considers woman's comparative insensibility to pain as a sign of her inferiority to man, as the uncivilized and degenerates are least sensitive. He attempts to prove a connection between this characteristic and her longevity."

Kentucky has three thousand five hundred miles of turnpike controlled by private companies. Several months ago there began a movement against these which developed into a general uprising. In mobs of forty to one hundred, armed with shotguns and axes, citizens rode from town to town leaving a trail of broken toll-gates in their wake. Gate-keepers were warned not to repair gates nor to collect more toll under penalty of being hanged out. The gates destroyed represented fifteen hundred miles of turnpike, valued at four millions of dollars. Public sentiment largely sustained the raiders. The cost of six-tenths of the toll-roads in their construction was borne by the State or by the county through which the road runs. Under the enabling act of 1890, the courts are gradually acquiring the roads. The chief difficulty in the way is the high price at which they are held by the companies.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Miller of Dee.

The moon was afloat,
Like a golden boat
On the sea-blue depths of the sky,
When the miller of Dee,
With his children three,
On his fat, red horse, rode by.

"Whither away, O miller of Dee?
Whither away so late?"
Asked the tollman old, with cough and sneeze,
As he passed the big toll-gate.
But the miller answered him never a word,
Never a word spake he.
He paid his toll, and he spurred his horse,
And rode on with his children three.
"He's afraid to tell!" quoth the old tollman,
"He's ashamed to tell!" quoth he.
"But I'll follow you up and find out where
You are going, O miller of Dee."

The moon was afloat,
Like a golden boat
Nearing the shore of the sky,
When, with cough and wheeze,
And hands on his knees,
The old tollman passed by.

"Whither away, O tollman old?
Whither away so fast?"
Cried the milkmaid who stood at the farm-yard bars
When the tollman old crept past.
The tollman answered her never a word—
Never a word spake he.
Scant breath had he at the best to chase
After the miller of Dee.

"He won't tell where!"
Said the milkmaid fair,
"But I'll find out!" cried she,
And away from the farm,
With her pail on her arm,
She followed the miller of Dee.
The parson stood in his cap and gown,
Under the old oak-tree.
"And whither away with your pail of milk,
My pretty milkmaid?" said he;
But she hurried on, with her brimming pail,
And never a word spake she.
"She won't tell where!" the parson cried,
"It's my duty to know," said he,
And he followed the maid who followed the man
Who followed the miller of Dee.
After the parson came his wife,
The sexton he came next.
After the sexton the constable came,
Troubled and sore perplex.
After the constable, two ragged boys,
To see what the fun would be;
And a little black dog, with only one eye,
Was the last of the nine, who, with groan and sigh,
Followed the miller of Dee.

Night had anchored the moon,
Not a moment too soon,
Under the lea of the sky;
For the wind it blew,
And the rain fell, too,
And the river of Dee ran high.

He forded the river, he climbed the hill,
He and his children three;
But wherever he went they followed him still,
That wicked miller of Dee.

Just as the clock struck the hour of twelve,
The miller reached home again;
And when he dismounted and turned—hehold!
Those who had followed him over the wold
Came up in the pouring rain.
Splashed and spattered from head to foot,
Muddy, and wet, and draggled,
Over the hill and up to the mill
That wet company straggled.
They all stopped short; and then out spoke
The parson, and thus spake he:
"What do you mean by your conduct to-night,
You wretched miller of Dee?"
"I went for a ride, a nice cool ride,
I and my children three;
For I took them along, as I always do,"
Answered the miller of Dee.
"But you, my friends, I would like to know
Why you followed me all the way?"
They looked at each other, "We were out for a walk,
A nice cool walk," said they.—Eva L. Ogden.

The Undertaker of Amsterdam.

Once there lived an undertaker in the town of Amsterdam,
With its islands, with its windmills ever whirling night and morn.
Now, this busy coffin-maker couldn't stand a whit of sham,
For he never lost a minute from the day that he was born.

In the evening he was tapping,
In the morning he was rapping,
Gayly singing as he hammered on his coffins bright and new;
No one ever caught him napping,
No one ever saw him gapping,
But forever and forever went his tick-a-tack-a-too.

Soon his native generation ran its course and passed away,
One and all they kept him busy taking coffins from the shelf,
Children reached their consummation, elders tottered to decay,
But the hustling undertaker hadn't time to die himself.

In the morning he was tapping,
In the evening he was rapping,
Gayly singing as he hammered on his coffins bright and new,
No one ever caught him napping,
No one ever saw him gapping,
But forever and forever went his tick-a-tack-a-too.

Till at last upon a morning came a crowd around his door,
And they whispered to each other, "We can also undertake."
In they rushed, and threats a-scolding, held him down upon the floor,
Till they'd shut him in a coffin of his very choicest make.

Out beyond the town they took him;
In the deepest grave they shook him;
Then they heaped the dirt upon him twice as much as others do,
Then they breathed a little prayer,
With a self-contented air,
For they thought they had forever stopped his tick-a-tack-a-too.

But when evening shades are falling on the shores of Zuyder Zee,
When the vessels in the harbor sleep with idly drooping sail,
When the dairy-maid is calling to her kine upon the lea,
 Oftentimes is heard a sound that makes the bravest bosom quail,
 Timid maids a-terrifying;
 Setting little ones to crying;
 Floating o'er the silent waters, over meadows steeped in dew,
 There is heard a dismal rapping,
 Comes a ghostly, ghastly tapping,
 And the men of Holland shudder at that tick-a-tack-a-too.

THE BRADLEY-MARTIN BALL.

It will be a Landmark in the Social Annals of Gotham—Thousands of Dollars to be Spent on it—Who the Bradley-Martins Are.

The costume ball to be given by Mr. and Mrs. Bradley-Martin at the Waldorf on February 10th is on everybody's tongue, to the exclusion of all other topics. All classes of society are vitally interested in it. You hear people talking of it morning, noon, and night, on street, in the theatre, everywhere, in fact, and about the only time it is not dinnin' in your ears is when you are asleep. It has been in the air ever since the return of the Bradley-Martins from Europe, shortly before Christmas, and vague hints and rumors of it began some weeks ago to creep into the society gossip in the public prints. But the attack made upon it by the Rev. Dr. Rainsford, rector of St. George's Episcopal Church, has made it an event of almost national importance. Columns about it are printed in the papers here every day, denouncing it as criminal extravagance, praising it as a beneficent expenditure of money, and expressing all intermediate shades of opinion.

It will be a landmark in the social history of New York, as was the Vanderbilt costume ball given in 1883, and there is little doubt that it will equal in beauty and brilliance the hall given a few months ago in England by the beautiful Countess of Warwick. The number of invitations issued is between one thousand and twelve hundred, but it is estimated that not more than one-half of those invited will be present. The invitations read "costumes of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth century *de rigueur*," and it is not impossible that the trouble and expense attendant on getting up a costume for this one occasion will deter some from going. It is to be noted, by the way, that the invitations were issued an unusually short time before the date of the ball, when one takes into consideration the time needed to get up such a costume as the invitations call for, and it is said that Mrs. Martin's purpose in keeping them back was the patriotic intention of preventing orders for gowns for the hall being sent over to Paris. As it is, trunks and chests are being ransacked for old laces and brocades, heirlooms are being brought out from musty garrets, old prints and pictures are being consulted for historical accuracy, and dressmakers and costumers are up to their eyes in work. Even the servants who attend upon the guests are to be attired in costume of the time, an order for two hundred suits for them having been placed with one costumer. Costume dinners are to be given on the night of the dance by Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Frederic Bronson, Mrs. Henry Sloane, and other social leaders, and it is expected that all the guests at each dinner will choose their costumes from the same period. One of the features of the dancing will be a quadrille for the debutantes, who will all wear costumes of the Louis Quinze period. They will be Miss Van Alen, Miss Morton, Miss Bronson, Miss Josephine Brooks, Miss Marie Churchill, and Miss Evelyn Sloane, and their partners, Messrs. Searle Barclay, H. D. Robbins, Robert Livingston, Worthington Whitehouse, Munson Morris, and J. de W. Cutting, will be attired as courtiers of the time.

The guests will enter thorough the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boldt, on West Thirty-Third Street, which adjoins and communicates with the Waldorf, of which Mr. Boldt is the lessee, thus avoiding the publicity of the ordinary hotel entrances. By the way, it may interest you to know that it was found necessary, or at any rate the safer course, to secure a police permit for the ball, inasmuch as there is a law against people appearing masked in a public place without a permit. They will pass through the private communicating corridor to the dressing-rooms, where they will be met by the usual maids and footmen, supplemented by a corps of costumers and *perruquiers*, who will repair all damages costumes or head-dresses may have sustained. From these rooms they will descend to the smaller of the two ball-rooms, where Mrs. Bradley-Martin will receive her guests. The dancing will take place in the new big hall-room at the western end of the hotel. Mrs. Martin has sent to Washington for the famous Marine Band—and great is the indignation expressed thereat by the Musical Mutual Protective Association—a tremendous sum will be spent upon the decorations, and the supper will cost another fortune. As for the cotillion favors, one wild guess has set the amount to be expended on them at twenty thousand dollars. There is no question, however, that they will cost a very pretty penny.

This is unquestionably the climax to the social career of the Bradley-Martins. Though they can not match the Vanderbilts in millions, they have spent money in entertaining more lavishly than any other family that ever came to New York. Their wealth came largely from Mrs. Martin's father, Isaac Sherman, who was engaged in business in Troy for many years. He was a saving and shrewd old gentleman, and he invested every cent he could save and scrape in real estate and railroad bonds, which afterwards enhanced enormously in value. His wife is still living, and accompanied the Bradley-Martins on their recent return from Scotland; she is reputed to have a fortune of something like ten millions of dollars. Because they have not a long line of moneyed ancestors to look back upon, and have a great deal of money and spend it very lavishly, it must not be imagined that the Bradley-Martins are vulgar upstarts. Mrs. Bradley-Martin is a very charming woman, and shows her kindness of heart in a thousand ways. Like all good-hearted women, she is a great match-maker, and scarcely a girl has appeared under her chaperonage but her engagement has been announced in a surprisingly short time.

They came to New York some fifteen years ago, and Mrs. Bradley-Martin immediately began the social climb. She was one of the three matrons who received at the famous New-Year's ball at the Metropolitan Opera House during the season of '91 and '92, and it was she who introduced

the series of dinner-dances which were such a delightful innovation two or three winters ago. The first was given by Mrs. Bradley-Martin and Mrs. Ogden Mills. They each entertained some seventy-five guests at dinner on the same evening, and then both parties danced at Mrs. Bradley-Martin's. The affair was voted a great success, and was soon followed by similar entertainments given by both the Cornelius and the Willie K. Vanderbilts, the Seward Webbs, the Douglas Sloanes, and others.

The Bradley-Martins sustained a severe blow, a couple of years ago, in the death of their eldest son, Sherman Martin, who had previously got himself into a nasty tangle with a variety actress. The wedding of their daughter, Miss Cornelia Martin, to the Earl of Craven, four years ago, was almost as great an affair as the Vanderbilt-Marlbrough wedding, and Mrs. Martin frequently visits her daughter at her English home. The English home, by the way, should be kept up pretty nicely, for an income of seventy-five thousand dollars a year was settled on the young countess at the time of the wedding. But, most of the time while the Bradley-Martins are abroad, they live at their Scotch establishment, near Inverness. Throughout the season they entertain from fifty to seventy-five guests there, and what they do while in New York this ball will show.

NEW YORK, January 30, 1897.

THE SAN FRANCISCO FARMERS' CLUB.

We are informed that the promoters of the Farmers' Institute, to which we alluded last week, and which is to be held at the Academy of Sciences on the evenings of February 10th and 11th, desire and expect the movement to result in the formation of a farmers' club in this city. There is no doubt that such a club, provided with a moderate income from dues, could accomplish very valuable work. The prosperity of this city depends upon the prosperity of the country tributary to it. We have in this State forty million acres of arable land, of which less than one million is devoted to fruit-growing and other intensive cultures, some profitable and some not profitable. It is of the utmost importance to San Francisco that this great area, and the almost equal area of pasture lands which we own, shall be effectively and economically cultivated in crops which can be promptly sold at a profit to those producing them. It is also important that, while doing this, the fertility of the soil be conserved. All this involves serious problems which must be worked out by able men. Upon the one hand, there are the problems of economical cultivation, which can usually be best dealt with by those in actual contact with the soil. But it is useless to produce, however economically, that which can not be sold at a profit. A city farmer's club has excellent means of ascertaining where markets for agricultural products exist, the cost of delivery to those markets, and the nature of the competition to be met there. The country farmers' club has not usually available the necessary mercantile experience to investigate such questions profitably, nor has it convenient access to the sources of information regarding them. In this city our leisure class is very small and has never yet distinguished itself by devotion to anything except its own pleasures. It is not likely to supply volunteers to render public service of this kind. We have many able business men who fully appreciate the necessity of the collection and diffusion of such information as shall enable our farms to be worked with less waste of energy than now, but these are also our busiest men, already overworked and wholly unable to devote time and thought to such investigations. What is possible, however, is to form a club whose revenues may support some capable man while engaged in these studies under the direction of the club, which shall meet from time to time to discuss the commercial bearings of the data collected at their expense. We have many land-owners in this city who could well afford to pay the expense of such a club for the personal benefit which the information gathered would afford them. Our large savings and commercial banks have the liveliest interest in the prosperity of the country community, and they can well afford to contribute to the revenues of a society for the diffusion of agricultural information. In fact, the entire population of this city is interested. We do not know who are the leaders in this movement or where the proposal originated, but it is certainly worthy of the attention and support of the best among us. A San Francisco farmers' club which should include in its membership our best business men and great land-owners, with the assurance which that would give of ample support and competence in the officers and the salaried secretary, could do more for the prosperity of California than any other agency.

At Kew no watch has yet succeeded in getting the one hundred marks which signify perfection. The Kew test is no light one. The watch is tested in every position and its rate registered, not only per day, but per hour; it is bung by its pendant, hung upside down, hung on each side, placed dial down and back down and at any number of angles, and to finish up with is haked in an oven and frozen in an ice-pail. A watch with a Kew certificate is a comfort to its owner. When it is considered that it makes eighteen thousand vibrations in an hour and must not vary a second a week, while a quarter turn of its two time screws, meaning the millionth of an inch, will make a difference of twenty seconds a day, the delicacy of its adjustment will be appreciated.

On account of the filthy drinking water supplied by the city, the Chicago board of health ordered the board of education to put filters in the schools. The board of education did not consider filters effective, so the board of health shut off the water from all the schools. The city's water can only be used safely after it has been thoroughly boiled. Even then its odor and taste are unpleasant. The children carry their boiled water, milk, and other liquids to school with them.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

George Womhwell, who used to be a famous showman, now makes a precarious living by playing a cornet before the public-houses of London.

Dr. Mary E. Walker, who was a familiar figure about the national capital for many years until about a decade ago, has again resumed her holding of levees in that portion of Statuary Hall set apart for the use of ladies.

A personal friend of forty years' standing vouches for the fact that, as a young man, Matthew S. Quay was so bashful he broke down in his first speech to a jury and could not be persuaded to try again, preferring to quit the law.

It is rumored that Postmaster-General Wilson will, upon his retirement from President Cleveland's Cabinet, accept the presidency, now vacant, of Washington and Lee University. Mr. Wilson is a graduate of that institution.

Herbert Spencer, who has consented to let Hubert Herkomer paint his portrait, the money having been raised by public subscription, refused eight years ago to let Millais paint him, wishing to protest against the abuse of subscription portraits.

Vice-President-elect Hobart has given five thousand dollars to Rutgers College to signalize his election to the Vice-Presidency. The money will probably be used to endow a scholarship. Mr. Hobart was graduated from Rutgers College in the class of '63.

The late General Francis A. Walker was fairly loaded with academic honors. The degree of LL. D. came to him from Amherst and Columbia Colleges and the Universities of Yale, Harvard, St. Andrew's, and Edinburgh. He received the degree of Ph. D. at Yale in 1875.

Miss Ellen Terry was debarred from admission to the gambling-rooms at Monte Carlo during her recent trip to the South of France, on account of the shabbiness of her clothes. Some years ago, the ushers kept out Lord Salisbury because his suit fell below their standard of style.

Miss Sophonisba P. Breckinridge, a daughter of Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, was admitted to the practice of law in the Kentucky Court of Appeals, the other day. She was graduated from Wellesley College in 1888, and has spent some time in Europe studying French and Roman law.

Six women wearing European crowns are habitual smokers. The Empress of Austria's allowance is from thirty to forty cigarettes a day; the Dowager Czarina of Russia smokes a good deal, but only in her private apartments; the other smokers are "Carmen Sylva," the poet queen of Roumania, the Queen Regent of Spain, Queen Margherita of Italy, and Queen Amélie of Portugal.

Isaac B. Allen, the negro of Boston who was elected a member of the governor's council last November, declares that he has been successively offered \$5,000, \$10,000, and \$20,000 to resign the office. He says he can not be bought off, and he adds: "I put my race above money, party, or anything else, and I would not disgrace it. Yes, sir, I am going to be on hand at every meeting of the council."

There is a rumor that the queen intends to create Princess Beatrice Duchess of Kent, thus reviving the title of her mother and insuring for the princess's son, Prince Alexander, a position of greater dignity than, under other circumstances, he could enjoy. Princess Beatrice, who is already governor of the Isle of Wight, will, in her official capacity, next summer unveil the memorial of the late Lord Tennyson, to be erected on the cliffs at Farringford.

Puvis de Chavannes, the French painter, lives in Montmartre. His palace consists of a studio, a bedroom, and a dressing-room; his furniture, a big table, a few arm-chairs, and a sofa. His ordinary garb is a long, brown, monkish-looking dressing-gown. His working studio is at Neuilly, outside Paris, a bare room vast enough for his great canvases. Here he works alone on a ladder every day from nine in the morning until evening, stopping only for a light repast at noon.

Don Carlos's third daughter, Princess Maria Beatrice, has become engaged to Prince Fabrizio Massimo, whose family professes to be descended from the Fahii of ancient Rome. He is the great-grandson of the Duchesse de Berry, mother of the Comte de Chambord, who in her day had as scandalous an adventure as Princess Elvira's. The prince, before he was of age, eloped with the daughter of a Roman engineer; they were separated, the girl being put in a convent. When he became of age, he asked her to marry him, but she would not leave the convent, as his family refused to recognize her. Then he became engaged to one of the Italian Bonaparte princesses and to her cousin, the Princess Ruspoli, but both engagements were broken off. The prince writes poetry. It was from his father's palace that Donna Elvira eloped recently.

The two greatest breweries in the world were acquired by their present owners through fortunate marriages. Adolph Busch, of St. Louis, worked for Anheuser in a small brewing concern in that city. He was an energetic and capable young German, and he fell in love with his employer's daughter. The old man took him into partnership and changed the name of the concern to the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company. Anheuser is dead, and Busch now owns most of the stock of the company. He makes more beer than any other concern in the world. Nobody knows how many millions he is worth. Captain Pabst, of Milwaukee, used to command a lake steamer running along the Wisconsin coast. On one of his trips he had among his passengers the daughter of Best, the brewer. The young people fell in love on that sunny voyage, they were married, and in course of time Captain Pabst inherited the brewery.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Beginnings of Intelligence.

"Habit and Instinct," by C. Lloyd Morgan, F. G. S., author of "Animal Life and Intelligence" and "Psychology for Teachers," is a valuable treatise based upon personal research and experience in this interesting field of thought. The substance of the volume was delivered as lectures in Boston, New York, and Chicago, and a few of its passages have appeared in prominent British magazines. But the whole has been revised and placed in book-form in fifteen chapters, from the titles of which may be gathered a general idea of the contents. They are: "Preliminary Definitions and Illustrations," "Some Habits and Instincts of Young Birds," "Locomotion in Young Birds," "Further Observations on Young Birds," "Observations on Young Mammals," "The Relation of Consciousness to Instinctive Behavior," "Intelligence and the Acquisition of Habits," "Imitation," "The Emotions in their Relation to Instinct," "Some Habits and Instincts of the Pairing Season," "Nest-Building, Incubation, and Migration," "The Relation of Organic to Mental Evolution," "Are Acquired Habits Inherited?" "Modification and Variation," and "Hereditarianism in Man."

Published by Edwin Arnold, New York; price, \$4.00.

A Novel Made from a Play.

Wilson Barrett's "Sign of the Cross," which has already been played by its gifted author-actor, proves him to be as skillful with the pen as on the stage.

He has chosen Rome as the setting for his story. It is Rome in the reign of Nero, when the hymns of Christian martyrs mingled with the love-songs of courtesans at the orgies of dissolute patricians. Amid these surroundings Barrett has placed the beautiful Christian Mercia, and the fine figure of the Roman prefect, Marcus Superbus. The prefect is the favorite of Nero, and has received a mandate to exterminate the Christian "vermin," against whom Nero has conceived an insane hatred.

Marcus Superbus, whose favors are sought by the wealthy and beautiful patrician women of Rome, passes them by to surrender to the charm of Mercia. Even Poppæa, the wife of Nero, and the proud and powerful beauty, Berenice, are slighted by the impetuous prefect. The enemies of Marcus Superbus, who is a shining target for envy, hatred, and malice, are aware of his passion for this girl, and are determined to play upon it to his undoing. Nero, that boundless egotist and insatiably cruel moral idiot, under fear of assassination, issues a mandate that all Christian prisoners be "butchered to make a Roman holiday." Then succeeds a turbulent period for the prefect and Mercia. They are surrounded upon all sides by wolf-like enemies, and not the least among them are the empress and the ruthless and revengeful Berenice. The endeavors of Marcus to persuade Mercia to renounce her faith, her persistent refusal, the way he escapes from his persecutors, and the final consummation of the tragedy, it would be an injustice to the author to divulge.

The narrative is vigorous and crisp. Many scenes are examples of excellent diction and the concentrated energy of good dramatic construction. Mercia, pure as a lily amid the ooze of a pool, is a fine picture and contrast to the loose and prodigal bacchanalian life that circles around her.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

Lea's Great Work on Indulgences.

"A History of Auricular Confession and Indulgences in the Latin Church," by Henry Charles Lea, LL. D., has been completed by the publication of the third volume, which treats of indulgences. After two chapters on the general theory and requisites for indulgences, the author details the development of the institution, beginning with its commencement in the eleventh century and tracing its growth up to modern times. The final chapter treats of the diversity of virtues ascribed to indulgences, the testimony of various authorities as to their demoralizing influences, their effects on assemblages gathered to obtain them, the distinction between Catholicism and Protestantism, the relation between God and man in Catholicism, and the influences of indulgences in history, concluding with a retrospect of the career of the church.

Published by Lea Brothers & Co., Philadelphia; price, \$3.00.

The Best Knowledge of the Best Doctors.

"In Sickness and in Health" is the title of a work which brings to the uses of laymen the latest knowledge of famous specialists in medicine, surgery, hygiene, dietetics, and nursing. It deals in a thoroughly practical way with the problems relating to the maintenance of health, the prevention and treatment of disease, and the most effective aid in emergencies. It is a book which should supersede the "household doctors" now in use by reason of its complete treatment of the subjects and the high standing of those who have compiled it.

It consists of thirteen articles, as follows: "The Anatomy of the Human Body," by George Waldo Crary, M. D.; "Physiology: The Vital Processes in Health," by Frederic S. Lee, Ph. D.; "Outlines of Psychology; or, A Study of the Human Mind," by Josiah Royce, Ph. D.; "Physical Training," by Joseph Hamblen Sears, A. B.; "Hygiene," by

Samuel Treat Armstrong, M. D.; "Surgical Injuries and Surgical Diseases," by Alexander B. Johnson, M. D.; "Diseases in General," by J. West Roosevelt, M. D.; "Diseases of Digestive Organs, Heart, and Lungs," by Frank W. Jackson, M. D.; "Diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary Derangements," by J. West Roosevelt, M. D.; "Diseases of Women and Midwifery," by Samuel Waldron Lambert, M. D.; "Nervous and Mental Diseases," by Frederick Peterson, M. D., Ph. D.; "Medicines and Treatment," by Henry A. Griffin, M. D.; and "Nursing the Sick," by Anna Caroline Maxwell.

It is a large, handsome volume of nine hundred and seventy-one pages, and the index fills twenty pages more. The illustrations comprise four colored plates and some two hundred engravings and diagrams.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; sold only by subscription; price, \$5.00.

A Little Book of Verses.

"Blue and Gold," by William S. Lord, is not a university publication in this instance. It is a collection of modest little lyrics, ballads, and songs, not very ambitious, but melodious, in a minor key, and pleasing in a quiet way. A dainty pastel is the "Lyric":

"A lyric, miss,
Is the Muse's kiss,
Brief and sweet,
Yet complete
As a smile of a face,
Or a bit of lace,
Or a turn of wit;
It,
Ywis,
Is neat
As a Grecian vase,

"A single star
On a silver bar;
Or a drop of dew
With a sunbeam through;
The flash of a stream
Where gold sands beam,
Put in a song,
Long,
And far,
For you
In a lyric gleam."

Perhaps the best poems are of children. They are almost feminine in their tenderness, and so simple that a child would relish them.

Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

Love on a Tally-Ho.

"Miss Ayr of Virginia" comes adorned in the latest of poster covers. The title-story is in Miss Magruder's usual manner. It is the social triumph of a resolute country girl, who wins the admiration of one of the wealthy "elect" by the unconscious aid of an ox and a jockey. Most of the story develops within the limited space afforded by the top of a tally-ho coach, and the dénouement is certainly unexpected.

The other tales are of varying quality. "The Story of an Old Soul" and "Her Heart's Desire" have a touch of stronger pathos than one expects in Miss Magruder.

Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

A Valuable Book of Financial Statistics.

A revised edition has been issued of "Monetary Systems of the World," by Maurice L. Mubelman, Deputy Assistant United States Treasurer in New York. It is a study of the present currency system and a storehouse of statistical information relative to the volume of the world's money, with abstracts of various plans proposed for the solution of the currency problem in the United States. The monetary statistics have been brought as closely down to date as was practicable, those for the United States being to the close of the fiscal year, June 30, 1896. A chapter has been added upon the law and history of legal tender in the United States. Inasmuch as the greater part of the matter in the book is taken from official sources, it will be found an exceedingly valuable work of reference.

Published by Charles H. Nicoll, New York; price, \$2.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The daughter of Samuel Lover, Mrs. Fanny Schmid, has written some recollections of her father for the February *Century*. The paper is accompanied by drawings and letters reproduced from an album of Lover's which is now in the hands of his grandson, Victor Herbert, the musician.

It is said that the price per copy of the first edition of Queen Victoria's "Life" (now in course of revision by her) is to be thirty-five or forty dollars.

"The Constable of Zenda" is the title of the story which Anthony Hope is finishing. It is the sequel of "The Prisoner of Zenda," and it contains some of the most interesting characters of the earlier story. It is to appear as a serial within a few months. Anthony Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda" in Spanish is delighting South Americans.

Harper's Magazine for February is a monument of what is more and more becoming the policy of American magazines. Richard Harding Davis went all the way to Moscow to report the coronation of the Czar and the Czarina. Charles F. Lummis presents the first of a series of articles on the Mexico of to-day, in preparing which he spent three months beyond the Rio Grande, and Poultny Bigelow has brought back from Cape Town a series of articles on

"White Man's Africa," the present number of which discusses the career of President Steyn, of the Orange Free State.

"The Thackerays in India," by Sir William Wilson Hunter, has just been published in England. It seems that the Thackerays were important civil officers in Bengal, and had done much to build up British empire in the East. We know of Thackeray's birth in India, and how familiar he was with the pagoda-tree. There is, by the way, a glimpse of the novelist's step-father, Major Carmichael-Smyth, in Mrs. Steel's new novel, "On the Face of the Waters."

Armenia has another poet champion in Will H. Thompson, who contributes to the *Century* for February a stirring piece of verse, entitled "The Death-Dream of Armenia." We reprint it elsewhere in this issue. Mr. Thompson will be remembered as the author of "High Tide at Gettysburg."

Lord Roberts as an author has met with distinguished success. In a week after the publication of his "Forty-One Years in India" three editions had been taken by the public.

In the "Autobiography of Philip Gilbert Hamerton" there is a curious account of Scott's appetite, or, rather, his "driokitude," given by Leslie, the painter, who knew him:

"At dinner he would eat heartily of many dishes and drink a variety of wines. At dessert he drank port, and last of all a servant brought him a small wooden bowl full of neat whisky, which he drank off. He then either wrote or talked till midnight, and refreshed himself with a few glasses of porter before going to bed."

Andrew Lang, however, states that "Scott's 'small wooden bowl' full of whisky is a quag, holding a *liqueur* glassful. Sir Walter always used Prince Charles's. A 'bowl' gives a terrible idea of intemperance."

A writer in the *Bookman* states, on the authority of a correspondent in India, that Rudyard Kipling's stories are fairly popular in the barrack-rooms in that country, but his barrack-room ballads and other poems are not cared for.

"A Man and Some Others" is the title of a story by Stephen Crane in the *Century* for February. It is a story of the Western plains, and includes a conflict at arms between American and Mexican herders.

The report that Mrs. Pearl Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes) was engaged to George Moore, turns out to have been a myth, which probably arose from the literary collaboration of those two interesting persons. We learn, however, on the authority of the *Bookman*, that Mrs. Craigie will before long be married to Mr. Walter Spindler, who is somewhat her junior, and who is the owner of a fine estate in the Isle of Wight, England.

Mrs. Hungerford—"The Duchess"—whose death we reported last week, left the completed manuscript of a new novel, entitled "Lovie," which will soon be published.

In accordance with its plan of having the book review signed by a writer as noted in his or her way as the author reviewed, the London *Academy* is to print a review of Lord Roberts's recently published recollections of life in India by Mrs. Steel, the author of "On the Face of the Waters."

The current installment of Du Maurier's "Marian" has some passages concerning the hero's loss of an eye which are doubly pathetic to the reader who remembers that the author was in like evil case. In the March *Harper*, we are told, appears the intervention of the inhabitant of Mars from which the novel takes its name.

Miss Beatrice Harraden's California story, entitled "Hilda Trafford," which appeared serially last summer, is now being translated into Danish, and is to be published in Copenhagen.

The February Magazines.

Harper's Magazine for February contains the following list of articles:

"The Coronation," by Richard Harding Davis; "Lincoln's Home Life in Washington," by Leslie J. Perry; "A Passage at Arms," by John J. A. Beck; "The Awakening of a Nation," part I, by Charles F. Lummis; "Hygeia in Manhattan," by Richard Wheatley; "Architecture and Modern Life," by Thomas Hastings; "The Stout Miss Hopkins's Bicycle," by Octave Tbanet; "The Martian," part V, by George du Maurier; "The Assembly Ball," by Sara Beaumont Kennedy; "White Man's Africa," part IV, "The President of the Orange Free State," by Poultny Bigelow; "Composers and Artists," by Rev. H. R. Haweis; "Princess I-Would-I-Wot-Not," by Margaret Sutton Briscoe; verse by Katharine L. Ferris, Arthur Sherbourne Hardy, Sarah Stirling McEnery, and Louise Bett Edwards; and the usual departments.

The *Century Magazine* for February contains the following list of articles:

"Campaigning with Grant," by General Horace Porter; "Places in New York," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer; "Monotypes," by William A. Coffin; "The Battle of Copenhagen," by Captain Alfred T. Mahan; "An Inland Venice," by Charles de Kay; "In the Desert with the Bedouin," by R. Talbot Kelly; "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell; "The Author of 'Rory O'More,'" by Fanny Schmid; "Miss Selina's Settlement," by Mrs. Burton Harrison; "A Tropic Climb," by Julian Hawthorne; "A Man and Some Others," by Stephen Crane; "A Rose of Yesterday" (conclusion), by F. Marion Crawford; "Billy and Hans," by W. J. Stillman; verse by John Vance Cheney, Robert Underwood Johnson, Charles Crandall, Charles G. D. Roberts, Will H. Thompson, Alice Williams Brotherton, and Grace Duffield Goodwin; the usual departments; and a symposium on "Why the Confederacy Failed."

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Willard's Hotel.

LITERARY NOTES.

Zola's New Novel and his Methods.

"Emile Zola is at work. At nine o'clock on the morning of January 1st he began his new novel, 'Paris.' The volume will be finished in ten months."

Such is the laconic announcement (writes Laurence Franklin in the *Providence Journal*) of the most important literary event of the moment, apparently absurd in its business-like exactness, but eminently consistent with the character of the author in question, who is as precise in his methods and as regular in his routine as any scientist or merchant. No day in the year goes by without its stint of literary labor. Up at eight, after a breakfast of coffee and poached eggs, he takes his place in the large Louis the Thirteenth arm-chair before his desk, on which ink, blotter, books, and paper are ranged in perfect order. As first task, he scrapes the clot of dried ink from his pen; then casting a hurried glance over his general notes, he sets seriously to work, carrying on the page from the point where it was dropped the previous day, perhaps in the middle of a sentence, but never reading what has gone before. Once begun, moreover, he allows himself no respite until the prescribed amount—the equivalent of three or four printed pages—has been accomplished; and it is this absolute regularity which permits him to affirm definitely that the novel begun on January 1st will be ready for publication in October.

The subject-matter of the new book, the third and last in the trilogy begun with "Lourdes" and "Rome," M. Zola recently described to a correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph* as follows:

"The book will contain the whole philosophical balance-sheet of the century; it will even be a synthesis of the development of thought since the great revolution. The capital of France will be made in my book the capital of the intellectual world. It will not be a book of descriptions and digressions, like 'Rome,' but will be concise in its reproduction of the life and movement of our capital, and rapid and brief in action. I think it will be an exhaustive reproduction of Parisian life."

The actual warp and woof of the story, however, is probably a question of greater uncertainty in Zola's mind at this moment than is the date of its achievement, for with all his exactness of method, he is peculiarly vague as to his material. He knows at the outset that he will do a certain number of lines each morning, but he can not always assert just what they will contain. He has thus described his way of writing a novel:

"I do not really write it, I let it write itself. I can not invent incidents; this kind of imagination is altogether lacking in me. If I sit down before my table to work out a plot, I remain three days with my head in my hands, harrowing my brain without getting anywhere. This is the reason why I have adopted the habit of never bothering about my subject. I begin to work at my story without knowing what events will occur, or what characters will take part in it, how it will begin, or how it will end. The only one with whom I have a previous acquaintance is the chief personage, whether man or woman, and we are always old friends. I devote myself entirely to him, meditating on his temperament, on his family, on the surroundings in which I have decided to place him; on his profession, his habits, even the trivial occupations of his leisure moments. After two or three months of such study, I have completely mastered his particular kind of existence. . . . Then a more difficult task awaits me—that of threading together the mass of types, scenes, disjointed dialogue, and episodes, which I have gathered from every possible source. This is almost always a long labor. But I set about it phlegmatically, using my reason rather than my imagination."

His order of procedure always remains the same: first he formulates a general outline, then he inserts the description of his characters, next he adds a pen-picture of the scenes through which his hero passes, and thus out of the inchoate mass of notes and reflections the story gradually takes definite shape. Once finished, its author dares not even turn its pages lest he be overwhelmed by its shortcomings.

Possessing a house in town and another in the country, both filled with artistic treasures, the collection of which has counted among his few pleasures; with an income which would amply suffice for his wife and himself (he has no children), without further effort on his part; and enjoying a renown which extends from one end of the globe to the other, he is less light of heart to-day than in the time when cold and hunger stared him in the face and his future offered no outlook. Born in the heart of Paris on the second of April, 1840, his existence began apparently under the most auspicious conditions. His father, an Italian engineer of some importance, was at the time busy in constructing a canal for the town of Aix, not far from Marseilles, and it was in this bright, sunny country on the shores of the Mediterranean that the young Emile passed his childhood and first youth. Unhappily, however, the family fortunes, sadly crippled by the sudden death of the father and subsequent law-suits, barely sufficed to carry the boy through the first years of a local college, and at seventeen, his mother, hoping for better things in the capital, took her son to Paris. Here, through the influence of an old friend, Emile secured a scholarship at the Lycée Saint Louis, but instead of making the best of his opportunities, he lost all taste for study, spent his lecture hours in reading Victor Hugo, Musset, Rabelais, or Montaigne, and refused to apply himself to anything except French composition. When he came up for examination at the Sorbonne, he missed his degree, and a second attempt to obtain it at Marseilles a few months later also failed.

Thus we find him in 1860 on the streets of Paris without money, position, or influence, a genuine Bohemian, whose sole source of income was the

pawn-shop or some friend's pocket-book. Of that period he wrote to a friend:

"I hadn't a cent and no idea of what would become of me, but for all that it was a happy time. Ah! the careless indifference of youth! After hours spent in reading the books on the stalls along the quay, or in tramping over the country near Ivry or on the banks of the Bievre, I came back to my little room, ate my three cents' worth of apples, and set to work. . . . I composed verses, I wrote my first stories, and I was happy. . . . Had I a fire? I could not even think of it, fuel was too dear, but on special days I indulged in a pipe of tobacco, and above all in a candle. Oh! the joy of a three-cent candle! Just think, it meant a whole night of literature."

At this time his ambition lay entirely in the direction of poetry, and while fierce winter gales swept through his lodging—a loosely constructed chamber on the roof of a tall house—the young poet sat wrapped in his bed-clothes evolving long epics—"Rodolpho," "Paolo," or the opening lines of a trilogy to be called "Genesis." Each month, however, poverty tightened her grasp upon him. His bill of fare varied from bread and coffee to bread and two cents' worth of cheese, or to two cents' worth of apples and bread. Then it was reduced to bread alone. And finally, days came when even bread was wanting. Once he was obliged to remain in his room for nearly a week because he had not sufficient clothing to cover his body; and on another occasion, having vainly searched the Latin quarter for a loan, he left his coat at a pawn-shop, and walked home against an icy wind in his shirt-sleeves.

It was at the close of this hard year that Zola applied to the editor Hachette for a situation, introduced by a M. Boudet, who, perceiving the great distress of the young man, hired him to carry about his cards on New-Year's Day. The gold piece received for this commission kept body and soul together for the month which elapsed before he at last secured a place in the publishing firm of Hachette at a salary of one hundred francs a month. During several weeks his sole duty was to tie up parcels; then he was transferred to the advertising department, and little by little he assumed a position in the house superior to that of an ordinary employee. Increasing prosperity, however, did not deaden his literary ambition. His evenings were consecrated to his real vocation, and in 1862 he found himself with sufficient material for a volume, which was published under the title, "Contes a Ninon." Its success determined the youth to adopt definitely the profession of writer, and eighteen months later, Zola abandoned his clerkship for journalism. His career since that time is known to every one—the failure of his plays, the fierce battle waged against his "naturalism," the violent criticism of his novels, and his repeated defeat at the Académie Française. Universal opposition and denunciation have not, however, broken his spirit or diminished the enormous success of his books; and those who most loudly condemn the theories of the writer are forced to admire the conviction and courage of the man.

New Publications.

"His Foster-Sister," by Albert Ross, has been published in the Albatross Novels by the G. W. Dillingham Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Darkest Russia," by H. Grattan Donnelly, is a "novelization" of the play by that name which was written by the same author. Published by Street & Smith, New York; price, 25 cents.

"Pennsylvania Colony and Commonwealth," by Sydney George Fisher, is an excellent narrative of the social and political history of that great State. Published by Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.

"Wagner's Heroines," by Constance Maud, does not deal with all the woman characters immortalized by Wagner, the author having discussed Elsa, Elizabeth, Kundry, and Eva in her book entitled "Wagner's Heroes." This volume she has devoted exclusively to Brunhilda, Senta, and Isolde. Their stories are written in prose narrative form, and are clearly and interestingly told. Published by Edwin Arnold, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Don Balasco of Key West" is the latest novel turned out by Archibald Claverling Gunter. Its inspiration is the Cuban war; its location is in Florida and the Keys. It is in the nature of a defense of the Cuban cause and an attack upon American diplomacy. The conclusion is a sarcasm upon Wall Street and the mercantile influence upon the national policy in foreign affairs. Published by The Home Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

Weird and spectral enough are the figures which flit through the pages of "Uncanny Tales," by Mrs. Molesworth. People of flesh and blood yet scarcely like their fellows, mysterious visitants from the supernatural world, a strange clock that struck thirteen, and a marriage that never took place, are the themes of several entertaining short stories for long evenings before the fire when the lamps are low. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"Edward the Second," the ancient and celebrated play written by Christopher Marlowe, which was first produced from a quarto edition in 1594, has been issued as the premier number in the library of Temple Dramatists. Other quarto editions followed in 1598, 1612, and 1622, and the text of this present edition is taken from the second, that of 1598. The book was edited by A. W. Verity, M. A., and his scholarly preface and notes and elaborate glossary largely enhance its value. The work is neatly bound

in flexible covers. Published by J. M. Dent & Co., London (the Macmillan Company, New York); price, 45 cents.

The "Los Angeles Times Year Book and Almanac for 1897" has been published by that enterprising journal. It is a new venture on the part of the *Times*, and gives a serviceable, reliable, and compact summary of the notable events in California's history, and of its political, social, and commercial affairs. Beside those topics, there are departments that treat of the land and products, climate and resources, customs and people, particular localities, and various interesting subjects of a statistical nature relating to California. There is, also, no subject of importance or notable event appertaining to any country in the world which has been omitted from the book. Much space is devoted to sporting statistics, intercollegiate records, the American turf, bicycle racing, football, and so forth. Price, 35 cents; postage paid.

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To Albion old and brave;
A wall that startles from her sleep
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We feel the thrill through England's soul
Of noblest passions' birth;
We hear her drum-alarum roll
The circle of the earth.

When mothers kiss with pallid lips
The wounds of murdered sons,
We see the sailors on her ships
Leap to their shotted guns.

We bear her martial triumphs bow
The challenge of the free;
Her lean steel war-wolves howling go
Through gateways of the sea.

The talons of her eagles tear
The vulture from his feast;
The lion mangles in his lair
The tiger of the East.

Ah, what a cheer from Asia breaks
And roars along the dawn,
As rescue's battle-thunder shakes
The walls of Babylon!

—Will H. Thompson in the *February Century*.

The Deep Wood.

The trees stand guarded, isolate,
The warders hover at the gate.
No smallest wandering loveliness
Goes hence, none ever finds access:
At June's blithe call, no vine may run
A tip to gild it in the sun;
The perfumed wind from off the field,
Before it enter here must yield
Its burden; sweetest meadow-flowers
Send never greeting to these bowers.
Young morn not yet has sprung with might
To cast thus deep his lance of light;
To moon and star is still unrolled
The mystery of these wizards old.
Ages uncounted shroud this art,
Time and the silence of God's heart.

—John Vance Cheney in the *Critic*.

The Lost Travelers.

One night they sailed in unknown seas,
A low moon glowering on their track
Along a line of blue-black hills;
Then in a gray dawn's damps and chills
They reached the land of the plumed trees,
And nevermore came back.
They found an untried river's mouth
And stole into it silently;
Huge hills rose wide on either hand;
Straight back through a strange wooded land,
The dim stream sought the unknown south
As far as eye could see.

South through a country in a swoon
They sailed for many weary days.
Dim shapes rose sudden in the nights,
And dull flames flickered on the heights,
Unnatural noises at high noon
Came booming through the haze.

Strange days came then; at times they lay
Like some huge painful beetle, pinned
Upon a smooth and shining floor;
Then while they watched this mood was o'er—
They saw their craft push on its way—
Straight up against the wind.

And days and days, in mute despair,
They watched the great volcanoes burn,
Far south at the dim river's source,
But yet they could not change their course.
Some unseen power in the thick air
Forbade them to return.

And no man since, on friendly seas,
Has seen in trade's disguised track
Their sturdy craft veer to and fro,
For in a grey dawn, years ago,
They reached the land of the plumed trees,
And nevermore came back.

—G. K. Turner in the *Chap Book*.

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Tragedy, unless in a gorgeous setting, does not seem popular. Most people go to the theatre to laugh. Some women go to cry. Love-stories are popular, emotional dramas are popular, comedies are popular, burlesques are popular, extravaganzas are popular. Tragedy alone seems to have only a few admirers left. The great Muse sits aloft over her deserted shrine, her worshippers fled before the angry majesty of her solemn brows. The lights are out, the garlands on her altar faded, weeds spring in the crevices of the marble steps, and flowers bang from the film of earth that the winds have laid on the edges of the roof.

The appreciation of tragedy, like the appreciation of the pure story of adventure, is inborn. The people who like it have retained that chill, rapt sense of the awfulness of the tragic which one sees in children, when they sit, round-eyed and awed, listening to tales of terror. It has nothing in common with the stealthy, fearful creepiness which is the delight of the morbid. It disperses the close, unwholesome atmosphere which the modern play has brought into the theatre, and brings with it a great wash of clear air, harsh and bracing like the breath of ocean spaces where the breezes have blown a thousand miles over heaving seas.

To the average spectator, the man who has recently left his office tired and heavy, a tragedy is a lugubrious bore. To the woman who sits beside him and has had a scramble to eat her dinner, and see that her children are in bed, and put on her Sunday clothes, it is a dull, incomprehensible, deadly thing which disappoints her. She would rather have stayed home and done fancy-work. She likes "The Wife" for drama and "The Gay Parisians" for comedy. To the young lady who comes in late, rustling richly amid a throng of young ladies and young gentlemen and chaperons and things, it is mainly a matter of humorous comment, especially in the department of supers and the costumes of the subsidiary characters. She personally has a preference for plays like "The Butterflies"—it is good society well done, and Mr. Drew can be known off the stage; indeed, it is rather the right thing to know him—or for heavier matter she thinks "Fedora" is about the most interesting play she knows. The young gentleman with her makes no secret of his dramatic preferences. He thinks the vaudeville at the Orpheum is the best thing in town. The chaperons are catholic in their tastes. They do not like plays of low life or plays about people who are too bad and make no secret about their badness, but inside these two lines the old ladies are very tolerant and enjoy the theatre greatly in their artless little Japanese way. But even they get a little restive at tragedies. They do not laugh at the man in the tow wig or think Macbeth's conduct in the banquet scene very humorous, but they do think there are a little too many murders committed for good taste and that six acts are too much for your money.

The gods, who like blood, cheered on the gory career of Macbeth and his lady by many rounds of applause. They gave their heartiest encouragement to Macduff, and when he cried out in his agony, "but I must first feel it like a man," they burst into a storm of sympathetic applauding that, had they been near enough, would certainly have taken the form of patting him on the back. Macduff is one of the most human creatures in the drama. He is as alive as if the manuscript that held him was copy-righted yesterday. He is the soldier-man that women have loved and men have followed since the ancients made their warrior-god for the world to worship. Some one has said Shakespeare has no heroes, only heroines. But now and then he created one of these splendid, generous beings, like the heroes of Norse myths, great, stalwart, strong-thewed men, terrible in the field, but by the hearth kindly, tender, simple-souled as children. Kent was of this order, only older, "I have years to my back eight-and-forty," and Hector, though he was a dimmer, grander figure, like a noble statue with human eyes.

Mr. Lonergan had one of the most necessary attributes of Macduff, which was size. It must be confessed that these personal characteristics do amount to a good deal, even though the fact that they should be a sign of artistic decadence. Macduff must be a large, brawny man, a big-fisted, red, leonine man, with a thick neck and deep, full, bell-toned voice. Where his battle-axe fell a bead crushed in; there was no appeal from his sword. He has to be large, just as Mercutio must be the acme of all that is reckless and brilliant, that type of man whose gait, posture, glance, voice, suggest that perfection of disdainful elegance which to-day we characterize with the abominable word "swell." Mr. Lonergan's Macduff was weak in the matter of

voice. He had a cold, or else does not study the art of voice production. His wild shouts when he discovers the murder of Duncan resolved themselves into muffled strains, as hoarse and croupy as those by which the raven was supposed to herald the same gloomy event. Nevertheless, he was a good Macduff. The part suits him better than that of a high-souled clergyman. Whether this is a compliment or not, let Mr. Lonergan decide.

Every woman who has thought she would like to be an actress—and this would include nine out of every ten—has had serious communion with herself as to how she would play Lady Macbeth. There is no doubt of some points in the Scottish woman's case. She was charming, she was handsome; a strong, cool, nerveless woman, ambitious for material glory. She was not of the order of women who rise and prosper by means of a serpentine williness or a coaxing assumption of weakness. She was strong and frank and fearless as a brave man. Her intrepid serenity had never been ruffled by the tremors and shrinkings which belong to the "woman naturally born to fears." The absolute lack of imagination which seems to be the reigning characteristic of most murderers, was hers in a high degree. We can see through the dim half-light of the hall the wide stare of surprise with which she greets her husband's hoarse ravings of the voice that cried to him as he stole from Duncan's room. "Who was it that so cried?" she asks in startled bewilderment, her prosaic mind not being able to comprehend the high-wrought state of Macbeth's nerves.

Again when he refuses to reënter the room, she is amazed and scornful of his cowardice. The dead and sleeping are alike to this soft-skinned, red-lipped, graceful creature. As she steals forward to take the daggers, the murdered form upstairs has not so much terror for her as the sleeping grooms, who may wake and tell too much. With the breaking down of her health, the iron nerves give way, and that last pale vision of haunting horror is only the tortured wraith of what was once a woman who in her self-sufficing splendor dared to defy the gods. It is in this portion of the play that Mme. Modjeska is at her best. Her graceful and enchanting womanliness is abashed before the cool, hard barbarity of Lady Macbeth's "first manner," if one may use such an expression. She invests this side of the character with a sort of feline, instinctively cruel subtlety that is the idea of the Latin, rather than the Anglo-Saxon.

There was nothing feline about Lady Macbeth. She just wanted people removed that stood in her light. Her treatment of Macbeth showed how direct and bold her methods were, and how little time she wasted in the delicacies of intrigue or the frivolities of presenting herself in an excusable light. Modjeska seems to have a sort of tender reluctance to believe that any woman could have complacently and confidently been so barbarously savage. To give her a nature of cat-like cruelty and crafty sensuousness was a sort of palliation of her general behavior. Thus did Heaven make the woman, and she acted according to her lights.

From the moment when remorse—that wretched quality which has broken down the foundations of so many fairy structures—begins to assail her, the Polish actress seems to fall into better sympathy with the character. Mme. Modjeska is a player with a rich and gracious womanhood, and to turn her abilities upon a character conspicuously lacking in every feminine quality is to achieve a result which may be artistically brilliant but is not convincing. Only toward the close, when the torments of a conscience that wakes too late drive her pacing and muttering through the castle, does she rise to real heights. That vision of repentant sin moaning in its tortured sleep, feverishly rubbing away the blood-stains, whispering through pale lips secrets of dreadful import, drawing back in scared aversion from the spectral figures that glide across its path—is a thing never to be forgotten. It is one of those pieces of play-acting that one treasures, a talisman to keep one living, and hopeful, and well through weary wildernesses of plays that ought to have died before they were born.

Mr. Haworth, having doffed his white wig and the tremulous manners of an irritable old age, makes a gallant and lordly Macbeth. He is very fine-looking, which is as it should be, Macbeth being one of those beautiful, God-like men who have neither will nor character. In the dagger scene he was impressive and picturesque, lending all the musical resonance of his rich and melodious voice to the soliloquy. He has a most beautiful voice and recites blank verse well.

It is a great pity that managers seem to think it necessary always to have violent convulsions of nature agitating Shakespeare's plays. When Fred Warde played "King Lear," what between thunderstorms and slow music one could hear about half the words only. There seemed to be all sorts of tribulations going on in the dark and dense midnight which saw Duncan's taking off. Loud peals of thunder, which seemed to come from the king's room, rent the air at intervals. Then a lurid red light came pouring down the stairs, as if Macbeth had completed his wickedness by setting them all on fire. Previous to this a white streak of cold moonlight had broken in from somewhere and fallen upon Macbeth as he sat on a bench in the middle of the ball. We later on hear from Macduff and Ross that it certainly was a queer night. But we endure a good deal in the cause of scenic and what might be called atmospheric accuracy.

Eyetalian, with an Irish Brogue.

Manager McCormick, of the Broadway Theatre (says the New York Evening Sun), recently gave his cook passes to see the Irish opera, "Shamus O'Brien." One of the principal features in the plot is the one hundred guineas reward which the government has placed upon the head of Shamus. Next morning the cook came to the manager with an injured air.

"I t'ought you said that was an Irish opera, Mr. McCormick?"

"But it is," began the manager.

"Oh, excuse me, no, sir. Some of them speaks wid an Irish brogue, but the opera itself is an Eyetalian. Shure, ain't they always talking about a hundred guineys."

There is much room for ingenuity in the invention of a street-railway head-light that will be free from the defects that attend the present styles of both electric and oil lamps. The latter is still preferred to the electric pattern, which, being on the same circuit as the car itself, flickers and can not be depended upon for more than occasional brilliancy. But the oil lamp is liable to be blown out in storms or high winds or when the car is moving at a high rate of speed. And in summer the oil lamp gives off an offensive odor which penetrates the car behind. The motorman is the greatest sufferer, having to endure the smell of oil at close range summer and winter.

The obituary addresses delivered upon the occasion of the death of a member of Congress cost the government a good deal of money. Usually twelve thousand copies are printed, with a steel-plate portrait of the deceased, fifty of which, bound in morocco with gilt edges, are for the family of the dead congressman. The cost of obituary volumes in the Fifty-First Congress was over fifty thousand dollars.

"I'd like to buy a few cows," remarked the dairyman, whose merchandise has on several occasions been an object of suspicion. "Cows!" exclaimed his neighbor; "what for?" "Well," was the frank rejoinder, "I've got an idea that the public sort of expects to see cows around a dairy, the same as they expect to see an Indian in front of a cigar store or a pole in front of a barber shop."—Washington Star.

A company of tourists are taken over the castle at Blois. Guide—"The room which we are now entering, ladies and gentlemen, is the very one in which the Duke of Guise was murdered." A tourist—"Here, what's that? I came here three years ago, and was shown a room in the wing opposite." Guide (very calmly)—"This room was undergoing repairs at the time."—Tit-Bits.

The late Joseph Mylechreest, who represented Peel in the House of Keys of the Isle of Man legislature, was the original of Pete in Hall Caine's "Manxman." At his death Mr. Mylechreest was still the owner of the Mylechreest diamonds, two gems which are practically unsalable on account of their high value.

"The Mikado" is the first of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas to be translated into French. It is shortly to be sung in Brussels. Several of the famous Savoy operas have long been popular in German.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"Chimmie Fadden" at the Columbia.

The dramatization of Edward W. Townsend's amusing "Chimmie Fadden" sketches will be seen at the Columbia Theatre next week. The book had a tremendous vogue all over the country, and especially in San Francisco, where Mr. Townsend has many friends, and there is a very lively curiosity here to see the play. All of the well-known figures in the sketches, including Chimmie himself, Mr. Paul, the Duchess, Miss Fanny, Mr. Burton, and His Whiskers, are retained in the play, and a few others have been added. Among these latter is Mrs. Murphy, a drunken old Irishwoman who has attracted almost as much attention wherever the play has been given as the hero himself. Charles Hopper enacts Chimmie, Marie Bates is the Mrs. Murphy, and the entire cast, including John Flood, George Nash, Will Cowper, W. H. Sheldon, Barney Reynolds, Harry L. Rawlins, F. R. Furlong, Sydney Price, Beth Franklyn, Irene Vaincourt, Fannie Denham-Rouse, and Berenice Wheeler, is identical with that which presented the play all last season in New York city.

Those who are not familiar with the "Chimmie Fadden" sketches may get an idea of them from Mr. Townsend's latest skit, which is printed on another page in this issue of the *Argonaut*.

Louis James's Engagement.

The last performance of "Macbeth" at the Baldwin Theatre this evening will bring Mme. Modjeska's engagement to an end, and on Monday Louis James will come for a two weeks' stay. The first week will be devoted entirely to "Spartacus." This play was written for Edwin Forrest by Robert Montgomery Bird, a contemporary of Edgar Allen Poe, and was one of the great successes of the famous tragedian's career. When he retired, John McCullough inherited it, and it was one of the most popular plays in his repertoire. It was the last play in which he appeared. It is a very dramatic rendering of the old story of the gladiators' revolt under the leadership of Spartacus, the Thracian shepherd, who to save his wife and child entered the arena of the Coliseum and conquered the greatest gladiators of the age. Mr. James—who, by the way, is the only tragedian who will appear at the Baldwin Theatre this season—is well fitted to personate the heroic gladiator, and his company is a strong one. It is headed by Guy Lindsay, who was with Mr. James last season, and Alma Kruger, and other members are Florence Everett, Collin Kemper, and Dr. William Sprague, who left San Francisco to join Mr. James's company.

The New Spectacle at the Tivoli.

There was a tremendous crowd at the Tivoli, last Saturday night, to witness the first performance of the new extravaganza, "Aladdin; or, The Wonderful Lamp." The libretto is the work of R. C. White, who first dramatized Rider Haggard's "She" and has since gained a rather unenviable notoriety by putting on the stage a remarkable melodrama founded on the exploits of Chris Evans, the Fresno handit, and a similar treatment of the Durrant case. The plot does not amount to more than is customary in extravaganza, but the entertainment is full of clever specialties and brilliant ballets. Ferris Hartman, as usual, is the chief fun-maker, and others in the cast are John J. Raffael, Rhys Thomas, W. H. West, Maurice Darcy, W. H. Tooker, Fred Kavanagh, Master Jack Robertson, Anna Suits, Elvia Crox-Seabrooke, Bernice Holmes, Josie Intropidi, Anna Schnabel, and Jennie Stockmeyer. The ballets include a stately dance of the Cleopatras, a dance of Tartar boys and girls, and a very novel and pretty electric "dance of the flowers."

After the run of "Aladdin," several of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas will be revived in an elaborate manner, with strong casts, new scenery, and correct costumes.

Notes.

"The Goddess of Reason" is the name of a new operetta which Johann Strauss has just completed.

John Drew, who is now delighting Boston with his new play, "Rosemary," is to present it at the Baldwin in a few months.

Maurice Barrymore is to be in the cast of Sardou's new play, "Spiritisme," when it is produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre.

James A. Hearne delivered a lecture on "The Theatre As It Is," in the First Congregational Church in Kansas City, last Sunday.

M. Alphonse Daudet is working on a play founded on his novel, "La Petite Paroisse." It will be brought out at the Vaudeville this year.

Mme. Patti's concerts at Monte Carlo and Nice have drawn large audiences, but it is stated that her voice is showing marked signs of weakness.

The man who has taken Frank Mayo's place as Pudd'nhead Wilson is Theodore Hamilton. He has as yet been seen only in the Middle West, but he has been remarkably successful there.

When May Irwin separates from her managers, Rich and Harris, at the end of this season, she will not have the right to use her latest success, "Courtied into Court," and she will get no more farces from John J. McNally. Rich and Harris will send out his

plays with companies of comedians, and Miss Irwin will patronize some other author.

The California Theatre is to re-open on Monday, February 15th. "Our Little Cinderella," the piece to be given, is a fairy operetta, and it will be presented by a juvenile company.

Fanny Rice's engagement at the Columbia Theatre will begin a fortnight from next Monday. She has an excellent company, including Charles Drew, the Gaillards, and others to the number of forty.

The company that is supporting Georgia Cayvan includes Orrin Johnson, George Woodward, Frank Athley, Albert Brown, Lionel Barrymore, Anne Sutherland, Mary Jerrold, Kate Ten Evck, Winifred McCaull, Louise Palmer, and others of less note.

Ethel Barrymore, who plays a small part in "Rosemary," is, as is well known, a niece of John Drew. When she was a little girl, she used to say her prayers every night, and this is what she said: "Please, God, bless papa and mamma, and make Uncle John a good actor."

Augustin Daly has revived "The Magistrate," with Ada Rehan as the heroine, and "Ours" and "The Wonder" will follow. Then another play will be given, the name of which has not yet been announced, and the season will end with an elaborate revival of "The Tempest."

Lord Nelson is the latest historical character to be put on the English stage. The principal theme of the new play is Lady Hamilton's connection with the great admiral and her influence over him. Forbes Robertson will appear as the hero, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell will be the Lady Hamilton.

In Ward Vokes's farce-comedy, "A Run on the Bank," one of the most popular characters is Bowlegs, the bartender and office-boy. The part is played by Charles Guyer, an acrobatic comedian who has attracted attention by his clever work as Pierrot in Hanlon's "Superha" in the past two years.

On the production of "Mme. Sans Gêne" at the Lyceum Theatre, London, Forbes Robertson will play Napoleon to Ellen Terry's washerwoman become madame. Sir Henry Irving expects to be well enough to attend rehearsals in about a month. He is also studying a part in a new piece, "Barras," the scene of which is laid in the French revolutionary period. The piece was written by Bernard Shaw.

Augustin Daly has purchased the American rights for Joseph Fabre's "Jeanne d'Arc." He will have it translated into English verse and produce it in New York, with Ada Rehan in the title-role, next season. "The piece," he has told a *Herald* representative, "will require careful adaptation, and I have not yet decided on the man to do it. The production will be as elaborate as any of my Shakespearian revivals. The incidental music was a feature of the original production, and will be here, too, I think."

A London paper congratulates the theatre-goers of the United States on their good manners. In London, as in Paris and other capitals, an audience makes a noise when it is not pleased, and often hisses down a play, while, as the English writer was surprised to find, an American audience is content to express its disapprobation by leaving the house. The polite froth which killed "The Seats of the Mighty," with Beerbohm Tree as the star, was the immediate source of this surprising revelation of transatlantic polish.

There is a story that Yvette Guilbert intends to return to this country as an actress after making her debut in Europe, but there is very little probability of truth in it. Sardou and other French dramatists have offered to write plays for her, but she always has declined to leave a field in which she is almost unique for one in which she might be a failure. Her popularity in Paris shows no sign of failing, and she is under contract to a manager in that city until 1900. Her present tour in this country will probably net her about forty thousand dollars.

Some of the many thousands of dollars that Sir Henry Irving accumulated during his theatrical tours in this country will be separated from his bank account this winter. A London journal estimates that the accident which befell him at the opening of the Lyceum season will cost him at least ten thousand pounds. Fortunately, Sir Henry is a man of such wealth that this loss will not impoverish him. Fortunately, too, for the members of his company, he has proved a liberal provider. Salaries have been paid to his band of players during the entire period of their enforced idleness, a hit of managerial liberality that is as unusual as it is commendable.

John J. McNally, who writes the farces in which May Irwin and Peter Dailey appear, made his first essay in that line when he wrote "Revels" for Willie Edouin and his wife, Alice Atherton. Edouin had been playing in New Orleans the week after the Mardi-Gras festival, and had purchased at a bargain an enormous quantity of masquerade costumes. He showed these to McNally and told him to write a piece to fit them, and "Revels" was the result. McNally says he was paid six hundred dollars for his share of the work, and that in the first season Edouin and his wife received from the piece twenty-three thousand dollars in salary and percentages, and E. E. Rice, who managed the company, made forty thousand dollars.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS.

Our Amateur Theatricals.

We did our best to make the cast
Resplendent with fair faces;
The tenor's blonde mustache stuck fast
And black beads choked the hassles;
The actresses were pretty maids
Quite partial to caresses.
The programmes blazed with varied shades,
The audience, with dresses.

The prompter played the leading part
And pounded the piano;
'Twas he who won the Prince's heart
Instead of the soprano!
Duke Harold somehow lost his head
And flirited with his mother,
Then stabbed the servant-maid instead
Of murdering her brother!

The bridal feast was laid in skies.
The alto ordered chowder!
The stage-directors burned the flies,
And blue and yellow powder.
The audience escaped dismayed,
Exceedingly distressful:—
But afterward the critics said
'Twas wondrously successful!

—DeWitt Sterry.

By Proxy.

Some fellows think it joy ecstatic
To wait round stage doors in the rain
For lively damsels operative,
Who have a *punchant* for champagne.
Well, let them drink the wine that fizzes,
With pocket-hooks like owners—flat,
And demoiselles in paint and frizzes;
I know a trick worth two of that.

I, too, adore a hurlesque fairy,
But with her waste no cash nor chaff.
I sit in my apartments airy
And contemplate her lithograph.
That lithograph is quite as pretty
As she who gave this heart a pang;
It's much more modest, quite as witty;
It doesn't giggle and talk slang.

It sings as well as she precisely;
'Tis ne'er provoked without just cause;
It doesn't "make up," dresses nicely,
And has regard for grammar's laws.
It does not flirt with other fellows,
Preferring their small-talk to mine,
Nor does it dress to reds and yellows
With flaring constancy incline.

It is no turbulent young gypsy
That costs a lot for gems and flowers,
Is fond of getting slightly tipsy
And rolling home in matin hours.
It is no jade, heartless, capricious
As the original must be,
But in a calm way quite delicious
It smiles across the room at me.

Like moths a flickering flame pursuing
Let others flutter as they will,
Their fun and frolic, wine and wooing
Let them enjoy and pay the bill.
While I in my snug den reposing
Will in my sleeve serenely laugh,
My adoration fondly disclosing
Unto my siren's lithograph.—*Anon.*

Play-House Patchwork.

The Actor, the Actor, right singular is he;
How criticism fills his soul with either grief or glee.
Applause doth make his bosom swell—he feels that it is
fame,
But, prithee, do not tell him so, or his head may do the
same.

The Agent, the Agent, sent on to advertise,
He fires the editorial heart with mastodon lies.
He's always bent on working up some wonderful surprise,
And knows whatever's going on, because he uses "I's."

The Critic, the Critic, by Thespians blessed and cursed;
He only sees a single act—and that, of course, the worst.
He gets an inkling of the plot, the rest he has to guess,
To send his criticism down in time to "go to press."

The Chorus Girls, the Chorus Girls, they're bound to be
admired;
They ogle all the audience until they make us tired.
If they can see themselves in type how very proud are
they;
And, ah, their "understandings" have saved full many a
play!

The Dead-head, the Dead-head, on hand at every show;
He speaks of Edwin Booth as "Ted," of Jefferson as
"Joe."

He'll talk with zest, though all the rest sit quiet as a
mouse,
And yet he's very useful when you wish to fill a house.

The Manager, the Manager, how much he has to do;
He is obliged to foot the bills—sometimes the "supers,"
too.

He'll "jaw" and rage when on the stage with actresses'
mammas,
And, added to his other cares, he regulates the "stars."

—Edward E. Kidder.

The final meeting of the present two weeks of the Pacific Coast Jockey Club at the Ingleside track will take place this (Saturday) afternoon. A number of excellent entries have been made for each event, but the chief interest centres in the Hohart Stakes. Whether it rains or shines, the programme will undoubtedly attract one of the largest crowds of the season.

"Is the sail the only thing that guides a ship?" asked the green passenger. "No," said the mate; "there are rudders."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

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VANITY FAIR.

The exclusion of the French ambassador and his wife from Washington's swell bachelors' cotillions, was noted in this column last week. It was, as we stated, primarily due to M. Patenotre's rude treatment of Mrs. Rockhill, wife of the Assistant Secretary of State, because she had, very properly, as it seems, snubbed him a dozen years ago while in Japan. Fuller details sustain the impression that M. Patenotre's action was anything but courteous. The Patenotres, it seems, had been invited to the cotillion last winter by the same committee that manages them this year, and, although every man in that body is a friend of Rockhill, it never occurred to any of them to take up his battle through the medium of a purely social function. The trouble was that at one of the balls of the season of 1895-96, Mrs. Rockhill was made the hostess for the occasion and served as the chief of the receiving party. When the Patenotres entered the hall and saw Mrs. Rockhill acting in the capacity of hostess, they ostentatiously withdrew from the line and took refuge in a corner. It was a deliberate discourtesy, not only to Mrs. Rockhill, but to the entire association, and the committeemen are backed by the overwhelming sentiment of the subscribers in having refused to subject the cotillion to another exhibition of rudeness.

There is a curious fact in relation to Spanish titles which may be of great interest to unmarried American millionaires anxious to emulate the example set by our heiresses. Titles not only descend through the female line, but a man, upon marrying a titled woman, immediately assumes his wife's title. There is at least one unmarried duchess in Spain and several marchionesses. An American, upon marrying a duchess, would be created a duke and a grandee, and by purchasing a property with an annual rental of ten thousand dollars would have a seat for life in the Senate.

There is something quite shocking to American sensibilities in the way English people have of trotting their skeletons out of their closets for the edification of the public. Family misfortunes and even disgrace are mentioned, in a matter-of-fact, impersonal manner that is incomprehensible to Americans. If an American society woman is poor, she tries to conceal it, or at least to cast the mantle of conventional living over her makeshifts, so that the public may not suspect how straitened are her resources; whereas an English woman of the world, in like case, would be quite frank about everything. "You know we are beastly poor!" she will tell you on first acquaintance, a statement which she deems a sufficient explanation why her gowns and her household arrangements are shabby, and why she ought not to be held responsible for either. The way, too, the members of an English family discuss each other's failings and failures with strangers is incomprehensible to our country-people. "I have four sisters," a newly arrived Englishman is quoted in the *New York Tribune* as saying at a dinner, "and although the *mater* has tried her level best, she has not succeeded in getting one of them off." "Have you any brothers?" asked his neighbor. "One," he answered promptly, "but he's gone to the bad; he's a regular sponge, too, and I'd advise you to look out for him if he comes to this country, for he never pays up."

This seems to be essentially the period of the reign of the woman who fascinates by her charm, rather than by her features. Fashion is responsible for this change of adoration of mere physical loveliness. In past days the woman was seldom aided by the coquettishness of dress. She came first; her gowns were simply her covering. Therefore real beauty was necessary. Nowadays clothes mean everything. An ugly woman who is clever, can by application to the trickeries of the milliner and modistic artist far outshine in fascination and attraction the dowdy yet exquisite creature who wears her clothes in Alma Tadema folds and dresses her hair after the Greek model. If another Mrs. Langtry (writes Anne Morton Lane from London to the *Chicago Times-Herald*) were to come among us in London again in this year of grace 1897, in all the perfect bloom of her young beauty, and wore, as did the original Mrs. Langtry, the now famous black silk gown, nobody would look at her a second time. "Pretty," people would say, "but I would rather look at Augusta Retroussé for all her bad features. She knows how to dress." So it is that beauty unaccompanied by the perfection of modishness is at a discount in London to-day.

An Englishman of reputation visited this country several years ago, and (according to the *New York Sun*) Rochester made great preparations for his reception. There was at that time a caterer in Rochester whose name was Blank, and when Mr. Jones unfolded the scheme of his luncheon and engaged him to prepare and serve it, he ordered a new set of dishes for the occasion. Mr. Brown and Mr. Smith also engaged Blank to do the dinner and the supper for the reception. At Mr. Jones's luncheon the guest gracefully complimented Mr. Jones on his artistic service. "These dishes," he said, "are of a pattern that I admire very much. They are beautiful in design." Smith and Brown looked uncomfortable. During the afternoon the Englishman drove around the city, and was on hand for the Smith din-

ner. Caterer Blank's dishes were on the table. As the guest noticed them, a look of satisfaction spread over his face. He lectured, and later appeared at Brown's reception. His salad and ices were served on the same old Blank china. The Englishman noticed it, but he made no comment. When his lecturing tour was finished, a New York club gave him a dinner, and in talking with a member of the club about his observations of Americans, he said: "Before I came to this country, I had doubts about American hospitality. I have none now. You are the most hospitable people in the world, and you extend it so gracefully. An illustration of this that I shall always cherish occurred in Rochester. I was so pleased with the china service of my host at a luncheon that I expressed my admiration. Two gentlemen who were to entertain me later at a dinner and a reception overheard my remark. Imagine my surprise to find that each of them had, on such short notice, duplicated my host's china service. Now, wasn't that a graceful compliment? The resources of you Americans surprise me."

In England and in Canada (according to *Vogue*), they have now quite an ingenious plan for seating the guests at a large dinner or a luncheon. In the ladies' dressing-room, conspicuously placed, is a leather tablet, made on the extension plan, so that it can be large or small, to suit the number of guests. Surrounding each imaginary table—for often several tables are used—are small openings made to hold a card bearing each guest's name, which can slip in and out like a photograph case, so making it usable for any number of dinners. A duplicate one is also placed in the men's dressing-room, near the dinner cards, which are inclosed in a tiny envelope, assigning to each man the woman whom his hostess desires he shall take in to dinner. Each guest is expected by this means to study out his and her seat at table, much as one familiarizes one's self with the plan of the theatre when choosing seats. When dinner is announced, and the guests enter the dining-room to take their seats, they are not obliged to wander ignorantly around the room in search of their places, but are able intelligently to find their particular table and place at once, without the least solicitude on the part of the hostess.

One of the maids in the household of Mrs. George Westinghouse, of Pittsburg, who occupies the Blaine house in Washington, was married recently, and her mistress not only gave her a handsome outfit, but threw open her whole house for the event. The rooms were decorated with the most expensive flowers, and Mrs. Westinghouse stood at the parlor door to receive the guests. The ceremony took place in the large drawing-room, under a marriage bell of ivy and lilies of the valley. An orchestra occupied the main stairway, and an elaborate supper was served by the most fashionable caterer in the capital. After supper there was dancing, and toward midnight, as the bride and groom started for the station in the family carriage, Mrs. Westinghouse slipped a sum of money into the groom's hands, and told him to spend it on the honeymoon.

If the New York haberdashers' windows indicate what men's fashions are to be, the average colored shirt will prove a much more brilliant garment next summer (says a *Gotham* contemporary) than it has ever been in the past. This is the time of year in which the new styles in linen are first shown, and this fact may serve to explain to many purchasers who go to the shops in the spring why it is that the best of the patterns are already marked as exhausted when the season is comparatively young. This year there has been an unprecedented outbreak of checks, and apparently the man who orders stripes will prove himself to be hopelessly given over to habit and indifference to fashion. The shop-windows show an overwhelming majority of checked linen and Madras, and they are in solid blocks of white and color, as decided as a checker-board in everything but size. A more startling development of the same fashion is shown in some of the flannel shirts made up for men. These utilize the gaudiest Scotch plaids with red backgrounds and crossings of blue, green, and yellow.

There is an agitation in British newspaperdom over the female nurse, and British journals publish voluminous essays in answer to such questions as "Are Female Nurses Dangerous?" Lady Priestley set the game afoot. She complains that the female nurse nowadays occupies a position which may be productive of harm to society, and she cites several cases in which nurses have either married their patients or have sued them for breach of promise. Lady Priestley is particularly exercised because the female nurse is frequently called upon to attend young unmarried men, who, by a strange perversity, she points out, are "not imbued with any wild desire for convalescence." In other words, the fatuous young male is attracted by this fascinating woman, with her attractive garb and winning ways, and, for the sake of her society, refuses to get well.

Before many weeks have gone by, the more enthusiastic wheelwomen will be out in the park. As a protection from the complexion-destroying winds of spring, not a few will wear masks. As every woman knows, the raw spring air makes the skin rough and chapped, and if there is any hidden freckle or defect in the complexion a March wind will bring it out in

hideous prominence. Most women, unless they have complexions that are quite unimpeachable, have found that even the balmiest of days, from a complexion point of view, no wind, a half day sun, etc., are quite deceptive when they mount their wheels and take a ten-mile spin, for, in addition to the healthy color that comes into their cheeks, there also comes a roughness and coarseness of the skin that bring distress to the feminine heart. The faster one rides, the more the wind roughens the face. Veils have been tried, but even the thickest are of little use. But the mask will obviate all this, and, though it may suggest a very up-to-date female prototype of Dick Turpin, it will find its advocates. The masked bicyclist will be no more remarkable than the masked bathers of a few years ago at Santa Cruz.

The freedom with which the residents and tourists in Washington attend social functions at which they are not expected will soon make it necessary to demand admission tickets at the door. There has always been a great deal of scandal about such matters, but this year the imposition is worse than ever. At her reception, a few days ago, a Washington hostess invited three hundred people, whose names appear upon her visiting lists, and supposing that as usual many of them would like to bring friends, provided supper for five hundred. Nearly twelve hundred people were admitted, of whom nine hundred received no invitation. At the Chinese minister's, the other day, the crowd was so great that it was almost impossible for people to enter the house or to get out again without tearing their garments off, and at the last diplomatic reception at the White House the ushers claim that there must have been over five hundred people who were not invited.

To Chloe.

Chloe, ah! you once would fly,
Like a fawn your mother seeking;
Trembling when you saw me nigh,
With a blush you'd hurry by,
Scarcely bowing, never speaking;
Now you need no chaperon,
Now you go to balls alone.

Once the murmurs overhead,
Where the wind-swept beech-leaves rustle,
Or the timid bare, that fled,
Startled by your dainty tread,
Blanced your cheek, unstrung your muscle;
Boldly now your course you strike
Everywhere upon your "bike."

Chloe, too (not long ago),
Softly, bumbly I besought you,
Not to treat a lover so,
Not to hold me as a foe.
Time, indeed, a change has brought you;
Though for love in vain I sue,
We are "pals" now, I and you.

—St. James's Gazette.

It has not been so very long since it was a custom in England to hang smugglers on gibbets arranged along the coast, and to tar their bodies, so that they might last a long time and be a warning to other culprits. So recently as 1822 three men thus coated could have been seen hanging before Dover Castle. This embalming process was sometimes used on other criminals. Thus John Painter, who fired the dockyards at Portsmouth in 1776, was hanged and then coated with tar. From time to time the process was repeated, and his body lasted fourteen years.

This year's Paris Salon will be the 124th. Under Louis XIV. ten exhibitions were held, under Louis XV. twenty-six, under Louis XVI. nine, under the First Republic nine, under Napoleon I. five, during the Restoration six, under Louis Philippe sixteen, during the Second Republic four, under Napoleon III. nineteen, and since 1872 there has been one every year. In the Salon of 1800, only 275 works were exhibited, whereas of late years the average has been 5,000.

An improvised fire department prevented a serious conflagration in Iola, Kan., the other day. When the alarm was given, a confectioner near the scene of the fire seized a heavily charged soda-water cylinder, threw it on a wheelbarrow, and rushed to the building where the fire was getting in its work. Plunging into the thickest of the flames, he turned the stop-cock, and soon had the fire under control.

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MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

The only way to be sure it IS the genuine

S. H. & M.
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is to see the letters S. H. & M. stamped on the back of each yard you buy from the reel.

If your dealer WILL NOT supply you we will.

Samples showing labels and materials mailed free.
"Home Dressmaking Made Easy," a new 72-page book by Miss EMMA M. HOOPER, of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, tells in plain words how to make dresses at home without previous training; mailed for 25 cents.
S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY
526 California Street, San Francisco.

Capital actually paid up in cash.....\$ 1,000,000.00
Deposits December 31, 1895.....30,727,586.59
Reserve Fund.....715,000.00
Guaranteed Capital.....1,200,000.00

OFFICERS—President, E. A. BECKER; First Vice-President, EDWARD KRUSE; Second Vice-President, DANIEL MEYER; Cashier, A. H. R. SCHMIDT; Assistant Cashier, WILLIAM HERMANN; Secretary, GEORGE TOWN; Assistant Secretary, A. H. MULLER.
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SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION,
532 California Street.

Deposits, Dec. 31, 1896.....\$22,885,377
Paid-Up Capital and Surplus.....1,594,504

ALBERT MILLER, Pres. E. B. POND, Vice-Pres.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK
OF SAN FRANCISCO.

33 Post St., Mechanics' Institute Building

GUARANTEE CAPITAL.....\$1,000,000.

JAMES D. PHELAN, President.
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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits 3,158,129.70
October 1, 1894.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President
CHARLES R. BISHOP.....Vice-President
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Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.
Draw direct on New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Salt Lake, Denver, Kansas City, New Orleans, Portland, Ore., Los Angeles, and on London, Paris, Berlin, Hamburg, Bremen, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Christiania, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Yokohama, Genoa, and all cities in Italy.

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N. E. Cor. Sansome and Sutter Sts.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,250,000
JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; HOMER S. KING, Manager; H. WADSWORTH, Cashier; F. L. LIPMAN, Asst.-Cashier.
Directors—John J. Valentine, Benj. J. Cheney, Oliver Eldridge, Henry E. Huntington, Homer S. King, Geo. E. Gray, John J. McCook, Charles F. Crocker, Dudley Evans.

California Safe Deposit and Trust Company
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CAPITAL FULLY PAID - - \$1,000,000

Transacts a general banking business and allows interest on deposits payable on demand or after notice.

Acts as Executor, Administrator, and Trustee under wills or in any other trust capacity. Wills are drawn by the company's attorneys and are taken care of without charge.
Safe-Deposit Boxes to rent at prices from \$5 per annum upward according to size, and valuables of all kinds are stored at low rates.

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Officers—J. D. FRV, President; HENRY WILLIAMS, Vice-President; R. D. FRV, Second Vice-President; J. DALZELL BROWN, Secretary and Treasurer; E. E. SHOTWELL, Assistant Secretary; GUNNISON, BOOTH & BARTNETT, Attorneys.

CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.
OF HARTFORD.

Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$1,192,001.69; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$1,506,409.41.

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager.

B. J. SMITH, Asst.-Manager.
BOYD & DICKSON, San Francisco Agents,
N. W. cor. Montgomery and Sacramento Streets.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Rather a neat way of stating an awkward fact was adopted by a recent applicant for a pension. The applicant had been wounded while his regiment was in retreat, but he did not say it that way. "I received my wound," he said, "while marching rapidly in front of the enemy."

Charles Kingsley was a great martyr to stammering, and it was torture to him to keep conversation waiting until he could put his thought into words. Singularly enough, in church when he was reading or speaking there was no sign of stammering; but on the way home from church he would say: "Oh, let me stammer now; you won't mind it!"

In the early '80s, "Jim" Schultz was justice of the peace in Twin Groves township, Nebraska. One day an attorney was exceedingly domineering in his words and actions. His honor finally gave vent to his feelings as follows: "The court will now take a recess. Mr. Attorney, you are a damned liar and a scoundrel. The court will now come to order. Mr. Attorney, if you open your head I'll fine you for contempt."

It is related as a fact that about a year ago a house in Wichita, Kas., was entered by a burglar and a pocket-book containing a sum of money was stolen. A few days ago the owner of the purse received a letter through the mails, inclosing a \$10 bill and the following note: "A year ago I stole a pocket-book from you containing \$50. I have been sick, and remorse has been gnawing at my heart, so I send you \$10. When remorse gnaws again I will send you some more. BURGLAR."

Under the Valois kings duels were simply murders. In an encounter between three favorites of Henry the Third and three of the Guise faction, the point of the sword of Caylus, one of the favorites, caught in the hilt of his adversary, D'Entraques. As Caylus had neglected to bring a dagger, this left him at the other's mercy, and he pleaded the inequality. "We are here to fight—not to split straws," said D'Entraques, and stabbed him to death.

The Carlyles had a maid who was untidy, useless in all ways, but "abounding in grace" and in consequent censure of every one above or below her and of everything she could not understand. After a long apostrophe one day, as she was bringing in dinner, Carlyle ended with, "And this I can tell you, that if you don't carry the dishes straight, so as not to spill the gravy, so far from being tolerated in heaven, you won't be even tolerated on earth."

Rufus Choate once, while addressing a jury, several times repeated a certain part of his plea—repeating in the same words and accent. Certain that the great advocate had some reason for so strange a proceeding—a reason not obvious to others—the late E. P. Whipple took an opportunity to ask an explanation. Mr. Choate's answer in substance was: "There was a numskull on the jury who was paying no attention to what I was saying; I would have kept up the repetition until he listened if it had taken the entire day!"

Under the trees of Penhurst Place, the birthplace of Sir Philip Sidney, which is now for sale, Edmund Waller paid his addresses to the haughty Lady Dorothea, the most beautiful woman of her time. But she rejected the poet in favor of the Earl of Sunderland. Many years afterward the countess met Waller, and reminding him sentimentally of the old days at Penhurst, asked him when he would again write verses about her. "When, madam," said the poet, rudely, "you are as young and as handsome as you were then."

There are some entertaining pictures of life in Washington seventy years ago in Stratford Canning's diary and letters. "My predecessor," he writes, "was Sir Charles Bagot, a man of very attractive manners, intelligent, witty, and kind. An American minister and his wife dining with him one day, he heard Lady Bagot, who was at some distance, say rather quickly: 'My dear Mrs. Simpson, what can you be doing?' The salad-bowl had been offered to Mrs. Simpson, and her arm was lost in it up to the elbow. Her reply was prompt: 'Only rollicking for an onion, my lady.'"

A soldier who had lost a leg was given a position by Governor Rusk. He had been used to doing hard work. There was not a great deal to be done in the place he was assigned to, and he thumped his way into the presence of Governor Rusk and entered complaint that he didn't have enough to keep him busy. Without smiling, the governor said to his visitor, "So you want more to do, do you?" "Yes, sir, I would like enough to keep me out of mischief." "Maybe you would like to go back to the farm and resume your old duties." "No, governor, I can't earn enough there to pay all expenses. I like the salary here, but I would like more to do." "Well, I see you are dissatisfied." By this time the soldier concluded that he had put his head in a place where it was likely to be cut off, became alarmed, and

stammered an apology. "Do you know Baker and where the committee-room is that he has charge of?" "Yes, sir." "Well, do you know what Baker has to do?" "Yes, sir. I was up there yesterday, and he told me he didn't have nothing to do." "Well, sir, you go upstairs and help Baker do his work."

An amusing glimpse of Hans von Bülow is afforded in this extract from one of his letters: "There were two bassoonists in the orchestra—imagine, amateurs!—they were my dread, and kept me constantly on tenterhooks. If they had nothing to play, then I was in a state of terror that they might come in, and I was constantly warning them 'Not yet,' but if they really had to come in, then I had not the courage to give them the sign—and I warned them as before. An amateur kettledrum player, on the contrary, who received honorable mention, must have been a perfect marvel of a time-keeper, for when he had very long pauses, he counted them inwardly, and used to pay little visits to an adjoining café without endangering the ensemble, as he always got back punctually to his post in time for his next entry."

James T. Fields, the Boston publisher, had a knowledge of English literature that was both accurate and extensive. A would-be wit once tried to entrap him at a dinner-party. Before Mr. Fields' arrival one of the gentlemen informed the other guests that he had written some lines which he intended to submit to Mr. Fields as Southeys', and to ask in which of that author's works they could be found. This programme was carried out. "I do not remember to have met with them before," replied the publisher; "and there were only two periods in Southeys' life when such lines could possibly have been written by him." "When were those?" "Somewhere," said Mr. Fields, "about that early period of his existence when he was having the measles or cutting his first teeth, or near the close of his life when his brain was softened. The versification belongs to the measles period, but the ideas betray the idiotic one."

THE DUCHESS WORKS THE PARSON.

Chimmie Fadden's Latest Narration.

"Chimes," says Miss Fannie t' me de odder day, 'Chimes, where is Mr. Burton?' 'I don't know, Miss Fannie,' says I, doing me level best 't look square. 'Den run over and say I'd like t' see him when he's not engaged,' says she t' me dead quiet.

"Say, what do you think of her? I says I don't know, and she says run and fetch him. She never makes no mistake, neider. She never says for me t' fetch him when I say I don't know and I don't; but she always says t' me t' fetch him when I says I don't know and I'm lying."

"Honest, sometimes when she has rang for me t' ask me that, I has stood in front of de looking-glass when I answered, and piped me own mug off to make sure me face is straight, but it never don't make no difference wid Miss Fannie. She cops me for fair all right, all right, every time. I wonder why?"

"De Duchess is de same way. She says she's stopped lying t' Miss Fannie, 'cause she was up against it every rattle outter de box, and she lost so much practice when she stopped lying t' Miss Fannie, she doubled de dose t' me—and I was getting pretty stiff medicine already."

"Well, when Miss Fanny says dat, I goes over t' Mr. Paul's place, what is next to ours in de country; for, of course, I knowed Mr. Burton was sitting into a small game over dere wid two odder dead swell sports visiting Mr. Paul."

"So I goes into de room where dey was sitting in, me pretending t' fix de fire, or open a bot, or something, 'cause Mr. Paul's servants don't half take care of him, dough I licks 'em all pretty regular at dat, and I gives Mr. Burton de wink dat Miss Fannie wanted t' see him."

"Mr. Paul catches de wink, and asks me what was up; and I told him de parson was come, and Miss Fannie wanted some boodle t' give him for de poor, which I didn't know wedder dat was right, only dat I knowed de parson was dere, and he always wants de long green for some'ting. Den Mr. Paul says dat dey would play t'ree jacks, and half of each pot was t' go t' de parson if Miss Fannie would let off Mr. Burton and not break up de game."

"De odder mugs, de dead swell sports, nods 'all right,' and dey play. Say, dat's de funny t'ing about dose swell sports; dey just only nods mostly, and never opens dere mout's except t' make a hole in de tops of dere glasses. Dey must have done a awful lot of talking when dey was kids t' be so shy of it now."

"But, say, dey ain't shy on chipping on jackers. Dose t'ree hands was played in about a minute, and dey gave me a hundred and fifty dollars rake-off t' fetch t' Miss Fannie for de parson."

"Well, I fetches it all right. I says t' Miss Fannie—de parson was in de room, mind you—dat Mr. Burton was engaged up t' his neck in 'portant business, and asks t' be excused, and would Miss Fannie give dis t' de parson wid his compliments."

"Say, when I rattled dat off Miss Fannie kinder bit her lips and got red, but she took de long green and gives it to de parson, saying: 'You heard what Chimes said. I do not vouch'—dese was her very langvudge—'I do not vouch for de trut' of his story, but here is a donation.'"

"De parson smiled like de kitten when it sees

Little Fannie poke her finger in de bull pup's eye, and he takes de boodle and says he is sorry not t' see Mr. Burton."

"Any one what sees Mr. Burton t'-day," says I, 'is up against trouble,' I says. 'Cause Mr. Burton was holding 'em terrible high."

"Wid dat Miss Fannie near bites her lip in two—'cause she's on to poker talk—and tells me t' leave de room."

"So I chases meself quick t' de Duchess, and puts her on t' de game. I told her de parson had his jeans paddy wid long green for de poor, and dat I knowed a poor young man what would give her a night off on de Bowery if she could touch de parson for de price."

"De Duchess was on wid bote slippers all right, all right, in half a second. She told me t' go t' de stable, and when de parson sent for his cart, for me t' bring it around meself, and we'd do him for fair."

"Well, dat's what I done. When Miss Fannie had said good-by t' de parson at de door, I was holding de horse, and de Duchess comes around de corner of de verandy wid her wipe t' her eyes, like she was crying, and de parson piped her, and he says: 'How is dis? Is de laughing Hortense weeping?'"

"De Duchess looked like she was sprized t' see him, and says dat he has troubles of his own and she wouldn't bodder him wid hers. Den he says dat dat was his regular trade, t' hear troubles, and asks her what was de matter."

"Den de Duchess says dat she knowed a woman what was breaking her heart 'cause she couldn't go t' town t' be wid her husband, and dat she was shy herself de ten dollars dat de woman needed, and was feeling terrible awful about it."

"De parson he kinder hummed and he kinder hawed, and says dat he never relieved cases of distress except de people what was up against it lived in his district, and he asks did de woman live dere and what was her name."

"De Duchess says dat de woman lived dere all right, but dat she was not known t' be in such hard luck, but dat she would embarrass her t' have her name known. De woman's husband had no money—what was on de dead level, 'cause de Duchess gets all me boodle—and unless she got de ten, she couldn't be in town wid him."

"Den de Duchess she does a dummy weep, what made de parson dig down in his jeans and flash up a tenner."

"De Duchess took it like she didn't want t', and I seed dat goil squeeze de parson's hand till he asked would de ten be enough."

"Plenty, merci, m'sieur," says de Duchess, and de parson drove away."

"Dat's de reason dis poor husband is in town to-night blowing himself off wid his wife."

"Say, I wonder can you beat a French maid and a Bowry boy together. What?"—Edward W. Townsend in New York Journal.

The seven stars in the constellation known as the "Great Dipper," are, according to Miss Mary Proctor, seven magnificent suns probably very much larger than our own and glowing with intense lustre. Their massive globes whirl through space with inconceivable velocity. Five of the stars are receding from us at the rate of seventeen miles a second, and the other two are traveling in an opposite direction. Thirty-six thousand years from now the seven stars of the dipper will have dissolved partnership, and its appearance will have entirely changed.

The American peanut is rising into commercial importance more and more every year. Its oil is highly valued in Europe, and fully five million dollars' worth of the nuts are sent to Marseilles, France, for the manufacture of the oil, which is used for toilet-soaps and for other purposes. Peanut flour is also extensively used in Europe for the making of bread, cakes, etc.

The oldest well extant, unearthed by Professor Petrie at Kahum, Egypt, is at least four thousand years old. In its phraseology the will is singularly modern in form, so much so that it might be admitted to probate to-day.

French legitimists are rejoicing over the report that the Duchesse d'Orleans is in an interesting condition. In England the Duchess of York expects her third child in April.

The Strongest Fortification
Against disease, one which enable us to undergo unscathed risks from hurtful climatic influences, exposure, overwork and fatigue, is the vigor that is imparted to a debilitated physique by the peerless medicinal safeguard, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. You may possess this vigor in a higher degree than the trained athlete, although your muscular development may be far inferior to his. Vigor implies sound, good digestion and sound repose, two blessings conferred by the Bitters, which remedies malarial, rheumatic, nervous, and kidney trouble.

Mrs. E. N. Taylor, of 413 River Street, Manistee, Mich., testified to her belief in Steedman's Soothing Powders by writing all the way to England for a packet.

—GO TO SWAIN'S DINING-ROOM, SUTTER Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

A ten-cent lamp with the right chimney gives more light and less smell than a \$100 lamp with a wrong chimney.

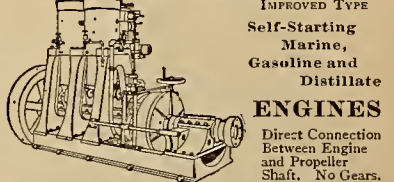
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Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1897.
Doric. Tuesday, February 23
Coptic. (Via Honolulu) Thursday, April 1
Gaelic. Wednesday, April 21
Doric. (Via Honolulu) Tuesday, May 11
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco, for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. February 10, 25.
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, Feb. 4, 10, 15, 20, 25, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Powhatan*, at P. M. Feb. 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, at 9 A. M. Feb. 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Point Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, Feb. 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Orizaba*, 10 A. M., 25th of each month. The Company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing. Ticket-Office Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery St. GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

OCEANIC S. S. Australia for Honolulu only, Tuesday, February 23, at 2 P. M. Special party rates.
S. S. Alameda sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Thursday, March 4, 1897, at 2 P. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

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AMERICAN LINE—New York, Southampton (London). Twin-screw steamers St. Paul, St. Louis, New York, Paris, sailing from New York each Wednesday at 10 A. M. Shortest and most convenient route to London. Close connection at Southampton for Havre and Paris.
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WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers,
Sailing from Liverpool and New York
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FROM NEW YORK:
Germanic. February 17
Adriatic. February 24
Britannic. March 3
Majestic. March 10
Germanic. March 17
Teutonic. March 24
Britannic. March 31
Majestic. April 7

Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin rates, \$42.50 and \$47.50. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,
29 Broadway, New York.

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INTERNATIONAL TOURIST AGENTS.

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SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE, 621 Market Street.

Under Palace Hotel.

SOCIETY.

The Castle-Scott Wedding.

Miss Mary Crittenden Scott and Mr. Neville H. Castle were united in marriage last Thursday evening at the residence of the bride, 1036 Vallejo Street. Owing to the recent death of the groom's father, only a limited number of guests were present. The bride is the daughter of the late H. H. Scott, and the groom is the son of the late Michael Castle. Rev. Edgar J. Lion officiated at the marriage ceremony. Misses Laura and Katherine Scott, sisters of the bride, were the bridesmaids, and Mr. John B. Casserly was the best man. A supper was served after the ceremony, and the evening was pleasantly passed. Mr. and Mrs. Castle will reside in San Jose.

The Mack-Hyman Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Sadie Hyman and Mr. Wilfred Laurence Mack took place last Wednesday noon at the San Francisco Verein, in the presence of quite a number of their relatives and intimate friends. The bride is the second daughter of Mrs. H. Hyman, and sister of Miss Agnes Hyman. The groom is the brother of Mr. Adolph Mack, of this city, and Mr. J. J. Mack, of Bakersfield.

It was under a bower of roses, acacia blossoms, and foliage that the ceremony was performed by Rabbi Jacob Voorsanger, and the bride was given into the keeping of the groom by her uncle, Mr. I. Hyman. Miss Agnes Hyman was the maid of honor, and Mr. Eugene Korn was best man. The ribbon-bearers were Miss Gertrude Mack, Miss Mildred Levy, Miss Ethel Levy, Miss Irene Block, Master Gerald Slesinger, and Master Arthur Lebenbaum. After the ceremony, a breakfast and some dancing were enjoyed, and late in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Mack left for a southern trip. They will reside at the Palace Hotel.

The Friday Night Club.

The members of the Friday Night Club gave their fourth cotillion of this season last evening at Odd Fellows' Hall. The decorations were very tasteful, the music excellent, and the supper delicious, and all present greatly enjoyed the meeting. There were about sixty couples present, and the figures selected were those that could be executed quickly, thus giving the participants more dancing and less delay than is customary at the smaller clubs. The cotillion was led by Mr. Edward M. Greenway and Miss Della Davidson, who is one of this season's debutantes and only recently returned from the East.

A Banquet to Dr. Herzstein.

Dr. M. Herzstein left last Sunday evening for Europe, where he will remain about three months, visiting the various clinics. On the Friday evening prior to his departure, a number of his medical friends gave him a banquet at the Pacific Union Club. Dr. Martin Regensburger acted as toast-master, and responses were made by Dr. Herzstein, Dr. Carpenter, Dr. Shields, Mr. J. A. Stephens, Dr. W. W. Kerr, Dr. Luke Robinson, Dr. Thorne, Mr. A. L. Lengfeld, and others. Those present were:

Dr. M. Herzstein, Dr. Martin Regensburger, Dr. Southard, Dr. Lilienkrantz, Dr. Carpenter, Dr. Barhat, Dr. W. S. Thorne, Dr. Lewitt, Dr. Wadsworth, Dr. Luke Robinson, Dr. Powers, Dr. Fehleisen, Dr. Henry Wagner, Dr. A. Calderon, Dr. Shields, Dr. W. E. Hopkins, Dr. Frank P. Wilson, Dr. W. W. Kerr, Dr. George M. Terrell, Dr. George Chismore, Dr. J. F. Morse, Dr. H. D. Robertson, Mr. J. A. Stephens, and Mr. A. L. Lengfeld.

The Doctor's Daughters.

The Doctor's Daughters will give a musicale at the residence of Mrs. B. F. Norris, 1822 Sacramento Street, next Wednesday evening, commencing at eight o'clock. The price of admission, including refreshments, will be seventy-five cents, and the tickets may be procured from Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow. Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant, Mrs. George H. Roe, Mrs. A. E. Belcher, Mrs. Charles Slack, Mrs. J. A.

Watt, Mrs. W. V. Bryan, Miss McEwen, Miss Fillmore, Miss Hyde, and Miss Pierce. A splendid programme of vocal and instrumental music will be presented.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Van Schelluyne Gibbs have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Martha Gibbs and Mr. Walter Gilmore Holcombe, which will take place at their residence, 722 Post Street, on Wednesday evening, February 17th. A reception will be held after the ceremony from nine until eleven o'clock. Rev. George E. Walk, of Trinity Church, will officiate. The bride's niece, Miss Harriet Gibbs, will be the maid of honor. There will be no bridesmaids. Mr. Charles Bentley, of Sacramento, will be the best man, and the ushers will be the brothers of the bride and groom, Mr. Harry T. Gibbs and Mr. Cecil Holcombe. Only a limited number of relatives and intimate friends will witness the ceremony, but a large number of invitations have been sent out for the reception.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Louise Adams, of Detroit, Mich., to Mr. S. C. Pædee, of this city.

The engagement is announced of Miss Rosa May to Mr. Carl A. Dahlström. Miss May is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. May, of East Oakland, and sister of Mrs. Hayes. Mr. Dahlström is from Stockholm, Sweden.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott have sent out invitations for a dance which they will give at their residence on Laguna Street on next Thursday evening. Consul and Mrs. John Simpson will give a tea at their new residence, 2520 Vallejo Street, to-day from four until seven o'clock.

The Monday Evening Dancing Class will give its final party of this season at Golden Gate Hall on the evening of February 15th.

The next cotillion of the Friday Fortnightly Club will be held at Lunt's Hall on Friday evening, February 12th.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Roos will celebrate their silver wedding anniversary on Sunday evening, February 14th, by giving a dinner-party to a hundred of their friends at the Palace Hotel. Afterward there will be a ball in the Maple Room, for which about two hundred more invitations have been issued.

The Bachelors, comprising twenty-five members of the San Francisco Verein, will give a theatre-party and supper this evening to an equal number of ladies.

The Concordia Verein will give an entertainment and ball in its club-rooms on Saturday evening, February 20th.

Washington's birthday will be celebrated by the Sons of the American Revolution by a banquet at the Occidental Hotel on the evening of February 22d. There are about two hundred and thirty members in the local organization, and among them are many men of ability and prominence. A fine literary and musical programme has been prepared.

Mr. E. A. Wiltsee and Mr. Edward M. Greenway gave a theatre-party last Monday evening at the Tivoli, which was followed by a supper at the Bohemian Club. Their guests comprised Mr. and Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Alice C. Hoffman, Miss Miriam Moore, Miss Frances Moore, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Mr. Thomas McCaleb, Mr. L. S. Adams, and Mr. Northrope Cowles.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Burden, of New York, were entertained at luncheon at the University Club last Saturday by Mr. E. A. Wiltsee. Those invited to meet the guests of honor were Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, Miss Emelie Hager, Miss McNutt, Miss Genevieve Goad, Miss Jennie Blair, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Northrope Cowles, and Mr. Thomas McCaleb.

Mrs. Southard Hoffman and the Misses May and Alice Hoffman gave a matinee tea last Sunday at their residence, 1626 Sacramento Street, in honor of Miss Della Davidson.

Mrs. Emma Joseph gave an elaborate reception and ball last Saturday evening to introduce her daughter, Miss Nellie Joseph. The affair was given in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel, which was beautifully decorated with flowers and potted plants. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. David Neustadter, Mrs. J. Neustadter, Miss Irma Triest, Miss Olga Triest, Miss Hattie Sachs, and Miss Carrie Sachs. There was dancing until two o'clock in the morning. An elaborate supper was served at midnight, and Möt and Chandon flowed freely.

An informal dance was given at the Presidio last Tuesday evening, which was attended by many of the guests who were at the hop last week. The hall was handsomely decorated with national and regimental flags and flowers, and appeared very attractive. A string orchestra played, light refreshments were served, and the pleasant affair came to an end about midnight.

"I built my house on dotted veils," a well-known oculist once said, referring to the fact that his practice was made lucrative by women patients whose eyes were injured by wearing the fashionable gauzes.

"Nothing," says Scribbler, "is more disheartening to a man than the discovery that he has married a woman who loves to keep his writing-table in order." —Tit-Bits.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Trebelli Concert.

Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli will make her first appearance before a San Francisco audience on Tuesday evening next. As a tenor, her father won fame under the name of Alessandro Bellini, and her mother, Mme. Trebelli, was one of the best-known singers in London, Berlin, and Paris. Mme. Trebelli came here almost unheralded when Ovide Musin made his first visit to this city, and our music-lovers were quick to discover the great beauty of her voice. Mlle. Trebelli has inherited to a great extent the musical ability of her parents, and she has the reputation of possessing a very fine soprano voice. This is not her first visit to the United States, for she created a sensation in musical circles in the East in 1894, when she sang with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and at the Chicago, Cincinnati, and other festivals. But the greater part of her public career has been in England and Germany. She is now on her way home from a tour of the entire world, and this will be the first concert in her American tour. She will have the assistance of a fine force of musicians under the direction of Gustav Hinrichs, and a very interesting programme will be presented.

The Heine Trio.

The Heine Trio gave a concert last Saturday afternoon, and were very favorably received by a large audience. The trio comprises Miss L. Florence Heine, violinist, Miss Marie L. Heine, pianist, and Mr. Louis Heine, cellist. They were assisted by Mr. Herbert Medley, baritone. The programme was as follows:

Trio, op. 70, No. 1, allegro vivace e con brio, largo assai, presto, Beethoven; vocal solo, "Maid Marian's Song," H. E. Pasmore, Mr. Herbert E. Medley; violin soli, (a) "Romance," Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, (b) "Perpetuum Mobile," Franz Ries, Miss L. Florence Heine; vocal solo, "Israel," Oliver King, Mr. Herbert E. Medley; trio, op. 43, allegro non tanto, scherzo, allegro agitato, andante sostenuto, allegro vivace, Wilhelm Hill.

The Symphony Concert.

Under the auspices of the San Francisco Symphony Society, Mr. August Hinrichs and his orchestra of fifty-five musicians, of which Mr. Sigmund Beel is concert-master, gave a symphony concert last Thursday afternoon at the Columbia Theatre. A large and fashionable audience enjoyed the following excellent programme:

Eine "Faust" overture, Wagner; symphony No. 1, D-maj, op. 60 (first time in this city), Dvorak; air from "The Queen of Sheba," Gounod; "Marche Slave" (first time in this city), Tschalkowsky; soloist, Mrs. Katherine Fleming-Hinrichs, contralto.

A musical entertainment will be given at Golden Gate Hall on Thursday evening, February 18th, in aid of the furnishing fund of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Gibson's pictures will be a feature of the entertainment. There will be musical selections by Mrs. Chappelle-Henley, Miss Mabel Love, Miss Gertrude Wheaton, Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen, and others, followed by dancing. The tickets are only fifty cents, and they may be procured at Sherman & Clay's store.

Mr. A. Locher has just completed a mass which will be sung for the first time on Sunday, February 7th, at the French church, Notre Dame des Victoires. It is Mr. Locher's first religious composition, and the event is looked forward to with interest.

Sousa and his band are nearing the coast, and will appear both in San Francisco and Oakland this month. The famous conductor will again play one of his new marches here:

Miss Ethel Isabel Smith, who recently returned from Europe, will give a concert this month, assisted by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Miss Edith Smith, and Mr. William Andrews.

The cantata of "Ruth," to be presented by the children of Beth Israel Congregation next month, is under the management of Mrs. Louis Morgenstern.

Rosenthal, the great pianist, has recovered from his late illness, and will come to the coast shortly to recuperate his health.

Soap is not a modern invention. It is mentioned twice in the Bible, and a soapmaker's shop has been discovered in the ruins of Pompeii. Some of the soap was found also, and although it had been buried nearly 2,000 years, it had lost little of its efficacy.

Moët & Chandon.

Moët & Chandon was exclusively served at the Patriarchs' ball, the Belmont New-Year party, and the Washington Gridiron Club banquet. Connoisseurs pronounce it excellently matured, and the cleanest wine on the market.—Exchange.

—HUGO FISCHER, THE ARTIST, IS ABOUT TO leave for New York to establish his studio. His entire collection of paintings in oil and water-colors is now on sale at S. & G. Gump's, No. 113 Geary Street.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Baron and Baroness von Schröder will leave early in March to pass the season in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott go over to San Rafael early in the spring to occupy their residence there.

Mr. Ward McAllister has taken rooms at the Hotel Rafael for the season.

Mrs. A. P. Stanton is passing the winter at The Lenox, and will receive her friends on Mondays.

Mrs. E. W. Paulsen and Miss C. Lehnhardt left on Saturday evening for Europe, where they expect to remain several months.

According to last advices, Dr. and Mrs. K. Pischl were in Munich.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks are here from Los Angeles on a visit to Mrs. Hager.

Among the recent guests at the California Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. George F. Myers, of Portland, Or., Mrs. M. C. Zunft, of Santa Cruz, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Kelly, of St. Paul, Minn., Mr. H. B. Fischer, of New York, Mr. W. S. McClatchy, Mr. C. A. Luhrs, and Mr. P. C. Drescher, of Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson returned from Coronado last Tuesday after a prolonged absence and are at their home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Sonntag are now occupying their cottage in San Rafael, where they will reside permanently.

Mr. Horace D. Pillsbury, of this city, visited the Hotel Rafael last Saturday, and had as his guests Mrs. C. H. Taylor, Miss Taylor, and Miss Grace Taylor, of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker are passing the season at the Hotel Rafael.

Dr. B. Apple left last Tuesday for New York, en route to Heidelberg, Germany, where he will take a post-graduate course.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Kauffman and Miss Isabel Wolf, after passing the winter in Paris, are now traveling in Italy.

Mr. W. F. Goad and the Misses Aileen and Genevieve Goad left for New York last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Green went over to the Hotel Rafael last Tuesday, and will reside there several months.

Mr. H. C. Whitney went over to San Rafael last Monday, and has taken rooms at the Hotel Rafael for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace McCamant, of Portland, Or., are at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. William B. Bourn left last Saturday to visit friends in the Eastern States for several weeks.

Colonel P. A. Finigan and the Misses Finigan are guests at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Benno Hart are traveling in the Eastern States for a couple of months.

Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle arrived in New York city last Tuesday on their return from Europe.

Mrs. Daniel Hanlon, Miss Josephine Hanlon, Miss Blanche Loughran, and Mr. Daniel M. Hanlon have been at the Hotel Rafael during the past week, and will remain there several months.

Mr. W. H. Snedaker returned to the city last Monday after a trip through the northern part of the State.

Mr. George H. Rice and Miss Birdie Rice are passing several months at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Lillenthal will return from the East late in February.

Mr. Fred Yates, the artist, is expected to return from Honolulu to-day. He will remain here about three weeks, and then go to London.

Mrs. L. Hastings Jerome and Miss Marie Zane are at the Hotel Rafael.

Major William B. Hooper, lessee of the Occidental Hotel, is confined to his residence by illness.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major E. B. Mosely, Surgeon, U. S. A., has been ordered to Benicia Barracks, relieving Major Curtis E. Munn, Surgeon, U. S. A., who is ordered to Fort Logan, Colo.

Captain William A. Kimball, U. S. A., has been relieved from further duty at the Bishop Scott Academy, Portland, Or.

Dr. and Mrs. Clement Biddle, U. S. N., arrived here from Philadelphia last Monday, and are at the California Hotel.

Dr. M. J. Rosenau, U. S. M. H. S., passed several days at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

The second of the series of three lectures given by the Ladies' Auxiliary Society for the benefit of the Mercantile Library took place at Golden Gate Hall last Thursday evening. The subject was "How the Dutch Took Holland," and a very large audience enjoyed the Rev. C. W. Wendt's lecture, which was illustrated with stereoscopic views. The third and final lecture will be given at the same place on Thursday, February 11th. The subject is "Shakespeare." Professor Charles Mills Gayley, of the University of California, will treat it from the college professor's point of view, and Mr. Thomas Magee, president of the Mercantile Library Association, will handle it as viewed by a man of common-school education.

Cycling is increasing rapidly in Paris. The Touring Club de France has now been six years in existence, and while in 1895 it numbered 25,000 members, it has increased to 47,000, and it is confidently predicted that before the exhibition is opened it will attain the high figure of 100,000.

"What is that text," asked the enthusiastic wheelman—"Blessed are the pacemakers?" But when he saw that it was "blessed are the pacemakers," he relapsed into his customary indifference to all matters not pertaining to the wheel.—Puck.

A German observer points out that by the use of the X-ray, brick-dust can be traced in cayenne pepper, sand in spices, and chalk in flour.

Five years' penal servitude was the sentence imposed recently on a bicycle thief in England.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

By the will of the late Alexander H. Loughborough, the following testamentary provisions were made:

Testator's entire estate, valued at about \$60,000, was bequeathed to his wife, Mrs. Marianna Zane Loughborough, and she is to serve as executrix without bonds. It was provided in the will that if the testator survived his wife, the estate was to be equally divided between his four children, after paying legacies of \$5,000 each to his nieces, Misses Marie and Elizabeth Zane, and \$2,500 to his nephew, Edward Zane.

By the will of the late Prentiss Selby, of Oakland, the following testamentary provisions were made:

The estate is estimated to be worth \$150,000, and its entire management is put under the control of decedent's wife, Mrs. Mattie P. Selby. The testator noted that the estate is separate property, acquired before his marriage, and directed that one-third of it be given to his wife. The remainder is bequeathed in trust to his wife and Prentiss Selby, Jr., for Prentiss, Florence R., Coralie, Paul, and Edith Selby. The trust is to terminate when either child is twenty-five years old, or earlier if it shall be deemed best by the trustees, who have absolute powers as to the administration of the estate.

Lloyd C. Griscom, who, with Richard Harding Davis and the young son of Lady Henry Somerset, made up the "Three Gringos in South America," of whom Davis wrote, has been appointed to the indictment bureau by the new district-attorney of New York. Though the son of a multi-millionaire, and good-looking in the bargain, he did not let that deter him from making his mark at the University of Pennsylvania. While at college he helped organize Philadelphia's first naval reserves, serving with them until Ambassador Bayard made him one of his attachés at the Court of St. James. Upon his return to America he was sent to the United States of Colombia to act as war correspondent for the Philadelphia Press, and there joined in the exploits of Richard Harding Davis. Mr. Griscom's share in the escape of certain political fugitives under the protection of the Stars and Stripes resulted in his forcible departure from that country.

Dr. Calot, of Paris, who had previously operated successfully on cases of congenital lameness, now undertakes to straighten out hunch-backs. He recently reported thirty-seven successful operations to the Paris Académie de Médecine. He first removes the outgrowths on the spinal column, then, by making his assistants pull vigorously at either end while he presses on the hump, gets the spine nearly into a straight line, and finally incloses the patient in a plaster jacket, reaching from the neck to the hips. After six months the stomach, lungs, and other internal organs act normally again, and after some months longer the bones remain in place. Dr. Calot's experiments were made with subjects ranging from two to twenty years of age.

A process of extracting gold by which every particle of the metal in the ore is recovered is stated to be in successful operation in West Australia. It is called the ore-atomic process. Gold quartz is crushed into small lumps and is then put into a closed chamber, subjected to the heat of a furnace and to the action of water and of hydrogen gas. This eliminates sulphur and reduces all oxides to the metallic state. After being heated, the material is suddenly cooled by jets of water; an operation repeated several times till the quartz crumbles to powder at the touch of the finger. It is then thrown into a tank and the gold is separated by washing.

Harvard's old student motto, referring to a sudden and summary disposition of her rival, Yale, seems to have got her into trouble in Western communities. So long as the use of it was confined to New England, where tradition justified if not quite sanctified it, no complaint could be made. But it seems that an ingenious Cambridge stationer has stamped the motto, "To Hell with Yale," in crimson on blue paper, and has sold the same to enterprising freshmen, who have used it indiscriminately for correspondence.

Another instance of the rapid progress the Japanese are making in modern civilization is shown in the fact that the native babies have learned to cry in the improved American or European fashion. In the palmy days, before the Japs had learned so much, their babies were models of propriety, and were scarcely ever heard to whimper. Now they bawl as long and as loudly as the most civilized infant ever seen.

The following notice is published in several Kansas country papers: "Corn is legal tender. We have a large amount due on subscription. We will allow twenty cents a bushel for corn on both old and new subscriptions. Bring on your corn." One paper in Northern Kansas, it is said, has been forced to build several cribs as a result of this notice.

Henry Irving is remembered in London thirty-seven years ago as a young elocutionist of considerable power. He read scenes from "Virginia" and "The Lady of Lyons" to appreciative audiences in 1860.

"And you didn't eat the captive? Now, I'll engage civilization was responsible for that." The savage sighed. "Yes," he answered, "it was the cook's day out."—Truth.

The Catastrophe in Ireland.

The catastrophe of the moving bog at Kenmare, Ireland, though very unusual, is by no means unprecedented even as regards the extent of devastation. Though not so many human beings were sacrificed, the "flowing moss" of the Solway, as described by Pennant, was on a larger scale. So long as the moderately hard crust near its edge was preserved, the moss did not flow over, but some peat-diggers imprudently tampered with this, and it broke its bounds. A farmer who lived near the moss was startled one night by an unusual noise. By the light of a lantern he caught sight of a small, dark stream which he thought might have been set in motion from the dung-hill; this was the herald of the black deluge. No less than three hundred acres of bog flowed over four hundred acres of land, burying the farms, overturning the buildings, filling the cottages up to the roofs, and suffocating whole herds of cattle. Many persons were rescued only by being got through the roof, the terror of the night being increased by their ignorance of the nature of the calamity that had occurred to them. The stuff flowed along like thick black paint studded with lumps of solid peat, and filled every nook and crevice in its passage. The stench, moreover, was horrible.

There is a queer judicial muddle up in Oregon. A burglar sentenced to three years' imprisonment has been pardoned by the governor in order that he might be extradited to Chicago, to be tried on a charge of murder. The State Circuit Judge, before whom the case was called on a writ of habeas corpus, held that the warrant of extradition was inoperative, as it was signed by Governor Lord of Oregon before he issued the pardon to the criminal. It was also held that the pardon was inoperative until the prisoner accepted it. The prisoner has not expressed any intention of accepting it, and probably will not do so.

It is stated in the Boston Post that the inventor of the whistling buoy, "that godsend to the sailor," got his first idea of the device from seeing a small boy pushing an ordinary tin horn mouth downward into a hoghead of water. The air thus compressed was forced rapidly through the small end with a whistling noise, and that same principle is now embodied in all the apparatus supplied by the government, the rising of the tide or action of the waves driving the air into the horn.

Statistics of life insurance show that in the last twenty-five years the average woman's life has increased from about forty-two years to nearly forty-six, or more than eight per cent. In the same period, man's life average has increased from nearly forty-two years to about forty-four, or five per cent.

Some idea of the magnitude of the great Siberian railway, now in course of construction by the Russian Government, may be gathered from the fact that by changing the route a thousand miles were saved. It is expected that through trains will be run over the road within two years.

"Key—" Fader, vot would you call de necessities of life?" Fader—"Vell, I would say enough to eat undt drink, undt clothes to wear, undt all der money you can get."—Puck.

The Latest Whim of Fashion.

A new idea for smokers is rapidly becoming popular, and now the fashionable young man no longer tenders his friend a cigarette with the makers' trade mark vulgarly printed thereon, but instead, one of his own, embellished with his monogram. Cooper & Co., the stationers, are the first to introduce this fad in the West, and report that they are constantly receiving orders for them.

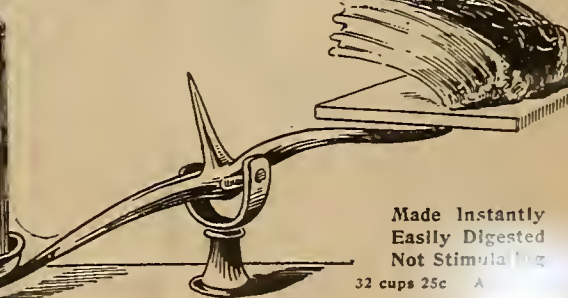
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Mr. Chapleigh (suddenly)—"I have an idea!
Miss Alethea (interested)—"Whose is it?"—Judge.

Maud—"What do you consider man's greatest fault?"—Edith—"His scarcity."—Florida Times-Union.

Leisurely Lafferty—"I see Bill got six months at hard labor. Wot's hard labor?" Restful Ragson—"Any kind."—Puck.

"Prisoner at the bar," said his lordship, solemnly, having donned the black cap, "you will shortly have to appear before another and—perhaps—a better judge."—Household Words.

Mamie—"Jack didn't remove his arm from around my waist but once during the entire evening." Ada—"What was the matter then?" Mamie—"He had to go home."—Town Topics.

"That exchange editor is enthusiastic about his work. Notice the little gold shears he wears on his watch chain?" "Yes; and even his diamonds are paste."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Jakie Rosenbaum—"Fadder, der fire insurance runs out next week Wednesday." Mr. Rosenbaum (confidentially)—"Vell, shust you vatch close, und you vill see der fire department run out next week Tuesday."—Judge.

"Certainly not," replied Charon, the boatman, when asked if he had any objection to telling what he was laughing at; "I was watching those women. Now, if every last one of them didn't get off the earth backward, you may use my head for a football."—Puck.

"John," said the landlady to the landlady's husband, "I am sure I heard a burglar in the bathroom. Go and look." He went, and soon returned. "Well?" said she. "You heard no burglar," he answered; "all you heard was a bare roomer."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mrs. Forster—"Why, good-morning, Mr. Felton! Will Mrs. Felton be at home this morning?" Mr. Felton—"Yes; she is going to be home all day. A family is going to move into a house right opposite ours to-day, and Mrs. Felton is not quite certain of the time."—Puck.

"Supposing," said Willie Washington, "that I were to make up my mind to earn my own living by a profession. What would you advise me to study?" And Miss Cayenne, after gazing at him thoughtfully for a moment, simply answered, "Economy."—Washington Star.

"The first duty of the attorney," said the eminent lawyer to his new student, "is to see that justice is done." "H'm," said the student, "and I hope you will excuse me if I remark that I have noticed that the lawyer who can succeed in doing her the oftenest generally gets the biggest fee."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hearing a faint rustle in the darkened hallway below, the elder sister, supposing the young man had gone, leaned over the balustrade and called out: "Well, Bessie, have you landed him?" There was a deep, sepulchral silence for some moments; it was broken by the hesitating, constrained voice of the young man: "She has."—Hartford Times.

"My son," said the long, grimy man with nothing to do, "do you know that that banana peel you have thrown on the sidewalk is likely to trip some passing pedestrian?" "You don't care, do you?" retorted the small boy. "Certainly I care. Why should you waste banana peels in tripping pedestrians when it would be much more exciting to throw them in the street and down a scorch?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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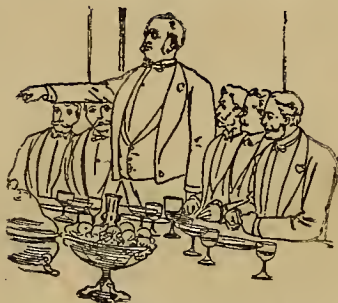


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Twenty-five years the subject of international arbitration has been tentatively discussed by England and the United States. More than ten years ago a deputation of the British House of Commons visited America, charged with a request from the majority of that body that an arbitration treaty be negotiated. Aside from the cordial reception of the suggestion the United States has given many substantial proofs of willingness to arbitrate in the interests of peace. Sixty international arbitrations have been held in eighty years, in twenty-two of which the United States has participated as a party. England, with a greater multiplicity of entanglements, has engaged in twenty. At last a definite convention has been signed by the English ambassador and Mr. Olney,

which, after slight amendment in committee, is now in the hands of the Senate for ratification, amendment, or rejection.

The treaty does not attempt to provide arbitration for every relation of the two powers which may be a subject of contention, nor for all time. It appears more in the nature of an experiment with a few of the most common causes of dispute, and is limited to a period of five years. Its provisions cover only pecuniary and territorial claims. It was amended to stipulate that no question which affects the foreign or domestic policy of either of the high contracting parties, or the relations of either with any other state or power by treaty or otherwise, shall be subject to arbitration under the treaty, except by special agreement. The method of procedure can be briefly stated. In cases where pecuniary claims do not exceed five hundred thousand dollars, the tribunal is to consist of three members, one appointed by each party and the two so named to select a third within two months. If they fail to agree, he may be chosen by agreement between the Supreme Court of the United States and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of Great Britain. The award of a majority is to be final. For pecuniary claims exceeding five hundred thousand dollars, the procedure is the same, except that if the award is not unanimous, a review shall be had by a new tribunal, composed of five jurists appointed in the same manner, and a majority award of such tribunal shall be final. For territorial claims, the court is to be composed of six members of the highest judiciary of the two nations, nominated in equal numbers by the President and the British sovereign, an award made by a majority of not less than five to one to be final, and an award made by a smaller majority to be final unless protested by either country. In the event of protest, no recourse is to be had to hostile measures until the mediation of one or more friendly powers has been invited. In all arbitrations where the subject in controversy especially concerns a certain state or colony, one member of the board may be chosen from such State or colony.

Regarded as an experiment which tends to promote peace, to reduce standing armies, and to strengthen the bonds of friendship and good-will between Anglo-Saxon nations, the general value of the movement can not be questioned. The tendency of enlightened statesmanship is toward universal peace, as it should be. Long since, the disputes of civilized men, in their individual capacities, have been removed from the arbitrament of battle and placed for decision with legally constituted tribunals. There is no reason why, in their national functions, they should not follow the same path. Carried to its logical conclusion, it means the abolishment of militarism in European countries, which threatens us as well as them, and the pacification of the world—an achievement of which the century might well be proud.

The question now agitating the American public is: What will the Senate do? Charges of unworthy motives for withholding approbation have been made by zealous partisans, but with little basis of fact. That Republicans are inclined to hold the treaty over for action by the new Congress is sufficiently controverted by the fact that Senator Sherman has expressed himself favorably toward ratification, which may be taken as evidence that Mr. McKinley also favors it, and does not desire to deprive the present administration of credit. This, with the certainty that if the treaty fails now it will go to the new Senate, makes it probable that ratification in some form will be effected. Senators have been hearing from their constituents so voluminously and emphatically that they are becoming restive under the daily prodding. As a rule, public interest in legislative action is commendable, but in some instances it may be unwise and be carried to extremes. The treaty under consideration is of vast importance. The Senate is a part of the treaty-making power of this country, and it is the duty of that body to scan deliberately the provisions of the document now before them. Yet the clergy, the colleges, business organizations, and private citizens are bombarding the Senate with impatient demands for instant action.

Considering that the administration has been perfecting plans for the treaty since Gresham's time, and that the negotiators have been actively occupied with it for a year, and that it has been in the possession of the Senate less than a month, there are no good grounds on which to charge the latter body with negligence.

Though it is still too early to make any definite statement as to the amount of gold produced in 1896, it is certain that the past year has been one of unprecedented activity in gold mining, and the production, as estimated, shows a continuation of the rate of increase that has been noted for several years. The excitement has not been such as to compare with the early days of gold mining in this State and in Australia, and the picturesque element, so conspicuous then, is wholly lacking. This results partly from the fact that the activity has been more wide-spread throughout the world, and partly from the fact that mining has been carried on according to the principles of a legitimate business enterprise, rather than as an individual speculation.

Some evidence of this activity is presented by the fact that 857 mining companies were organized and registered in England during the year, with a capital of \$470,000,000. It is true that not all of these were for gold mining, but almost all of them were. Very few were for silver or lead, and still less were for tin. Two were for copper, three for diamonds, and one for opals. Two-thirds of the capital was invested in mines in foreign countries, Australia being the most favored and South Africa second. North America was third. Of the investments in North America, nearly one half went to the British colonies, British Columbia being the favorite, and about one-twentieth went to Mexico and a little more than one-half to the United States. The figures are \$16,111,192 for the British colonies, \$2,468,400 for Mexico, and \$28,812,675 for the United States.

As showing the drift of British investment, the following figures for the three principal localities may be presented. For South Africa, 79 companies were organized in 1894, with a capital of £6,230,780. The next year the number of companies increased nearly five-fold (338), and the capital more than seven-fold (£46,087,485). Last year, however, one-third as many companies were organized (113), and the capital decreased in about the same proportion (£18,520,064). In Australia, the favorite field for mining investment of English capital, the number of companies in 1894 was 113 and the capital £7,439,014. This is a smaller capitalization, but a larger number of companies than in Africa for that year. The next year the number of companies increased (436), and the capital almost equaled that in Africa (£44,675,361). Last year high-water mark was reached with 500 companies and a capital of £54,833,759, or about three times the amount invested in Africa. The favorite locality is West Australia, where seven-tenths of the companies were located, and about the same proportion of the capital. Other colonies are advancing, however, as is shown by the fact that the capital for New South Wales increased 72 per cent. last year as compared with the year before, and for New Zealand 167 per cent. While the investments in North America are still small compared with those in the two other localities, they show a rapid advance. The number of companies organized in the last three years were 25, 50, and 103 respectively, and the capitalization £1,685,700, £5,463,850, and £10,682,514.

The world's production of gold in 1896 is estimated by the Director of the Mint at \$215,000,000, and by the *Engineering and Mining Journal* at \$218,000,000. Taking the lower estimate as, perhaps, based upon wider information, this is an increase of \$14,000,000 over the year before, and \$34,373,900 over 1894. During the last ten years the production has more than doubled, the output for 1886 being \$106,163,000. British Columbia has apparently made the greatest proportionate increase, the output there having more than doubled. In 1895 it was less than \$500,000; last year it was \$1,384,000, according to the statement of Wells, Fargo & Co., who actually handled the

amount. The output in South Africa, on the other hand, will not be increased at all, from present indications, and the same may be said of Australia and Russia.

About one-half of the increase of the world is to be credited to the United States, the Director of the Mint placing it at \$54,119,000, as against \$46,610,000 for 1895, and \$29,500,000 for 1894. This estimate, though it exceeds that of Wells, Fargo & Co., is probably below the true amount. In Wyoming, for instance, the express company reports having transported \$25,000 in gold, while the Director of the Mint does not credit that State with any product at all. In Oregon, Idaho, and Montana, the company reports having transported a greater value than is put down to them in the mint tables. In these cases the estimate of the company is probably more reliable. In other States superior facilities for collecting the statistics would turn the presumption in favor of the mint figures. Allowing these corrections, the output for the United States would be raised to nearly \$55,000,000.

In the list of gold-producing States, California still holds first place. The Wells-Fargo statement places the output at \$15,527,304 and that of the mint at \$16,500,000. The express company transported about three-quarters of the amount and estimates the remainder. The mint figures, which are very carefully compiled from direct information, are probably more nearly correct. In 1894, the number of miners employed in this State was 13,765; in 1896, it was 19,508, an increase of nearly one-half. Colorado is the second State in amount of production, but here, for some reason, the output has decreased, whichever figures are accepted. In 1895, it was \$13,120,000; this year, according to Wells, Fargo & Co., it was \$12,712,483, and according to the mint, \$13,000,000. Alaska, Arizona, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, South Dakota, Utah, and Washington have all increased their output, a showing that speaks well for the healthy growth of the industry.

The ratification of the Japanese treaty in the Senate on February 2d gives impulse to the growing interest in Japan and in the relations of that empire to the republic. The general treaty becomes operative in July, 1899, but the following, one of its principal provisions, goes into effect immediately:

"The citizens or subjects of either high contracting party shall find in the territories of the other the same protection as native citizens or subjects in regard to patents, trade-marks, and designs, upon fulfillment of the formalities prescribed by law."

Japan has become a land of stupendous enterprise. Awakened by war, the country is undergoing a marvelous development, and its people are reaching out in every direction and competing with the older civilizations in the arts of manufacture, commerce, and navigation. In January, 1896, applications for railroad charters were filed aggregating \$66,000,000. There were at the time but 2,100 miles of completed lines in the empire, while to-day there are plans for more than 7,000 additional miles. One province alone has 36 railroad companies, and the whole country more than 300, with an aggregate capital of \$400,000,000. Not all will be built, but it is estimated that enough will be constructed to require 500 engines, 2,000 coaches, and 10,000 freight-cars. Japan has learned to build her own roads so well that the staff of foreign experts is nearly extinct, and native genius is filling its place. Equal expansion is exhibited in textile industries, which have increased from 500,000 spindles at the close of the war to nearly 1,000,000 at the end of 1896. India has been the Japanese source of supply for cotton yarns, but the importation has steadily fallen from a value of \$1,814,393 in 1892, to \$392,631 in 1895. Silk and woolen industries show a similar advance, factories increasing rapidly even in the provinces. Japan, so recently innocent of the knowledge of the use of coal, has now an annual output of 3,000,000 tons, more than half of which is exported to the United States and China. When the vessels now contracted for are built, the tonnage of the Japanese mercantile marine will amount to 472,000 tons—an increase of 290,000 tons since the war. The coasting trade is wholly in native hands. One of the new steamship companies covers the eastern coast of Asia and the southern coast westward to Bombay, while another has established lines across the Pacific and to England and Australia. The Japanese have purchased machinery in the United States with which to exploit their own oil fields, with a resulting output of petroleum of three times the amount they formerly imported. The oil trade of both Russia and the United States in the Mikado's realm is threatened with extinction. Enterprises in process of development include hanks, foundries, bemp, paper and cotton mills, brewing, bicycle, electric lighting, watch-making, and insurance companies, oil refineries, and dock-yards.

The opportunity opened to the ambitious American, who can go to Japan and help reap the golden harvest, may be regarded with complacency. But what of the effect on our own industries? Japan has an unlimited supply of cheap

labor. True, there has been a slight advance in wages, but it is still abundant at from five to eighteen cents a day. With such cheap labor, a great variety of articles are now being made which come to this country and deprive American workmen and women of employment. The manufacture of matting is already practically surrendered to the little brown men. Both a jute and a woolen mill have gone from California to Japan, and the competition is sorely felt by our manufacturers of twine, yarns, and burlaps. There is but one salvation for American capital and labor. It is the tariff bill now being framed. The whole country is interested, but the subject presents itself with peculiar force to the Pacific Coast, which is directly exposed to the first and worst effect. There should be no delay in presenting the matter in its true light to the House Committee of Ways and Means at Washington, with earnest insistence that an adequate remedy be applied in the tariff bill now in contemplation.

Mrs. Bradley-Martin must be one of the most astonished women in the country. From the exclusive stronghold of a society leader and a companion of the fashionably elect, she finds herself raised into the position of a National Question. Her own countrymen rage about the base of the pedestal upon which she stands, and from across the seas she can hear the din of "ancestral voices prophesying war." She has raised a turmoil in the land on a very personal question—the right to spend her own money. Her last conspicuous extravagance, the purchase of the Earl of Craven, was not half so happy an inspiration as the present one of the ball. The Countess of Craven has seventy-five thousand dollars to spend annually in England. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars spent in New York in the most rigorous month of a bitter winter is certainly a more justifiable outlay.

The Reverend Rainsford's premise that so gorgeous a display of wealth is perilous and wrong when the poor starve and freeze in the city's by-ways, appears to have been greeted with approval in England. It is thought there that there is a strong resemblance between the temper of New York society of the present day and French society before the Revolution. The spirit of "after us the deluge" reigns again in American millionairessdom. In this country, Mrs. Martin seems to have popular acclaim on her side. The half-million, which it is said the ball will put in circulation, will percolate from the higher to the lower grades of society. Hotel men say business is bad, and that many waiters are out of employment. To these the great ball means wages. Dressmakers say that the hundreds of extra hands laid off for lack of work have been reëngaged. Florists and decorators will require a large outside force to assist them. The messenger-boy and the seamstress, the modiste and the caterer, will all get their share of old Isaac Sberman's money. A like sum spent in the construction of a house, or the beautifying of grounds, while it would not give rise to such a flood of mutinous discussion, would not spread its beneficent influence over so varied a field.

The policy of compelling tramps to work upon the county roads has for a number of years been advocated in these columns. It has been tried in Germany with excellent effect, and its adoption here would result, not only in a reduction of the tramp nuisance, but in a much-needed improvement of the roads in the rural districts. A bill embodying this and other features of the German system has been introduced in the assembly, and, if enacted, will form an important adjunct to the road system suggested by the State highway bureau.

The bill provides that the counties of the State shall be divided into road districts under the control of road-masters, who are to receive a compensation fixed by the supervisors, not to exceed three dollars a day. Buildings are to be erected in each district suitable for housing the laborers. In each county there is also proposed a county farm, upon which the unemployed may work. The laborers are to be of two classes—the voluntary and the involuntary. Any unemployed man may apply for shelter and three meals a day, in return for which he must work nine hours out of the twenty-four. In addition to food and lodging, he is to receive thirty-five cents for each day that he works. He may terminate his employment at any time by giving three days' notice to the road-master. The laborers of this class are to be known as the "honorable unemployed." Vagrants who refuse to work voluntarily after the passage of the act are to be arrested and forced to work, but in addition to food and shelter they are to receive only ten cents a day.

The plan is a good one, in its main features, and should receive the support of the legislators. There is one feature of the German system, however, that has not been embodied in the bill. This contemplates the assistance of those who are moving from place to place with a reasonable expectation of receiving legitimate employment. Such a man applies to the superintendent for a card, upon which is

written the date, the name of the applicant, and his destination. He is obliged to work during the morning in return for a bed during the night and three meals. During the afternoon he walks to the next lodging-house, which is so located that the half-day gives sufficient time to cover the distance. The superintendent of each lodging-house indorses upon the card the date on which the laborer stops there. If he is found at any time outside of the direct route called for by the card, he is arrested and either started in the right direction or compelled to perform involuntary labor for a limited time. It is doubtful, however, whether this class of migratory laborers, which is so common in Europe, is sufficiently numerous in this State to make it desirable to engrave this feature upon the bill.

While the proposed system in its main features is desirable, there is one provision that should be changed. It is unwise to take the control of county roads out of the hands of the supervisors and to return to the old system of road-masters. The proposed road-masters would be little more than guards of the prisoners. The compensation to be allowed them would not secure men skilled in road-construction, and the roads would suffer if placed under their control. Whatever advance has been made in building roads in this State has been accomplished during the last few years since road affairs have been placed under the direction of the supervisors. They have control of the finances of their several counties, they know just how much money is available for the construction and improvement of the county roads, and they can expend that money to the best advantage. When the authority is thus divided, the road-masters spending the money, and the supervisors furnishing it and passing on the hills, there will certainly be conflicts and friction that will impair the efficiency of the work.

It would be far better to leave the management of road affairs in the hands of the supervisors, and to provide that the overseer appointed by them should be sworn in as a deputy by the sheriff. He would thus have the necessary police authority over the prisoners, and, at the same time, be under the direction of the supervisors in all matters of construction. As it is not proposed that this system of tramp labor shall supersede the regular work of road construction, but shall be supplementary to it, and as this regular work is to remain under the direction of the supervisors, the creation of an independent authority in the proposed road-masters would work nothing but harm.

At a trial for breach of promise, now in progress in this State, the price of the plaintiff's heart is set at only \$15,000. These are hard times, and even hearts have fallen in value. The poet tells us that a true heart is worth more than a coronet, and judging by the sums at which it has been appraised in more prosperous seasons, it would take a coronet as fine as Mrs. Bradley Martin's to equal it in value. From fifty to ten thousand dollars have been the figures that hearts have commanded in flush times. Mrs. Livingston Fleming's was considered to be worth \$75,000, but, as it afterward turned out to have seen a good deal of bard service in its time, and to be a shop-worn article, as hearts go, it fell to \$12,000. The heart of Esther Jacobs was valued, "as is," as they say at the bargain counters, at \$50,000. Arbuckle, the coffee-man, trifled with the affections of Miss Clara Campbell, and had to heal the wounds his cruelty inflicted with \$45,000. Mr. Arbuckle's passion declared itself in an epistolary form, and Miss Campbell so much admired the outpourings of his Muse that she pasted them in an album. From there they were given to the diligent daily press, adding much to the hilarity of nations. In England the price of a heart is the same as in this country. Miss Fortescue, an actress, had her young life blighted by Lord Garmoyne, who gave her £10,000 and sufficient free advertising to establish her fame as a star. Since then the British peerage seems to have spent its time breaking the hearts of rising actresses, but it is not always so expensive as Lord Garmoyne found it.

The heart of a matron is worth about the same amount. A good husband claims that his wife's affection is properly valued at \$50,000. This flattering estimate was agreed upon as just and fitting in the case of Frederick Colwell, where the jury found that Mrs. Colwell's alienated affection were worth \$50,000 to their legitimate object. Indeed love's young dream is becoming an extremely expensive and hazardous privilege. For stealing a kiss, Frank Friese, one-armed switchman, was sentenced to six months in jail. The palliating circumstance that he was intoxicated at the time was of no avail in mitigating the severity of his sentence. But the most expensive kiss of modern times was that of which Miss Emma Bradish was the victim. They were only two, but each was deemed worth \$5,000, with a discount for a pair. The kisser does not think the amount in the least exorbitant, though the kisser, a bold, bad man

by the name of Grant, is at once flattered and staggered by the sum set upon his osculatory performances. In the present state of civilization, all good things are going up in price, and if the canvas-back and the kiss are each progressing at such a rapid rate, the time is not far distant when they will be the privilege of none but millionaires.

Much discussion and not a little bitter feeling have been indulged in over the bill introduced in the legislature by Senator Gleaves, regulating the charges of pilots. The passage of the bill has been urged by the committee of commerce, which is composed of delegates representing several bodies of business men in this city, and is opposed by the pilots.

The pilots for the port of San Francisco, fifteen in number, are appointed by the board of pilot commissioners. The three members of the board are appointed by the governor, by and with the advice of the senate, and hold office during the pleasure of the governor, but their term is not to exceed four years from the date of their commission. The pilots are appointed for a term of one year, but the license is to be renewed annually unless there be good cause for withholding it. It is the duty of the board of pilot commissioners to examine all applicants for appointment to a vacancy as pilot and to grant them licenses if properly qualified; to hear evidence and render judgment regarding all charges against pilots, and to revoke their licenses when a proper case has been made out; and to make rules for the government of the pilots appointed. The pilots must keep boats for their exclusive use, and must attend to the regular duties of pilots regarding all vessels entering or leaving the harbor. The rates of pilotage fixed by law are five dollars for each foot draught on all vessels under five hundred tons, and, on all larger vessels, the same rate and four cents additional for each ton registered measurement. When a vessel is spoken and the services of the pilot declined, one-half of these rates may be charged. Vessels engaged in the whaling or fishing trade, vessels coasting between San Francisco and domestic ports, and vessels in tow of a tug inside the bay are exempt from these charges unless a pilot is actually employed. Every pilot must, once in each month, render to the board an account of all moneys received by him, and pay five per cent. thereof to the board in full compensation for all services.

The Gleaves bill proposes to substitute one pilot commissioner for the board of three, to reduce pilotage rates, to abolish the charge of half-rates where pilots are not employed, and to fix the salaries of pilots at two hundred dollars a month, with five hundred dollars for the use and maintenance of each boat, in place of the fee system now in use.

That there should be some reduction in the rates of pilotage is generally admitted by all disinterested persons who have examined into the subject. The excessive charges upon vessels entering this port may not be the only cause for the failure of the commercial interests of San Francisco to grow, but they have been a potent factor. The imports entered at the port of San Francisco have increased only three per cent. in the last fifteen years; on the other hand, the exports have decreased nearly twenty-four per cent. The total foreign trade of this port has declined since 1880 nearly one-tenth in value. This is a sufficiently long period of comparison to eliminate the effects of the depression of the last few years, and is far more impressive when compared with the advance that other ports, domestic and foreign, have made during the same period. It points to the fact that something is radically wrong in the management of the commercial interests of this port, and urges the imperative necessity of a reduction in the port charges.

To return to the amendments proposed in the Gleaves bill, the substitution of one pilot commissioner for the board of three is a measure suggested by economy and common sense. After prescribing the rules governing the pilots, the board has nothing to do beyond examining applicants and passing on charges against pilots, which are certainly not enough to keep three men busy. And as there is an appeal from the decision of the commissioners to the courts, it is certainly no hardship to have this decision delivered by one man instead of three. The abolition of the charge of half-rates where a pilot is not employed also commends itself. There is no justice in compelling a man to pay for services that are not rendered. The owner or charterer of a vessel is certainly the person most interested in its safety. If he chooses to dispense with the services of a pilot, it is because he has paid enough to secure the services of a master competent to pilot the vessel into the harbor, and there is no reason why he should pay twice.

It is difficult to tell how the change from fees to the fixed salary system would affect the pilots, for they refuse to give the necessary information. The pilot commissioners either have this information or have failed to comply with the law. It is the duty of each pilot to render a monthly account of

all moneys received by him, and such an account should include the dates upon which the money was received and the services for which they were paid. The fact that they strenuously decline to receive what is practically three hundred dollars a month each in lieu of the fees is certainly significant, however. They are not a hard-worked body of men, being at leisure on shore at least half of the time, and the dangers they incur are no greater than those of others who elect to make their living by going down to the sea in ships. It is unfortunate that the senate committee decided to report the bill adversely, but there is still hope that the legislature may act more wisely.

The French are once more agitating the subject of the artistic responsibilities of the player. This time the question is whether an actress can be successful in her professional and virtuous in her domestic life. The diligent reporter has gone about collecting the opinions of celebrities. Those who are not upon the boards are inclined to be non-committal, like Jules Claretie, who remarks with vague safety: "The important thing is to have talent." Members of the profession are, however, extremely decided in their opinions, and hold that artistic success on the stage is only bought with dole and tears. Young Coquelin thinks that art must have its martyrs as religion has had. The laurel crown can not be won unless exchanged for a crown of thorns. It would be interesting to know what the lambent-eyed young things who so confidently crowd on our stage would say to the novice M. Coquelin proposes for them. "She must have suffered, wept, shrieked, sobbed at a man's door, rushed madly through the fields thinking of him"—are some of the trials that he thinks necessary to the achievement of histrionic ability. The French regard art as a mistress worthy to live and die for. Balzac once laid down a regimen of living and suffering for an ambitious young writer that was fully as bitter as that imposed by M. Coquelin. He, too, recommended the developing experiences of a *grande passion*—the more full of suffering, disappointment, and disillusion, the better.

There can be no question that the deeper down life cuts the more intense—with those in whom the mind does not become deadened—become appreciation and comprehension. The soul that has suffered and not succumbed has gained a piercing insight, a subtle sympathy. Players themselves almost universally agree that they attain best results through cold and calculating endeavor. The forcing experiences have come before. The actor has gained his full growth through them—he looks back upon them and remembers. Genius is intuitive; it knows, though it may never have felt—perhaps by some hereditary preoccupations. Talent studies, feels, grows with the expanding throes of each succeeding pang. But to go about in cold blood seeking for sensations to cause the sterile soil of a dead imagination to bloom with the flowers of fancy is an idea worthy of Mr. Gradgrind. The spontaneous rush of a great passion which carries its victim on to dishonor or glory is one of the most tremendous experiences that life can give. But there is not one out of a hundred who has the capacity for feeling such an emotion, and the ninety-and-nine undistinguished ones had better seek their development and happiness in the ordinary beaten tracks.

The first week of this month was a period to fill the hearts of the advocates and professors of the "new journalism" with an exceeding joy. Murderers and suicides stalked abroad in the land, private and public scandals abounded. During those seven happy days the people of this city were supplied with two hundred and thirty-eight and one-half columns of letter-press and illustrations presenting the achievements and careers of murderers and persons who sought to end their troubles by self-destruction. Butler, the Australian fiend, has been a particularly fruitful source of "copy," and he has been pictured and described from every possible point of view. His crimes have been set forth with all the elaboration of detail that the active imaginations of trained writers could furnish, and "lady" reporters have suppressed the promptings of their native refinement to visit him in his cell and give an impatiently expectant public their impressions of him.

How thoroughly the "new journalists" have performed their self-imposed task may be gathered from the fact that these 238½ columns contain nearly 300,000 words. Were they printed in book-form, they would fill eight volumes of the average size; were they arranged in a string one column wide, they might be suspended from the topmost point of the new Spreckels building, and would trail along the ground; they would reach from Kearny Street to Montgomery; or, arranged in the form of a square, they would cover nearly eighty square feet, and would carpet a small room. This is a record for seven days which, it is to be hoped, will never be surpassed or even equaled.

The daily newspaper has become the most efficient school of crime and criminal methods in the world. The vicious

is made to appear as a hero instead of a being to be despised and shunned. Butler has been holding daily receptions at the city prison, and the crowds that flock to see him are so large as seriously to embarrass the police officials. He could not be more sought after were he some great benefactor of mankind, instead of a wild beast who can benefit humanity only by ceasing to cumber the earth. The pernicious influence of the prominence that has been given to him by the daily press is illustrated by the envious remark of a small boy, overheard on the street: "Say, that Butler has a regular snap. He sits in his cell all day and gets fifty cents for just writing his name." Boys educated to regard a brutal murderer in this light are not likely to become desirable citizens.

Some time ago a gang of hoodlums organized a reign of terror in South San Francisco. They committed acts of violence and crime until life itself began to be unsafe in that locality. Their careers were admirably recorded in the daily press until they became the envy of every hoodlum in the city. Again, a series of robberies were committed in Oakland, with a rapidity and daring that for a time baffled all efforts at detection on the part of the police. Finally the robbers were captured, and they were found to be two boys, mere children in years. They had learned the most approved methods of successful burglars from the illustrations and descriptive text that had been published in the dailies, and had profited by their instruction. One of the boys was the son of a man who had been executed for a brutal murder, and, despite the fact that the boy showed that he had inherited the criminal instinct, one of the papers, with maudlin sentimentality, attempted to shield him from the just punishment of his crimes on the plea that his sensitive nature had caused him to brood over the unfortunate manner of his father's taking off.

The excesses of the "new journalism," of which its exponents are so proud, periodically inspire a revolt on the part of respectable citizens, but these protests have only a temporary effect. Some time ago a numbers of ladies in this city inaugurated a movement to compel the newspapers to effect a reform. The prominence given to revolting details of crimes that were being perpetrated had reached such a point that the papers were no longer fit to be taken into the home. The newspapers were attacked in their most vulnerable point—merchants were requested to withhold their advertisements so long as such undue space was devoted to crime and criminals. Success crowned their efforts for a time; there was a decided improvement in the conduct of the papers, but they soon relapsed, and now they are worse than ever.

The establishment of ladies' annexes in men's clubs seems to be a recognized feature of century-end civilization. The Metropolitan Club, of New York, has the question under discussion, and the Union League and University Clubs in the same city—both exceedingly conservative organizations—are considering the advisability of opening a restaurant and dressing-rooms for the members' women friends. The ladies' annexes in the Algonquin, Somerset, and Puritan Clubs, of Boston, have proved that the experiment is not only a pecuniary advantage, as the restaurant adds to the revenues of the club, but that it enables members to offer a more elegant and less extravagant hospitality to their fair friends than that extended by the ordinary fashionable caterer.

Here the entertaining of women by men's clubs has long been customary. The Cosmos, with its occasional dances, was first on the list of associations which have been generous in extending hospitality to the unclubbable sex. The University was the first club in the city to follow the Boston example and establish a ladies' annex. The Bohemian has long permitted dinners to ladies in its Red Room. The Pacific-Union, which is the core of the conservative, has its mind bent upon the subject, and its new building, the hopeful expect, will contain a ladies' restaurant. From the woman's side of the question, the annex meets with approval and patronage. To the female mind a man's club is encompassed with an air of esoteric mystery as interesting as that which the mariners of Ulysses thought to find in the islands of the sirens. To penetrate into these forbidden realms, even only so far as a rigorously delimited restaurant, has its attraction to the inquiring intruder. Moreover, women have always desired to belong to "a club like a man's." The austere intellectual standard that obtains in the woman's clubs is rather oppressive to those who want their leisure hours to be lightened by relaxing frivolities rather than elevated by a stimulating struggle with some tough social question. Whether, having once penetrated into those sacred precincts where the bachelor enjoys the desolate freedom of the wild ass and the family man can escape from his family, they will not encroach still further storm the citadel itself, is a question for boards of directors to keep in view.

THE RIVER OF UNTRUTH.

A Tale of the Hassayampa.

Across Arizona from east to west, like a great artery, flows the Gila River. Down from the north, through high-walled cañons and over sun-baked plains, comes the Hassayampa and empties into it. There is an odd tradition connected with the Hassayampa. It is that he who drinks of its water will never thereafter be able to tell the truth. Politicians sometimes come long distances, it is said, just out of curiosity, and if, perchance, found drinking of the water, claim that they had heard it was beneficial to the liver. Newspapermen flee from its vicinity as they would from a plague; yet it is only a tradition, and no person knows whence it sprung.

Some years ago, George Washington Thompson, a most carefully reared and altogether exemplary young man, came to California from an Eastern State. He came for the purpose of making his fortune. In this he has been successful, but oh! at what a fearful cost. The story is a sad one indeed.

Previous to his coming to California, and, in fact, for some time thereafter, George Washington Thompson had never even heard of the Hassayampa River. How different might his fate have been had he never heard of it.

In choosing the mining company promotion business as an occupation, Mr. Thompson was actuated more, perhaps, by the thought that he could thus achieve sooner the goal of his ambition, than by the loftier thought of the good he might do the mining interests of the great and growing West. But he was young and fired by all those various desires which crowd the minds of the young.

His first venture in the mining company promotion business was also his last one. He secured an option upon some very promising mining claims in Arizona. Some wealthy men in Los Angeles, under the spell of his glowing enthusiasm, having joyfully consented to back him, he set out upon the journey to Arizona to examine the property and report to his backers.

Chance threw George Washington Thompson into the company of an elderly cattleman from the Aravaipa country soon after he left Los Angeles. They occupied the same seat in the smoker. The cattleman conceived a violent disgust for the young man because he smoked the cigars which the train-boy had for sale. George bought six of these alleged cigars, for which he paid a half-dollar, and gave one to the cattleman. The cattleman lighted it, heroically stayed by it through three puffs and one profuse expectoration, and then tossed it out of the window.

"However did ye git imbued with the notion this yere pertic'lar slice of coyote pasture needed disinfection?" he asked.

George looked at the massive shoulders and square-turned jaw of the cattleman, and decided that if any insult was intended by this remark it was not intended for him but for the train-boy. So he overlooked it and very kindly told the cattleman all about himself and his mining company promotion venture, while the train sped on across the glistening sand wastes that stretch out on either side from the Salton basin to Yuma. The cattleman had taken a pipe and some tobacco from his pocket, and the smoke seemed to soothe him, so that he was able to curb a strong desire to throw George out of the window. It was an old pipe, which the cattleman had used for some time, and he had not been smoking long before the screws in the window casings began to start and the veneering on the ceiling commenced to peel up, but the smoke was very quieting—very quieting, indeed—to the old cattleman.

"Assumin' I git ye correct interpreted," he finally observed, "you'll eventually round up, I opinion, somewhere up'n th' Hassayampa country, eh? That the idee? You'll observe the lay-out concernin' some likely prospects fer mineral, with the intention of dickerin' of 'em to a flock of tenderfeet, up in the city, ef I'm follerin' yer conversational trail anyways close. Do I seem to git my brand on your plan all proper?"

"I think so—yes, I am almost sure you do," replied George Washington Thompson, wishing that he had at least some sort of an idea of what his companion was talking about.

"Roped yer notion the first throw, did I? Ever infested them parts to any alarmin' extent afore?"

"I don't think I understand," said George. "Possibly you mean—"

"Oh, you lose my trail, eh? Well, don't let me stampede ye none, but, without intendin' no insult an' feelin' all friendly-like, seein' as how you've recent struck this here range, providin' you allows me, I'll perced to speak short and pointed-like concernin' of the water—Gallop'n' Gehosphat!—here's where I cut out from th' herd. No tellin' when I'll run onto yer trail agin, young man."

He gathered his effects and left the car, while George Washington Thompson sat gazing out of the window at the miserable adobe houses of the Arizona town.

Who will say it was not the hand of fate that brought the words of the old cattleman to so abrupt an end, just as the note of warning was upon his lips? Surely, when all of this sad tale is told, there will be none to say that any man's hand had aught to do with the undoing of George Washington Thompson. 'Twas fate, and fate alone.

Next day he reached his destination and entered upon his work of investigation with as much earnestness as another man would who knew what he was about. George even imagined that he did know what he was about.

There may have been an evil glitter in the mine-owner's eye as he led George down to the river to show him the mill site. It was a hot day—an Arizona hot day. The water was clear and cool and extremely inviting, and though George had been repeatedly warned that he could never hope to do business in Arizona if he was once seen drinking water, the stream seemed to tempt him as it

bubbled and gurgled along. Watching until his companion's back was turned to him, he fell upon his knees at the water's edge and drank his fill.

In Phoenix, where he stopped for a few days on his way back to the city, George was regarded as a very important personage. This may have been due to several causes.

"Yes," said he, speaking generally to a group of natives in the hotel office, "we shall expend something like half a million on the property at once, in order to see what it is likely to be worth. If it shows up at all as we expect, there will be no stop in the work, and after we get a railroad in, then we will soon have the water-works and the mill going. A million will cover the whole preliminary work, I think."

These few statements, in connection with the fact which George, in an unguarded moment, allowed to leak out, that Cecil Rhodes was one of the backers of the enterprise, and that the Rothschilds would also have an interest in the venture, seemed to heighten the respect for George until it amounted to reverence almost.

Seeing how matters stood, George then rather reluctantly admitted that he had given up the management of one of the South African mines in order to give his personal attention to this new mine.

The report prepared by George for his backers proved a great surprise for even the most sanguine among them.

One day, some weeks after George's return, there was a meeting in the private office of a bank. It was a private meeting, and even George himself was not asked to be present. A report was to be considered. It was not George's report.

"Gentlemen," began a pompous old financier, as he arose, holding in one hand a formidable-looking document, while he gently stroked his luxuriant whiskers with the other, "I have here the report of the expert sent by the Bonanza Mining and Milling Company to confirm the report of George Washington Thompson. As president of the Bonanza Mining and Milling Company it becomes my privilege to acquaint you, the members of said Bonanza Mining and Milling Company, with the contents of this report. Before doing so, however, I wish to remark—merely by way of preparing you for what may follow—that George Washington Thompson"—here he paused and surveyed the members of the Bonanza Mining and Milling Company as though to see if all were prepared to receive the remark—"is the damndest liar I ever knew!"

Entirely overcome by the effort thus far expended, the president of the Bonanza Mining and Milling Company was obliged to sit down at this juncture, and the secretary was called upon to read the report of the expert.

George Washington Thompson must have felt keenly the position in which he found himself after the disorganization of the Bonanza Mining and Milling Company, for he shortly thereafter went to San Diego, and from there soon came a report that he had joined the church.

Not long thereafter, however, came rumors of a scandal. The church expelled him. He had been teaching a Sunday-school class that Paul was a bold buccaneer, who sailed the seas plundering rich-laden vessels, and that John the Baptist once tried to interest certain wealthy merchants of Carthage in a snide mining deal over in Caledonia.

Poor George! His is, indeed, a sad story, and though he has amassed a vast fortune in the real-estate business, people seem to lack confidence in him to some extent. Even his statement that the Prince of Wales and party will come over and join him on a rhinoceros-hunt in Alaska next summer is discredited.

WINFIELD CLARKE.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1897.

After a cable-car conductor had passed me several times without asking for my fare (writes a Chicago reporter), I touched his arm and gave him a nickel. A few minutes later, as I left the car, I found him on the rear platform alone. "Don't ever do that again," he said; "if a conductor misses you, don't hunt him up. He doesn't want you to do it. If I miss a passenger, the chances are about even that no one will notice it except the fellow himself. But when he rushes up to pay a fare I have missed, everybody notices the fact that I have been negligent, and if there happens to be a 'spotter' aboard, I lose my job. The next time, save your nickel; it may help me save my position."

The Bertillon system of measuring criminals for identification has been put into practice in the New York police department. The president of the board of police surgeons will have charge of the new bureau. He is thoroughly familiar with the work. Two of the policemen who will be detailed for the work are practical photographers, and the third is a stenographer and printer. The last will be in charge of a printing-press, and cards will be printed containing photographs of each criminal, measurements, and record, which will be sent for exchange to all the prisons and police departments throughout the country, as well as to the police of the principal European cities.

In the electrical display at the Columbian Exposition there was shown, in operation, an appliance or machine for boring holes through various metals by means of electric heat. The operator explained to an interested visitor that the heat generated by the electricity almost instantly took the "temper" out of the hardest metals—even case-hardened steel—and that the softened metal could then be melted almost as easily as lead. The visitor was Chicago's most notorious criminal, "Sleepy" Burke, the burglar, and so well has he improved upon the information obtained that a revolution in "safes" is already progressing.

The immediate effect of the new law regarding convict labor in the New York State prisons is to condemn the prisoners to what is little better than solitary confinement. The men beg for employment to occupy their hands and brains. Many of them are in despair. One has attempted suicide, and it is feared that others will be driven insane.

A SANTA CRUZ BOULEVARD.

Since the agitation in favor of an improvement of the condition of the public highways commenced, the movement has broadened out. Instead of confining their attention to such improvements as would render it possible to haul loaded wagons over the ordinary highways of commerce, without the unnecessary expense and wear and tear involved in the dusty and uneven road surface, the roads that are to be used more exclusively for pleasure driving are receiving attention. Broad highways, or boulevards, are being laid out in the Eastern States, with roadways so constructed that the rains and melted snow will quickly drain off, while in summer the surface will not be ground into dust. The pleasure to the eye as well as physical comfort is considered, and routes are selected that will give a pleasing succession of changes of scenery, and along the sides of the road stately shade-trees are planted, which afford protection while adding to the beauty of the view.

As pointed out by the State highway bureau in their report to the legislature, the question of road construction has received but scant attention in California. The early comers looked upon their residence here as merely temporary. They hoped quickly to amass a fortune in this favored land of gold, and then return to their former homes in the Eastern States, there to enjoy the wealth they had accumulated. Under the circumstances, it was but natural that they should care but little, if at all, for permanent improvements. They were satisfied to follow the trails that others followed, without thought of easy grades or convenience of location. Later, when roads became necessary, these trails were accepted as the most convenient lines for the roads to follow.

With such training it is to be expected that the idea that the roads should be anything better than a more or less unsatisfactory makeshift for enabling persons to pass from one place to another, would be slow in development. In spite of this, however, there has been some advance in certain localities, and there are signs of a further awakening. The question of pleasure drives has, however, received but little attention, and by no means the attention it deserves. Such drives not only add to the pleasure of residents, but they serve to attract strangers of the desirable class, and thereby increase the value of all property near which they are located. Some months ago a proposition was advanced to construct a broad boulevard reaching around the southern part of the bay of San Francisco and extending from San Francisco to Oakland by way of San José. The several counties through which the road would pass showed a willingness to undertake the work, but, for some reason, the project has been allowed to drop.

There is no portion of the State that has paid more attention to the construction and maintenance of its roads than has Santa Cruz County, and probably none where the roads are used so much for pleasure driving. The location and physical characteristics of the county offer an explanation for this. With a frontage of forty miles on the Bay of Monterey and the Pacific Ocean, the interior rises along the slopes and valleys of the Santa Cruz and Santa Moreña Mountains, attaining an altitude of between two thousand and four thousand feet. The varied surface of the land presents a succession of scenic views, and the profusion of facilities for hunting, fishing, and camping attract the tourist and pleasure-seeker.

Under these circumstances, it is but natural that the people of the county should take a pride in the condition of their roads, and should not stint themselves in making expenditures for their improvement. It seems strange, therefore, that they have never constructed a road that would make one of the most attractive and picturesque drives in the world, and would soon gain a world-wide reputation. Along the shore of Monterey Bay, from the city of Santa Cruz to the southern line of the county, the cliff rises abruptly from the water to a distance of twenty or thirty feet. Against the foot of the cliff the waves dash with tremendous force and then dissipate themselves in showers of spray. At intervals along the shore, the incessant action of the water has eroded the rock, forming caves and crannies through which the foaming and seething water rushes and eddies with ceaseless energy. Into these submarine caves the breakers dash with a sullen roar like the reverberation of distant cannon. Far out beyond as far as the eye can see, the blue waters of the bay glint and glisten in the sunlight, and white specks of sails dart hither and thither. On the other side rise the mountains, their slopes clothed with the graceful redwood and their outline softened by the purple haze that hangs over them.

A boulevard built along this cliff would offer a drive that could not be surpassed anywhere. It would start from Seabright, at the mouth of the San Lorenzo River, and passing by the Twin Lakes, Hotel de Mar, Capitola, New Brighton, Aptos, and Camp Goodall, end at Moss Landing and the mouth of the Pajaro River. The construction of a short piece of road by Monterey County, which would undoubtedly be built, would enable vehicles to reach the famous seventeen-mile drive of Monterey, and would afford a route that would prove a great attraction for coaching-parties and all others driving or riding for pleasure. For those desiring to extend their trip in the opposite direction, but little would be required upon the road running along the cliff north from Santa Cruz. The natural formation of this cliff is such that the cost of construction would not be great, and the cost of maintenance would be merely nominal.

The principal item of cost would be for securing the land. But along the proposed route it is not now held at a high price. Should steps be taken now to condemn and purchase the necessary land, it could be obtained for a mere fraction of what it will cost a few years hence. Property-owners along the proposed line would undoubtedly be willing to cooperate gladly with the authorities, for the construction of such a boulevard would add far more to the value of their holdings than the cost of the land that would be condemned. Here is an opportunity for the Santa Cruz authorities to act wisely and well.

THE BURTON FAMILY LINEN.

His Niece Aims It in her New Life of the Famous Orientalist—
She Tells Remarkable Tales about
Lady Burton.

The fact that "The True Life of Captain Sir Richard F. Burton," written by his niece, Georgiana M. Stisted, bears upon its title-page the announcement that it is published "with the authority and approval of the Burton family" is significant. Captain Burton was a great traveler, one of the most learned of Oriental scholars, and a man of extraordinarily picturesque personality. Three years ago, his widow published in two large volumes a biography of him, which, to the ordinary reader, would seem to have said the last word. But the announcement that his niece was preparing a second biography piqued public curiosity, and now that the book is out, the expectation of something unusual is abundantly justified. This new life, in fact, is little more than an attack, and a very feminine one, on Lady Burton. It gives some new information about Burton's early life, rehearses the exploits which he had already narrated in his many books, and draws a remarkable picture of Lady Burton.

Lady Burton's life of her husband was not a judicial, or even a judicious, biography, but an indiscriminate panegyric. She did not profess to judge him; she adored and revered him, and, though objection was raised to the book on account of the unvarying tone of adulation that pervaded it, there is no question that she told in it much about the famous Orientalist that no one else could know. To show the tone of her biography, we quote the passage in which she describes their marriage. Upon his return from India he met his future wife, then a school-girl at Boulogne. He was apparently struck with her, and hers was a case of love at first sight, as she confesses:

"I was completely magnetized," she writes, "and when we had got a little distance away I turned to my sister and whispered to her, 'That man will marry me.' The next day he was there again, and he followed us, and chatted up, 'May I speak to you?' leaving the chalk on the wall, so I took up the chalk and wrote back, 'No; mother will be angry.' And mother found it out and was angry."

Lady Burton had been told by a gypsy woman, who bore the name of Burton, that she would marry a Burton, and the name of the young officer startled her beyond measure. It was long afterward that the courtship really began, and then it was delayed by the opposition of Lady Burton's mother. Meanwhile, it was interrupted by African exploration and other journeys, and varied by strange incidents. Speaking of the African journey, Lady Burton said:

"We had been engaged for some weeks. One day in October we had passed several hours together, and he appointed to come next day, at four o'clock in the afternoon. I went to bed quite happy, but I could not sleep at all. At two A. M. the door opened, and he came into my room. A current of warm air came toward my bed. He said: 'Good-by, my poor child. My time is up, and I have gone, but do not grieve. I shall be back in less than three years, and I am your destiny.' Good-by." He held up a letter—looked long at me with those gypsy eyes, and went slowly out, shutting the door."

It was his apparition. The next morning a letter came, announcing his departure for Africa.

Three years have elapsed since the publication of Lady Burton's life, and now Miss Stisted's appears. As we have said, it contains some new particulars regarding Sir Richard Burton's early life. His father's health necessitated frequent changes of climate, and the family, consisting of father and mother, the two sons, and the daughter, led a nomadic existence which had its influence on Sir Richard's career. How they traveled in those days is shown in this passage:

It seemed almost too good to be true, when the yellow traveling chariot, a luxury indispensable to well-to-do folk of that period, was taken out of its coach-house and furnished up for the journey. This equipage contained all the funny, old-fashioned receptacles then in vogue, some of whose very names are unfamiliar—imperial, boot, sword-case, and plate-chest—a sort of miniature home on wheels. And during such leisurely progress—it took a month to get to Italy—comforts were required, for the posting and country inns were at times far from agreeable. Of course, everybody could not squeeze into the chariot, roomy though it was, so it was occupied by the father, mother, and daughter, while a chaise drawn by an ugly horse known as Dobbin, driven by young Richard, accommodated the rest of the family. The boy delighted in acting Jehu, though at the close of each day his father very rightly insisted on his attending to the watering, feeding, and rubbing down of the steed in question, before he got his own dinner.

Interesting, too, do we find Sir Richard's account of his method of acquiring a language:

"I get a grammar and a vocabulary, mark out the forms and words which I know are absolutely necessary, and learn them by heart by carrying them in my pocket and looking over them at spare moments during the day. I never work more than a quarter of an hour at a time, for after that time the brain loses its freshness. After learning some three hundred words, easily done in a week, I stumble through some easy book-work (one of the Gospels is the most come-at-able), and underline every word I wish to recollect, in order to read over my pencillings at least once a day. Having finished my volume, I then carefully work up the grammar minutiae, and I then choose some other book whose subject most interests me. The neck of the language is now broken, and progress is rapid. If I come across a new sound, like the Arabic *Ghany*, I train my tongue to it by repeating it so many hundred times a day. When I read, I invariably read out loud, so that the ear may aid memory. I am delighted with the most difficult characters, Chinese and cuneiform, because I feel that they impress themselves more strongly upon the eye than the eternal Roman letters. This, by the bye, made me resolutely stand aloof from the hundred schemes for trans-literating Eastern languages, such as Arabic, Sanscrit, Hebrew, and Syriac, into Latin letters. Whenever I converse with any one in a language that I am learning, I take the trouble to repeat their words inaudibly after them, and so learn the trick of pronunciation and emphasis."

Lady Burton wrote of her husband, "Richard was the most moral and refined man at home in his domestic life. He was not only the best husband that ever lived, but the pleasantest man to live with and the easiest. . . . I am glad to say that there was only one will in the house, and that was his. He was master and mistress both, but, like all great men, he gave *carte blanche* for all little things." Miss Stisted would seem to hold another opinion; on one point she says:

That Burton had a great many *affaires de cœur* is no secret. They were mostly of an ephemeral nature, and may be attributed to a variety of causes. A very sociable man, with nothing of the bermit about him, he thoroughly enjoyed women's society, though pretending at times to

look down upon it. Then, possessing in almost the highest degree the love of the beautiful, he found a fair face an irresistible attraction. Besides, as he was not merely a handsome but a powerfully magnetic man, women fell in love with him by the score, often careless whether their affection was returned or not. It is certain that many of his amours were not originated by himself; and in these cases, some of a delicate and troublesome nature, he was at a distinct advantage. He was easily cajoled, easily deceived, and his kind heart quailed at tears and scenes which a sterner, colder man would have taken at their real value. Sometimes he rode away; perhaps he should have followed that prudent course more frequently. But he was no rake. Ever courteous and honorable, he would emerge safely from embarrassing straits where another man similarly circumstanced would have plunged into serious trouble. And it speaks greatly in his favor that, with an amative and somewhat fickle temperament, he made several attempts to marry a virtuous woman and settle down as a Benedict before he reached his thirtieth year.

His passion for beauty had one disadvantage—a grave one. Unlike some of the eminent men of our day, he loved women rather for their good looks than for their moral qualities. So long as a girl was handsome, it never seemed to matter how narrow, how vain, how supremely silly, she might be. While keenly appreciating talent in his own relatives, when he fell in love, he actually preferred a doll. Not that he never cared for a sensible or clever woman; he did so more than once, as in the case of his cousin, but on the whole he preferred the Eastern ideal of a wife—an ideal described in "Vikram and the Vampire," a sort of dog-like being whom no Englishwoman, clever or stupid, could possibly imitate. Perhaps, as he somewhat cynically remarks, "because she has no fear of losing her nose or parting with her ears."

Miss Stisted follows this with various tales of Burton's love-affairs, one of which, she thinks, left its traces on all his after life. Its heroine was a Hindoo girl; another affair was with a fair Italian; and a third was a romantic attempt to carry off a nun from an Asiatic convent. But we must turn to her account of his marriage, which differs materially from that of Lady Burton, quoted above. The event followed Burton's return from a visit to Utah, and is thus described:

It is startling to turn from Burton's encomiums on the polygamist saints to his—marriage! This step, upon which much misplaced sentiment has been lavished, surprised both friends and relatives; those who knew him best were perfectly aware that it surprised him most of all. He was past forty, for some years he had had no serious *affaire de cœur*, and he invariably declared in his private circle, in answer to occasional inquiries, that he intended to remain a bachelor—principally from inclination, and partly because his limited means and roving habits were unsuited for matrimony. Fate, however, decreed otherwise. For some time past he had been acquainted with a Miss Isabel Arundell, a handsome and fascinating woman, then entering her thirtieth year. Her father, Henry Raymond, who with his brother Renfrie carried on business as wine merchants in Mount Street, was not very prosperous, and, as often happens in such a case, had a numerous family. Isabel, restless amidst her dull surroundings, admired Burton's career, admired Burton himself, and naturally wished to marry one of the foremost of the men of mark of the day. Even the fact of belonging to an old Roman Catholic family did not deter her from choosing a husband of totally different views from her own. A quotation from the Sweetwater River, in the "City of the Saints," will show what ensued: "Willful and woman-like, she has set her heart upon an apparent impossibility; and, as usual with her sex under the circumstances, she has had her way." Burton made one stipulation—that she should give him her solemn promise that if he pre-deceased her no Roman priest should be surreptitiously introduced to his death-chamber.

The marriage had to take place privately, possibly because the bride's mother vehemently objected to any daughter of hers espousing a Protestant; and as she ruled her household with a rod of iron, it may have been judged advisable not to let her know until the deed was done. So one cold morning, twenty-second January, 1861, Burton, clad in a rough shooting-coat, other garments to match, and with a cigar in his mouth, bravado to hide his deadly nervousness on taking such a step, awaited his bride on the steps of the Bavarian Chapel in Warwick Street, where the ceremony was duly performed by priest and registrar, according to the law for mixed marriages.

Shortly afterward our Benedict fell ill with severe bronchitis, and, leaving his wife to break the news to her people and see how they were disposed to receive him, he went to Dovercourt, the home of a wealthy and generous aunt, for rest and careful nursing. Isabel meanwhile announced her marriage. Mr. Arundell was delighted, but his wife, an irascible but excellent woman, never forgave her son-in-law. Almost the last time I saw her, she exclaimed, in answer to some remark from her daughter, "Dick is no relation of mine."

Looking dispassionately at this match, it is clear that Burton committed as serious an imprudence as when he sent Speke alone to search for the Victoria Nyanza. The reader will see later how, in spite of much that was agreeable and attractive, Isabel, owing to the fatal want of tact and judgment, was unfitted for the path in life which she had insisted on choosing for herself—a far more important matter than mere pecuniary difficulties. These, however, were bad enough. When his wife's debts and his own were paid, Burton had only four thousand pounds remaining from his little patrimony, a sum which, prudently invested in a joint annuity, brought in about two hundred pounds per annum. Besides this majestic income, there was his half-pay.

Burton, accordingly, had to accept a distant consulate, leaving his wife with her parents; later, he started for Africa, and again she could not accompany him:

His wife, on hearing of the appointment, begged to accompany him; for, like D'Artagnan, she had *une idée*. It was nothing less than by means of a magic-lantern representing New Testament scenes, and by pronouncing a few words in the vernacular, to terrify the king into abolishing human sacrifices and becoming a Roman Catholic. Unfortunately, it was necessary to represent rather forcibly that her lantern would be considered the work of magic, the African's pet horror, and that the human sacrifices, so far from diminishing, might possibly include an English witch and wizard.

Of the Burtons' domestic life, which practically began with the captain's appointment to a consulate in Brazil, Miss Stisted says:

He began characteristically. Hating idleness himself, it worried him in others, so he set his wife to lessons. A flimsy, conventional education had been early interrupted by her father's pecuniary embarrassments; and it was advisable, besides, in such novel and often depressing surroundings to keep a very excitable brain occupied. The results of these studies were rather disappointing. A certain amount of grammar, geography, and a smattering of languages he succeeded in imparting, but with this he had to be satisfied. For though she was far from dull, there was something which prevented Isabel Burton from becoming the cultured woman one might have expected after long companionship with such a man. The obstacle may have been too large a development of self-confidence, or possibly a deficiency in the reasoning faculties; any way, she never succeeded in mastering any subject. That she helped her husband to write his books is a story often repeated as with authority. While of course incorrect, it arose from his habit of commissioning her to see his manuscripts through the press while he was away traveling, and permitting her to add a preface or insert a chapter; a permission of which she sometimes availed herself too liberally, as in the case of his "Lusiads," when, though knowing little or nothing of Portuguese, she described herself as the "editor." Still, it must be added, in the matter of these books she was useful. Burton depended much upon his writings for bringing in welcome pecuniary additions to his moderate income, and Isabel spent many an hour copying the manuscript, even acquiring a knack of imitating his hand-writing so accurately that only his sister or myself could tell the difference.

On the whole, considering their unlikeliness, this strangely matched pair got on fairly well. Burton was too sensible to kick against the pricks; he was married, so he made the best of it. And he depended for happiness upon occupation, not matrimony. As time went on, he centred his thoughts more and more on his studies, until he became almost unconscious of what was passing around him. Ever an indul-

gent husband, it can not be said the rôle quite suited him. Owing to Mohammedan learnings, he never thoroughly saw the *raison d'être* of monogamy; home he soon tired of; his rooms were exquisitely neat, always suggesting a bivouac; women rarely understood him, his wife, perhaps, least of all.

For to understand such a man it was essential to drop self, and try to rise to his level; and this Isabel never did. Though a Romanist, she need not have ranged herself with the extreme or Jesuitical party, nor allowed her mind to sink into depths of superstition almost incredible in Burton's wife. He often looked, oh! so sad and weary when hearing for the twentieth time how a leaden image had tumbled out of her pocket during a long ride, and then miraculously returned to its despairing owner; or, worse still, on being told it was mere pride and perverseness on his part that prevented his believing in apparitions of the nature of old white cows looking through a fog. Nor were his friends spared this style of talk; and some clever men, on hearing themselves mourned over as infidels, etc., were not so forbearing. Many a well-wisher was alienated for want of a little tact, and Burton had already enemies enough. However, he was very patient; so long as he was permitted to lead a fairly quiet life, he remarked little and grumbled less, even when his wife involved him in social and political difficulties which, immersed as he was in his studies, he could neither foresee nor avoid.

Damascus was the best post Burton ever held, and Miss Stisted maintains that he lost it through his wife's religious zeal. It seems that there was a revival of some sort among the natives, and Lady Burton seized the opportunity to pluck brands from the burning. Miss Stisted says:

Isabel, as anxious to convert the Moslems by latter-day miracles as she had been to Romanize his majesty of Dahomey with her magic-lantern, threw herself open-armed into this revival. She offered to stand sponsor to the two hundred and fifty 'verts en masse, and she confessed to baptizing every dying person she could get hold of. And while her husband, continually absent exploring or attending to the duties of his consulate, knew nothing, or next to nothing, about her dangerous proceedings, she impressed upon the people the belief that she acted with his full permission and approval. All natural enough. A zealous admirer and follower of Ignatius Loyola (Isabel never made any secret of her Jesuitical proclivities) could not be expected to resist the temptation of so wholesale a conversion—from her mortal enemy, El-Islam. For she particularly disliked this creed, partly from jealousy of her husband's partiality, in contradistinction to his utter contempt for that of Rome; and partly on account of the sanction it gives to polygamy, an Old Testament practice of which Burton never seems to have thoroughly disapproved. We can not be surprised at the terrible blunder she committed, but that it was a blunder, and a fatal one, there remains very little doubt. Enemies a man like Richard Burton could not fail to make, but he could hold his own against them; when he had to grapple with those made by his wife, he was overpowered.

Burton was summarily recalled, and, as Miss Stisted says, a very lean year elapsed before another appointment came, adding:

Neither, it may be remembered, was remarkable for economy; but Isabel, who held the purse-strings, used to get quite indignant when reminded of the duty of providing against rainy days. However, unlike La Fontaine's Cigale, she was not allowed to want. Each side of the family possessed its wealthy member, and the individuals in question, being as generous as they were rich, came to the assistance of our imprudent pair. A little ready money was, indeed, all they really required, as there was no necessity for housekeeping, that bane of small incomes, for the wife and her Syrian maid lived with the Henry Arundells, while her husband paid long visits to old friends, and had his brother's and sister's home always open to him.

The translation of the "Arabian Nights" brought in twelve thousand pounds in three years, and yet they were almost penniless at the time of Burton's death. As to the famous "Burnt Manuscript," Miss Stisted says:

Burton had succeeded so well with the "Nights," and his literary friends had agreed that the insight he had given into Moslem life was of such priceless value to the country at large, that he determined on following up his work by one more translation of the same character. His original subscribers, delighted with their first treasure, gladly consented to inscribe their names a second time; and an acquaintance offered six thousand pounds for the whole, in order to save Burton and his wife from the almost intolerable worry of personally forwarding the book to every individual. The Arabic manuscript in question, which had been translated by a Frenchman, but which, like the "Nights," could be done justice to only by a scholar and a traveler, is entitled "The Scented Garden, Men's Hearts to Gladden, of the Shaykh al Nafzawi," and was to be printed and circulated with all the precautions that had been taken with its predecessor. When the work was two-thirds finished, death struck down the writer. The fate of the fragment was truly strange. Isabel, who had described the "Arabian Nights" as her husband's *magnum opus*—Isabel, who knew exactly how he had been engaged until the last day of his life, and who was assisting him by every means in her power, took the papers from the desk in which he had carefully locked them, deliberately read through pages which probably she only half understood, and then, inspired by what seems to have been a fit of hysteria or bigotry, flung them leaf by leaf into the fire. As the manuscript happened to be unfinished, and, as she told herself, she could trust nobody to finish it for her, it was, comparatively speaking, valueless, and the sacrifice extolled merely by sundry foolish women did not cost much. This act furnished food for thought, even to minds the least reflective. For it was a dangerous precedent. Men whose wives differ from them so vastly in religious views should leave special instructions with regard to their papers. Owing to the irrepressible hopefulness concerning his own health, Burton had neglected this precaution: even when all could see that his life was hanging by a thread, he wrote to his sister in England making plans for the future, and only a few days before the end he told her gleefully of the progress of his last translation and of his little army of admiring subscribers. Little did he imagine how soon after that cheery letter his book would be ashes, he in eternity! Much sympathy was shown on this occasion, for every kind-hearted person realized the bitter pain the mad act caused his family and friends. Not so much on account of the destruction of the manuscript, insulting though it was, but on account of the wrong impression concerning the character of the work conveyed by a deed which the widow made no secret of, when she should have veiled it in absolute silence.

Miss Stisted concludes her assault on Lady Burton by relating at length how the wife sent for a priest to administer extreme unction to her dying husband, and, the priest arriving too late, persuaded him to administer the rite to his dead body.

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A burglar in Bristol, England, failing to open a safe in a commercial establishment, lit a fire, made some tea, opened a box of excellent cigars, and passed the last hours of 1896 in quiet conviviality. Then, borrowing the office paper, he wrote a polite letter to the proprietor, thanking him for his hospitality and wishing him a happy new year.

The waiters' societies of New York are agitating for a home for the disabled and aged of their craft. One of the promoters of the scheme says in support of it: "At forty-eight years of age the legs of waiters are worn out, and the waiters are then discharged by their employers because they can not wait upon the guests fast enough."

After a recent snow-fall in New York, the cost of clearing the principal streets reached nearly eighty thousand dollars.

THE GOVERNMENT'S TREASURE.

A Bold Attempt to Intercept It in War Times.

At the opening of Congress in 1863 there appeared in Washington a young and beautiful woman. The letters of introduction which she brought to the leading people opened to her the doors of the highest circles. Her beauty and charming manners soon made her one of the leaders of Washington society. One of the men who were attracted to her, and who was seen at every gathering at which Miss Elliot (for thus she named) made her appearance, was a young Englishman who had been drawn to Washington by our civil war. He had the *entrée* of the best clubs, and report said that he was the second son of Lord Neville, in the peerage of England. He professed to be a friend of the Northern cause and in favor of the national government. He, as well as Miss Elliot, was quite intimate with the family of the Secretary of the Treasury and with the chiefs of the other departments. At this time the credit of the government was being sustained by gold shipped from San Francisco. The dates of the sailing of the ships which should convey this money was known only to the Secretary of the Treasury. The line of Pacific Mail steamships at that time running between San Francisco, Panama, and New York were the old-style side-paddles. These ships had been fitted up to carry the gold for the United States Government by putting on the port-side of the ship, on the guard after the wheel, a steel safe with the bottom set on a centre pivot. The entire safe was cased with wood-work, like the other parts of the steamer, so that it did not differ in appearance from the rest of the wood finishings.

When the government contemplated a shipment of gold, the sub-treasurer at San Francisco was written to and the steamer in which it was to be shipped was named. The gold was prepared for shipment at the United States branch mint at San Francisco by packing sums of twenty thousand dollars in separate boxes, screwing on the head, and sealing with wax each screw in the box, which was then stamped with a government seal. On Sunday before the sailing of the steamer, a picked set of workmen from the mint were selected and the boxes of gold were loaded on to drays before daylight and driven to the steamer, and there placed in the safe by the mint workmen. This was done so quietly and at such unusual hours that it was known only to a few men and the officers of the mail steamship company. When the gold was all stored in the safe, the sub-treasurer locked it. The American consul at Panama, upon the arrival of the steamer, unlocked the safe, and the boxes of gold were taken across the Isthmus on the cars by night, placed on board the steamer at Aspinwall, and locked in the safe on that ship by the consul there; thus no one on either steamer had any means of opening the safe while the gold was in transit. As I have remarked, the weight of the safe was hung on centre pivots to keep the bottom of the safe in place: there were also side-bolts fixed so that they could be pulled out at any desired time, the method of which was known only to the captains of the steamers. This arrangement had been provided in case that if any of the Confederate cruisers attacked the Pacific Mail steamers, the Southern Confederacy should not have the benefit of the United States gold, for the captain of the steamer had instructions that if attacked he was to pull the bolt and let the millions go to the bottom of the sea.

By reason of the intimate relations which Miss Elliot and Neville held with the family of the Secretary of the Treasury, they had become cognizant of these facts; and Neville soon after left Washington for San Francisco in order to make preparation to capture the next large shipment of government gold from the Pacific Mail steamer which should be designated by the Secretary of the Treasury to carry it. Miss Elliot remained in Washington in order to get and send to Neville the date of the shipment, which she in her artfully artless manner intended to learn from the Secretary of the Treasury, who had become completely fascinated by her beauty and child-like, winning ways. As soon as Neville had perfected his plans for seizing the steamer, a schooner was purchased in Callao, and arms and guns sufficient for two vessels, which had been shipped from England, were taken on board. The schooner then sailed for the Santa Cruz Islands, off Santa Barbara, and there waited for another schooner, the *Chapman*, which had been purchased at San Francisco. She was ostensibly fitted out for a coasting voyage, and she took on board men enough to man the two vessels. Both schooners were to fly the Confederate flag under letters of marque. The schooner from Callao was named the *Vesta*, and was fitted up with a pivot gun, and made a formidable privateersman.

Neville had worked out his plans so successfully that he wrote to Miss Elliot that he could be ready for action within two weeks after her arrival in San Francisco. Upon receipt of this intelligence, Miss Elliot left Washington and sailed on the mail steamer from New York, and arrived in San Francisco in due course. Here they awaited the sailing of the vessel which had been designated to carry a shipment of gold to the government. Upon this ship, the *John L. Stephens*, Miss Elliot, Neville, and eight of their confederates took passage.

Thus far there had been no hitch in Neville's plans. Now trouble commenced. The schooner *Chapman* had been for two weeks ready for her coasting voyage, and, as she did not go to sea, the United States officers became suspicious of her and placed a watch where they could observe everything occurring on board. They also searched the vessel, but found everything correct, and would have dismissed the watch had not a well-known Southerner, while intoxicated, bragged of what they were going to do. This was reported to the revenue officers, and extra precautions were taken. At the time Miss Elliot arrived in San Francisco, Neville gave orders for the captain to take the men who had been engaged in San Francisco weeks before, and who were then at different sailors' boarding-houses, to

put to sea and join her consort off the Island of Santa Cruz. These men went on board in the night, and next morning the ship got under way, showing only the usual number of men on deck. But the United States revenue cutter stopped her, and conveyed her to an anchorage under the guns of Alcatraz Island. The officers and crew of forty-seven men were arrested.

In order not to have his plans blocked, Neville started two men overland on horseback for Santa Barbara, to take boat from there to the island and notify the captain of the *Vesta* of the seizure of the *Chapman*. The captain of the *Vesta* was ordered to intercept the steamer, and was told that Neville and his confederates would be on board to assist him, and that they would disable the machinery of the vessel, in case the guns of the schooner did not compel the steamer to stop while they took the gold from her. But "the best-laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley." When the two messengers crossed to the island from Santa Barbara, they found the captain and all hands of the *Vesta* "blind drunk," and before they could be sobered up and got ready, the *John L. Stephens* went steaming by with the government gold.

It seems that United States Marshal Rand had got wind of the contemplated raid to capture the gold on the steamer, and he warned the officers of the steamer of what might be attempted, and placed on board twelve of his deputies, dressed as old Californians. These men took passage in the steerage, and professed to be returning to their Eastern homes. They had holsters with pistols belted around their waists, in the usual California style. They made the acquaintance of Neville's men, and two of them agreed to guard Neville as the steamer was to pass through the Santa Barbara Channel. Each deputy marshal had his man picked, and, if the attack had been made by the schooner *Vesta*, they would have shot Neville and every one of his gang.

The plot miscarried, and the steamer passed on her way to Panama without any trouble.

The syndicate of English friends of the Southern Confederacy lost all that Neville had expended in fitting out the expedition, with the exception of the proceeds of the sale of the schooner *Vesta* and her supplies at Hong Kong, whither she went after the failure of Neville's plans. The confederates of Neville who sailed with him on the steamer were paid off by him at Panama, and he and Miss Elliot took the French steamer at Aspinwall for the West Indies and Europe. The newspapers of San Francisco gave an account of the "tempest in a tea-pot" when the schooner *Chapman* was seized for attempted piracy.

The vigilance of Marshal Rand on this occasion saved the government four millions of dollars. A. P. S.
SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1897.

It is again announced that photography in natural colors is an accomplished fact. The news reaches the public through Sir Henry Wood, secretary of the London Society of Arts, who tested the discovery with other experts at King's College. The inventor is Villedien Chassagne, of Paris. The process is simple. An inexpensive negative is taken on a gelatine plate, which has been heated with a solution of certain salts. The nature of the solutions used is, for the present, kept secret. The negative is developed and fixed in the ordinary way, and when finished looks like any other negative. From it a positive is printed on sensitized paper or a gelatine film, plate, or paper previously treated with the secret solution. The positive looks exactly like an ordinary photographic print and shows no trace of color. It is then washed over with three colored solutions, blue, green and red, and it takes up in succession the appropriate color in the appropriate parts and combinations of colors, giving all the varieties of tint. The general appearance of the picture is that of a colored photograph. Inspected under a high magnifying power, it is seen that the colors follow details in a manner hardly possible for handwork.

There is being tested by the Navy Department a simple and inexpensive device of great value to shipping. The invention consists of a mechanism which envelops the submerged portion of a ship with a film of oil, thus reducing friction and overcoming to a large degree the resistance of the water. It is said for the invention that, applied to any vessel, either steam or sailing, it will increase the speed by at least twenty-five per cent. without augmenting the amount of machinery or the expenditure of fuel. Another and most valuable feature claimed is that it will prevent the growth of barnacles. The inventor also declares that the fatty composition will completely prevent corrosion of hulls. The oil used is crude petroleum.

The latest discovery, or rather latest theory, in science—that of brain waves—was described in the presidential address delivered to the British Society for Psychical Research by Professor William Crookes. He entered, before launching his theory, upon an elaborate calculation as to the vibrations which produce sound and light. Then he applied a similar law to the subject of thought transference, and suggested that it was quite conceivable that the intense thought concentrated by one person upon another, with whom he is in close sympathy, should induce a telepathic chain along which brain waves should go straight to their goal without loss of energy due to distance.

General Miles, commanding the United States army, suggested in his annual report that the numerical strength of the regular army be made and kept at the ratio of one soldier to every two thousand inhabitants of the republic. That proportion would make its numbers at the present time about thirty-five thousand men, which would be a smaller ratio to the population than it was at the time when the army's strength was fixed at twenty-five thousand.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Last Days of Herculaneum.

There was a man,
A Roman soldier, for some daring deed
That trespassed on the laws, in dungeon low
Chained down. His was a noble spirit, rough
But generous, and brave, and kind.
He had a son; it was a rosy boy,
A little, faithful copy of his sire
In face and gesture. From infancy the child
Had been his father's solace and his care.

Every sport
The father shared and heightened. But at length
The rigorous law had grasped him, and condemned
To fetters and to darkness. The captive's lot
He felt in all its bitterness; the walls
Of his deep dungeon answered many a sigh
And heart-heaved groan. His tale was known, and touched
His jailor with compassion; and the boy,
Thenceforth a frequent visitor, beguiled
His father's lingering hours, and brought a halm
With his loved presence that in every wound
Dropped healing.

But in this terrific hour
He was a poisoned arrow in the breast
Where he had been a cure. With earliest morn
Of that first day of darkness and amazement
He came. The iron door was closed—for them
Never to open more! The day, the night,
Dragged slowly by; nor did they know the fate
Impending o'er the city. Well they heard
The pent-up thunders in the earth beneath,
And felt its giddy rocking; and the air
Grew hot at length, and thick; but in his straw
The boy was sleeping; and the father hoped
The earthquake might pass by; nor would he wake
From his sound rest the unfearing child, nor tell
The dangers of their state.

On his low couch
The fettered soldier sank, and, with deep awe,
Listened to the fearful sounds. With upturned eye,
To the great gods he breathed a prayer; then strove
To calm himself and lose in sleep awhile
His useless terrors. But he could not sleep:
His body burned with feverish heat; his chains
Clanked loud, although he moved not; deep in earth
Groaned unimaginable thunders; sounds,
Fearful and ominous, arose and died
Like the sad moanings of November's wind
In the blank midnight. Deepest horror chilled
His blood, that burned before; cold, clammy sweats
Came o'er him; then, anon, a fiery thrill
Shot through his veins. Now on his couch he shrank,
And shivered as in fear; now upright leaped,
As though he heard the battle-trumpet sound
And longed to cope with death. He slept at last—
A troubled, dreamy sleep. Well had he slept
Never to wake more! His hours are few,
But terrible his agony.

Soon the storm
Burst forth; the lightnings glanced; the air
Shook with the thunders. They awoke; they sprang
Amazed upon their feet. The dungeon glowed
A moment as in sunshine, and was dark;
Again, a flood of white flame fills the cell,
Dying away upon the dazzled eye
In darkening, quivering tints, as stunning sound
Dies, throbbing, ringing in the ear. Silence,
And blackest darkness! With intensest awe
The soldier's frame was filled; and many a thought
Of strange foreboding hurried through his mind.
As underneath he felt the fevered earth
Jarring and lifting, and the massive walls
Heard harshly grate and strain; yet knew he not,
While evils undefined and yet to come
Glanced through his thoughts, what deep and cureless wound
Fate had already given.

Where, man of woe!
Where, wretched father! is thy boy? Thou call'st
His name in vain, he can not answer thee—
Loudly the father called upon his child—
No voice replied. Trembling and anxiously
He searched his couch of straw; with headlong haste
Trod round his stunted limits, and, low bent,
Groped darkling on the earth; no child was there.
Again he called; again, at farthest stretch
Of his accursed fetters, till the blood
Seemed hursting from his ears, and from his eyes
Fire flashed, he strained, with arm extended far,
And fingers widely spread, greedy to touch
Though but his idol's garment. Useless toil!
Yet still renewed; still round and round he goes,
And strains, and snatches, and with dreadful cries
Calls on his boy. Mad frenzy fires him now;
He plants against the wall his feet; his chain
Grasps; tugs with giant strength to force away
The deep-driven staple; yells and shrieks with rage;
And, like a desert lion in the snare,
Raging to break his toils, bounds to and fro.

But see! the ground is opening; a blue light
Mounts, gently waving, noiseless; thin and cold
It seems, and like a rainbow-tint, not flame;
But by its lustre, on the earth outstretched,
Behold the lifeless child! His dress is singed;
And o'er his face serene a darkened line
Points out the lightning's track. The father saw,
And all his fury fled; a dead calm fell
That instant on him; speechless, fixed, he stood;
And, with a look that never wandered, gazed
Intensely on the corpse. Those laughing eyes
Were not yet closed; and round those ruby lips
The wonted smile returned.

Silent and pale
The father stands; no tear is in his eye;
The thunders below, but he hears them not;
The ground lifts like a sea—he knows it not;
The strong walls grind and gape; the vaulted roof
Takes shapes like hubbles tossing in the wind.
See! he looks up and smiles; for death to him
Is happiness. Yet, could one last embrace
Be given, 'twere still a sweeter thing to die.

It will be given. Look! how the rolling ground,
At every swell, nearer and still more near,
Moves toward his father's outstretched arms his boy;
Once he has touched his garments; how his eye
Lightens with love, and hope, and anxious fears!
Ha! see! he has him now! he clasps him round,
Kisses his face, puts back the curling locks
That shaded his fine brow; looks in his eyes—
Grasps in his own those little dimpled hands,
Then folds him to his breast, as he was wont
To lie when sleeping, and resigned awaits
Undreaded death.

And death came soon and swift,
And pangsless. The huge pile sank down at once
Into the opening earth. Walls—arches—roof—
And deep foundation-stones—all, mingling, fell!
—Edwin Atherton.

MARION CRAWFORD'S PLAY.

His First Essay at Dramatic Construction a Rank Failure—Why
 "Dr. Claudius" was Laughed at—The Novelist-
 Playwright's Pluck.

Another instance of the lamentable failure of a novelist to adapt his already popular story for presentation on the stage was afforded at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last Monday evening by the production of "Dr. Claudius." The author is a man of such importance in the literary world that you probably already know that it was a dramatization of F. Marion Crawford's novel of the same name, which was published in 1883. You may have heard, also, that the play was a failure. But you can not know how great that failure was, for you did not see it. I did, and words fail me to describe it. The audience was one of the best-natured that I have ever seen. It was made up in great part of literary people, who felt a keen sympathy for the novice and were not inclined to be too hard upon him—perhaps for the reason that they themselves might at some future time wish to make the same experiment. They applauded wherever they could, and even gave the author a curtain-call; but those who had not read the novel were bored to extinction before the evening was over, and when the curtain finally fell, they had only the vaguest idea of what it was all about.

It was as if the curtain had been raised on a number of ladies and gentlemen, respectable ladies and well-educated gentlemen, but with nothing picturesque or dramatic in their make-up. This sort of thing is well enough in a novel, where the author is, so to say, constantly at your elbow with his analyses of his creation's characters and his comments upon their actions. But in a play it is a very different matter. There were but two elements in "Dr. Claudius" which the most lenient critic could call dramatic. These were the love-affair between Dr. Claudius and the countess, and the mystery surrounding Dr. Claudius's identity. Love is always mildly interesting, but it is scarcely sufficient material for a drama when the two persons make love under the iron rule of conventionality that governs modern men and women of the world. The mystery of Dr. Claudius's birth, too, was also wretchedly handled. In a novel a mystery should be maintained to the end, but in a play the audience should early be taken into the author's confidence, their sympathy enlisted on behalf of the hero, and their emotions played upon by his trials and triumphs. It is a fine tribute to the dramatist's art when the excited gallery-god offers for a nickle to come down and "lick" the villain. But no such sentiments were aroused by "Dr. Claudius." As for the dialogue, it was deadly dull. It may be urged that people in real life do not talk in epigrams. But neither do people in real life willingly pay a dollar and a half each to listen to a couple of hours of very ordinary conversation.

"Dr. Claudius" is a play in four acts, "preceded by a prelude," according to the announcement on the programme. In the prologue Dr. Claudius, a tall, lank, blonde-bearded Heidelberg professor, learns that a fortune has been left him in America. In the first act he meets a beautiful countess, widow of a Russian nobleman, and falls in love with her. The next act is laid in New York, where he is betrothed to the countess and insinuations are cast on the genuineness of his claims to be the heir to the estate by one Silas B. Barker, a New York broker. In the third act Dr. Claudius leaves Newport to make his peace with the Czar and to obtain proofs of his identity, and the fourth act sees his triumphal return and is crowned with the portentous announcement that he is a Serene Mightiness of Something which nobody understands and which leaves the audience bewildered but hopeful that everything is all right. They are too listless by this time to care for anything except the fact that the play is over.

The author, as I said, was called before the curtain after the third act, and made a graceful and modest little speech, in which he paid a generous tribute to his collaborator, Mr. Harry St. Maur. This gentleman has figured in a like capacity on several previous occasions. With his genial smile and flowing cape-coat, the Rialto has known him for a period of twenty years, on and off. Judging by the Ouida-esque tang of his name, I should ascribe his advent in the theatrical world to the era when Louise de la Rame's "Granville de Vigne" first dazzled the world. He has generally figured in theatrical affairs as an adaptor, collaborator, stage-manager, or other high functionary in the depletion of an "angel." He even assumed a minor rôle in a play when Selina Dolaro shone for a brief period at the Bijou Opera House. Then he retired to the wilds of Australia, whence he emerged five years ago to assist Mme. Scott-Siddons. He had under his arm a brilliant French play, which was just the thing to show her well-known abilities at their best. When it saw the light of day, it looked very much like a revamped version of Tom Robertson's "Home." Since that time he has been circling in the outer distances, and his light has not penetrated to this village until he managed to fetch Marion Crawford with this scheme of dramatizing "Dr. Claudius."

The actors are not to be blamed for the signal failure of the piece. They struggled with it to the best of their ability, but could not make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. The Holland brothers, Joseph and E. M., come of an old theatrical family, and have both had long training on the stage. You will acknowledge that they must have been pretty poor parts of which such actors could make nothing. W. J. LeMoyné, one of the best actors now on the stage in old men's parts, was cast as Horace Bellingham, who in the novel was modeled on Mr. Crawford's famous uncle, Sam Ward. But on the stage, even in Mr. LeMoyné's hands, he was a prosy old bore. Leo Dietrichstein was another member of the cast from whom I had expected something clever in the way of characterization, but as the Count Nicholas Bareneff, he had absolutely no chance. Eleanor Moretti and Jane Busby, too, were stifled in the stupidity of their lines.

In spite of the harsh criticisms that appeared next day in every paper in town, Mr. Crawford does not intend to retire from the field as a dramatist. In an interview he said that the coldness of the first night was largely due to an accident in the second act, when the countess, in embracing Dr. Claudius, left a patch of face-powder on his shoulder. But a patch of powder is not enough to damn a play. The fact is that the embrace was ridiculous. Like most other incidents in the play, it was not properly worked up to, and was therefore quite unexpected. The effect was as if two people had suddenly stopped and embraced each other effusively on Broadway.

The play is still going on at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. I believe some changes have been made in it. I state this on information and belief. I have not been to see "Dr. Claudius" again, nor do I care to. Once is enough.

NEW YORK, February 5, 1897.

FLANEUR.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

If the bills suggested by the State bureau of highways meet with no more formidable opposition than has assailed them while before the committee, they are likely soon to become laws. The objections advanced against the system of State highways displayed an ignorance of what is proposed that may be discouraging to the advocates of the measure, but should be easily dispelled. One member objected that the particular road that he wanted was not included in the list presented in the bill, overlooking the fact that such roads as were acquired by the State would become State highways, even though they might not be included in the list. The theory is to include all roads in the system which serve more than a local traffic, and to build them at State expense. If the people of Amador want a well-constructed road to Stockton and Sacramento, they will get it more quickly and more cheaply under the State system than without it. He further objected that the people of his county would be taxed nineteen years before they would receive a mile of road. The bill expressly provides that the expenditures are to be divided among the several counties each year. To the objection that all the proposed roads run north and south, it is sufficient to say that the outline of the State makes it necessary that the longer roads should run in this direction. Of the shorter roads sixteen run east and west.

The substitute bill proposed by the sub-committee would simply create a useless and impotent commission. The single commissioner could not cover the State effectually, and he would be without power where he did go. He might advise the county authorities, and they might act on his advice or not as they pleased. Whether or not it is desirable to create a commission depends solely upon the question whether the benefit of the work done by the commission is greater than the cost. A commission of one member could not do work that would be a sufficient return for his salary, however energetic he might be. A commission of three members would more than compensate for the additional salaries, for they could effectually cover the whole State and supervise the work to be done on the State highways in every county. The bill would not take the control of the roads out of the hands of the supervisors, as Mr. Price seems to think. It would supplement their work, but would leave to them jurisdiction over all the local roads. It would give to them an object-lesson in road-building, which would not be superfluous in Sonoma County, to judge by the character of road construction that prevails there at present.

One of the representatives from this city could not see how San Francisco could be benefited by being taxed for the benefit of the farmers. All State taxes are paid for the benefit of the interior as well as of this city; the benefit is divided, and so it would be in the case of State highways. Whatever tends to render communication between the city and the interior cheaper and easier tends to increase business. With increasing prosperity in the interior, San Francisco would have more business and consequently more prosperity. This is all so elementary that it would be unnecessary to say it to anybody, but for the attitude of some members of the legislature. The wheelmen are deeply interested in good roads; here is an opportunity for them to do good work. Education is needed, and they can furnish it if they will coöperate.

An occupation which does not figure in labor statistics, nor in the social economy, at least, of America, is discovered in the following advertisement, which appeared in the *Blackpool Times*, an English newspaper, in the last days of 1896: "Young man, of dark complexion, is prepared to 'let in the New Year' at any house in Blackpool between twelve and nine A. M., at two shillings each without refreshment." The explanation of this cryptic notice lies, it seems, in a local superstition that the first visitor to a house in the new year, if he happens to be of a dark complexion, brings it good luck.

The reelection of Melville E. Stone to the presidency of the Globe National Bank of Chicago is evidence that he has become as successful a bank president as he was newspaper editor, and that his work as general manager of the Associated Press does not occupy all his time. Ten years ago Mr. Stone was the clever editor of a newspaper that he had lifted out of the mire and established on a firm foundation. Later he became known as Eugene Field's Mæcenas.

The president of the Germania Insurance Bank of Louisville died recently in sole possession of the combination to the reserve vault which contained the bank's two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar gold reserve. The efforts of the bank officials were fruitless, and experts, unable to hit the combination, were obliged to bore into the lock. It took ten hours' work to get at the money.

The United States and Germany are the only great powers that have no postal savings banks.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland enjoyed her first state ball on New-Year's Day. Her partner in her first official dance was M. de Struve, the Russian ambassador, formerly minister to Washington.

Ex-King Milan and Queen Natalie of Serbia have arranged to live peaceably together for a time to enable King Alexander to appear with some pretense to decency as a suitor for the hand of a princess.

King Humbert of Italy is the most heavily insured man in the world. The amount of insurance he carries is over seven million five hundred thousand dollars. The late Czar, Alexander the Third, was insured for five millions of dollars.

The late Alfred Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, was an author as well as a distinguished engineer. Some of his English poems are said to rise to a very high plane. Shortly before his death he wrote in Swedish a drama, "Beatrice Cenci."

Queen Victoria, in her long life, has traveled very little abroad. She has never been in Russia, Denmark, Austria, Sweden, Norway, Spain, or Greece. She has never yet set eyes on any of her colonies, or upon any part of Asia, Africa, or America.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts heads the list in a vote for the most popular woman in England outside of the royal family, just taken by a London newspaper. Ellen Terry and Adeline Patti come next, followed by the Countess of Warwick and Lady Henry Somerset.

Major McKinley will, at the time of his inauguration, be fifty-four years of age. Nine Presidents entered the White House at an earlier age: Grant at forty-seven, Cleveland at forty-eight, Garfield and Pierce at forty-nine, Polk at fifty, Fillmore at fifty, Tyler and Arthur at fifty-one, and Lincoln at fifty-two.

August Belmont will hereafter race his horses under his own name. His stable has heretofore been known as the "Belmont Stable." "Belmont" was the nickname that the members of the Hasty Pudding Club gave Mr. Belmont while he was at college. It is formed by transposing the letters in his name.

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand is one of the crack shots of Europe. He shoots with smokeless powder, handles his weapon very rapidly, and is recently credited with having killed over four hundred and eighty bead of game in an hour and a half. To perform this feat he kept three loaders constantly employed.

Though Mr. Gladstone no longer sits in the House, permanent records of him remain on the two brass-bound oaken dispatch-boxes which always stand on the table which divides the two front benches. Both of these bear indentations caused by Mr. Gladstone's signet ring, when, alike in office and opposition, he brought down his clenched fist with tremendous force on one box or the other.

Count Mouravieff, who has just been appointed by the Czar as minister of foreign affairs, can hardly be looked upon as a friend of Germany. It was during his sojourn in Emperor William's capital that he lost his lovely wife, not by death, but by betrayal. The culprit was Count Henckel von Donnersmark, with whom she eloped and to whom she has since been married.

A. J. McLaurin is now governor of Mississippi, Sylvester McLaurin is district attorney, Dr. McLaurin is prominently connected with the State board of health, R. L. McLaurin controls the levee system of the State, Walter McLaurin is warden of the penitentiary, W. K. McLaurin is district judge of the Vicksburg circuit, Wallace McLaurin is inspector of minerals of Idaho, and Sydney McLaurin, the youngest, is private secretary to the governor. These eight brothers have had complete control of Mississippi politics for the last ten years.

M. Gaston Tissandier has retired from the editorship of *La Nature*, the scientific weekly founded by him in 1873 in Paris. M. Tissandier is, perhaps, best known as an ardent balloonist. In 1875 he made an ascension from La Villette, near Paris, in company with Croce-Spinelli and Sivel. At the height of twenty-six thousand one hundred and sixty feet M. Croce-Spinelli threw out bags of ballast and the balloon shot up to a vast height. Before they reached the earth, M. Croce-Spinelli and Sivel were dead of suffocation, but M. Tissandier recovered.

In 1893 a customer of Lyman J. Gage's bank asked for a loan of two hundred thousand dollars. Mr. Gage asked him what he wanted the money for. The customer replied that certain street railway stocks were greatly depressed and could be bought cheap, with a chance for a big profit. In answer, Mr. Gage said, substantially: "All the money that this bank has is needed for customers who need the money. I will advance to any solvent customer all that he requires to tide him over this crisis, but I will not loan to any customer money to be used in speculation, however sure the profit."

The recent sale of the Vulture Mine, in Arizona, to secure a loan of twenty-four thousand dollars, marks about the last that will be public of Horace A. W. Tabor, once senator from Colorado. At one time he was worth many millions of dollars, and from this one mine of his over ten millions of dollars in gold ore were taken. Tabor was lavish, extravagant, and foolish in his days of prosperity, reckless in his latter-day investments, and is supposed to have paid an enormous price for his thirty days' service in the United States Senate. To-day, ex-Senator Tabor is again delving in the earth, hoping to find another fortune in the way in which he found his first one. But for the flashily magnificent Tabor Opera House, in Denver, there is nothing left to remind one of his princely life.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Clean Problem Novel.

"The Career of Candida," by George Paston, describes the evolution of a revolutionary young woman who begins an independent course at the age of eight by refusing to say her prayers. She declares, "Well, I'm not going to pray any more, because I don't get what I pray for." She is reared like a boy, and possesses a disregard for foolish conventions and a clever tongue that is as bracing as a plunge into cold water.

She never suppresses a good impulse, and being a modern Diana and an accomplished teacher of physical culture, is prepared to use brute force if necessary in defense of the weak. Overmastered by her feeling, she wins an unsuitable husband, and the man she ought to have married weds her friend. She passes through experiences and temptations that try her fine soul with fire.

The relations of men and women are treated with a fine seriousness of purpose in a manner that is free from the slightest trace of impurity. The style is sprightly, with a crisp sparkling of wit. It is not possible to cavil at an honesty that is so normal in purpose and so restrained in treatment as to disarm criticism.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

A Study of Youthful Criminals.

One of the most interesting books resulting from modern scientific investigation in criminology is "Juvenile Offenders," by W. Douglas Morrison, the author of "Crime and its Causes" and other works in this field, and editor of the Criminology Series, in which this latest work has just appeared.

The author divides the subject into two parts, discussing the conditions of juvenile crime in the first and its treatment in the second. His introductory chapters are on the extent and distribution of juvenile crime. Next he takes up the influence of sex and age, physical and mental condition, hereditary influences, and the economic conditions in which the young offenders exist. The effect of sex on crime among the objects of his study is shown by the fact that eighty-five per cent. of the habitual offenders under sixteen are males and fifteen per cent. are females. The accident of sex makes it five or six times more likely that a boy will become a criminal than that a girl will. As to physical condition, the industrial school-boys of the age of fourteen studied by the British Association in 1883 were nearly seven inches shorter of stature and nearly twenty-five pounds lighter in weight than lads of the same age in the general population. The mental inheritance of most juvenile offenders is poor. Most of the parents are either mentally or morally unqualified for parenthood.

The second portion of the book is devoted to the treatment of juvenile crime under the various heads of admonition, fining, corporal punishment, imprisonment, and corrective institutions. Mr. Morrison is particularly opposed to the system of imprisonment, holding that it fails not only to reform offenders, but, in the case of the less hardened criminals, and especially of first offenders, it has a strong demoralizing effect.

Mr. Morrison has been comprehensive, careful, and systematic in marshaling his facts and drawing his deductions. He shows that the juvenile delinquent is a perversion from the normal, and rightly claims that the immature and inexperienced have a stronger claim upon our consideration than has the habitual offender.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Love in a Circus.

"Mademoiselle Blanche," by John D. Barry, is the love-story of a young Parisian. While a casual spectator at the circus in which he has always taken a boyish delight, the hero is fascinated by the daring leap of a beautiful young acrobat. Her performance captures his imagination, and he seeks her acquaintance. He finds "Mademoiselle Blanche" an exception to the rough and vulgar people around her, and his admiration ripens into love. Marriage follows, and the pair look forward to a life of conjugal happiness.

After the birth of her child, the mother finds her nerve has departed, and with it the ability to resume her thrilling plunge. As the wife ceases to be a bread-winner, her husband allows his affections to wander, and in order to win him from a rival, she resumes her old life. The story is quickly brought to a climax, which is sustained to the last line.

Published by Stone & Kimball, New York; price, \$1.50.

The Kailyard Novelists Scotched.

The Kailyard school of novelists has received a severe reproof from what may be termed experts in their dialect, the Scottish Text Society. James Payn has pointed out that no man ever writes in dialect who is not found fault with by his neighbors (whether literary or otherwise) for so doing. The book may be a good book, they say, "so far as they know" (a phrase of doubtful compliment), but as for the language in which it is written, it has no existence; they have lived within a mile of the writer, but have never heard it spoken, and should not have understood it if they had. It is amazing, Mr. Payn thinks, how, with

this universal testimony against them, novelists should continue to write in local dialect. It is possible they think there is something humorous in it, but this is an error. It has, however, a certain popularity similar to that which the dead languages possess with those who have a superficial acquaintance with them; the intelligence of the reader is flattered at obtaining glimpses of its meaning, and they are willing to think that there is more behind. In addition to the undoubted merit of a Kailyard novel, there is, therefore, a flavor of information in it, a sense that one has learnt something, though it may not be of much consequence—which is, indeed, the secret of success of some other novels of a more "stodgy" kind. But the real masters of the dialect, the men who publish books upon it, have now denounced the dialect of modern Scotch fiction as "gutter Scotch." If they are right, here is a pretty state of things! Attracted by the genius of these story-tellers, we have forgiven them their terrible language, and even, with the help of a glossary, acquired some of it for ourselves, under the impression that we were improving our minds; and now, it seems, we have been only learning gutter Scotch!

The Laureate Breaks Silence.

Alfred Austin, the British poet laureate, is about to issue a new book of poems, in which he addresses the following lines to a person who rebuked him for his long silence:

"When suddenly from far-off source,
Unseen, unsounding, deep, immense,
Something, with swift resistless force,
Flushes the breast and floods the sense,

"And as though Heaven and Earth did drain
Into that deep mysterious spring,
Brims all the windings of the brain;
Then like replenished stream I sing:

"The will can not the stream control,
Its currents are divinely sent,
And thought and feeling, mind and soul
Are rapt in rhythmic ravishment."

In conclusion the poet remarks that there are times "when fancy's freshets will not come."

One of the poems deals with the conversion of a dissenter to the Church of Rome. This dissenter, Winckelmann, wants to study art in Rome, but Rome will not have him unless he be one in spirit with her, so first he must cut himself off from the old bringing-up of his Lutheran cobbler father. The divinities of Papal Rome, once they have driven their bargain, are willing to give this poor art connoisseur all that he desires in the way of opportunities for study and encouragement. He runs over all the thousand and one things which the new faith will demand, coming at last to the confessional:

"With nothing to confess—for truly I
Am not adulterer, murderer, backbiter,
And any day as lief eat fish as flesh—
And so 'tis plain with nothing to confess
Save the one sin I never could confess,
The sin of sins that overtops the rest
And dwarfs them into virtues! Comedy,
With still the mask on! Peter's self could not
Absolve for such transgression."

But his decision may not be delayed, and when he is summoned for an answer he gives it boldly:

"There's nothing under Heaven I won't believe,
I'd sooner be a priest of Cybele
'Than bide imbruted here!"

When next we meet Winckelmann, he is reveling to his heart's content in the treasures of Greece and Rome.

But he is doomed to be a martyr, for while traveling to rifle other places of art treasures, he is stabbed by a man who thirsts for a wonderful gem which the convert intends taking home to his patron. Winckelmann now is tolerant. He would have his assassin let go, because he thinks that a man who coveted that particular treasure must surely be another art connoisseur in embryo:

"He hath an eye, 'tis sure,
For hand of Hellas; otherwise he ne'er
Had plunged his knife so deep into my breast
When I withheld the gem. I clung to it
As though salvation hung upon my grasp.
And so I die a martyr—after all!
But to which Heaven? Olympus? Paradise?
That seems not now so clear as once it did."

There is no mist upon Death's mirror now,
Wherein I see my life reflected clear.
Blurred and refracted hitherto. By what?
By love of Beauty? That can hardly be;
For Beauty is the soul of all things good.
Which Beauty, though? Is there, then, more than
one?

I know my father was an honest man.
He would not call me so; and honesty
Is Beauty, after all."

And so, getting as confused in his sophistry as any Hamlet, he dies and goes to Heaven—so says the monk who waits on him—his worst sin, that he has loved

"Chaste marble in cool corridors. If that
Be sin, it is my only one, and I
Can scarce repent of it."

The Negro Poet.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the young negro poet, is to go to London this spring and give readings there from his works. It is proposed to introduce him first as a drawing-room reader, and from the interest taken in England in people of Dunbar's race, he should be highly successful. His own talents (says the *New York Sun*), as a reader are of a high quality.

Young Dunbar is very black, and his heavy, rimmed spectacles, through which he stares amiably

at the world, give him a very solemn look. We have already told of his life in Ohio as an elevator-boy in a public building, a place which he held until a short time ago. He is about twenty-seven now, and first began to write in 1893. Shortly afterward he published a small volume of verse, and his reputation now is no more than two years old. It was during his last visit to New York that he received two hundred dollars from his publishers. Dunbar had never previously had so much money at one time. Now he has given up his employment as an elevator-boy, and will next spring be reading his poems in London drawing-rooms.

Dogs.

Sea-dogs, country dogs, old dogs and young dogs, heroic dogs, wise dogs, stray dogs, and all sorts and conditions of dogs are immortalized in "Boss and Other Dogs," by Maria Louise Pool.

It is quite an exceptional little book. Each story has a touch of nature, real human nature, and sometimes the dog is only the link that binds two lovers together—or the barrier that keeps them apart.

The tales are of simple folk, homely little stories with a touch of the sweetness of love in them, and faith, and sacrifice, and other qualities that even dogs sometimes possess or appreciate.

Published by Stone & Kimball, New York; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

The latest issue of Elbert Hubbard's Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Women is "Madame Guyon." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 10 cents.

"The Show Lion," and other dramatic poems, readings, and sketches, by Cora E. Chase, has been published by the Artistic Life Publishing Company, Oakland; price, 50 cents.

"The Story of the Chosen People," by H. A. Guerber, and "Our Little Book for Little Folks," arranged by W. E. Crosby, have been issued by the American Book Company, New York; price 60 and 30 cents respectively.

Anthony Hope's new novel, "Phroso," narrating the adventures of a young Englishman who purchases a Greek island and has a lively time in consequence of the opposition of the natives to his proprietorship, which was reviewed at length in the *Argonaut* a few weeks ago, has been published in book-form by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.75.

"Lady Bramber's Ghost" lives in an apartment on one hundred pounds a year. He smokes opium, believes in Jaeger woolens, and produces celebrated plays for which others reap the glory—for one hundred pounds a year. Altogether, he is very versatile for a ghost. The story is readable, and the author, Charles Carrington, can certainly lay claim to originality. Published by Stone & Kimball, New York; price, \$1.25.

Although Miss Travers's style, as it appears in "Fellow Travelers," has a distinctly medical flavor, and she is fond of doctors and consumption, she has good literary insight, and her characters are strongly marked. They have the vigor of naturalness, and in addition to her power to sustain interest, there is an unobtrusive undercurrent which tends upward—a plea for moral purpose that never declines into priggishness. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Gulliver's Travels into Several Remote Nations of the World," the old and ever-popular satire with which Jonathan Swift entertained the world and made sport of the politics of his time, has been issued in the library of Temple Classics in the neat, pocket-size form, with flexible covers, affected for that series. The book, besides containing a frontispiece engraving of Captain Lemuel Gulliver and many vignettes, is illustrated with quaint maps to establish further the dean's reputation for veracity. Published by J. M. Dent & Co., London (the Macmillan Company, New York); price, 50 cents.

"The Story of Extinct Civilizations of the East," by Robert E. Anderson, has been issued in the Library of Useful Stories. After a brief introduction to the subject, the author discusses the origin and races of mankind, Chaldea and Babylonia, ancient Egypt, the Hittites, Phoenicians, and Hebrews, the Arabs, and ancient Persia. The illustrations comprise a photograph of the Moabite stone, various hieroglyphic and cuneiform inscriptions, and a few maps. An elaborate index is given. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 40 cents.

It is not surprising that "Why we Punctuate; or, Reason versus Rule in the Use of Marks" was written "by a Journalist." There are few subjects on which there is such wide disagreement among intelligent men, and the treatment of it in the books is entirely inadequate. How extensive is this journalist's treatment of the subject may be inferred from the fact that the hand-book of Mr. Bigelow, generally considered the standard, contains in its treatment of the comma, the semi-colon, the colon, and the period less matter than is contained in ten pages of the present book, which numbers one hundred and fifty-eight pages and is indexed. Published by the Lanct Publishing Company, St. Paul and Minneapolis; price, \$1.00.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Black's Reminiscences of Carlyle.

(William Black, the English novelist, recently contributed an article reminiscent of Thomas Carlyle to *Good Words*, from which we extract the following passages):

In a somewhat shabbily furnished room (but on the walls there was a large copy of the Berlin picture of Frederick the Great dressed as a drummer-boy, and on the table a number of Frederick's snuff-boxes were strewn about) in a dingy little street in Chelsea, an old man, worn and tired and bent, with deeply lined, ascetic features, a firm under-jaw, tufted gray hair and tufted gray and white beard, and sunken and unutterably sorrowful eyes, returned from the fireplace, where with trembling fingers he had been lighting his long clay pipe, and resumed his seat in front of the reading-desk.

"I do not think," he was saying, in an absent kind of way, "that I shall see Scotland again. To me it has become a sad and strange and solemn country, now that all my kinsfolk and friends are gone. And then there is the fatigue of the long journey, and the noise and the sleeplessness make traveling almost impossible for me. As it is, I suffer a great deal of physical misery and also of mental gloom."

But presently he had resumed in a lighter strain: "I well remember my first voyage to Glasgow. I was early on deck, and I found that all around me was no atmosphere, nothing that could be called an atmosphere, but just a vast immensity of smoke and yellow vapor, and through the yellow vapor there pulsed an extraordinary light—a red glare that flashed up and across the skies, as if the whole world were in conflagration. I turned and asked the man at the wheel what it meant. 'Dixon's Iron Works,' said he. This Dixon family were of enormous wealth, according to popular repute; and yet there was a wild story of one of them, supposed to be worth nine millions, being suddenly confronted with the question whether he was worth nine pence—a story that gave rise to much talk and foolish wonder at the time. Doubtless, he has long ere now gone down to Erebus and Nox. . . . The Glasgow merchants seemed to me a shrewd, well-to-do, plain, kindly, and hospitable folk, but their wives—I can not recollect having ever taken notice of women's dress before—but I thought when I saw them in the streets that their gowns were just a little extravagant—a little marked and extravagant. . . .

The pipe is laid aside; an afternoon stroll is proposed; and the old man suggests that the window should be opened to let in the fresh air and let out the tobacco smoke. His visitor would fain perform this little office for him; but no. With a gentle, old-fashioned courtesy one seldom encounters nowadays, the offer is declined, though the trembling hands find difficulty with the sash. But eventually the window is raised. Then he goes off to exchange his gray woolen dressing-gown for the cloak and slouched hat familiar to Chelsea thoroughfares; and in a few minutes the house in Cheyne Row is left behind.

Now, in endeavoring to place on paper a few of Carlyle's *obiter dicta*, it is impossible to convey to the reader how immeasurably they lose in the process. Carlyle did not talk Scotch—not any dialect of it; but he spoke with a strong South-of-Scotland insistence of emphasis; then he had a fine abundance of picturesque phraseology; and, above all, he liked to wind up a sentence with something—a wild exaggeration, it might be, or a sardonic paradox, or a scornful taunt—but, anyhow, with something that sounded like the crack of a whip. It was rather startling to be asked, as a preliminary inquiry as to what was afoot in the literary world:

"Is that young man—still going about vomiting forth blasphemy and the fires of Tophet?"

One was happy to be able to assure him that the young man—was not doing anything of the kind; that, on the contrary, he was fast winning his way to a proud and honored position in the very front rank of English poets.

But it was different when he came to talk of Tennyson; for he had somehow formed the impression that Tennyson was being ousted from his throne by the younger men, and this appeared greatly to concern him. It was a difficult matter to convince him that the "banjo Byrons" had not displaced Tennyson from the affections of the English people; and then, of course, the irrefragable argument—an appeal to Tennyson's publishers—could not be mentioned; for in these days to say of a man that his books are bought by the public is to convict him (at least the whippersnappers of criticism appear to think so) of having sinned the unforgivable sin. How this delusion about Tennyson's waning popularity got implanted in Carlyle's mind, it is hard to say.

About certain novelists: "There's that woman they call Miss—, and there's that other woman who calls herself—; God forbid that I should read their trash; but if what I am told of it be true, then when they go before Rhadamanthus, I should think their sentence would be forty stripes, save one."

About Disraeli: "There's that man Disraeli. They tell me he is a good speaker. Perhaps I do not know what a good speaker is. But I read a speech of his that he delivered at Glasgow a year or two ago, and it appeared to me the greatest jargon of nonsense that ever got into any poor creature's head."

Nevertheless, he was not always grumbling and growling.

"This Chelsea Embankment now is about the cheerfulest place I know of; the brightness and general liveliness of it; the river flowing and shining; those small eager steamers puffing on their way, and carrying their loads; the open sky; the trees; the people walking up and down, to breathe the fresh air; the nurse-maids and the perambulators and the children—the young generation coming on; even those brats o' laddies"—

But at this point one of the "brats o' laddies" got a swift surprise. He had been twirling himself round the iron rail overlooking the Thames and threatening every moment to pitch himself into the stream, when, of a sudden, he was gripped by the scruff of the neck and hauled on to the pavement.

"You young rascal, do ye want to throw yourself into the water?"

That tatterdemalion, if he is alive, must now be a man of five-and-twenty; one wonders where he is, and whether he knows that in his youth he got a friendly word (and grip) from the greatest man of letters of the nineteenth century.

Carlyle's personal experience of Germany seemed to have been distinctly disappointing; and although he did not expressly say so, one somehow gathered that the chief reason was a conclusion he had formed that the Germans did not properly appreciate Goethe. "The most notable man in literature for two hundred years. . . . The one man who has shown us what Christianity might be without the husks and cloaks that have been heaped upon it. . . . But there is no real religion at the present day. And the man or the nation that has no religion will come to nothing."

It was a matter of keen regret to him that he had never seen Goethe face to face.

"Thackeray's recollection of Goethe was vague and inaccurate; Thackeray had a confused memory of Goethe's being a dark man."

And then, as the conversation wandered on to other German authors and when one was challenged to say which of them one had the greatest affection for, there was nothing possible but an honest answer, though it was easily to be foreseen that it would prove the letting in of waters. And it did. It proved to be the letting in of many waters. For the next quarter of an hour poor Heine had a bad time of it:

"That slimy and greasy Jew, fit only to eat sausages made of toads."

Thunders and lightnings raged about the head of poor Heinrich, and struck out at all his race as well—"no real fun in the Jews—a cynical grin—no honest laughter."

But at last the dispensation of wrath came to an end.

"After all, let us remember that he wrote 'The Lorelei.' And there was good-humor in his satire of Börne."

This mention of "The Lorelei" in mitigation of punishment was somewhat remarkable. Mr. Allingham, an old friend and frequent companion of Carlyle, assured me that he (Carlyle) had no sense whatever of the magic of lyrical poetry, while he had unmistakably a magnificent disdain for anything, whether in art or literature, that he could not personally appreciate. He had himself tried verse-making; and conspicuously he did not succeed, and ever thereafter he kept repeating: "If you have anything to say, say it; why sing it?"

Thereafter the talk was of a more private and personal nature, for this man appeared to have the kindest and humanest interest in the family relationships and circumstances of any one he might chance to be talking to, however unimportant; and, more than that, he had frank words of sympathy and encouragement for literary aims and ambitions that must to him, at his age, have seemed trivial enough. "I wish you well," he said, in earnest tones, at the parting of our ways. One could not help lingering for a moment or two regarding that solitary and pathetic figure as it passed away along the gray pavement. I saw him no more.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A prize of fifteen dollars' worth of books is offered by the *Critic* to the person who shall send in "the best list of twelve short stories of American authorship," none to exceed fifteen thousand words in length, before March 30th.

A novel which the Messrs. Appleton will soon bring out is "The Beautiful Miss Brooke," by "Z. Z." a brother of Zangwill.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce as ready for publication:

Henry James's novel, "The Spoils of Poynton"; Professor J. M. Hoppin's "Greek Art on Greek Soil"; Miss Caroline H. Ingersoll's "Immortality of Man"; "The Liquor Problem in its Legislative Aspect"; Mrs. Helen Choate Prince's "Transatlantic Chatelaine"; George S. Merriam's "The Chief End of Man"; and the complete "Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell."

Mr. McClure says that he paid Kipling twice as much for the serial rights of "Captains Courageous" as Stevenson's "St. Ives" cost McClure's and the *Pall Mall* together.

France's senate, which sits in the Luxemburg Palace, has struck against having any more statues of bald-headed poets set up in the Luxemburg gardens. It draws the line at the hairless Paul Verlaine, the last poets honored, Théodore de Banville,

Henri Murger, and Leconte de Lisle, being also bald.

New novels announced in the Appletons' Town and Country Library are "Tatterly, the Story of a Dead Man," by T. Gallon; "Arrested," by Esme Stuart; "Marietta's Marriage," by the industrious W. E. Norris.

The erroneous reports of the loss of Stephen Crane's life at the time of the shipwreck of the Cuban filibusters occasioned great solicitude in England. The London *Chronicle* spoke of him as "the one young writer of genius that America possesses"—a most flattering tribute, coming on the very heels of Dr. Nicoll's regret that he found no young writers of consequence in "the States." The *Chronicle* ranks the "Red Badge of Courage" with Tolstoy's "Sebastopol."

A new volume of short stories by Mrs. Margaret Deland has a place on Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s February list. In March they will issue Mrs. G. P. Lathrop's "Memories of Hawthorne," which have appeared in the *Atlantic*, and a new collection of short stories by Blanche Willis Howard. Mrs. Catherwood, also, is down for two books in March.

Mr. and Mrs. Crackanthorpe have requested the London newspapers to make this statement:

"According to the medical evidence, there is no doubt that Hubert Crackanthorpe met with his death on the evening of November 5th. He had been with his mother until eleven-thirty that evening, when he went for a walk, and was last seen at eleven-fifty p. m. on the Quai Voltaire, within three hundred yards of which place his body was found seven weeks later. For the last two months of his life he was living in Paris; during that period he never left it for a single day, and the circumstances of every day of his life there are said to be perfectly well known to his family."

Edwin A. Abbey, the American artist, says that just before Du Maurier wrote "Tribly," he had fallen into disfavor in the *Punch* office, and his drawings had actually been omitted from "Punch's Almanac." This depressed him greatly, as his eyesight was failing him. The enormous success of "Tribly" changed everything.

"The Transatlantic Chatelaine" is the title of the new novel just completed by Mrs. Prince, the author of the successful book, "The Story of Christine Rochefort." Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will bring out the new story, the scene of which is laid partly in France and partly in America.

The Messrs. Appleton have in preparation "In Joyful Russia," by John A. Logan, Jr., which will be profusely illustrated, with some of the views closely related to the recent coronation.

The other day some one asked Zola if he intended "doing" London. No, he had no such intention. But if he ever did attempt a novel of London, it would really be a novel of the Thames. The great stream is the life and expression of the metropolis, he says.

A much-needed book is soon to be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., in the shape of the "Cambridge Lowell." All the poems of James Russell Lowell will be included in this single volume, which will be further enriched by notes, indexes, a biographical sketch, a portrait, and a view of Elmwood.

The table of contents of the February *Forum* is as follows:

"Future of the Democratic Organization," by Senator David B. Hill; "The Present and Future of Cuba," by Fidel G. Pierra, Chairman of the Cuban Press Delegation; "Evils to be Remedied in Our Consular Service," by Hon. William Woodville Rockhill, Assistant Secretary of State; "Ladies' Clubs in London," by Alice Zimmerman; "The Results of Cardinal Satolli's Mission," by Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn; "Economy of Time in Teaching," by Dr. J. M. Rice; "Speedy Financial and Currency Reform Imperative," by Hon. Charles N. Fowler; "The Cure for a Vicious Monetary System," by Senator W. A. Peffer; "Poe's Opinion of 'The Raven,'" by Joel Benton; "The Criminal in the Open," by Josiah Flynt; and "The New Memoirs of Edward Gibbon," by Frederic Harrison.

A large number of drawings from the late George du Maurier's pencil are said to be in the possession of *Punch*, and they will be brought out at intervals.

One of the equipments of the new complete edition of Bret Harte which Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have in hand is a glossary of Westernisms and Spanish and mining terms. The preface that is to accompany it says:

"The compiler found in an English glossary of the present volumes the grave explanation that the phrase, 'banding in one's checks,' referred to the change from the checked shirt of the frontier to the white shirt of civilization when the stranger came home."

Besides the glossary, the new edition is to have a dictionary, like the well-known Dickens dictionary.

Professor Max Müller's "Contributions to the Science of Mythology" will be brought out in two volumes this month or next. It fills out the trilogy upon which the professor has been engaged for many years. The other volumes are his "Science of Language" and "Science of Religion."

The Forum

FEBRUARY, 1897.

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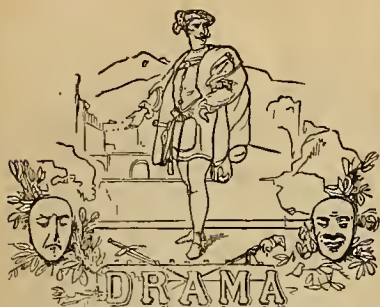
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We have been disporting ourselves this week in the Bowery and ancient Rome. We have listened to the figurative and abbreviated lingo of Chimmie Fadden and to the sonorous periods of savage barbarians in gold armor. We have seen how the simple, untutored child of Mulberry Bend and the Five Points comports himself in his own element and that into which Fate lifts him, and we have seen how gladiators hacked each other in the arena and in what a loquacious and lordly manner they revolved against Rome.

If it weren't for Mrs. Murphy, the Bowery would be rather dull. Chimmie, and Miss Fannie, and His Whiskers, and the Duchess, and Mr. Burton live better in the book than on the stage. Indeed, it is a pity to destroy attractive mind-pictures by making them conventional stage-pictures. Management and actor have done their best to make these figures come up to the standard that the book created. They have evidently hunted about, as the "Tribby" company hunted, to get players that would be as similar as possible to the characters that Mr. Townsend brought to life.

With the best intentions in the world, however, they have not succeeded in making a life-like play from an intensely life-like book. "There is the Duchess, who is pert and vivacious and has a captivating manner and a French accent bristling with r's—she is not one's idea of the book Duchess, that perky young woman who had all the attractive *diablerie* of her native land and of the conventional soubrette maid. Miss Fanny was rather better. She decorated the part with a pair of handsome shoulders, and when she refused Mr. Paul, shed a few pearly tears to show that she had some likeness to the Miss Fannie whose gentle charm was so daintily indicated in the book. As for His Whiskers, he had such a remarkable wealth of voice and used it with such a chromatic effect that you could not think of anything else while he was on the stage. It is a curious habit of actors that when they are portraying members of the American aristocracy, they find it necessary to drop their voices one octave. The higher up you get in the social scale, the lower down the voice goes. His Whiskers was a tall man, and his voice seemed to be rolling through subterranean caverns before it reached the light.

Chimmie himself has broadened since we read him, and grown a trifle older. His age is all right, but he is a little too fat to be quite the old friend we expected to find. He has added a tenor voice to his accomplishments, and when things dragged he sang songs of his own composition. He is at his best in the neat suit of a Buttons that they put him into when His Whiskers took him up. This part of the play is by far the best, and the scene of the inquiry anent the burglary is very amusing and quite a little transcript from real life. The Bowery scenes are not so interesting. Bowery scenes have to be very well done, these days, for Harrigan has taught us to expect a high standard. It was in this part that the play showed the work of an amateur hand. The second act, with its quantity of characters and its series of tête-à-têtes, was badly arranged. To have two people discoursing in the front of the stage, while the background is filled with indifferent lookers-on who try to pretend they are not listening, is clumsy stagecraft. The whole second act was filled with this sort of dialogue, everybody retiring in turn to leave a clear space for the two who had the floor.

Two characters make "Chimmie Fadden" a piece worth sitting through. These are Mrs. Murphy and Mr. Paul. Mrs. Murphy is made by Miss Bates, Mr. Paul is made by Mr. Townsend. To Miss Bates is due all the credit for an exquisitely humorous creation of a drunken old Irishwoman—one of those perfect creations which by their exact truthfulness, their artistic realism, never offend, no matter how degraded the subject, and stay in the mind with the clear freshness of actual things. Mrs. Murphy has a place in the gallery of stage realities beside Harrison's Reilly and Old Lavender. The characterization is so deliciously true that only a player possessed by the genius of humor could have executed it.

Mr. Paul, on the other hand, is the creature of Mr. Townsend's fancy. He is a man's man, well drawn and presented. Mr. Nash acts him cleverly, but he has only had to read the play-book to see what manner of man Mr. Paul was meant to be. The study is so clean-cut, so brisk and forceful, that it argues well for Mr. Townsend's capacity to make a play of real people, not dummies called by names that the public like. All Mr. Paul's dialogue is good—the natural mode of expression of a natural kind of man. The fact that he was real—he and Mrs. Murphy dividing this honor—caught the attention of the audience directly, and, without stopping to inquire why, they decided that Mr. Paul was a first-

rate fellow, very much to their taste. Even his bibulous tendencies pleased them, not because the man with a perpetual thirst is always the darling of the public, but because it was the natural outcome of Mr. Paul's epicurean philosophy. It is always the Mr. Pauls who wash the sorrows off their broken hearts with champagne.

Instead of champagne, gore flowed at the Baldwin. Rivers of it ran on every side, and when it became a drug in the market, those numerous barbarians that required killing were crucified. "Spartacus" is about the most bloody play on the list. It was written for Forrest, that "vast animal bewildered by a spark of genius," as some one has said of him, and we may imagine how he rampaged and bellowed through it. McCullough played it, with all the majesty of his noble personality and the sonority of his musical voice. Now it has been revived by Mr. James, almost the only actor left who preserves the tradition of the tragical-heroic drama.

Really, however, "Spartacus" belongs to the dead. It is like "Ingomar" and "Douglas," a survival of the past. In its day it was a great play, though even then it was inspired by the tradition of tragedy as understood in the times of Garrick. Little Davy played quantities of such pieces, full of heroics and streaming with gore. They were generally laid in strange countries, like Arabia and China, and the hero, who always died after having passed through seventy fights, like Horatius, signified his dignified character by wearing plumes of feathers in his head—the more of a personage he was, the higher the feathers. Spartacus, with his kingly sentiments and his pompous periods, belongs to the same order of being. Like Addison's "Cato," the whole play revolves about the hero, not as a doer of deeds but as a speaker of fine speeches. They are examples of the old style of "literary play." Their authors worked and polished the language of their heroes, and let their actions take care of themselves.

In "Virginius" the same fashion was adhered to, but "Virginius" was built on a story that no fine writing could mar. "Spartacus," on the contrary, is raised on an inadequate plot. The opening—which is dramatic in the extreme, with its gloomy query, "How many thousand leagues from here to Thrace?"—is really a splendid preface to a weak story. After the recognition in the arena, the interest in the embroglio is over. The rest of the play is merely a series of war-like pictures, with little or no connection. The attempt at the end to bring things to a concentrated climax by the murder of Sonora and her child, loses all its power by the fact that it is merely described by Phasarius, not enacted under the eyes of the audience.

All that could be done to inject life into this relic of a heroic past has been done by Mr. James and his company. The piece is excellently staged and splendidly costumed. To the credit of the players be it said, they spoke the bombastic language that Dr. Bird thought the correct thing for barbarians, with dignity and a rolling sort of rhythm. But what a rhetorical crowd they were! They could not make the simplest remark without adorning it with flowers of speech, and no one ever addressed another without prefixing several explanatory adjectives to his *vis-à-vis*'s name. "Thou fierce and hendish man" was a mild way of designating Spartacus.

It is desirable to give some credit to the young man who bearded the lion in his den with these two daring adjectives, but unfortunately one is debarred by the fact that it has been impossible to find out his name. The appellations of barbarians and Romans were so much alike that in the general *mélée* it was very confusing to decide who was who. The best way to designate the young man referred to is as "Julia's lover." He declaimed his silted lines without self-consciousness and bore himself with a real, manly dignity. Give him a romantic part, with reasonable language attached, and he ought to show genuine talent. Miss Kruger was cast for the gentle Julia, who described herself as "the lily-cradled daughter of great nobles." The poor lily-cradled daughter had a hard time of it, what with Spartacus on one side wanting to have her killed and Phasarius on the other wanting to carry her off as his share of the plunder. Those writers of old plays were very hard on their heroines. All they allowed, them to do was to cling and sob on the nearest manly shoulder, and now and then, when other desperate men srode up and said, "Maiden, by heaven, you shall be mine!" they were allowed to give one wild shriek and fall in a swoon.

Mr. James is a fine Spartacus. He has the stalwart physique of the gladiator chief, and if the character were not so "literary," would, by the power of his robust romanticism, carry it through to success. But Spartacus is too long-winded, too garrulously heroic, for this disrespectful age.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Louis James's Second Week.

The last appearances of Louis James as Spartacus will take place at the Baldwin this (Saturday) and to-morrow evenings. Next week he will present three plays, two of them Shakespearean and the other a comedy from the French of Scribe. This last is called "My Lord and Some Ladies," and Mr. James will be the first to present it in San Francisco. The lord in question is Lord Bolingbroke, the famous wit and statesman, of Queen Anne's time, and the play follows his political warfare with the famous Duchess Sarah, who founded the fortunes of the house of Marlborough. Her influence over the weak queen who ruled England was very great, and she used it largely to further her own ends. Bolingbroke opposed her in this, and accomplished her downfall through an ingenious trick which forms the climax of the play. Mr. James should have an excellent rôle as the witty premier, and the other characters will be in good hands.

"My Lord and Some Ladies" will be given on Monday, Tuesday, and Friday nights and at the Saturday matinee. On Wednesday night "Othello" will be given, and it will be repeated on Sunday night. "Hamlet" will be given on Thursday, the only time during this engagement.

A Juvenile Company in "Cinderella."

The California Theatre will re-open its doors, next Monday evening, for the production of a fairy opera, entitled "Our Little Cinderella," by a company of juvenile players. It is to be most elaborately staged, with new and brilliant scenery, costumes, and mechanical effects. The company is said to be a very good one of its kind. Cinderella, in rags and afterward in her glory, is to be enacted by Rosina d'Ennery, who is to make her professional debut on this occasion. She has already been quite successful in various amateur performances. Little Alice Condon, who will be the Prince Charming, has already had quite an experience on the stage in this city and elsewhere in the State. Daisy Grogan will be the Fairy Queen, and the others in the cast are Daisy, Flossie, and Nellie Sawyer, May Lawrence, Nina Cook, Jimmie Horn, Gus Tait, and Gustavus Levick. The latter is a son of his father, and is said to have inherited not a little of that well-known actor's ability. The entertainment will be repeated throughout the week.

Second Week of "Chimmie Fadden."

"Chimmie Fadden" has enjoyed more than its share of the theatre-goers' patronage during the week. Standing-room only could be had on Monday night, and similarly large audiences have attended all the subsequent performances. The piece will be continued throughout next week.

On Monday evening, February 22d, Fanny Rice will begin an engagement at the Columbia. The little comedienne has been a decided favorite in this city ever since her first appearance here with the Carleton company at the Bush Street, several years ago, when she made a favorable impression as a plump and pleasing Javotte in "Erminie." Of late years she has been a star in something like farce-comedy, but her present tour is more ambitious. She presents two light operas, "A Flower Girl of Paris," and "At the French Ball," and is supported by an unusually large company. In it are Charles H. Drew, who used to be a romantic tenor in Alice Oates's day, and has since proved himself a clever comedian as Koko in "The Mikado," and Caddy in "Erminie"; Alice and Francis Gaillard, George Broderick, Kate Michelen, Beckie Haight, John Conley, and several others.

Novelties in "Aladdin."

A number of new features will be added to the performance of "Aladdin; or, The Wonderful Lamp" at the Tivoli Opera House this (Saturday) evening. The entertainment has not lost favor during the week; indeed, the size of the audiences maintains a uniformity that must be gratifying to the management. But, rather than risk having the entertainment pall, all the principals, including Hartman, Raffael, Darcy, Miss Seabrooke, Anna Suits, Bernice Holmes, Anna Schnabel, Master Jack Robertson, and the rest, will introduce new songs and specialties.

After the run of "Aladdin," a double bill will be presented, consisting of Gilbert and Sullivan's musical satire on the æsthetic craze, "Patience," and Von Suppé's mythological operetta, "Lovely Galatea." This latter has not been heard here in many years. Preparations are also under way for a handsome presentation of Nicolai's popular opera, "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Notes.

Fanny Davenport is considering a play written for her by Margaret Merrington.

Otis Skinner, whose starring venture is eminently successful, will soon be seen at the Baldwin.

Eleanora Duse, the well-known Italian actress, is in a hospital in Vienna, where she will shortly undergo a surgical operation.

Lillian Lewis has secured "Joseph of Canaan," the Biblical drama which created something of a stir in Australia a year or so ago.

James A. Herne, of "Shore Acres" fame, was

stage manager for Barry Sullivan when that actor opened at the Baldwin Theatre.

W. H. Crane, who has not been seen here for a long time, has decided not to act in London next season, but will come West instead.

The Zanfrelas, a well-known acrobatic team, will be one of the features of the performance of "Cinderella" at the California next week.

Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton left here for San Diego last Sunday, to continue with Mme. Modjeska's company throughout her tour of the State.

A romantic drama of the South, entitled "For Fair Virginia," will be presented at the Columbia Theatre next month by Mr. and Mrs. Ross Whytall.

De Wolf Hopper is to play a return engagement at the Broadway Theatre, in New York, before he comes to California with Sousa's opera, "El Capitán."

Franz Ebert, Adolph Zink, and Bertha Jaeger are still in the Lilliputian company, which will present its new play, "The Merry Tramps," at the Baldwin Theatre.

Cissy Fitzgerald, she of the inimitable wink, is coming to this city in April under the management of Charles Frohman. She will be seen at the Columbia Theatre in "The Foundling."

During her engagement at the Baldwin Theatre next month, Fanny Davenport will be seen for the last time in her Sardou repertoire. She will present "Gismonda," "Fedora," and "La Tosca."

In the forthcoming performance of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" by Minnie Maddern Fiske, Charles Coghlan is to play the rôle of Alec d'Urberville. He sailed from England for New York last Wednesday.

George Rignold, who will be remembered for his triumphal tour of the country in "Henry V.," fifteen or twenty years ago, has lately revived that play in Melbourne, Australia, where he is managing a theatre.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's play, "The First Gentleman of Europe," is meeting with great success at the Lyceum Theatre in New York. It will probably run out the season there, and come to us in the summer.

Joseph Sparks is to remain with May Irwin when she starts out under her own management. None of the other members of the "Courtied into Court" company has yet made any statement as to plans for next year.

"The Serenade" is the title of the new opera in which the Bostonians will open their season at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, next month. Harry B. Smith wrote the libretto, and the music is by Victor Herbert.

"Shore Acres," which is to follow Louis James at the Baldwin, is one of the best of American rural dramas. It has been highly praised by English as well as American critics, and its author, James A. Herne, is making a fortune out of it.

The dramatization of "Henry Esmond" for E. H. Sothern was done in collaboration by Glen MacDonough and Louis Evan Shipman. The latter has been publishing in *Life* and other periodicals a number of clever society dialogues à la Anthony Hope.

The Rialto has been shaken to its foundations by the announcement that Ada Rehan, supported by various members of the Daly Company, had been engaged by the Harmony Club, of New York, to give a performance of "The Countess Guick" at the club-house in Forty-Second Street West.

"A Run on the Bank," which is coming to the Columbia Theatre in the near future, is now in its third and last season. It is a rollicking performance, and the company of thirty people include several who are well known here. One of these is T. Wilmot Eckert, the fat tenor who used to sing at the Tivoli.

Lillian Russell is to have a new *opéra comique* next year, entitled "Madame Sans-Gêne." It is understood to follow to a certain extent the lines of Sardou's play. The book is being prepared by Henry Hamilton, one of the authors of "The Sporting Duchess," and Ivan Caryll is writing the music. The piece is also to be produced in London under George Edwardes's management.

A benefit has been tendered to Joseph Hirschback, the musical director of the Tivoli. It will take place at that opera-house on the afternoon of Thursday, February 25th. Among the features of the programme will be concert numbers by a symphony orchestra of fifty, songs by various singers now in this city, and skits and specialties by the members of the Tivoli company. Tickets may be obtained from the members of the committee and at the box-office after the nineteenth.

When Julia Marlowe married young Mr. Taber, she added his patronymic to her stage name, and was sued for damages by a Philadelphia manager in consequence. He asserted that her engagement at his theatre had not been so successful as if she had been billed as Julia Marlowe, but he lost his case. Mrs. Taber, however, seems now to be of his mind, for she has dropped the name of Taber from her name for stage purposes. She produced a new play, by the way, last week in Pittsburgh. It is entitled,

"For Bonnie Prince Charlie," and is adapted from the French of François Coppée's "Les Jacobins." The local critics say that she was stronger in her rôle of Mary, the beggar girl, than in any character she had previously assumed there, and Robert Taber had an excellent part as the blind patriot, her grandfather.

The annual statement of the Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States, which has just been published, shows a splendid record of prosperity and strength. Notwithstanding the hard times, the company has notably increased its business in the past year. After paying its policy-holders nearly \$22,000,000, it has increased its assets from \$201,000,000 to more than \$216,000,000, of which more than \$43,000,000 is surplus. This is, we understand, the largest surplus possessed by any institution of its kind.

A neat little memorandum-book has been issued by the Apollo Iron and Steel Company, of Pittsburgh. It contains a deal of useful information relating to products of this well-known company and elaborate price-lists, with a number of blank pages for memoranda.

"Darling," said she, "do you love me as much as ever?" "Yes, dearie," said he, with his nose buried in his newspaper. That ought to have satisfied her, but she had to ask "Why?" "Oh, I dunno. Habit, I guess."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

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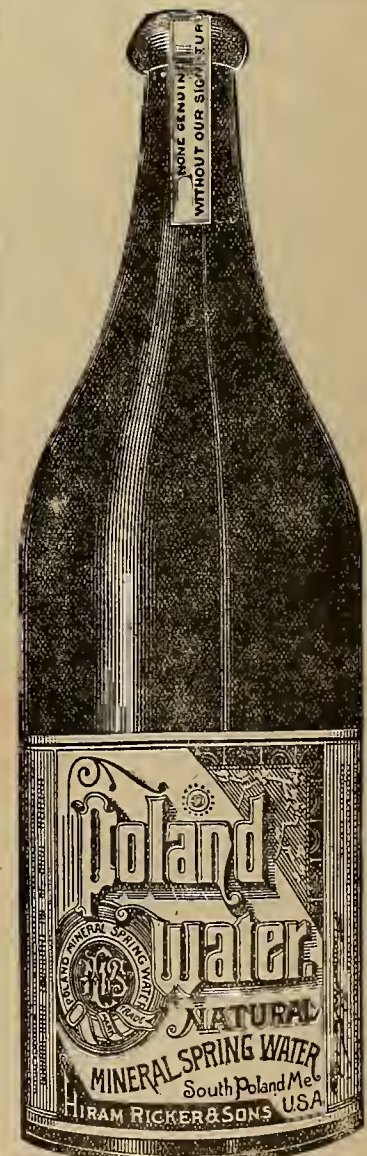
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VANITY FAIR.

"Him," of *Vogue*, has been "fired." From the first issue, "As Seen by Him" has been one of the most conspicuous features of that journal of fashion. The writer assumed such a very snobbish tone that doubtless many readers accepted his dicta as infallible. Three or four weeks ago the Appletons published "The Complete Bachelor," which was announced as "By the author of the 'As Seen by Him' papers." In his preface "Him" said: "For many years, while conducting the query department in *Vogue*, I received letters from all parts of the United States, asking for information on certain details of etiquette." Immediately on publication of the book, *Vogue* came out with a denial of this statement, saying that "Him" had not been conducting its query department, and intimating that it would not be responsible for any of "Him's" statements without previous editorial revision. What happened next is not known, but the succeeding issue of *Vogue* contained a burlesque obituary of "Him," and announced that his successor had already been chosen in the person of "Him's younger brother."

The latter gentleman will hardly fill his predecessor's place in the estimation of dudedom, if one may judge by his first article. He speaks of "trousers for mufti" as if he were ignorant that in England, whence the word comes, "mufti" is applied exclusively to the undress of military men, a fact which must be known to all anglophiles. "Him's younger brother" also remarks on the absence of the breast-pocket. "No self-respecting tailor," he says, "will put a breast-pocket in a coat." The new writer would not seem to be very well up to the times, for this fashion has been well established in San Francisco for three or four years. He gives as the reason for this that "it is no longer necessary for a man to advertise the fact that he carries a handkerchief," which is even more obsolete as news than the statement about the pocket. Nowadays a man carries his handkerchief in his trouser's pocket. The writer has a novelty, however, in his description of the knickerbockers to be worn next spring: they are to be cut very much on the same principle, he says, as riding-breeches. This will bring the buttons on the quarter-cuffs to the front of the leg. The cuffs should have not less than five buttons, but, when the hose is rolled up over the cuff, only two buttons should be exposed. The component pieces of the golf suit, by the way, are not to match. The hose should be of the same predominating tone as the knickerbockers, which are of Scotch worsted in loud plaids. The waistcoat—"Him's younger brother" is guilty of calling it a vest—may be of fancy cloth, or of the same material as the coat, and the coat itself is a single-breasted garment of black vicuña or heavy chevot.

Some of the American women presented at the Berlin court tell extraordinary tales of the gowns worn there by German women of rank. One of the rules of the court prescribes the length of the court-trains, which have to be of white satin and are preserved in some of the German families as valuable heirlooms. One satin train of the required length and color will serve for a long series of presentations, and some of them bear unmistakable evidences of long use. Another notable feature of the Berlin court functions is the extraordinary hour at which they are held. The presentation commences at seven o'clock and lasts only until nine.

A strange character has just died in Paris in the person of Mme. Brasseux, an old lady of seventy. She had no relatives and was an incurable invalid, but she had a large fortune which she used for her pleasure in a most unusual way. She filled her house, not with servants, but with a troupe of young and pretty girls. Once a week she gave a ball, to which she invited all who pleased her, irrespective of their social status. One of their most regular attendants was a young messenger girl, whose gentle grace attracted the old lady's attention one day in an omnibus. Saturday after Saturday this eccentric hostess used to sit in her chair by the piano, watching her guests dance. When she died, her will was found to be as eminently Parisian as the character of its author. To her distant relations, who had neglected her during her illness, she left only a few hundred thousand francs, but the bulk of her fortune is left to her dancers, her visitors, and the members of her household. She left three thousand francs to one young man because he danced well. The girl of the omnibus got eight thousand francs. Twelve thousand francs went to a young lawyer's clerk who, bringing her some papers one day, gratuitously offered her a piece of advice which afterwards proved useful. Each of her maids is assured lodging, board, and wages during the next fourteen months. The bequests are not large, but there are so many of them that they amount to more than two millions of francs.

A means of livelihood now being employed by a number of women is that of sending out invitations, overlooking lists, and generally superintending the distribution of invitations for busy society women. At many of the large balls in New York, the hostess never expects to know personally all the people she invites; some of them have acquired a place on her visiting-list, and remained there simply because noth-

ing serious happened to remove them. These private secretaries have to be very particular not to send invitations to people who would be grieved by the suggestion of their attending a ball. They also find employment in another peculiar line—that of addressing advertising circulars. Everybody whose name figures in a social directory is so inundated with circulars from tradespeople of all kinds that they are very wary of opening a letter that has any of the ear-marks of an advertisement about it. The envelopes addressed by these young women, being written in a swell, angular hand, receive at least the attention of being opened.

The difference in the unwritten laws of London and New York clubs was illustrated several nights ago (says the New York *Sun*) in the café of one of the latter. A distinguished Englishman who had been put up at this club and had met many of its members was commenting on the luxury of the club's appointments. "It is so much handsomer than our clubs," he said, "that I think your members ought to be congratulated. I am sorry for poor Smith, though. It will be hard for him to give it up, and he is such a decent chap." Smith's failure had just been announced in the papers. "But Smith won't have to resign," said a member. "Now that's odd," said the Englishman. "If a member of my club failed, the first thing that he would do would be to send in his resignation. How about Blank?" Blank's name had figured conspicuously in a sensational scandal about which there was a difference of opinion, and since it had been exploited he had been very much in evidence at his club. The Englishman was informed that no action would be taken against Blank, and no one believed that he would resign. "That's odd," he commented.

"Defects of Women's Beauty" is the title of a book by Baron Rudolf von Larisch, in which the author agrees with Schopenhauer in his denunciation of those who find comeliness in the "undergrown, small-shouldered, big-hipped, and short-legged sex." How much more grateful to the clear eye of art should be the noble proportions of the properly developed man, argues the baron. By numerous measurements he proves to his own satisfaction that, geometrically, the female form is a failure, and that the male form is a success. Women themselves have shown since the days of Eve in the Garden, the baron says, that they appreciate their inferiority in this respect. They have concealed their limbs in flowing garments, reaching sometimes to the knee, sometimes to the ankles, sometimes to the feet, but always far enough to hide from man the defects in their proportions. They now not only conceal their proportions to a large extent, he says, but they always seek to alter them, moving their waist up or down with stays, squeezing in their natural figures here and building them out there, and not scorning hoop-skirts, bustles, and crinoline in order to make themselves look as little as possible as nature made them. The ballet-girl would seem to confound part of the baron's argument; but he does not yield to this apparent defiance of his logic. He contends that woman dares to expose her defects in tight "only when she summons to her aid the most effective means of benumbing the intellect of man." The baron seems to feel, however, that he is in a losing fight, for he adds: "But most of the men of our times have ceased to perceive the defects of female beauty. Woman has deceived and misled her admirers so many generations with her smooth, long gowns that only a few, educated by research and by constant practice in measuring the proportions of the female form, fully clothed, have gained that clear, unbiased view which enables them to appreciate how skillfully woman has carried out the delusion as to her figure."

One of the features of the much-discussed Bradley-Martin ball was the series of quadrilles danced, which were not the least attractive part of the affair. It is some years since quadrilles have been generally danced, and one reason would seem to be that the large public balls have to an extent set the fashion, so far as the dances are concerned, for private dances. At the public balls, attendance merely means that one has paid the sum necessary to gain admittance; it does not by any means guarantee the person's social standing, as would the person's presence in a private house, and naturally objection was made to square dances at such public affairs, for a woman never knew who her *vis-à-vis* might be.

Not so many years ago, if a European diplomat could have taken his choice between a term of service at Washington and a brief sojourn in the lower regions, nine times out of ten he would have chosen the latter alternative. A large part of the duty of a diplomat is to make himself prominent and agreeable socially, and a man's importance in the diplomatic world depends somewhat upon the figure he makes in society. If an ambassador or minister in Berlin, Rome, Vienna, or even any of the second or third-rate capitals, gives gorgeous balls and dinners, it is known at his home office. If he does it in Washington (writes Quincy Forbes in the *Illustrated American*), the echo does not reach across the water. Nevertheless, he has to do those very things in an equally expensive manner, and although the absolute cost of entertaining is paid out of the special fund allowed for that purpose by all the civilized governments except the United States, yet it is an

all-around tax. The diplomat has to subscribe to all the swell balls, to belong to the swell clubs, to work like a dray-horse at the society business, and that in a country of republicanism where his efforts count for little, and his own foreign office blissfully unconscious of his labors and sacrifices! There is one mitigating circumstance. In European capitals the diplomat is under a sort of perpetual surveillance from home, and the foreign office knows if he has made the smallest social or personal mistake. At Washington, though, the trifles that throw European cabinets into hysterics are considered trifles, and no notice is taken of them. For example, in Lord Sackville's time a ball was given at the British legation on some official occasion, and his daughter, instead of opening the ball with an American and dancing the cotillon also with an American, selected a member of the diplomatic corps for both. Had this happened at Paris or Berlin, or even at Dresden or Munich, there would have been a terrible rumpus immediately; but the State Department people here simply smiled. There is, of course, the chance of marrying an heiress—and it must be remembered America is the only country for heiresses; elsewhere, the family fortune goes to the sons. Then, it is well understood in Europe that, if a man marries into an untitled family, it is better for him to marry an American than a woman of any other nationality, for the same reason that Napoleon the Third gave for making choice of a Spaniard—she had no family in France to be enriched and ennobled. Europeans do not trouble themselves much about American social distinctions, and can not understand the difference between a fortune made in 1797 and one made in the same way in 1897.

A decided innovation was made at the recent dinner of the Fine Arts Federation in New York in having ladies present. This invasion of the gentle sex was due to the fact that some women, who are members of some of the constituent societies and as such received invitations, wrote to the dinner committee to know "if any who were not men could come." There being no valid reason for a negative answer, the news spread rapidly, and the result was that two long transverse tables on each side of the central one, which were set apart for women and their escorts, were soon filled, and later corners of the fair sex overflowed to the tables in the less important side galleries. The innovation was voted a decided success, and as the menu bore the inscription "Annual Dinner," it is probable that the new custom has come to stay. Public banquets at which both men and women are present, however, though new in this country, have been a feature of English social life for three or four years.

It is a singular coincidence that nearly all the great balls given in New York this winter have taken place on Monday night, and the greatest nights of the opera have preceded them, making the balls very late in consequence. The first ball of the season given at Mrs. Astor's was on the Monday night that Calvé made her first appearance in "Faust." Later, when Emma Eames re-appeared on a Monday night, after a two-years' absence, as Juliet and attracted an unusually brilliant audience, it was followed by Mrs. Gerry's dance. The Bradley-Martin ball was an exception, being given on Wednesday night, but it also was a great night at the opera, though none of the guests of the Bradley-Martin affair could be present, being in costumes that would have outshone those on the stage.

(Mike, having been directed to go down to the station and see when the next train left, is gone about two hours.) Perkins (anxiously)—"Well, Mike?" Mike—"Well, sir, I had to wait a long time, sor, but it has just left."—*Bazar*.

Vibrating in Tuneful Accord,
Like the strings of a musical instrument, the nervous system in health harmonizes pleasantly with the other parts of the system. But weakened or overwrought, it jangles most inharmoniously. Quiet and invigorate it with the great tranquilizer and tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which promotes digestion, bilious secretion, and a regular action of the digestive organs, and prevents malarial, rheumatic, and kidney complaints.

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October 1, 1894.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When General Washington was about to leave Roger Sherman's house on one occasion, the latter's young daughter, Mehetabel, opened the door for him. The general put his hand on her head and said: "You deserve a better office, my little lady!" "Yes, sir," she replied, with a courtesy, "to let you in."

A Scotch visitor to the Carlyles, in Cheyne Row, was much struck with the sound-proof room which the sage had contrived for himself in the attic, lighted from the top, and where no sight or sound from outside could penetrate. "My *certainly*, this is fine," cried the old friend with unconscious sarcasm; "here ye may write and study all the rest of your life, and no human being be one bit the wiser."

As school-inspector, Matthew Arnold was examining a class in geography one day, and, holding up the poker with which he was about to stir the fire, he asked "if any child could tell him where it was manufactured." There was a long silence, broken by the school-mistress, who remarked nervously that such information was not mentioned in Cornwell's Geography. "No," said Arnold; "Cornwell's an ass."

On October 2d, 1795, a wager came off at Brighton between Sir John Lade—who figures in Conan Doyle's "Rodney Stone"—and Lord Cholmondeley, whom he had undertaken to carry twice around the Steine, pickaback; as his lordship was stout and Sir John a little fellow, the concourse was large to see it; but he had no backers. "Now, my lord, strip," said he; "I undertook to carry you, but not your clothes." Whereby he won his bet without any exertion.

Lord Leighton, when asked by what title he would be called to the Upper House, at once replied: "I am a workingman, and can not afford to change my name, which is my trade-mark." There result many minor social confusions when the alteration in status is accompanied by an alteration of the patronymic. When, for instance, Sir James McGarel-Hogg, raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Magheramorne, first dined out with his new dignity, the footman, unable to master the sound, but refusing to be beaten, announced: "The late Sir James McGarel-Hogg."

Congressman Dolliver of Iowa is the author of the now famous phrase, "Advance Agent of Prosperity," as applied to Major McKinley. Impatient men are fond of writing letters to Mr. Dolliver, asking him when the show is to come along. To one such correspondent, a resident of Calhoun County, Ia., Mr. Dolliver replied to the following effect: "First—Major McKinley is not yet President. Second—It takes a long time to get out of such a condition as the country has been in for several years. Third—You know you can go out to Hell Slough in your county and get so deep in it before breakfast that you can't get out before sundown."

Some time ago Bishop Paret, of Maryland, was the guest of an Episcopal family in West Virginia. Learning from the bishop that he liked hard-boiled eggs for breakfast, his hostess went to the kitchen to boil them herself. While so engaged, she began to sing the first stanza of the hymn "Rock of Ages." Then she sang the second stanza, the bishop, who was in the dining-room, joining in. When it was finished, there was silence, and the bishop remarked: "Why not sing the third verse?" "The third verse?" replied the lady, as she came into the dining-room, carrying the steaming eggs; "oh! that's not necessary." "I don't understand," replied Bishop Paret. "Oh! you see," she said, "when I am cooking eggs, I always sing one verse for soft-boiled and two for hard-boiled."

Once while traveling, Moltke, the German general, came to Zurich, and walked to the hotel. As the head-waiter saw his gaunt figure stalking in, wrapped in a worn-out, dusty cloak, carrying an old leather satchel, he measured his wealth by his looks, and ordered the assistant to show him to a small room in the uppermost story. Moltke followed without remonstrance. As he was making himself comfortable in the attic, another assistant came, as is customary there, to ask the silent stranger his name and rank. These created no small consternation in the office of the hotel. The consequence was that a few minutes later mine host, with a retinue of "Kellner," all in full dress, appeared at the attic door to inform his excellency that a better room had just been vacated in the "Belgate." "Give that to my servant," replied Moltke, "when he comes with our carriage. This is good enough for me." And he remained.

The late A. T. Stewart belonged to the Century Club, although he rarely visited its rooms. The club once bought a carpet of his people, and when it had been down for several months, Stewart happened to come in. He seemed to be greatly interested in the carpet, studying it attentively. "Where did you buy that?" he demanded of one of the house committee. "At your place, I believe." "Impossible!" rejoined the millionaire; "we never had the pattern

in stock. We have had a pattern exactly similar, except that those little violet flowers were white." The committeeman took the trouble to hunt through his vouchers, and produced a receipted bill of A. T. Stewart & Co. Mr. Stewart shook his head. "There is some mistake," he said; "the little flowers on our carpet were white." It was found on investigation that the little flowers had been white—so offensively white and spotty to the eyes of some of the aesthetic members of the club that Louis Lang had gone over them with a stiff brush dipped in violet ink.

Daniel Webster, Tazewell, and General Jackson's secretary of the navy were once walking together on the north bank of the Potomac, and while Webster lingered a little in the rear, Tazewell offered to bet Branch a ten-dollar hat that he could prove him to be on the other side of the river. "Done," said Branch. "Well," said Tazewell, pointing to the opposite shore, "isn't that one side of the river?" "Yes," "Well, isn't this the other side?" "Yes." "Then, as you are here, are you not on the other side?" "Why, I declare," said the victim, "so it is; but here comes Webster, I'll win back my bet from him." As Daniel came up, Branch saluted him with, "Webster, I'll bet you a ten-dollar hat I can prove you are on the other side of the river." "Done," "Well, isn't this one side?" "Yes." "Well, isn't that the other side?" "Yes, but I am not on that side." Branch had to pay for two hats, and learned that it is possible to bet both ways and win upon neither.

While on one of the trains running out of Chicago recently, a suburbanite named George Affolter was called from his newspaper (says the *Record*) to make the fourth in a game of whist which had been interrupted by the departure of one of the players. The hands had been dealt around, and Affolter, noting there were thirteen cards, said: "What is it? Hearts?" It happened that hearts were trumps and an affirmative answer was given. On the first play Affolter gleefully threw away a king, followed it next with another high card, and was overjoyed to see that the man at his elbow was obliged to take the third trick, and the fourth, and the fifth, and so on indefinitely. Affolter was almost hysterical with joy. His partner looked strange. Things went on in the same way for some time. The Affolter faction, owing to the new man's headwork, had not taken a trick, when at length the suffering partner said: "Say, you'll excuse me, but you play the most idiotic, outrageous, infernal game of whist that ever occurred in my experience." Affolter was dumfounded. "Whist!" he cried bleakly; "why, heavens, man, I've been playing the game of hearts as hard as I knew how."

A Clever Political Parody.

[In December last *Twinkles* offered a twenty-dollar gold piece to that one of its readers who should send it "the most cleverly constructed short story, sketch, or narrative, not exceeding three hundred words, in which the largest number of titles of well-known books are most wittily arranged." The date fixed for the close of the contest was January 4, 1897, and by that time over one thousand competing manuscripts had been received. Under the title of "The Man Who Would Be King," the following story, evidently based on the facts of the late Presidential campaign, was sent in by Constance Entwistle Hoar:]

When "Wee Willie Winkie" made his speech on "The Economy of High Wages," he felt it "A Fearful Responsibility," but not "A Hopeless Case." "To Please his Wife" and "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," and "Being a Boy," he took a "Sleeping Car" and arrived "Twenty Minutes Late." He spoke "To Prince and Pauper" of "Hard Times," "Work," "Great Expectations," and of "Just Sixteen" to one, and thought it "A Fool's Errand" to be "Digging for Gold." "As We Were Saying," he had a "Dred" of "Roughing It" on a "Tramp Abroad" through the "Wide, Wide World," and the "Unfortunate Man" thought that "An Actor Abroad," knowing the "Way of the World," should find "The Gates Ajar" and not be "Hedged In." When he told "Merry Tales" about "Tariff and Its Evils," "The Boys of '6r," who were not "Innocents Abroad," were "True to the Old Flag," and "The Earth Trembled" as they "Interrupted" "His Majesty Myself" with "As We Went Marching On." "The Fallen Idol," finding "The Odds Against Him," and since he had told "All He Knew," said he hoped that "To-Morrow" there would not be such a "Mortal Antipathy," and with his "Lost Illusions" he found "Lodgings for the Night" in "Castle Dangerous" with "The Man of the House." He yet declares that "Life is Worth Living," that he will "Sink or Swim" "Alone," for "Ten Years Later" he is "Bound to Rise." But "On the Eve of the Fourth" of November he was "Found Wanting," and that one who is "Every Inch a Soldier" found "Friends" "True as Steel," and he will bring the people who are "All Adrift" out of a "Great Shadow" when he treads in "The Footprints of Famous Men" and takes the "Well Won" seat of "The Complete Angler."

The minister—"My dear madam, let this thought console you for your husband's death: Remember that other and better men than he have gone the same way." Bereaved widow—"They haven't all gone, have they?"—*Tid-Bits*.

John Randolph, of Roanoke, described Delaware as a State having three counties at low tide and two at high tide.

VALENTINE VERSE.

Semper Idem.

Love, my love, wilt thou be mine?
Wilt thou be my Valentine?
Now the February breezes,
From the northland bleak and cold,
Come and make love's heart the warmer;
Make the old tale new, retold,
Some have words of finest fancy,
Others speak in language plain;
But all lovers, loving truly,
Chant the same old, dear refrain:

"Love, my love, wilt thou be mine?
Wilt thou be my Valentine?"
—W. J. Duggett.

Special Messengers.

Go, Violets, look all around,
And search the city through,
Until a little girl is found
Who's sweeter far than you.
And when you meet her tender glance,
Just tell her you're a sign;
That if she'll give me half a chance
I'll be her Valentine.—*Life*.

Valentines.

HE.
A verse to thee, dear one, I send,
And in it let my pen repeat
The words my heart doth ever lend
To toward tongue. Here at thy feet
Lie heart and verse—and both are fair
To prove how loyal love may be;
Oh, stoop, sweet heart, do not disdain
A verse to thee!

SHE.

A verse to thee, sweet sir, I send:
Forgive its lines if halt and lame;
Words that from out the heart do wend
On paper do not look the same.
So, should this poor verse not impart
What I would say—know that it he
To prove that I am not, Sweetheart,
Averse to thee!

—Richard Stillman Powell.

St. Valentine.

Upon the roof the white doves now
Are cooing, cooing, cooing;
The south wind shakes the willow bough—
It is the time for wooing.
But flutter, flutter, goes my heart,
How can I make my plea?
Oh, would the maid I love were mine,
Or would that I were free!
St. Valentine, St. Valentine,
Have pity upon me!
For, proud as fair, she will despise
A faint heart's timid suing;
And should I fail, her heaving eyes
Will be my life's undoing.
Then let me like a hero seem,
Though I a coward be,
For Love's own cause is she.
St. Valentine, St. Valentine,
Oh, plead my cause for me!

—Marion Douglas in *Harper's Bazar*.

On Goode Sainte Valentyne, Hys Daye.

O sweete is ye Matin Song of Birds,
As hylthe in leafy Boughes they sway
And twitter and sing of their Joye and Love
On goode Sainte Valentyne, hys Day.

O faire to see is ye Sunshine brighte,
Yt stretcheth neathe ye Greenwoode Tree,
While Shadowes on ye Greensward play,
And Spring comes blushing o'er ye Lea.

But Sweeter far is Thy Voice to me
Than Twitter of Birds on ye Blossoming Spray;
My Sunshine lies in thy Wondrous Eyes—
Thy Dymples ye only Shadowes yt play.
—Lee Woodward.

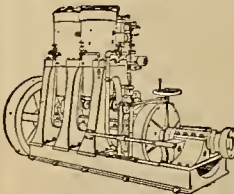
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He—"Do you ever have 'that tired feeling'?"
She—"Not when I'm alone."—*Town Topics*.



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Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1897.
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Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Thursday, April 1
Gaelic. Wednesday, April 21
Doric. (Via Honolulu). Tuesday, May 11
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For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

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Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco, for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. February 10, 25.
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S. S. Australia for Honolulu only, Tuesday, February 23, at 2 P. M. Special party rates.
S. S. Alameda sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Thursday, March 4, 1897, at 2 P. M.
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AMERICAN LINE—New York, Southampton (London). Twin-screw steamers St. Paul, St. Louis, New York, Paris, sailing from New York each Wednesday at 10 A. M. Shortest and most convenient route to London. Close connection at Southampton for Havre and Paris.
RED STAR LINE—New York and Antwerp. Steamers Friesland, Noordland, Westerland, Southark, Kensington, sailing from New York each Wednesday. Favorite route to Belgium, Holland, France, Germany, the Rhine, Switzerland, Italy.

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SOCIETY.

The Covode-Moulder Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Louise Moulder and Mr. J. H. Covode will take place on Wednesday evening, February 17th, at nine o'clock at the home of the bride's mother, 812 Bush Street. The bride is the daughter of the late Andrew J. Moulder, who for many years was superintendent of the public schools of this city. She is the sister of Mr. A. B. Moulder and Miss Charlotte Moulder, and is well known in society circles. Mr. Covode is a son of the late Hon. John Covode, who represented Pennsylvania in Congress for more than twenty years. He is a civil engineer by profession.

His Grace Archbishop Riordan will perform the marriage ceremony. The maid of honor will be the bride's sister, Miss Charlotte Moulder, and the best man will be the groom's brother, Mr. John Covode. Only relatives and a few intimate friends will be present, as the bride's family is in mourning. After a trip through Southern California, the young couple will go to New York city, where they will reside permanently.

The Scott Dancing Party.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott gave a delightful dancing party last Thursday evening at her residence, corner of Clay and Laguna Streets. It was in honor of her cousin, Miss Cunningham, and Miss Caro Crockett and Miss Helen Hopkins. In addition to a few chaperons there were about one hundred and fifty young ladies and gentlemen present to enjoy the festivities. The floors were all canvased and the rooms were prettily decorated with fruit blossoms, wild flowers, and vines in artistic arrangement. Dancing was enjoyed until a late hour, and a supper was served at midnight under Ludwig's direction.

The Boss Dinner-Party.

Mr. Ira Boss gave a dinner-party recently at the Chi Phi Fraternity club-house in Berkeley. The decorations were pink, and the guests were seated at three round tables. Covers were laid for forty-eight ladies and gentlemen, and a string orchestra played during the evening. Mrs. Homer S. King and Mrs. E. J. Pringle were the chaperons. The gentlemen present were all members of the Chi Phi Fraternity. The host was bountiful in his hospitality, and all had a delightful time. The guests of Mr. Boss were:

Mrs. Homer S. King, Mrs. E. J. Pringle, Misses Hutchinson, Miss Palmer, Miss Landers, Miss Drown, Miss Williams, Miss Jessie Glascock, Miss Pringle, Miss Livermore, Miss Crellin, Miss Cole, Misses Stubbs, Miss Levert, Miss Wagner, Miss de Fremery, Miss Havens, Miss Hamilton, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, Mr. Stanley Jackson, Mr. Charles Fernald, Mr. Frank King, Mr. Fletcher McNutt, Mr. Lawrence Haven, Mr. Clarence Doane, Mr. Frederick Knight, Mr. A. Chesebrough, Mr. J. Moore, Mr. Edward Perrin, Mr. Dwight Hutchinson, Mr. William de Fremery, Mr. F. Knight, Mr. Howard Avery, Mr. S. McDonald, Mr. E. Birdsall, Mr. A. P. Hayne, Mr. Paul Miller, Mr. Thomas Van Ness, Mr. T. C. Chamberlain, and Mr. Herbert Lang.

The Mardi-Gras Bal Masqué.

Arrangements are now under way for the Mardi-Gras bal masqué which will be given by the Art Association at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art on Shrove Tuesday evening, March 2d. Handsome invitations will soon be issued from a design made by Mr. Arthur F. Matthews, who was awarded the prize of twenty-five dollars. Mr. John A. Stanton and Mr. Robert H. Fletcher will have charge of the deco-

ratings. Mr. Henry Heyman will direct the musical features, and there will be two bands present.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway will act as floor manager, and the floor committee will comprise Lieutenant T. F. Ruhm, U. S. N., Mr. George B. de Long, and Mr. Milton S. Latham. The executive committee comprises Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Robert H. Fletcher, Mr. John A. Stanton, and Mr. E. M. Greenway.

Those on the reception committee will be:

Mrs. Hager, Mrs. A. D. Moore, Mrs. Southard Hoffman, Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Mrs. William M. Gwin, Mrs. L. H. Coit, Mrs. A. M. Easton, Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. James D. Phelan, Major J. L. Rathbone, Mr. William Keith, General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A., Colonel Charles F. Crocker, Mr. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. George T. Bromley, Mr. James Ellis Tucker, Mr. Frederick W. Zeile, Mr. L. D. Latimer, Admiral W. A. Kirkland, U. S. N., and Mr. Irving M. Scott.

The Simpson Matinée Tea.

Consul and Mrs. John Simpson entertained about four hundred of their friends last Saturday at a matinée tea at their new home, 2530 Vallejo Street. The affair was in honor of their daughter, Miss Agnes Simpson, one of this season's débutantes. Those who assisted in receiving were Miss Lucille Younger, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Florence Stone, Miss Maud Francis, of Illinois, Miss Maud Simpson, Miss Romola Bigelow, Miss Katherine Powers, and Miss Rose Miller. These young ladies were entertained at dinner, as were also Mr. Robert Campbell, Mr. Wallace Alexander, Mr. George Lewis, Mr. Harold Smith, Mr. William Humphreys, Mr. Frederick Dickson, Mr. Harold Crowell, Mr. Herbert Younger, and Mr. Benjamin Brooks. Dancing completed the festivities.

Friday Fortnightly Club.

The Friday Fortnightly Club gave a cotillion last night at Lunt's Hall. The members, who are very loyal to their club, turned out in goodly numbers, and there were about one hundred and fifty young ladies and gentlemen present. Mr. Robert M. Eyre and Mr. Milton S. Latham led the cotillion and introduced some pretty figures very successfully. The pleasant affair ended at midnight. The final meeting of the club will be held on Friday evening, February 26th. It will be under the management of Mr. Edward M. Greenway, and will be a ball, the cotillion not being danced.

The Doctor's Daughters.

The Doctor's Daughters of the First Presbyterian Church gave an entertainment in aid of their charity fund last Wednesday evening at the residence of Mrs. B. F. Norris, 1812 Sacramento Street. There was a large and fashionable attendance and a goodly sum was netted. The programme presented was an excellent one, the participants being the Press Club Quartet, the Clara Schumann Quartet, the Berkeley Mandolin and Guitar Club, Mr. J. C. Hughes, Miss Johnson, Miss M. M. Andrews, Mrs. D. P. Riggs, Mr. Frank Coffin, Mrs. W. B. Wightman, and Miss Ferrer.

Notes from Los Angeles.

Society in Los Angeles has been quite active recently, the beautiful weather giving people an impetus to entertain. Among other functions that former San Franciscans have taken part in was a delightful dinner-party given by Miss Mollie Phelan, sister of

Mayor James D. Phelan, of this city, who is wintering in the southern metropolis.

Judge and Mrs. Silent gave a brilliant reception for the purpose of introducing into society their daughter, Miss Florence Silent.

There was also a "C" breakfast given by Miss Truman, daughter of Major and Mrs. Ben C. Truman. Ten young ladies enjoyed the fourteen courses, each of which commenced with the letter C. There must have been a play on the word "sea" in this also, as there was a vessel of gold-fish in the centre of the table, and the menus were on cards, the reverse side of which contained ten different kinds of sea-mosses from Florida, and the place-cards were sea-shells from Mexican waters.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, formerly of this city, gave a large dinner-party, and Mrs. M. A. Wilcox gave a dinner to Mrs. John P. Jones and fourteen others.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Jackson, Jr., have returned to the City of Angels after a prolonged visit to relatives in San Francisco and Oakland.

Mr. Callaghan Byrne is attending to his real-estate interests and is almost constantly entertaining San Francisco visitors.

Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan is expected in Los Angeles soon on a visit to her sister, Miss Phelan.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Martha P. Gibbs and Mr. Walter Gilmore Holcombe will take place next Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Van Schellayne Gibbs, 722 Post Street. Only a few relatives and intimate friends will be present at the ceremony, but a large number of invitations have been issued for the reception, which will follow from nine until eleven o'clock.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Helen Carleton Curtis and Mr. Thomas Magee. Miss Curtis is the daughter of Mr. James Marvin Curtis and sister of Mrs. Paul Cowles and Mrs. C. Denis O'Sullivan. Mr. Magee is one of our most prominent real-estate dealers, and father of Mr. Thomas Magee, Jr., and Mr. William A. Magee.

The wedding of Miss Mollie Glascock Hutchinson, of Oakland, and Mr. Ernest C. Peixotto, the artist, of this city, took place on Thursday afternoon, January 28th, at St. Paul's Church in New Orleans. Mrs. S. R. Hutchinson gave her daughter into the keeping of the groom, and Rev. H. H. Waters performed the marriage ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Peixotto left in the evening for Washington, D. C., where they will remain about two months and then go to New York city to reside permanently.

Mrs. William B. Carr will give a matinée tea to-day at her residence on Washington Street, and will be assisted in receiving by Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Rose Hooper, and Miss Lottie Wood.

Mrs. W. H. Brown will give a euchre-party at the Occidental Hotel on Wednesday evening, February 24th.

Miss Gerstle will give a matinée tea next Saturday at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle, on Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. David Bixler will give a musicale on Sunday afternoon, February 14th, at her residence, corner of Union and Pierce Streets, in honor of Mr. Sigmund Beel, the well-known violinist.

The Monday Evening Dancing Class will give its final party of this season at Golden Gate Hall next Monday night.

The Sons of the American Revolution will give a banquet at the Occidental Hotel on the evening of Washington's birthday, Monday, February 22d.

An entertainment and ball will be given at the San Francisco Verein on Saturday evening, March 27th.

Mrs. John O'Neil Reis gave a theatre-party last Wednesday evening in honor of her cousin, Miss Kate Thornton Salisbury, and afterward gave a supper at her home. The others present were Miss Brooks, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Alice Owen, Miss Romietta Wallace, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. Harry B. Pringle, Mr. Friedlander Bowie, Lieutenant R. C. Croxton, U. S. A., Mr. E. A. Wiltse, and Lieutenant F. L. Winn, U. S. A.

Miss Ardella Mills gave a reception last Thursday evening at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills, on Devisadero Street, and pleasantly entertained quite a number of her friends. An interesting programme of musical and literary selections was presented and a supper was enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks, of Los Angeles, gave a theatre-party at the Baldwin last Monday evening, followed by a supper at the University Club. The others present were Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Miss Alice Hager, Mr. Hugo Toland, and Mr. Edward M. Greenway.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen gave a theatre-party recently at the Baldwin, followed by a supper at the University Club, as a compliment to Miss Della Davidson. The others present were Miss May Hoffman, Miss Carrie Taylor, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. T. B. Berry, and Mr. Dibblee.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington gave a dinner-party in honor of Mr. Frank Lincoln recently at her residence, 2840 Jackson Street. The others present were Mr. and Mrs. A. Wigmore, Miss Larrett, of New Orleans, Miss McNeil, Miss Stubbs, Mr. J. C. Stubbs, and Mr. Samuel Pond. After dinner a number of friends called, and the evening was pleasantly passed with music.

Mrs. J. B. Crockett and Miss Caro Crockett gave an informal but pleasant matinée tea last Saturday at their home on California Street.

Hotel Mateo and Cottages

SAN MATEO, CAL.

A charming resort, both winter and summer.

A pleasant forty-minutes' ride by rail from San Francisco, with frequent train service.

Delightful surroundings and comparative freedom from fog, together with all essentials to the comfort and pleasure of the guests, combine to recommend Hotel Mateo to those who appreciate such advantages.

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IT WILL GIVE IMMEDIATE RELIEF TO THE WORST CASE OF ASTHMA.

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NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE
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THE LADIES' GRILL ROOM

Palace Hotel

A Delightful Place in which
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Direct Entrance from Market St.

Wealth

Of vitality and energy, a good appetite and perfect health are obtained and endure by taking

Peruvian Bitters

ROYAL

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ROYAL—the most celebrated of all the baking powders in the world—celebrated for its great leavening strength and purity. It makes your cakes, biscuit, bread, etc., healthful, it assures you against alum and all forms of adulteration that go with the cheap brands.



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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Schmiedell, *née* McCutchen, arrived in New York last Sunday on their return from a tour of the world, and are expected here very soon.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, who have been visiting Paris and Berlin for several months, arrived in New York city last Sunday, and are expected here in a few days.

Mr. Edgar Mills, Miss Mills, and Miss Florence Mills left here last Saturday on the Sunset Limited for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Watson, *née* Spreckels, who have been residing at the California Hotel since their marriage, have leased the residence at 2260 Franklin Street, which will be their home in future.

Mr. and Mrs. Leopold Myers, *née* Shainwald, sailed on Friday, February 5th, on the steamer *Monowai*, of the Oceanic Steamship Company, for Auckland, New Zealand, where they will reside.

Miss Bessie Lawrence, of Boston, Mass., is visiting Mrs. William Hoff Cook at her residence, 3209 Clay Street.

Mrs. J. K. McLean, Miss Mary McLean, and Miss Minnie Bailey, of Oakland, are in Rome, Italy.

Mr. W. F. Goad and the Misses Allen and Genevieve Goad are in New York city.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall is convalescent after a severe attack of the grippe.

Mrs. W. B. Bourp and her daughter are at the Hotel Nederland in New York city.

Mrs. Irving M. Scott, who has been seriously ill for some time at her residence, 507 Harrison Street, is now on the road to recovery.

Misses Maud and Stella Walker, of Salt Lake City, are passing a few weeks in Oakland as the guests of Mrs. Seth Mann.

Mrs. L. L. Baker and her son, Mr. P. S. Baker, arrived in New York city a week ago. Mr. Baker will attend college in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. William Haas, who are now in Vienna, will go early in the spring to Nuremberg, where their children are at school, and will return here soon afterward.

Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle returned to New York from Europe last Sunday, and are expected here daily.

Mr. and Mrs. George K. Fitch are in Washington, D. C., and will remain there until after the inauguration of President-elect McKinley.

Mr. John A. Britton, of Oakland, was in Washington, D. C., last Saturday, and is now en route home.

Mr. R. H. Pease has returned from Portland, where he has been for about two weeks.

Colonel Maxwell, of the "Black Watch," who married Miss Louise Bonyne, of San Francisco, has been appointed to the command of the Nile district, extending from Siout to Walda Halfa, a distance of eight hundred miles. His wife accompanies him, and is the only white woman (except her maid) within two hundred and fifty miles of Walda Halfa.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank H. Fisher *née* Berry, have arrived in New York city, and are residing at 402 West One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Street.

Mr. Robert M. Tobin and Miss Celia Tobin are in New York city.

Miss Lewis, of Los Angeles, has returned from New York, and is at the California Hotel.

Professor David Starr Jordan of Stanford University, is at the California Hotel.

Mrs. J. J. Boyce and Miss Boyce arrived here from Santa Barbara last Tuesday, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. John T. Sullivan, of Santa Cruz, has been passing the week at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Thurston and Mrs. G. H. Paris, of Honolulu, arrived here last Thursday, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

General and Mrs. M. W. Muller, of Fresno, are at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Myers, of Puget Sound, are staying at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Whittier, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mrs. Richard T. Carroll, Mr. W. F. Whittier, Mr. J. B. Stetson, and Mr. Harry Stetson left last Thursday to visit Mexico for a month.

Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt and Mr. W. G. Curtis have returned from a trip to Arizona and New Mexico.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Colonel S. M. Horton, U. S. A., retired, is residing in San Diego.

Major J. G. Ramsay, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been appointed to the command of Fort Schuyler.

Major Clarence Ewen, Surgeon, U. S. A., having served more than thirty years in the army, is, on his own application, retired from active service.

Major Alfred E. Bates, Paymaster, U. S. A., has been promoted to be deputy-paymaster, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Captain Thomas Henry Barry, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been appointed assistant adjutant-general, with the rank of major. No protest was received, despite the fact that he had been passed over the heads of many officers who are his seniors in the service.

Lieutenant Robert H. Noble, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Benicia Barracks, and ordered to the Presidio to act as regimental adjutant.

Lieutenant Francis E. Lacey, Jr., First Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to temporary duty at Benicia Barracks.

Lieutenant Ormond M. Lissak, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at the Petersburg Iron Works, Va., and ordered to the Watertown Arsenal.

Lieutenant R. F. Lopez, U. S. N., has been ordered to ordnance instruction at the Washington Navy Yard.

Lieutenant E. V. D. Johnson, U. S. R. C. S., has been detached from the *Wolcott* and ordered to the *Richard Rush*.

Brigadier-General William P. Craighill, Chief of Engineers, U. S. A., having served more than forty years as a commissioned officer of the army, was retired from active service on February 1st, at his own request.

Lieutenant-Colonel Edward F. Moale, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of colonel. He was stationed in this city for many years.

Major W. B. Kennedy, U. S. A., retired, is residing in Los Angeles.

Major Michael Cooney, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, owing to illness, and has permission to apply for an extension of one month.

Chief-Engineer W. J. Phillips, U. S. R. C. S., has been detached from the *Wolcott* and ordered to the *Bear*.

Pay-Inspector W. W. Woodhull, U. S. N., has been detached from Mare Island and ordered to the Naval Home at Philadelphia.

Paymaster T. J. Cowie, U. S. N., has been detached

from the *Monowai*, ordered home to settle accounts and then await orders.

Dr. G. Tucker Smith, U. S. A., is at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant Charles J. Symonds, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., arrived here last Thursday from Fort Apache, Ariz., and is at the Occidental Hotel.

Paymaster A. Peterson, U. S. N., has been detached from the Naval Home at Philadelphia and ordered to the *Monowai*. He will leave here by steamer to day.

Lieutenant Warren P. Newcomb, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence owing to illness.

Lieutenant J. M. Ellicott, U. S. N., is at the Mare Island Hospital, recuperating from remittent fever contracted while on the *Marion* on the coast of Salvador.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Trebelli Concert.

Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli gave a concert here last Tuesday evening at the California Theatre. She was assisted by Mr. Gustav Hinrichs's Symphony Orchestra. A large and fashionable audience enjoyed the presentation of the following excellent programme:

Prelude, "Hansel and Gretel," Humperdinck; cavatina, from "Semiramide," "Bel Raggio," Rossini, (b) Trebelli; "Suite Arlesienne," Bizet; (a) prelude, (b) minuet, (c) adagio, (d) carillon; song, "Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark," with flute obligato, Bishop, Mlle. Trebelli; in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of Schubert's birthday, horn January 31, 1797—(a) entre-act "Rosamunde," (b) "Moment Musical," Schubert; "Air de Salomé," from "Hérodiade," "Il est doux, il est bon," Massenet, Mlle. Trebelli; "Danse Macabre," Saint-Saëns; "Solveig's Song," from Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," Grieg, Mlle. Trebelli; ballet music, from "Lakmé," Delibes.

As the result of a meeting of music-lovers in this city last Saturday night, Mr. J. J. Gottlob, of the Columbia Theatre, has gone to New Orleans to make arrangements for the French Opera Company, now playing in the Crescent City, to sing an engagement here at the California Theatre. Twenty gentlemen were present at the meeting, among them Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mayor James D. Phelan, Mr. W. M. Newhall, and Mr. E. W. Hopkins, and each agreed to be responsible for two thousand dollars of the total expense, thus creating a guarantee fund of forty thousand dollars. The company is to come in March for a four weeks' season of twenty performances of light and heavy opera, at prices ranging from one to three dollars a seat.

The San Francisco Symphony Society will give its second concert next Thursday afternoon at half-past three o'clock. This hour has been chosen so that teachers and pupils may attend. The orchestra of fifty-five musicians, under the direction of Mr. Gustav Hinrichs, will present an excellent programme by Goldmark, Beethoven, and Chabrier. The soloist will be announced in Sunday's papers. Seats are now on sale at the Columbia Theatre.

Sigmund Beel made his last appearance as concert-master of the Symphony Society orchestra at the Trebelli concert last Tuesday evening. He is going to Europe to study for a year or more, leaving this city next Tuesday. It is not improbable that he will give concerts in Chicago and New York while en route. His absence will be distinctly felt in this city, where he has done much to maintain the standard of musical taste.

The marches of Sousa, the famous band-master, who will arrive in this city on his concert tour in a few weeks, are enjoying a tremendous vogue in London. The society journals say that "The Washington Post March" is the most popular music there for dancing. Inasmuch as we take our fashions largely from London, this signifies that there will be a revival here of the two-step.

The cantata of "Ruth and Naomi," which is to be presented at the California Theatre shortly, under the auspices of Mrs. L. S. Morgenstern, will evidently be a financial success. Five hundred tickets for it have already been sold.

Mr. J. R. K. Nuttall was severely injured on February 5th by falling down the elevator-shaft in the building at 420 Montgomery Street. The door of the shaft had been left open, and Mr. Nuttall walked through it and fell from the second to the ground floor. The result was the breaking of one of his legs above the knee and a fracture of one of the ankle-bones. It will be several weeks before Mr. Nuttall will be able to be out.

MOËT AND CHANDON CHOSEN.

The Only Champagne Used at the Bradley-Martin Ball.

At the Bradley-Martin dress ball, surpassing anything of the kind, before attempted in this country, the cost of which was not less than \$300,000, competition among the champagne importers was so strong that it was decided to submit to the most noted epicures of the Four Hundred unmarked samples of all the leading champagnes, and thus it came about that those who, by their taste and experience, are the qualified judges of that which is best, selected the brand of Moët and Chandon, which was the only champagne served at this event.—*New York Dispatch*.

—RACE, FIELD, MARINE, AND OPERA-GLASSES, microscopes, thermometers, barometers, and scientific instruments. Henry Kahn & Co., 642 Market Street.

—THE MOST ELEGANT PAPER FOR POLITE CORRESPONDENCE is White Velvet. Cooper & Co., sole agents, No. 746 Market Street.

Return of Mr. Fred Yates.

Mr. Fred Yates, the artist, returned from Honolulu on February 5th, after an absence of a couple of months, during which time he has met with much success. Prior to his departure from the islands, an exhibition of his paintings and sketches was held in the rooms of the Kilohana Art League. The rooms were crowded, and the artist received many congratulations on the excellence of his work, his portraiture being especially commended. There were two pictures in particular, which are to be presented to the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, that attracted much attention. One is a portrait of Hon. Paul Neumann and the other is the "Grave of Jules Tavernier." Almost all of the notable people of Honolulu sat for portraits before Mr. Yates, and he met with eminent success in each case. Mr. Yates will remain here about two weeks longer before going on to London.

The Mizpah Charity Club recently elected the following officers: Mrs. A. C. Rulofson, president; Mrs. H. Newell, vice-president; Mrs. C. Nutting, recording secretary; Miss M. L. Elliott, corresponding secretary; Mrs. B. Day, treasurer. The secretary's report for 1895 showed that nineteen families were assisted and that four hundred and eighty-six articles were made for different charities. The report was very gratifying to these unselfish workers in the cause of charity.

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Finest in the World

"Brut," "Grand Vin Sec," "Carte Blanche,"
Extra Dry. Dry. Rich.

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APPETITE CONE

Stimulating drinks and non-nourishing foods have destroyed the relish and weakened the system.

Ghirardelli's Cocoa is a nourishing, appetizing food in liquid form, a refreshing, invigorating beverage without stimulating effects. Twice the nutriment of chicken, and three times the fat-forming elements. Keeps the body warm in winter. 32 cups 25c. Grocers.

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LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
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Assets - - - - - \$216,773,947

Reserve on all existing Policies

(calculated on a 4 per cent. Standard),

and all other Liabilities - - - - - 173,496,768

Undivided Surplus, on a 4 per

cent Standard - - - - - \$43,277,179

ASSURANCE.

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Outstanding Assurance - - - - - \$915,102,070

New Assurance written in 1896 - 127,694,084

Proposals for Assurance Exam-

ined and Declined - - - - - 21,678,467

HENRY B. HYDE, President.

J. W. ALEXANDER, V.-P.

Department California, Nevada, Hawaiian Islands:

A. M. SHIELDS, Manager.

EDWIN CRAMER, Cashier.

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Double Stars

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AND

Mardi Gras

These are the two great functions of our country for the current year.

Their dates are fixed—the one by venerable precedent and fundamental law; the other by the world's civil and ecclesiastical calendar.

They can not wait, because they are limited; but that feature in

Sunset Limited

will not prevent its waiting for you until 10:00 P. M. Tuesday, February 23, 1897, from San Francisco, and 2:30 P. M. Wednesday 24th, from Los Angeles.

This train secures a matchless trip to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras to be celebrated on Monday and Tuesday, March 1st and 2d, and thence—onward to Washington City in ample time to hear the first clarion note that precedes the inauguration of President McKinley.

Such a programme of pleasure is a most unusual one—a double pageant of noblest character—to be enjoyed on a single trip.

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FROM JANUARY 31, 1897, passenger trains will run daily:

SOUTHBOUND.	STATIONS.	NORTHBOUND.
7:20 a.m.	Stockton	5:40 p.m.
9:49 a.m.	Merced	3:14 p.m.
11:50 a.m.	Fresno	1:10 p.m.

For intermediate stations, see time-table.

Connecting steamboats of the C. N. and I. Co. leave San Francisco and Stockton at 6 P. M. daily.

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The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
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The Senate of the United States has of late been the subject of much public discussion as to whether that body still maintains the ability, statesmanship, and lofty patriotism of earlier days. The history of former times and the influence of commanding senatorial ability in settling the great principles which are the foundations of our institutions have accustomed the public to regard the Senate and its members with somewhat of awe and reverence, and to expect from them practical, earnest service. It is because the Upper House is the supreme deliberative body under our system—the distilled essence of the wisdom, experience and statesmanship of the whole country—that the possibility of deterioration creates alarm in thoughtful minds.

Evidence tending to prove that the consuming ambition of senators is largely occupied in the contemplation of their

own personal careers has multiplied noticeably in the present session. Eloquence can always be expected from prominent men like Mills and Hoar, Lodge and Morgan, provided there is a jingo policy to urge which is sure to catch the ears of superficial listeners, or when obituary speeches are in order. There is no lack of interest, too, in pension bills and personal legislation which may be used as steps toward reelection. The alarming feature is in the listlessness of the Senate, when by any accident matters of vital import are forced upon its wavering attention. What is the Senate doing to solve the financial question of long standing, which is an absorbing one to the business interests of the people, and which affects the credit of the nation? What is being done toward the completion and control of an isthmian canal which has been argued for twenty years? What steps are being taken in the great question of permanent peace involved in its initial movement—the arbitration treaty? Nothing at all. The excitement of the campaign once past, the financial sore is forgotten and left to fester. The Nicaragua Canal bill has been definitely withdrawn from consideration. The latest dispatches announce that the arbitration treaty has been killed for this session, at least, by four filibustering members.

Time was when questions of similar magnitude brought to the front in the Senate of the United States men of strong personality, of transcendent ability, and of lofty, patriotic purpose, whose actions made glorious pages in our history. They were the "men, high-minded men," who constitute the bulwark of enduring States. That such statesmen, whose deeds, "like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through oblivion's sea," have not appeared in response to the call of legislation such as we have mentioned, is at least *prima facie* evidence that the material of which they are constructed is lacking in our Senate-chamber. Let a really vital question come up for debate, and the indolence or criminal carelessness of members leaves the Senate without a quorum, and speakers are continually interrupted until sufficient senators have been dragged back to their duties to allow business to proceed. When both the secular and religious press are calling upon the Senate for action in a matter of world-wide interest, like that of international arbitration; when petitions from all classes of social, civic, educational, and mercantile organizations are pouring in upon the members, indicative not only of the interest of the people but of the importance of the subject, they are met, not by a superb rising to the occasion, but by weak and puerile complaints of interference and by sullen insinuations that the elderly gentlemen "won't play" if they are disturbed in their games. It is curious that while there are complacently presented hundreds of petitions every day for pensions, personal relief, and local buildings and improvements, when they take the form of urging the Senate to a great action, they provoke the childish petulance of senility, the rising gall of indolence or incapacity, or the zeal of narrow partisanship. We have lately said in these columns that patience must be exercised with a deliberate body whose right and duty it is to act intelligently and wisely on the treaty. We still think so. But we can not but condemn the unnecessary and undignified irritation the petitions have led some senators to display.

The consensus of opinion among these critics whom Senator Hoar calls "mere outsiders" is apparently all in one direction. The defense of the Senate is left to senators who, like Senator Lodge, rush to its support with flimsy arguments based on the struggles of politicians to obtain well-paid senatorships, and a triumphant pointing to the learning displayed in debate. Undoubtedly the office is an attractive one to place-hunters. It is matter of regret, as well as a large portion of the difficulty, that they are being filled with place-hunters and political hoppers rather than with disinterested patriots. The learned debates and the eloquence are admitted. Not by them, however, but by high achievements will the Senate be judged. As the roll of newly elected members is called, the republic is not cheered by a prospect of improvement. We may be thankful if the decline is not more marked. New names already elected

which will answer the roll-call in the coming session are distressingly reminiscent of the personal politics and bossism of New York and Pennsylvania, the faction fights of Illinois and Delaware, the mediocrity of Idaho, and the Populism of Washington and Kansas. The corollary is that if the people want a Senate more worthy of its ancient name, they must take the matter seriously in hand and select its members by better methods.

When the constitution of 1879 was adopted in this State, it was looked upon by its advocates as an almost perfect instrument. The convention that framed it, coming so closely after the "sand-lot" excitement in this city and the almost universal discontent among the farmers, was largely representative of these two elements, and the instrument prepared by it reflected their extreme views in many of its provisions. It was one of the first to represent the modern tendency to include provisions that were formerly left for the legislatures to act upon, and it went farther than was then usual in prescribing in detail the provisions usually accepted as part of the organic law.

The earlier constitutions adopted by the States in this country were confined to a brief statement of the division of the powers of government. The first constitution of Virginia contained about thirty-two hundred words. Pennsylvania's was about twice as long. Since these earlier documents, the tendency has been to include more subjects and to multiply the restrictions on the different departments of government, particularly upon the legislative. The people are jealous of the extreme exercise of power by their representatives, and there is a growing lack of confidence in the wisdom and even the integrity of the legislatures.

The constitution of this State, as adopted, contains nearly twenty-two thousand words, or nearly seven times as many as the first constitution of Virginia. It contains many regulations concerning personal relations, lengthy definitions, and directions to the legislature regarding details of the laws to be enacted, and restrictions upon the action of the legislature that are voluminous. It must be admitted, even by the advocates of the instrument, that their expectations have not been realized. The more radical provisions have been interpreted into nullities by the supreme court, and hardly a session of the legislature has passed since its adoption that several amendments have not been submitted to the people.

Many of these amendments have not been wise or in any way an improvement upon the existing provisions, but they have generally been adopted by the voters without much thought or consideration as to their effect. There is one amendment before the legislature now, however, that, upon its surface, promises to effect a radical and much needed improvement. This is the proposition to divide the session of the legislature into two parts, with an interval of three or four months between. It is proposed that the legislature convene, as at present, in January for a session limited to thirty days. During this session the organization of the two houses is to be completed, and all bills are to be introduced, read a first time, and referred to the appropriate committees. When a United States Senator is to be chosen, he would probably be elected during this first session. The legislature would then adjourn, to reconvene after the heat of summer for a second session of thirty days. At this second session no new bills could be introduced without the consent of two-thirds of the members. The work of this second session would be the discussion and enactment or rejection of the bills that had been introduced at the first session.

A part of the advantage to be gained by this proposed amendment might be secured by a rule adopted in both houses, to the effect that no bills might be introduced after the first thirty days of the session, except by consent of two-thirds of the members; but this would not meet the whole difficulty. The great advantage of the change lies in the more thorough consideration that may be given to proposed legislation by members and through the columns of the press during the interval between the two sessions. Any person who has been present during a session of the legisla-

knows how much of the time of the members is consumed by the necessary work in committees. Bills must be considered and discussed, delegations of advocates and opponents of the principal measures must be heard, investigations as to the effect of proposed legislation must be conducted. The most active and industrious members can find time to examine only a few of the measures that are not referred to their particular committees, and they must be guided in their action by the advice of the committee reporting the bills, or by the personal solicitations of friends or opponents of the measure. The mass of ill-digested legislation that is turned out at each session of the legislature results largely from the physical impossibility of members thoroughly studying the measures presented before them. The proposed amendment would remedy this evil.

A somewhat unusual feature in politics as a result of the late campaign, and one to be commended, is the continued and active interest of business men and business organizations so long after the contest has closed. Business men are altogether too prone to become careless of the manipulations of politicians except when legislation is proposed which directly affects their individual enterprises. This tendency is naturally attributable to the absorption of business men in their personal affairs, but it is regrettable because no class of citizens can exercise so vast an influence on political action when they are once thoroughly aroused. This was magnificently demonstrated in the last campaign. The financial issues in both branches—the tariff and the currency—profoundly stirred the business interests of the country. The result was the formation of sound-money leagues everywhere. They met upon the one issue in which they could act untrammelled by partisanship. The outcome was primarily due to their efforts in organization and education. California was a particularly doubtful, if not a lost State, when the *Argonaut* called upon the business men of San Francisco and the State to enter the campaign independently of party committees. The narrow majority by which the electoral vote was saved to the Republican party sufficiently indicates what would have happened if the response had been less prompt and hearty.

The fierce contest of the last campaign has left a deep impression on the minds of business men which is still bearing fruit. They have clearly recognized the value of their own moral force, and are wisely resolving to continue its efficiency by organization. Evidences of the fact are multiplying. Philadelphia has a large business-men's league, which promises to be the worthy successor of that Committee of One Hundred which reformed the public service of the Quaker City several years ago. Indianapolis has lately been the scene of a convention in which business men met to consider the best methods of currency reform. And now the news comes that the sound-money organizations of Chicago have determined to perpetuate their usefulness in the form of a National Business League. The nucleus of membership in the new league comprises several hundred of the prominent merchants and bankers of the city. Its avowed purpose is to supplement the work so well begun by the sound-money leagues of the campaign, to watch the current of national legislation and to influence it for good on the lines upon which the last battle was won. The organization will be non-partisan in its work and national in its scope, and proposes to invite the coöperation of business men throughout the Union. May the response be as enthusiastic and the work as energetic as that which saved the country from Bryanism last November.

It is an unfortunate fact that the investment of capital in the great business enterprises always attracts the opposition of a certain class of people. No matter how small the individual contributions to the enterprise may be, these attacks will come, provided the aggregate capital is sufficiently large to attract attention. These people who thus strive to break down business initiative on a large scale are generally those who, through lack of business ability, or through disinclination to work, have failed to accumulate the means to make investments on their own account and regard with envious eyes their more fortunate neighbors. They are of little value to the community as producers, and when they thus attack the vested interests of capital they work absolute harm. Capital is always seeking safe and profitable investment, and the progressive community is always seeking to attract more capital, in order that production may be increased, that the unemployed may be given an opportunity to earn wages, and that money may be distributed among the various trades. When capital is attacked and its investment rendered insecure, new capital is diverted to other localities and that which is already invested becomes timid and curtails its enterprises.

It is even more unfortunate that these envious malcontents can always find some newspapers ready and willing to pander to their malignity and prejudices in the hope of

sweeping a few extra nickels into the cash-drawer. Forgetful of any sense of duty, if they ever experienced such a sensation, and ignoring the fact that their own continued prosperity must ultimately rest upon and be measured by the prosperity of the community, they strive to beat down and destroy the very elements upon which that prosperity depends. The more successful a combination of intelligence and capital may be, the more bitterly it is denounced as a malignant and criminal conspiracy against the public welfare.

Annually the people of this city are treated to an exhibition of this kind directed against the water company. This year an attempt is made by the leading organ of the agitators to make a certain show of fairness by declaring that what it wants is to secure the necessary information to determine what would be reasonable water rates. Yet, in the face of its admission that it lacks this information, it insists, with all the energy at its command, that the water rates are now too high and should be reduced. With no knowledge as to the controlling factors in the case, it assumes to decide the question in advance of any investigation. It further demands, with equal insistence, that the board of supervisors shall make material reductions because, as it claims, the members of the board, while in equal darkness with itself regarding the facts, agreed to do so. Those members who fail to carry out its instructions, even though they should act upon honest conviction and according to the highest dictates of justice, are threatened with political annihilation. The insincerity of the position is apparent. This paper has repeatedly intimated that the object of the investigation is to embarrass the courts in an attempt to do justice, should unreasonable rates be fixed. If rates are to be reduced without regard to the result of the investigation, why should there be any investigation at all?

There was a time when the supply of water was inadequate to the absolute needs of the people. The sprinkling of the streets had to be abandoned, the watering of gardens was restricted to certain hours, the consumers were urged to exercise all possible economy in the use of water, in order that a serious water famine might be averted. There was a time when the water furnished was impure and unwholesome, and carried the germs of disease into every household. The water company set itself to remedying these evils and to preventing the possibility of a repetition in the future. Its plant was increased, new supplies of water were secured, expensive retaining-dams were built, and improved apparatus for purifying the water was introduced. This was many years ago, and since that time the people have enjoyed the luxury of an abundant supply of pure and wholesome water. The people have enjoyed this blessing so long that many have forgotten the service rendered by the water company. Complaint has been made against these very extensions and improvements, on the ground that they are unnecessary and extravagant.

The answer to this complaint is to be found in the *personnel* of the directors. They have always been men who, in their private capacity, enjoyed the respect and esteem of the community. They have always been recognized as among the leaders in business ability; as men whose judgment was not to be questioned; against whose integrity no breath of suspicion has been raised. It is only as directors of the water company that they have been attacked by irresponsible persons, and then the attack has not been upon them personally but upon the company as a whole. The actions of the company have been the actions of these men, and it is not probable that they would jeopardize their social and business standing by acts such as have been charged against them.

The directors occupy the most responsible and delicate position known in modern business. They are handling and managing property not their own but belonging to the stockholders, whom they represent. They stand in the relation of trustees, a relationship around which the law has thrown every safeguard. For their every act they are responsible to the stockholders, and the duty rests upon them to protect the interests of those whom they represent. Annually they are put to the expense of instructing a body of men regarding a business with the details of which those men are thoroughly unfamiliar. In the short space of two months, the supervisors are expected to gain a knowledge of an extensive and complicated business sufficient to enable them to conduct that business wisely. If they have not this knowledge, the interests of the stockholders are jeopardized and their investments may be rendered worthless. Yet, while they are engaged in this delicate and difficult task, they are continually being urged on by irresponsible politicians and sensational newspapers to act in a manner which in any private line of business would be characterized as insanity. It is time that a more intelligent and just method prevailed in the conduct of public affairs.

These attacks upon organized capital are merely the outpourings of those who have no money against those who

have some. They are aimed at the larger aggregations of wealth now, but the same arguments will apply to all who have accumulated capital. If the government is to be made a weapon in the hands of the impecunious and envious to break down the earning power of capital invested in large business enterprises, it may with equal ease be turned against smaller accumulations. Success in the larger undertaking and familiarity with the use of the weapon will encourage and embolden them to further exploits. If the corporation with an investment of one million dollars can be successfully attacked, the individual capitalist with one thousand dollars invested is equally vulnerable. The poor are necessarily far more numerous than the rich, and where the majority rules, as in this country, all wealth is secure only when the majority are controlled by the dictates of justice and morality. When they are encouraged to accept any other rule of conduct, the stability of society is menaced.

Were the effects of these assaults confined here they might possibly be endurable, but they are not. They are noised throughout the world of investment, and fix the estimate in which San Francisco is held in the business world. The State of Kansas suffered from allowing this class to gain the ascendancy, and has learned its bitter lesson. If these attacks are carried to their logical conclusion, capital will be unsafe here and this city and State will suffer disaster. The citizens can not afford to sit complacently by and allow this work of destruction to continue.

The capacity of women to fill positions of trust is a question upon which doctors have disagreed since Eve was cajoled into eating the apple. It is the general opinion that the woman's loyalty and judgment are to be relied upon when affection guides her, and to be mistrusted when the cold-blooded question of moral principle is alone involved. Not that the female of the species is without the sense of loyalty or the directing influence of conscience, but that centuries of dependence, of having decisions made and thinking done for her, have robbed her of independence of judgment and the governing quality of self-reliance.

Two cases bearing on the point have recently come before the public. One is that of the woman clerk in New York who offered to sell confidential information as to the fluctuations in value brought about by her employers' manipulations of stocks. The other is more complicated. Emma Shirley, a Chicago stenographer in the office of the State attorney, turned over to the defense the State's evidence in the O'Malley murder case. According to her notes, several of the State's witnesses were unable at the private examination to identify O'Malley as being present at the time of the murder. When these same witnesses testified in court, they swore positively that O'Malley was present. Miss Shirley is alleged to have furnished the counsel for O'Malley with the notes taken at the private examination, which she swore were correct. Stenographers and court reporters have universally condemned her action. She is without excuse in having betrayed the confidence of the State. "If," said a member of a well-known firm of stenographers, "she had compunctions of conscience about the way the accused was being treated by the State, it was her duty to go to the judge of the court, not to the other side of the case." Many of those consulted founded their disapproval not alone upon the betrayal of evidence, but upon the injury that will recoil upon herself as a person no longer to be trusted. Her action was not only dishonorable, it was unbusiness-like. Putting her betrayal of confidential matter in the best light possible, supposing that she did it from a stern sense of duty, she was a fool to do it the way she did, and has ruined her own prospects.

Whether it was a question of scruples or a question of money, Miss Shirley may settle with her own conscience. If it was the former, she displayed an impetuosity, a lack of prudence, which is supposed to distinguish her sex in moments of importance. If it was the latter, the question is much simpler, it being an easier matter to pass judgment on an utterly dishonorable woman than on one who is more fool than knave. The women, however, who go forth to earn an honorable livelihood with the sweat of their brows or the toil of their hands can no longer plead unattractive feminine folly as an excuse for actions as ill-inspired as Miss Shirley's. This pretty justification belongs to the reign of the boudoir or the drawing-room. The women who stay at home beside the tea-table and the tambour-frame can still cling to the all-powerful excuse of a sweetly artless ignorance for the terrible childish cruelty and folly by which they have torn to pieces hearts and homes. But when they leave their sheltered corner and measure themselves by the standard of mere humanity, they realize that the old, coy attitude of a graceful irresponsibility has lost its power to charm. They can no longer stand with their fingers in their mouths and say, pleadingly, "I'm so sorry, but I'm only a woman, and

I didn't mean to." When they were children, they thought as children, but now they have put away childish things.

It is not, however, the man's place to complain of his unworthy stenographer and his uncompanionable wife. He must look back through his various transmigrations to the time when he went forth and trapped his spouse with a lasso and, when she tried his temper, clubbed her on the head. He can ruminate on that intermediary period of her development when he took her with a piece of ground or a complement of cattle, as we reconcile ourselves to the purchase of inferior crockery by having a pound of tea thrown in as an inducement. Even to-day, if he girds at her feeble reasoning power, her frivolous impulsiveness, he ought to think how he himself has encouraged her in the charming indecision and dependence which he admired so much in his *fiancée* and finds so aggravating in his wife. He it is who has made her extravagant and worshiped her most ardently in jewels and satin. He it is who writes books about her, depicting her as an enchantress without discretion, or practicality, or sense, or reason. None of your intelligent women, or self-reliant women, or capable women for him. In print she can not be too foolish, or extravagant, or capricious, or disloyal for his admiration. Diana of the Crossways is the great man's heroine of modern fiction, and Diana did the very same sort of thing that Miss Shirley has done. Yet the world of men worship Meredith's heroine as "the ideal woman."

The problem of obtaining a good and durable surface for street pavements has for years received the attention and study of engineers. The three materials that have been most favored are stone blocks, wooden blocks, and various preparations of asphalt or bituminous rock. The conditions are so different from those governing in the construction of country roads that experience with the latter offers little or no assistance. The traffic is much heavier, both in volume and in weight of load, and therefore the questions of durability and traction assume far greater importance. Other things being equal, the pavement that makes the least noise is most to be desired, and economy is always a prime consideration. But economy in first cost does not always prove to be economy in the end, and therefore the question must be studied in its broadest aspects. Frequent repairs not only impede traffic, but are often found to cost more than the amount originally paid for the pavement.

In this city thousands of dollars have been paid annually for street pavements, both by the municipality and by the property-owners, yet it may safely be said that there is not a city of its size in the world that has worse pavements than San Francisco. The old plank pavements, with their unequalled dirt-collecting and disease-breeding capacity, have fortunately been abandoned for many years; the cobblestones are also following them into well-deserved oblivion. The basalt block pavement enjoyed a period of popularity, but the excessive noise, the facility with which it collects dirt in the interstices between the blocks, and the success with which it defeats all attempts at effective street-cleaning have discredited it. The stone pavement will not remain so long in good condition as a well-laid asphalt or bituminous pavement, and, contrary to the generally accepted impression, it is more slippery. The surfaces of the blocks become as smooth as glass, and offer practically no foothold for horses. Careful observations conducted in London some years ago established the fact that a horse might be expected to travel 132 miles on stone blocks without falling and 191 miles on asphalt. The condition of the weather naturally affects the result. When dry, a horse would average 78 miles on stone blocks and 223 miles on asphalt; when damp, 168 miles on stone blocks and 125 on asphalt; and when wet, 537 on stone and 192 on asphalt. The greater danger on asphalt in wet weather results from the dirt upon the surface, and when kept perfectly clean, the number of falls would be considerably reduced. As regards the weight of the load that can be hauled, there is, of course, no comparison between the two classes of pavement.

Of late years more attention has been paid in this city to bituminous pavement than to any other. This State has large deposits of bituminous rock, and the freedom from noise, as well as the pleasure of driving over the smooth surface, has tended to secure for it a favorable reception. But it must be confessed that this pavement has been found lacking in the essential quality of durability. The surface becomes uneven, and the repeated hammering of vehicles upon the depressions causes it to crumble and wear away. When once the surface becomes broken, the destruction of the pavement is rapid.

In popular conversation bituminous and asphaltic pavements are generally spoken of as if they were identical. As a matter of fact they are quite distinct, and the difference is very important. The principal difference arises from the fact that bituminous rock is mixed by natural forces, the sandstone being infiltrated with bituminous matter from

either above or below, while the asphalt is artificially mixed. The artificial mixture secures a more even product, every part being thoroughly mixed and the proportions found most desirable for paving purposes being secured. It is also frequently the case that too high a percentage of the essential or volatile oils is found in bituminous rock, and these evaporate after the pavement is laid, leaving a surface of sandstone insufficiently bound together by the bituminous matter, which soon crumbles and wears away under ordinary traffic. Even the heat to which the material is subjected in preparation is insufficient to overcome this difficulty.

The asphaltic pavement is prepared from a mixture of liquid and solid asphaltum, which is mixed into an asphaltic paste. This is again mixed with the necessary proportion of sand, and, where necessary, a small percentage of lime is added. During the last two years, half a million dollars' worth of this asphaltic pavement has been produced in this State, and pavements have been laid in New York, Brooklyn, and the principal cities of the East, in competition with the more widely known Trinidad asphalt. Some pavements have also been laid in the southern part of this State; but, as yet, San Francisco has practically no asphaltic pavement.

The specifications for street pavements in this city adopted last year do not allow asphaltic pavement to be laid here. A movement has been inaugurated to allow the asphaltum companies to bid on contracts, and the street committee of the board of supervisors has the question under consideration. The specifications should be amended in this respect, for there is no valid reason why the bituminous companies should enjoy a monopoly. It is claimed that the asphaltic pavement can be laid more cheaply than bituminous rock. That it is more durable is shown by the facts already set forth regarding its preparation. It is a California product, and should receive encouragement from the principal city of the State.

Florence Marryat, the novelist, is to start a school where the art of writing is to be taught. This is partly a measure for her own protection against the demands made upon her time by the persistent amateur, and partly a business speculation. Miss Marryat has suffered at the hands of the young author who comes for counsel with his spring poem in his breast-pocket. She has comforted and criticised battalions of aspirants, and being only human, she is beginning to think that it is time to consider the question of remuneration. We all know how Maupassant served an eight years' apprenticeship under Flaubert, and, perhaps, it is this training that Miss Marryat is trying to imitate. Her school is to train the amateur into a practical working knowledge of the writer's craft. He is to study the best models, to bear lectures on literary topics by able masters. He is to learn how to condense and how to describe. A too luxuriant imagination is to be pruned, an arid one cultivated. Those numberless strugglers who can not decide how to kill the villain when they have done with him, or which man should be rewarded with the band of the heroine, will be helped by efficient counsel.

Just how much benefit such an academy will be is an interesting question. The great school of the writer is the world, the means with which heaven has given him to study, his eyes and ears. As no set schooling ever made an actor, so no formula of training will ever make a writer, without the original predisposition which is called the literary instinct. Miss Marryat says her pupils will be made to study masterpieces. If they do not study these, without the guidance and coercion of tutors, they are not selected by destiny to be authors. All the schools on the earth will not teach a writer his natural bent or hasten his course through the tedium of apprenticeship. Through the chaos and errors of his amateur stage, he struggles passionately upward, guided by his instinct, working out his own salvation. No school will ever teach him so much as these blind efforts do. Balzac, laboring through the cold winter nights on his tragedy of "Cromwell," Zola, writing poems by the light of a single candle, were working out their apprenticeship, growing into the places where they belonged. Stevenson, writing tragedies and novels and narrative poems in imitation of each of the great masters in turn, was accomplishing his novitiate, doing his hard school drudgery without the guiding hand of a master to help and sustain him. Without the consciousness of a compelling attraction, without the voluntary desire to work and labor and sweat for the cause of art, the aspirant for literary honors is not worthy of his hire. Let him go and till the soil, or be a clerk, or a bank president, or a broker. For those thousands who adopt literature gayly, thoughtlessly, irresponsibly, as a more interesting way to keep the pot boiling than by sweeping a crossing or cleaning a chimney, Miss Marryat's school will be useful. There they can learn the technicalities of their trade, the rules of grammar, the elements of construction, how to cut and how to pad. And when they drift on a daily newspaper and go forth upon a "detail," they will send in neat copy, well spelled and

punctuated and sufficiently lacking in all literary distinction to be acceptable to the most severe editor.

An amendment to the State Constitution of California has been proposed in the present session which we believe should be adopted. We refer to the proposal to limit the jurisdiction of judges, in matters of contempt, to words spoken and acts done in the immediate presence of the court while in session, "and in such manner as actually to interfere with its proceedings."

The judges were originally the personal representatives of the sovereign. As such, they shared "the divinity that doth hedge a king," and unusual powers were given them that they might maintain the dignity of their office. But in our day judges are chosen by popular vote. They are as directly the servants of the people as any other officers of the government. Their province is to construe and apply the laws made by their employers, and if they are not amenable to public criticism, they are tacitly invited to become a judicial autocracy. Honest criticism is always a wholesome check on public officers, and should not be abridged. Dishonest and malicious criticism, in a free land where every intelligent person is a reader and forms his own opinions, defeats itself. Public sentiment is the great regulator, and experience proves that it can not long be successfully resisted or contemned. A judge is but human. Elevation to office renders him neither omniscient nor infallible. He is properly given wide punitive power in the management of his court and sufficient authority over all that transpires within its bounds to make that power respected. Beyond this, the dignity essential to court procedure and the respect which makes it efficient must stand upon its own wise and competent administration or fall through its own weakness and incapacity. Personally, a judge has the same redress for malicious or untruthful criticism as any other man, and he is entitled to no more.

Fortunately it is seldom that a judge usurps arbitrary power. Intimate contact with the law enhances respect for it in the minds of judges, litigants, and criminals alike. The proposed amendment—which is identical with the United States statute governing all Federal courts—is wholly precautionary and conserves the right of free speech and a free press. The same end was aimed at by an act known as the Barry Law, passed by the legislature in 1891. This act was declared unconstitutional by Judge Catlin, of Sacramento. An appeal from his decision was made to the Supreme Court, and no decision in the case has yet been rendered. But the principle involved is one of vital importance, and should be raised above interpretation by the courts and embodied in the constitution of the State, where it will serve as a check to the temptation of arbitrary power and a constant pledge of the freedom of honest criticism.

The stringency of divorce laws on the Continent has already acted as a check to those American maidens who are standing with reluctant feet on the edge of a European marriage. But now another point of law has just come to light which is even more blighting to their aristocratic ambitions. The American heiress who married a European title might lose her country, her friends, her children, her character, but, unless she was willing to give it up, she could keep her money. That fortune which she brought over with her, and which had made her so desirable a being, was hers when she wanted to take it back. How many stories have come to our unsophisticated ears in this happy land far, far away, of American wives taking the purse away from foreign husbands? Count Pappenheim even went so far as to pursue his wife, and was stopped only by an insufficiency of funds where-with to continue the chase. Even in divorce cases, though the law was hard about the children, the wife had at least the consolation of her fortune.

Now, however, we hear that the distressed and wronged Prince de Chimay wants alimony from his eloping wife, and that the courts have considered the justice of his demand, and have awarded him seventy-five thousand francs a year. In this country such a demand seems monstrous. But marriage with us still retains its sentimental significance, and is a contract in which romance is regarded above business. In France, on the contrary, it is an essentially business-like agreement: where a foreign fortune and a domestic title are concerned, it is generally a purely commercial transaction. The man sells his title for a large dowry. Sentiment has no more to do with it than it has with the unions of kings and queens. When the woman proves herself unworthy to bear the title which the man has sold to her, he seems to be quite justified in seeking reparation for a bad bargain. He wanted only her money; she wanted only his title. To have her run away with that, and another man and the fortune, is rather more than even a prince can be expected to bear. The proud spirit of the Chimays revolted, and it takes seventy-five thousand francs a year to pacify it.

HOW SHALL
CITY STREETS
BE PAVED?

A SCHOOL
FOR
NOVELISTS.

ALIMONY
FOR
HUSBANDS.

AN ARMY WIFE'S SISTER.

How She Exemplified the Sweet Unreasonableness of Woman.

Army wives generally have unmarried sisters. These sisters always come out to visit them, and the rest goes by itself.

Mrs. Lorillard had an unmarried sister. She was very attractive. She was far more attractive than Mrs. Lorillard ever could have been. The girl's name was Spencer—May Spencer. She was eighteen years old, if you took her word for it; and she was blonde and pink and white and plump. She came from some place in Ohio, and she visited the Lorillards at Stanton—which is in New Mexico, a hundred miles from the railroad, across Dead Man's Valley (there is always a Dead Man's Valley) and some steep hills and a lava bed a mile wide. If you have never seen a lava bed, you can not appreciate that. You might try to imagine the ocean lashed into fury by a simoon, then fancy its great waves and billows and swells changed suddenly to dark gray-brown stone at the height of the storm, and you may form a vague idea of what the lava bed between Fort Stanton and the railroad is like.

It frightened Miss Spencer badly. The ambulance went slipping, and sliding, and coasting, and thumping, and bounding over the one passable part, in a way that only an ambulance conducted by a driver who has spent his life on Arizona and New Mexico roads could possibly stand. It put all the laws of centripetal force and of equilibrium at naught. It and the four mules were laws unto themselves.

Miss Spencer was not accustomed to that sort of thing. She stood it as long as she could, and then she told Major Roche—in whose charge she was traveling—that she meant to get out and walk. She had bothered the major a good deal already, and he was getting tired, so he did not say anything, but simply told the driver to "slow up" and let Miss Spencer get out by herself.

She fell behind after a moment, and the ambulance went relentlessly on, creaking, flapping its canvas, clanking its chains, its brake screeching shrilly. And as it disappeared, sometimes lost to sight in a great hollow, sometimes toiling up a smooth face of lava, Miss Spencer felt herself abandoned indeed, in a New Mexico desert under that terrible midsummer sun. The heat was fiery, scorching, parching. The sky was like hot blue glass. She wondered why, when the lava was hot enough to burn her feet through the soles of her shoes, it did not melt or grow soft. She kept on walking because she was afraid to stop. Twice she slipped and fell and cut her hands. Under the porous, piled-up rock, rabbits and owls and quail were hidden; there were snakes, too, and lizards. At first she was frightened when they scurried by her, but soon, with her head ringing and her eyes dazed with congested blood and her mouth open and as dry as flour, she did not even notice them.

She reached the end of the huge rock river at last, and found the ambulance waiting. The driver was asleep, and the major was drinking beer. He offered her some, and when she had drunk it she held out her broad little foot.

"My shoes are all cut to pieces, and they were new and awfully heavy."

"You should have kept still," he answered.

Now Miss Spencer wanted sympathy, and when she didn't get it she took a dislike to the major; and because she disliked him, she eventually made him sorry.

For the first fortnight of her visit she was not pretty. She was sun-burned from her passage of the lava sea. Her face was red and swollen, then blotchy, and lastly peely. After that she returned to the normal pink and white. She was the only girl at the post, and there were a bachelor, a brevet-bachelor, a young contract surgeon, and Major Roche's son. The bachelor officer was studious—the kind that have much faith and think that the Great Fathers in Washington will reward lieutenants who pass high exams. and have ideas on Indians. He had no time for young women. He paid his one call and retired. The brevet-bachelor is peculiar to the service. His wife is back East, visiting her family. He differs from the real article only in that he is ineligible. He was devoted to Miss Spencer, but he did not count. There was also the contract surgeon. Of course he was only a contract surgeon. Still, he was tall and blonde and had a heguling Southern drawl. He fell in love with Miss Spencer.

But the exciting part of the story hinges on Major Roche's son. He was twenty, and he was no use on earth. He was just a boy, and never would be anything more. He had failed in everything he had ever undertaken. He couldn't even dance, and he was afraid of a three-foot *acequia* when he rode. He depended on his papa for everything, and he thought he knew women through and through. Probably Providence sent Miss Spencer to show him that he didn't—but the ways of Providence are inscrutable, and I can't be sure.

Well, the contract surgeon fell in love with Miss Spencer, but, like Viola, he never told his love. Now, as the bachelor was hidden, Miss Spencer couldn't fall in love with him, and no one could have fallen in love with Teddy Roche, so she reciprocated the contract surgeon's passion.

His name was Randolph—Custus Randolph, to match his nice blue eyes and his charming drawl. His courtship was of the eternally-on-hand sort. The life of a garrison offers even greater advantages for this than that of a Southern town. He was with Miss Spencer from guard-mounting until long after taps. But Miss Spencer pined to see more of him.

"Mr. Randolph, I believe you're lazy."

"Oh! now—Miss May—why? That isn't kind." He gazed at the flag on the flag-staff tenderly, and dwelt musically on each word.

"Because."

"It is the privilege of a lady to give that reason." His eyes sought the tennis-court in tender, blue abstractedness.

"Well, I know you are."

"Won't you have pity on me, and tell me why?"

"Because you never are up until almost guard-mount."

"Oh! deah, yes I am. I go over to the hospital at sick-call, you know."

"Why don't I ever see you, then?"

"Perhaps you haven't risen, yourself."

"I'm always up at reveillé."

"No! Goodness; why on earth do you do that?"

"I believe you go over to the hospital the back way and aren't half awake and don't even have a collar on."

"Now, Miss May—how unkind."

"Isn't it true?"

"I always have my collar on." He told a future truth. After this he would wear a collar.

"I hate lazy people."

"Oh! Miss May—how unkind. You don't hate me, I hope." His eyes were on the pink ribbon that fluttered from her belt; he took hold of it and wound it around his finger, getting gradually nearer to her.

"I do, if you are lazy."

"How can I prove to you that I am not?"

"That's easy enough."

"Do tell me how."

"Just prove it."

"By rising early and letting you see me?"

"Well—yes."

"I shall do so to-morrow."

"But I always go for a ride before breakfast."

"May I not join you?"

"If you like. I don't care." Which is feminine for caring very much indeed.

So Dr. Randolph rode with Miss Spencer the next morning, and he breakfasted at the Lorillards', and he sat on the Lorillards' porch to watch guard-mounting, and then he played tennis with Miss Spencer, and when it was too hot to do that any longer, they sat together on the porch again, shaded by the crowsfoot and morning-glory vines, and read aloud by turns. They parted for luncheon, but immediately afterward they met again in the Lorillards' sitting-room to practice the mandolin and guitar. Randolph dined with the Lorillards, and then he and Miss Spencer walked up and down the line until taps, and after taps they sat on the porch once more and talked in undertones.

Occasionally the Roche boy made a third, and though he was far from welcome, he never guessed it.

Now it may seem incredible, but it is true, that though this went on without a pause for ten solid months, Randolph still modestly doubted if he were loved, and dared not voice his passion. Mrs. Lorillard began to think that she had done quite all that the family could expect of her, and she grew hopeless and weary, moreover, of boarding free two hungry young people. She told Miss Spencer as gently as possible that she might go the next time the ambulance went over to Carthage, which was the railroad station. Miss Spencer told Randolph she was going—and wept. And Randolph consoled her from afar, and actually thought she was weeping at leaving her little nephew and niece and her sister. There are men like that.

The ambulance went a week later to carry Major Roche and Teddy Roche to the railroad. Teddy was offered a position at Tucson, and was going to take it; the major had government business at Carthage. The Carthage road is a branch; it joins the main line of the A. T. and S. F. at a station called San Antonio. The major would chaperon the young woman to Carthage; thence she would go to the main line and East, and Teddy to the main line and West. Only Teddy and May compromised. They both went to Socorro, which is on the main line, a very little north-east of San Antonio.

The contract doctor and Miss Spencer had a harrowing parting. The latter lost her temper over his procrastination, and hurst into tears. It nearly broke his heart and entirely silenced his tongue.

After she was gone, hopelessly gone, he determined to reveal the secret of his heart, by letter. But, being named Custis Randolph, he put off doing it. Instead, he swung in his hammock all day, and thought of her blue eyes and pretty face and guileless smile, and regretted his erstwhile constant companion. The ambulance would return, empty of its lovely load, in five days. He knew that. He would write when it returned.

So, on the afternoon of the fifth day, he sat, still swinging in the hammock and smoking a pipe, the ashes whereof he sprinkled his coat, when the four mules and the ambulance rattled into the post. They stopped at the major's quarters, in a cloud of dust, and two men and a woman alighted. There was no doubt about who the woman was. In his delight, Randolph lost his head. He strode down the broad walk to the Roches'.

Miss Spencer was still standing by the ambulance, hunting—with the driver's help—for something under one of the seats. The major and Teddy had gone indoors.

"Why, Miss May!" said Randolph, and this time there was no drawl—"how delightful! What brings you back?"

"Oh! my husband. Teddy and I got married in Socorro, and joined the dear old major again in Carthage the same day."

"How delightful," Randolph repeated, weakly.

"Well, Teddy seemed to think so, but the dear, sweet old major didn't. Anyway, you know, he was so horrid about my shoes on the bad-lands that day." She smiled demurely.

And that was all any one ever knew about it.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1897.

An eminent French physician says that typhoid fever can be washed out of the system by water. He gives his patients what would amount to eight or ten ounces an hour of sterilized water. In cases of cholera, where the system secretes a large amount of fluid, enormous quantities of hot water are of great benefit.

OLD FAVORITES.

La Grisette.

Ah, Clemence! when I saw thee last
Trip down the Rue de Seine,
And turning, when thy form had passed,
I said: "We meet again!"
I dreamed not in that idle glance
Thy latest image came,
And only left to memory's trance
A shadow and a name.

The few strange words my lips had taught
Thy timid voice to speak,
Their gentler signs, which often brought
Fresh roses to thy cheek,
The trailing of thy long loose hair
Bent o'er my couch of pain,
All, all returned, more sweet, more fair;
Oh, had we met again!

I walked where saint and virgin keep
The vigil lights of Heaven,
I knew that thou hadst woes to weep,
And sins to be forgiven;
I watched where Genevieve was laid,
I knelt by Mary's shrine,
Beside me low, soft voices prayed;
Alas! but where was thine?

And when the morning sun was bright,
When wind and wave were calm,
And flamed, in thousand-tinted light,
The rose of Notre Dame,
I wandered through the haunts of men,
From Boulevard to Quai,
Till, frowning over Saint Etienne,
The Pantheon's shadow lay.

In vain, in vain; we meet no more,
Nor dream what fates befall;
And long upon the stranger's shore
My voice on thee may call.
When years have clothed the line in moss
That tells thy name and days,
And withered, on thy simple cross,
The wreaths of Pere-la-Chaise!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Langley Lane.

In all the land, range up, range down,
Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet
As Langley Lane in London town,
Just out of the bustle of square and street?
Little white cottages, all in a row,
Gardens where bachelor's buttons grow,
Swallows' nests in roof and wall,
And up above the still blue sky
Where the woolly white clouds go sailing by—
I seem to be able to see it all!

For now, in summer, I take my chair,
And sit outside in the sun, and hear
The distant murmur of street and square,
And the swallows and sparrows chirping near;
And Fanny, who lives just over the way,
Comes running many a time each day,
With her little hand's touch so warm and kind;
And I smile and talk, with the sun on my cheek,
And the little live hand seems to stir and speak—
For Fanny is dumb, and I am blind.

Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she
Has fine black ringlets and dark eyes clear;
And I am older by summers three.
Why should we hold one another so dear?
Because she can not utter a word,
Nor hear the music of bee or bird,
The water-cart's splash or the milkman's call;
Because I have never seen the sky,
Nor the little singers that hum and fly,
Yet know she is gazing upon them all.

For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,
The bees and the blue-flies murmur low;
And I hear the water-cart go by,
With its cool splash-splash down the dusty row;
And the little one close at my side perceives
Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,
Where birds are chirping in summer shine,
And I hear, though I can not look; and she,
Though she can not hear, can the singers see—
And the little soft fingers flutter in mine!

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,
When it stirs on my palm for the love of me?
Do I not know she is pretty and young?
Hath not my soul an eye to see?
'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,
To wonder how things appear to her,
That I only hear as they pass around;
And as long as we sit in the music and light,
She is happy to keep God's sight,
And I am happy to keep God's sound.

Why, I know her face, though I am blind;
I made it of music long ago—
Strange, large eyes, and dark hair twined
Round the pensive light of a brow of snow;
And when I sit by my little one,
And hold her hand, and talk in the sun,
And hear the music that haunts the place,
I know she is raising her eyes to me,
And guessing how gentle my voice must be,
And seeing the music upon my face.

Though, if ever the Lord should grant me a prayer
(I know the fancy is only vain),
I should pray just once, when the weather is fair,
To see little Fanny and Langley Lane;
Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear
The voice of the friend that she holds so dear,
The song of the birds, the hum of the street—
It is better to be as we have been,
Each keeping up something unheard, unseen,
To make God's heaven more strange and sweet.

Ah, life is pleasant in Langley Lane!
There is always something sweet to hear—
Chirping of birds, or patter of rain,
And Fanny, my little one, always near.
And though I am weakly, and can't live long,
And Fanny, my darling, is far from strong,
And though we can never married be,
What then, since we hold one another so dear
For the sake of the pleasure one can not hear,
And the pleasure that only one can see?

—Robert Buchanan.

The Legal Aid Society gives legal assistance to the poor of New York who can not afford lawyers' fees. It has existed twenty years, has cared for eighty thousand cases, and secured over five hundred thousand dollars to its needy clients. It is supported by voluntary contributions.

A NEW LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

Professor Woodrow Wilson's Biography of the Father of his Country—His Early Life and Marriage—His Inauguration and Farewell.

The new biography of George Washington by Professor Woodrow Wilson, as republished in book-form after its serial appearance in *Harper's Magazine*, is being received with flattering attention throughout the country. In this book, Mr. Wilson has departed from the ties that bind conventional biographers and has produced a life of the great patriot which brings the reader close to the personality of its distinguished hero and impress upon him a sense of personal acquaintance. Mr. Wilson has not attempted to chronicle General Washington with the petty minuteness of a Boswell, nor to surround him with the theatrical glamour that characterizes the Napoleonic biographies; but he has appreciated the sterling qualities of his subject as a man and has given full consideration to the conditions of birth, surroundings, and development that made him the first figure in his age. The story is well summed up in the first paragraph of the book:

George Washington was bred a gentleman and a man of honor in the free school of Virginia society, with the generation that first learned what it meant to maintain English communities in America in safety and a self-respecting independence. . . . He came to his first manhood upon the first stir of revolutionary events; caught in their movement, he served a rough apprenticeship in arms at the thick of the French and Indian war; the Revolution found him a leader and veteran in affairs at forty-four; every turn of fortune confirmed him in his executive habit of foresight and mastering; death spared him, stalwart and commanding, until his rising career rounded and complete, no man doubted him the first character of his age. . . .

In his youth, Virginia, the oldest of the colonies, was least to be distinguished by any private character of her own from the rural communities of England herself. Through the turmoil of the period, England changed but Virginia did not:

There, landed estates spread themselves with an ample acreage along the margins of the streams that everywhere threaded the virgin woodland; and the planter drew about him a body of dependents who knew no other master; to whom came, in their seclusion, none of that quick air of change that had so stirred in England throughout all her century of revolution. . . . There was but one centre of social life in Virginia: at Williamsburg, the village capital, where the governor had his "palace," where stood the colonial college, where there were taverns and the town houses of sundry planters of the vicinage, and where there was much gay company and not a little formal ceremonial in the season. For the rest, the Old Dominion made shift to do without towns. There was no great mart to which all the trade of the colony was drawn. Ships came and went upon each broad river as upon a highway, taking and discharging freight at the private wharves of the several plantations. For every planter was his own merchant, shipping his tobacco to England and importing thence in return his clothes, his tools, his household fittings, his knowledge of the London fashions and of the game of politics at home.

The civil wars at home contributed largely to the settlement and development of the colony:

When the (Puritan) commonwealth's frigate came in at the capes and seized the colony for the government of the Interregnum, she counted scarcely fifteen thousand settlers upon her plantations, but the next twenty years saw her transformed. By 1670 quite twenty-five thousand people were added to the reckoning; and of the new-comers a great multitude had left England as much because they hated the Puritans as because they desired Virginia. . . . Many of them were of the hottest blood of the Cavaliers. It was in these years Virginia got her character and received her leading gentry for the time to come. . . . Among the rest in the great migration came two brothers, John and Lawrence Washington, of a stock whose loyalty was as old as the Conquest. They came of a Norman family, the men of whose elder branch had for two hundred years helped the stout bishops of Durham keep the border against the Scots, and in every branch of which men had sprung up to serve the king, the state, and the church with steadfastness and honor: dashing soldiers ready for the field at home or abroad, stout polemical priors, lawyers who knew the learning of their day and made their way to high posts in chancery, thrifty burghers, gallant courtiers, prosperous merchants—public-spirited gentlemen all.

The author discourses at length on the manners and politics of the time, and returns to his description of Virginian life:

It was a country in which news and opinions and friendships had passed freely current; where men knew each other with a rare leisurely intimacy, and enjoyed their easy, unforced intercourse with a keen and lasting relish. It was a country in which men kept their individuality very handsomely withal. If there was no town life, there were no town manners either, no village conventionalities to make all men of one carriage and pattern and manner of living. Every head of a family was head also of an establishment, and could live with a self-respect and freedom which were subject to no man's private scrutiny. . . . He was his own man, might have his own opinions if he held them but courteously enough, might live his own life if he lived it cleanly and without offense. "Was by their living rather than by their creed or their livelihood that men were assessed and esteemed.

It was not a life that bred students, though it was a life that begot thoughtfulness and leadership in affairs. Those who fell in the way of getting them had not a few hooks upon their shelves, because they thought every gentleman should have such means of knowing what the world had said and done before his day. But they read only upon occasion, when the weather darkened, or long evenings dragged because there were no guests in the house. . . . No one in Virginia thought that "becoming a mere scholar" was "a desirable education for a gentleman." He ought to "become acquainted with men and things rather than books."

Washington's father did not lack the means with which to educate his son abroad as was the custom of the time, but his death in Washington's youth interfered with any such project. The two elder brothers, Lawrence and Augustine, had been sent to England to get their schooling and preparation for life as their father before them had been to get his. But after his father's death, George could look for nothing of the kind. He must continue, as he had begun, to get such elementary and practical instruction as was to be had of school-masters in Virginia. Fortunately Mary Washington was a wise and provident mother, a woman of firm character and steadfast courage. Professor Wilson says of her:

She had seemed only a fair and beautiful girl when Augustine Washington married her, and there was a romantic story told of how that gallant Virginian sailor and gentleman had literally been thrown at her feet out of a carriage in the London streets by way of introduction—where she, too, was a visiting stranger out of Virginia. But she had shown a singular capacity for business when the romantic days of courtship were over. Washington was kept at school until he was close upon sixteen. . . . When he was fourteen it was proposed that he should be sent to sea, . . . but the prudent mother preferred he should not leave Virginia.

Washington is thus described at this time:

He was above all things else a capable, executive boy. He loved mastery, and he relished acquiring the most effective means of mastery in all practical affairs. His very exercise-books used at school gave proof of it. They were filled, not only with the rules, formulae, diagrams, and exercises of surveying, which he was taking special pains to learn, at the advice of his friends, but also with careful copies of legal and mercantile papers, bills of exchange, bills of sale, bonds, indentures, land warrants, leases, deeds, and wills, as if he meant to be a lawyer's or a merchant's clerk. . . . The men he most admired . . . were most of them sound men of business, who valued good surveying as much as they admired good horsemanship and skill in sport.

He was fortunate in the comradeship of his brother Lawrence:

Himself a man of spirit and honor, he had a high-hearted man's liking for all that he saw that was indomitable and well-purposed in the lad, a generous man's tenderness in looking to the development of this thorough-bred boy; and he took him into his confidence as if he had been his own son. . . . Men of all sorts, it seems, took pleasure in his (George's) company. . . . One man, indeed, gave at least a touch of another quality to the life Washington saw. This was Lord Fairfax. . . . George greatly struck his lordship's fancy, as he did that of all capable men, as a daring lad in the hunt and a sober lad in counsel; and, drawn into such companionship, he learned a great deal that no one else in Virginia could have taught him so well—the scrupulous deportment of a high-bred and honorable man of the world.

He received his first commission, when he was but sixteen, to survey Lord Fairfax's unbounded estates; and he proved his capacity at once. The work was full of trying and hazardous experiences:

There is an unmistakable note of boyish satisfaction in the tone in which he speaks of it. "Since you received my letter in October last," he writes to a young comrade, "I have not slept above three nights or four in a bed; but, after walking a good deal all the day, I lay down before the fire upon a little hay, straw, fodder, or bear skin, whichever is to be had, with man, wife, and children, like a parcel of dogs and cats; and happy is he who gets the hearth nearest the fire. . . . I have never had my clothes off, but lay and sleep in them, except the few nights I have lay'n in Frederick Town."

Of Washington's love-affairs, Professor Wilson says:

Of a sudden, under constraint of Virginian hospitality, he was hurried into the presence of the gracious young matron who was at once, and as if of right, to make his heart safe against further quest or adventure. Martha Custis was but six-and-twenty. To the charm of youth and beauty were added that touch of quiet sweetness and that winning grace of self-possession which come to a woman wived in her girlhood and widowed before age or care has checked the first full tide of life. At seventeen she had married Daniel Parke Custis, a man more than twenty years her senior; but eight years of quiet love and duty as wife and mother had only made her youth the more gracious in that rural land of leisure and good neighborhood; and a year's widowhood had been but a suitable preparation for perceiving the charm of this stately young soldier who now came riding her way upon the public business. His age was her own; all the land knew him and loved him for gallantry and brave capacity; he carried himself like a prince—and he forgot his errand to linger in her company.

This was not his first adventure in love, but it was his last, and gave him a quiet joy which stood in stead a whole life-time. No young Virginian could live twenty-six years amidst fair women in that hale and sociable colony without being touched again and again by the quick passion; and this man had the blood of a lover beyond his fellows. Despite the shyness of a raw lad who lived much in the open, he had relished the company of lively women from the first, meeting their gay sallies sometimes with a look from his frank blue eyes that revealed more than he knew. Love had first found him out in earnest six years ago, when he was but just turned of twenty; and it had taken all the long while since to forget his repulse at the hands of a fair young beauty in that day of passion. Mary Philipse had but taken his fancy for a moment, because he could not pass such a woman by and deem himself still a true Virginian. It was more serious that he had been much in the company, these last years, of a fair neighbor of the vivacious house of Cary, whose wit and beauty had haunted him in the very thick of campaigns upon the frontier, and who still mastered his heart now and again with a sort of imperious charm, in the midst of this very happy season when he knew Martha Custis his veritable heart's mistress for the future.

Their marriage is described in the following passage:

He was married to Martha Custis on the sixth day of January, 1759. The sun shone very bright that day, and there was the fine glittering of gold, the brave show of resplendent uniforms, in the little church where the marriage was solemnized. Officers of his majesty's service crowded there, in their gold lace and scarlet coats, to see their comrade wedded; the new governor, Francis Fauquier, himself came, clad as befitted his rank; and the bridegroom took the sun not less gallantly than the rest, as he rode, in blue and silver and scarlet, beside the coach and six that bore his bride homeward amid the thronging friends of the countryside. The young soldier's love of a gallant array and becoming ceremony was satisfied to the full, and he must have rejoiced to be so have a horseman on such a day. . . .

Of the life that followed, the biographer says:

No man in Virginia lived more or with a greater zest henceforth than Colonel Washington. His marriage brought him great increase of wealth, as well as increase of responsibility. Mr. Custis had left many thousands acres of land and forty-five thousand pounds sterling in money, a substantial fortune to the young wife and the two children who survived him; and Washington had become, by special decree of the governor and council in general court, trustee and manager of the whole. It needed capacity and knowledge and patience of no mean order to get good farming out of slaves and profitable prices out of London merchants; to find prompt and trustworthy ship-masters by whom to send out cargoes, and induce correspondents over sea to ship the perishable goods sent in return by the right vessels, bound to the nearest river; and the bigger your estate, the more difficult its proper conduct and economy, the more disastrous in scale the effects of mismanagement. No doubt the addition of Mrs. Custis's handsome property to his own broad and fertile acres at Mount Vernon made Colonel Washington one of the wealthiest men in Virginia. But Virginian wealth was not to be counted till crops were harvested and got to market. The current price of tobacco might leave you with or without a balance to your credit in London, your only clearing-house, as it chanced. Your principal purchases, too, must be made over sea and through factors. Both what you sold and what you bought must make the hazards of the sea voyage, the whims of sea captains, the chances of a foreign market. To be farmer and merchant at once, manage your own negroes and your own overseers, and conduct an international correspondence; to keep the run of prices current, duties, port dues, and commissions, and know the fluctuating rates of exchange; to understand and meet all changes, whether in merchants or in markets, three thousand miles away, required an amount of information, an alertness, a steady attention to detail, a sagacity in farming and a shrewdness in trade, such as made a great property a burden to idle or inefficient men.

Washington, as a sportsman, is depicted in the following passage:

Washington loved horses and dogs with the heartiest sportsman of them all. He had a great gusto for stalking deer with George Mason on the broad forested tracts round Gunston Hall, and liked often to take gun or rod after lesser game when the day fell dull; but best of all he loved a horse's back and the hard ride for hours together after the dogs and a crafty quarry—a horse it put a man to his points to ride, a country where the running was only for those who dared. His own mounts could nowhere be bettered in Virginia. There was full blood of Araby in his noble Magnolia, and as good hunting blood as was to be found in the colony in his Blueskin and Ajax, Valiant and Chinkling. His hounds he bred "so few'd, so sanded," so matched in speed and habit, that they kept always true and pace together in the field. "Was first to the stables for him always in the morning, and then to the kennels. . . .

There were other pleasures, too, in the life of a country gentleman of Virginia, and Washington did not scorn them;

He loved a game of cards in almost any company, and paid his stake upon the rubber like every other well-conducted man of his century. He did not find Annapolis, or even Philadelphia, too far away to be visited for the pleasure of seeing a good horse-race or enjoying a round of balls and evenings at the theatre, to shake the rustic dullness off a too constant stay at home. Mrs. Washington enjoyed such outings, such little flings into the simple world of provincial fashion, as much as he did; and they could not sit waiting all the year for the short season at Williamsburg.

The biographer follows Washington from quiet scenes and domestic affairs to the turmoil of political intrigue and to the nervous atmosphere of the armed camp. With the sheathing of his sword we find him returned, "first in peace" as in war, to Mount Vernon:

As much as he could, he resumed the old life. . . . Once more he was the thorough farmer, ransacking books, when men and his own observation failed him, to come at the best methods of cultivation. Once more he took daily account of the character of his slaves and servants, and of the progress of their work, talking with them when he could, and gaining a personal mastery over them. Contracts for work he drew up with his own hand, with a minuteness and particularity which were sometimes whimsical and shot through with a gleam of grim humor. He agreed with Philip Barter that if he would serve him faithfully as gardener and keep soher at all other times, he would allow him "four dollars at Christmas, with which to be drunk four days and four nights; two dollars at Easter, to effect the same purpose; two dollars at Whitsun-ide, to be drunk for two days; a dram in the morning, and a drink of grog at dinner, at noon"; and the contract was drawn, signed, and witnessed with all formality. . . .

But, much as he loved his home and courted retirement amid the duties of a planter, the old life would not come back, was gone forever. He was too famous, and there was an end on't. He could not go abroad without drawing crowds about him. If he attended service on a Sunday away from home, though it were in never so quiet a parish, the very walls of the church groined threateningly under the unaccustomed weight of people gathered in the galleries and packed upon the floor to see the hero of the revolution.

He was rebellious of these attentions at first, but not for long:

He grew almost docile, nevertheless, under the gratuitous tasks of courtesy thrust upon him. His gallantry, bred in him since a boy, the sense of duty to which he was born, his feeling that what he had done had in some sort committed him to serve his countrymen and his friends everywhere, though it were only in answering questions, disposed him to sacrifice his comfort and his privacy to every one who had the slightest claim upon his attention. He even found sitting for his portrait grow easy at last. "In for a penny, in for a pound," is an old adage," he laughed, writing to Francis Hopkinson; "I am so hackneyed to the touches of the painter's pencil that I am now altogether at their beck; and sit 'like Patience on a monument' whilst they are delineating the lines of my face. . . . At first I was as impatient at the request, and as restive under the operation, as a colt is of the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly, but with less flouncing. Now no dray-horse moves more readily to this thill than I do to the painter's chair."

It is interesting at this time, when we are on the verge of an inauguration, to read of Washington's conduct on being called to the Presidency:

The new government must deserve and get preëminent standing from the first. . . . It was of the first consequence to the country that the man it had chosen to preside in this delicate business of establishing a government which should be vigorous without being overbearing was a thorough-bred gentleman, whose instincts would carry him a great way toward the solution of many a nice question of conduct. While he waited (in New York) to be made President, he called upon every senator and representative then in attendance upon Congress, with the purpose to show them upon how cordial and natural a basis of personal acquaintance he wished, for his part, to see the government conducted; but, the oath of office once taken, he was no longer a simple citizen, as he had been during those two days of waiting; the dignity of the government had come into his keeping with the office. Henceforth he would pay no more calls, accept no invitations. On a day fixed he would receive calls; and he would show himself once a week at Mrs. Washington's general receptions. He would invite persons of official rank or marked distinction to his table at suitable intervals. There should be no pretense of seclusion, no parade of inaccessibility. The President should be a republican officer, the servant of the people. But he would not be common. It should be known that his office and authority were the first in the land. Every proper outward form of dignity, ceremony, and self-respect should be observed that might tell wholesomely upon the imagination of the people; that might be made to serve as a visible sign, which no man could miss, that there was here no vestige of the old Federal authority, at which it had been the fashion to laugh, but a real government, and that the greatest in the land. . . . It was not that the President was not to be seen by anybody who had the curiosity to wish to see him. Many a fine afternoon he was to be seen walking, an unmistakable figure, upon the Battery, whither all persons of fashion in the town resorted for their daily promenade, his secretaries walking behind him, but otherwise unattended. Better still, he could be seen almost any day on horseback, riding in his noble way through the streets. People drew always aside to give him passage wherever he went, whether he walked or rode; no doubt there was something in his air and bearing which seemed to expect them to do so; but their respect had the purity of affection, and he would have borne himself with a like proud figure in his own Virginia. Some thought him stiff, but only the childish could deem him unreplicable, so evident was it to every candid man that it was not himself but his office he was exalting. His old passion for success was upon him, and he meant that this government of which he had been made the head should have prestige from the first. Count de Moustier, the French Minister to the United States, deeming America, no doubt, a protégé of France, claimed the right to deal directly with the President in person, as if upon terms of familiar privilege, when conducting his diplomatic business; but was checked very promptly. It was not likely a man bred in the proud school of Virginian country gentlemen would miss so obvious a point of etiquette as this. To demand intimacy was to intimate superiority, and Washington's reply drew from the count an instant apology. . . .

At Boston, Governor Hancock sought by cordial notes and pleas of illness to force Washington to waive the courtesy of a first call from him, and so give the executive of Massachusetts precedence, if only for old friendship sake. But Washington would not be so defeated of his errand; forced the perturbed old patriot to come to him, swathed as he was in flannels and borne upon men's shoulders up the stairs, received him with grim courtesy, and satisfied the gossips of the town and once for all that precedence belonged to the Federal Government—at any rate, so long as George Washington was President.

The storms of two perilous administrations having been safely weathered, and the republic sailing clearly upon its course, Washington retired at last to the welcome privacy of his Virginia home:

When the day came on which he should resign his office to John Adams, the great civilian who was to succeed him, there was a scene which left no one in doubt—not even Washington himself—what the people thought of the leader they had trusted these twenty years. A great crowd was assembled to see the simple ceremonies of the inauguration, as on that April day in New York eight years ago; but very few in the throng watched Adams. All eyes were bent upon that great figure in black velvet, with a light sword slung at his side. No one stirred till he had left the room, to follow and pay his respects to the new President. Then they and all the crowd in the streets moved after him, an immense company, going as one man, "in total silence," his escort all the way. He turned upon the threshold of the President's lodgings, and looked, as if for the last time, upon this multitude of nameless friends. "No man ever saw him so moved." The tears rolled unchecked down his cheeks; and when at last he went within, a great, smothered, common voice went through the stirred throng, as if they sobbed to see their go from their sight forever.

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A WINDLESS STORM.

Being the Narrative of a Disastrous Fortnight in Early California.

I joined the brig *North Bend*, commanded by Captain Lent, at San Francisco in November, 1855, to go to Big River after a load of lumber. We had a pleasant voyage up, and when we arrived at Big River, we were obliged to anchor, as both moorings were filled, one by the Chilean full-rigged ship *La Bena*, the other by a brig nearly loaded with lumber. As soon as the latter had finished loading, we dropped into her place and picked up the moorings which she let go. At all of these open harbors, or roadsteads, the mill companies keep heavy chains and anchors to be used by vessels to hold them in place while loading. They are much heavier and stronger than any vessels carry with them, and make it safe for vessels to ride out an ordinary storm. If a storm commences, all vessels go out to sea, and when the blow is over, put back into the harbor. But if at the moorings when a storm commences, and the indications are that the storm is to be severe, all hands go ashore and remain there until it is over; then they go back to their vessel again—that is, if the vessel is still at its moorings.

We discharged our freight—supplies for the lumber mill and the hands—and commenced to receive our cargo of lumber from lighters, which are loaded from chutes. These chutes are built by putting out a big anchor and chain, connected with tackles, on the bluff, hauled as taught as possible, making a sagging, inclined plane. At about four feet under the chain, a smooth board slide is built and fastened to the chain by ropes, down to within twelve feet of high-water mark; then a platform is built, large enough for a man to stand upon. When loading, a board is started from the bluff down the chute, and a man on the platform stops it by a brake. The lighters are moved under the chute and receive the boards as fast as they can be sent down, and when the lighters are fully loaded, they are taken to the vessel at the moorings. The man on the platform and the man from the lighter pass up and down on the chute by holding on to the cable, and thus walk up and down.

The Chilean ship was loading piles and railroad ties for Meiggs's railroad, building at Callao. The piles were floated down the river to the bar. When the tide was running out, two or three piles at a time were set adrift, and the tide would carry them across the bar, where the Chilean ship's boat would catch them outside the surf and form them into a raft; when the tide turned, the raft was pulled to the ship and the piles landed on board. The day we hauled into the moorings, the captain of the Chilean ship, while with his crew catching the piles, got into the breakers on the bar and his boat was capsized and stove to pieces. The captain and one man were drowned, the other three of the crew being saved. The captain and first mate of the Chilean ship had their wives on board, and the mate's wife had with her a babe, six months old. A week after this accident, the sea was breaking so hard off shore that we got out extra lines to a point of rock near by. There was no wind, and a brig was in the harbor waiting to take our place to load, after waiting in vain all day for a breeze to put out to sea.

On Thanksgiving Day the sea was breaking as far out as one could see. There was not a breath of wind or a cloud to be seen, and the sun was shining brilliantly. It was a majestic sight to see the great billows breaking into foam for miles out at sea. We now had the bold loaded and a deck-load up to the rail. One more day's work would finish our loading. Before daylight we were awakened by the brig striking on the bottom of the harbor. We all scrambled on deck and found that we were still at the moorings. The receding of the water between the big billows made the harbor too shallow for the brig to float in. It now became a question of how long the brig could stand this pounding before she broke up. Soon after daylight, the Chilean ship outside of us broke away from her moorings and drifted into shallow water, and at the first stroke she made on the bottom she split in two from forward aft. Her larboard side fell inward, and her crew climbed out on the chains. The mate, his wife, and the captain's wife, who were in the cabin at the time, were covered up by the falling side and were never seen afterward. The father of the mate's wife was a foremast hand. He had bid his daughter good-by a few moments before the disaster, and as he went out of the cabin he picked up the baby and put it in the bosom of his shirt. Just then the ship broke in two. He climbed into the chains with the rest of the crew. The ship then drifted down, and we hoped that she would cross the bar into the river. But she got caught on an anchor or chain and stopped within two hundred feet of the bluff at the bar.

The next vessel wrecked was the brig *Kingsbury*, which was waiting to take on the next cargo after ours. The captain of that brig thought his only plan of salvation was to cross the bar or beach his vessel. There was no wind, but he thought that the roll of the vessel would create wind enough to steer by. At any rate, it was his only chance, so he made sail, slipped his cable, and went, not for the beach or bar, but for the bluff where the Chilean wreck lay. The brig rebounded and turned around, and then put her bowsprit into a point of the bluff, when all hands got ashore. The next sea lifted her off, and after three more seas she was broken into kindling-wood.

During all this time, those on our brig had been watching what I have tried to describe. Now it was our turn to get ashore. We had prepared ourselves by drinking hot coffee and eating whatever we could get. We dressed ourselves in woolen shirt and trousers and woolen stockings, with a belt around the waist and a knife and scabbard. These clothes would keep us warm so long as we were dry, and if we were thrown into the sea, we could slip out of them if we found them cumbersome. My sister and her husband, with whom I intended to eat my Thanksgiving dinner, had been standing on the bluff since daylight, watching our brig, never expecting again to grasp my hand. She tried to call to me,

but her voice could not be heard above the pounding of the rollers and the churning of the sea.

When all were ready to make an attempt to reach the shore in our boat, I went up the main rigging to watch for three smooth seas, for after three big rollers there almost always come three smaller ones. When the three small ones came, we pulled our boat for the only lighter that had not broken from its moorings. The chute here had broken away for a long distance; but, once on the chain, we could get up, if we could jump from the lighter, and catch it. The captain jumped first, then the men, one at a time. I jumped last and caught the chain, thus being the lowest down. As the others got their legs around the chain, they had a good hold while the big breakers played over us. Between the seas they worked up on the chain as rapidly as they could; but I could not get up high enough to get my feet out of the water so as to get them over the chain, and every time the sea broke over me, it straightened me out and made every joint in my arms crack. Each time I thought I could not hold out through another sea. There was a Dutch sailor just ahead of me on the chain, and I thought he was not working up as quickly as he might. So I took out my sheath-knife and stuck the point of it into him, in order to spur him up. The next sea passed and I got my legs around the chain above the water, and in a short time I was on the bluff and met a loving sister's embrace of welcome from what she thought was to be my grave. The Dutchman, however, was very angry at me, and wanted to know "What for God dam you stickie me?" I was sorry that I compelled the Dutchman to eat his dinner from the mantel-piece.

After getting on dry clothes, our attention was directed toward getting the crew of nineteen men off the Chilean wreck. We labored in vain all day. At dark we built a big fire near the edge of the bluff to encourage them and show them that we were watching for an opportunity to do what we could for them.

The Mendocino Mill Company prepared and gave a Thanksgiving dinner to all the men saved that day; but I had my dinner with my sister, and it was truly a thankful one. When the tide turned to run up river at one o'clock in the morning, the Chilean wreck broke away from what held her and drifted into the mouth of the river. All the men were got ashore and up on to the bluff around the fire, where an old sail had been rigged up for a shelter and straw was spread for bedding. Dry clothes were also given them and a bountiful repast spread on improvised tables. After doing justice to this meal, we counted the men and found the nineteen all there. Then the old sailor, father of the mate's wife, drew forth from the bosom of his shirt his daughter's baby girl, whom he had saved. One of the women from the village took the baby home with her, and cared for it until it could be sent to its aunt in Oakland. In the night our brig broke away from her moorings and went ashore on the beach under the bluff, where we found her in the morning, broken to pieces. The two captains and most of the men returned overland at once to San Francisco.

A week after the storm, the schooner *Harriet* came into the harbor and, dropping anchor, sent a boat ashore for instructions. Captain Lansing, acting captain of the port, told the captain of the schooner about the wrecks and the damage that had been done, and stated that it would be a week before the new lighters could be finished and the chutes repaired; he added that the *Harriet* had better go to sea and return in ten days. The captain of the *Harriet* returned to his vessel, hove short his anchor, and made sail; but when he ran up the jib, it caught the wrong way, throwing her head in shore. He drifted some distance before he brought her up with her anchor. Then he tried it over again, making the same mistake; then he tried to wear ship. This he would not have tried had he not got "rattled," as there was not sufficient room to execute the manoeuvre. He had now drifted so near the other headland forming the south side of the harbor that the schooner was going ashore. A party of us took ropes and crossed the river, but we had only got out on the bluff, when the schooner made a dive for a blow-hole—I think it was the suction of the water that drew her in. She struck the top of the blow-hole with her foremast and rebounded. We quickly put down ropes and pulled up two men from the deck. She started again for the blow-hole, this time striking the mainmast, and rebounded again. This time we got two more men up from the deck to the bluff. Then she came again for the blow-hole and went straight in, and there never was found a piece of the schooner as big as your hand. The captain of the schooner with his son, who was also the mate and cook, were lost, thus ending the list of disasters in two weeks in the open harbor of Big River, now called Mendocino City.

The disasters which I have here attempted to describe might be duplicated, every hard winter, in several of the open harbors of the Pacific Coast. Great loss of life and property could be prevented were the Federal Government to build breakwaters for the protection of such harbors as Santa Cruz, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and San Pedro. Besides protecting the vessels in the harbor, they would make safe ports for vessels to run into for shelter from a south-west storm. From Puget Sound to San Diego there are but three harbors for protection from a south-west storm, viz., San Francisco, Monterey, and San Diego. The Federal Government, while spending millions improving harbors on the Atlantic sea-board, has shamefully neglected the Pacific Coast.

A. P. STANTON.

[NOTE.—The seas were supposed to have been caused by the earthquake which devastated Japan a little while before this time, when the Russian man-of-war *Diana*, one of the largest ships of Russia at that time, was carried ashore far above high-water mark by a tidal wave. The earthquake continued several days.—A. P. S.]

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1897.

John Burns, the English labor leader, has made a will that no court can break. He leaves his best love to his wife, a sound constitution to his son, his books to the parish, and his debts to his country.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Foreigners who visit this country and resident observers have long commented upon the extreme nervousness of the American people, more particularly those who form the urban population. Those who can afford to do so seek relief by devoting a few weeks in the summer to rest by the seashore or among the mountains, erroneously attributing their improved physical condition wholly to the change of air and scene.

In Europe, where life is older and more sedate, they have paid more attention to the problem of true enjoyment and to the causes of nervous breaking down. And they have discovered that one of the most potent causes of the evil is the ceaseless noise and clatter in the cities. Those who are accustomed to these noises do not realize the continual strain that they impose. The person who is enjoying good health endures them without conscious realization that they are going on around him, but when he becomes weakened and irritable by illness, the cries of street vendors, the clatter of wagons over the uneven stone pavements, the pounding and hammering of the passing cars, the tooting of whistles, and the ringing of bells become an absolute torture.

This city is cursed with these nerve-rasping contrivances to an unusual degree. The street pavements seem to have been selected with particular reference to the noise they will make, and the rattle of wagons is ceaseless night and day. The car-tracks are so laid that there is a continuous rumbling from the cables throughout the residence part of the city, gongs are clanged with a frequency that renders the short interval of silence a period of nervous anxiety waiting for the next outbreak, and where the car-tracks cross each other the cars thump upon the rails with a sound suggestive of the collapse of some tall building. Whenever an alarm of fire is turned in, whistles blow in all parts of the city and bells are tolled with a vigor that might give warning of an invasion by some hostile force. The quiet of Sunday is broken by innumerable church-bells—a disturbance from a source that should be the last to create it upon such a day.

These noises are wholly unnecessary and should be suppressed. The church bells are a survival of the days when clocks and watches were not in general use. The numerous fire alarms serve no good purpose. The multiplicity of whistles serves no purpose whatever save to confuse, and a still alarm to notify the various engine companies would be sufficient. So it is with the other unnecessary noises; the supervisors should take action to suppress them.

The postal-card primary, of which mention has been made in these columns, is about to be tried in Alameda. The city election takes place there on the second Monday in April, and fifteen officials are to be elected. Postal-cards are to be mailed to each of the twenty-seven hundred voters in the city, with printed directions for voting thereon. Upon the return postal the names of the principal candidates will be printed and blank lines will be left, upon which the names of independent candidates may be written. The voter expresses his choice by marking a cross opposite the names of those candidates whom he favors. To guard against fraud, a monogram of peculiar design is to be printed upon each of the postal-cards. Upon a given day a committee of prominent citizens will receive and canvass the returns publicly and announce the result. There is no provision for a convention, which was a feature of the plan adopted at Los Angeles, and no provision, apparently, for filling any vacancies that may occur. The sufficiency of the use of a monogram to guard against fraud is open to question. Should the design be discovered, and this might not be difficult, nothing could prevent an extensive voting of fraudulent ballots, and it would be impossible to distinguish the good from the bad. It would be far more effective to number the postal-cards in consecutive order, and then duplicate numbers could be thrown out. Among so many ballots it would be almost impossible to remember the numbers sent to individual voters, and, if the cards were destroyed immediately after the announcement of the result, the secrecy of the ballot would not be impaired. The result of the experiment in Alameda will be watched with interest. In Los Angeles it was decidedly successful.

Some little impatience has been expressed at the fact that the bill continuing the supreme court commission for two years has passed the senate and has a good prospect of passing the assembly and receiving the governor's approval. The commission is merely a temporary make-shift, and has done but little to relieve the congested condition of the court's calendars. The necessity of having the decisions of the commission approved by the court places upon the justices the burden of at least reviewing their work. But, at the present time, no other relief is possible. The constitution places the judicial power in the supreme and superior courts, and vests in the legislature power to create minor local courts only. An amendment to the constitution is necessary before a new appellate court can be created, or the appellate jurisdiction divided, and this can be secured only at the next general election two years hence. In the meantime, it is gratifying to see that the members of the bar, who have been giving some study to the question, have agreed upon a compromise which embodies the suggestions of the Bar Association, already described in these columns, with the exception of the courts of discipline and the provision regarding oral arguments. These provisions will probably be presented in a separate amendment by the Bar Association.

"John Gabriel Borkman," Ibsen's latest play, fell flat at the first performance in Christiania, the stage management, which Ibsen had taken into his own hands, being particularly bad. This fact is explained by the statement that the author is too silent and too polite to manage the actresses.

NEWS FOR CYCLISTS.

Hints and Suggestions from the Bicycle Show in Gotham—Features of the Third Annual Exhibition—Novelties in Wheels and Appliances.

Though the weather has not been such as to admit of bicycling to any great extent, the bicycle cranks have been having a great innings. I went to the third annual exhibition of the National Board of Trade of Cycle Manufacturers, at the Grand Central Palace, a few nights ago, and I hope never again to get in such a crush of people and pandemonium of noises. Since it opened, the daily attendance has averaged from ten to fifteen thousand, and it is evident that the financial returns will be very satisfactory to the treasury. The profits of the show at Madison Square Garden last year were more than thirty-five thousand dollars, and it is expected that that sum will be passed by the present show. More than eighteen thousand dollars was paid by exhibitors for the rental of their booths before the doors opened, and the advance sale of tickets alone exceeded three thousand dollars. When the show opened on Saturday night, hundreds had stood waiting in the driving rain for a long time for the doors to open, and it took a big squad of policemen to keep them in any sort of order.

The show utilizes four floors, and covers a total of one hundred and forty-five thousand square feet. There are six hundred booths and five hundred separate exhibitors. In the night-time the show is a beautiful sight. The prevailing decorations are in white and gold, and the thousands of incandescent lights that illuminate the scene are reflected on polished bars and spokes till the *coup d'œil* glitters in all colors of the rainbow. The chief landmarks are the big pagoda illustrating the progress of wheel-making from its inception to the present time, which is topped with a circlet of silver-finished wheels of various '97 models, each gemmed with small electric lights, and the Goliath wheel, with its seat thirty feet above the floor.

The number of different makes exhibited is astonishing to one who has not closely followed the development of the bicycle craze in the last three or four years. Almost every one is familiar with the names of a half-dozen leading makes, but there are scores and scores of manufacturers exhibiting at this show, each of whom claims to make the best machine on the market, while to the inexperienced eye they present practically no points of difference. In addition to the wheels themselves, there are innumerable adjuncts to the wheel, such as lamps, name-plates, luggage-carriers, bicycle-watches, and so on. If you bought all these alleged indispensable appliances, they would cost you more than the bicycle itself. I was particularly struck by the prominence given to the manufacturing side of the business. This is shown in all its details, from a working section of a tube-forging plant to the delicate adjustment of the completed parts.

One of the exhibits is that of a manufacturer whose sole business is to make bicycles for children. Others show a great variety of tandems, some ingeniously contrived so that, with a few turns of the wrench, they can be broken up into a single wheel. One of these is quite a family affair; it can be used as a tandem for two men, a tandem for a man and a woman, a single machine for a man, or a single machine for a woman. Most of the tandems have the seats on a level, but a few have the rear seat elevated, so that the rear rider may have an uninterrupted view of the road ahead. Allied to these is the "side-by-side" bicycle, which has the two seats opposite each other. By an ingenious arrangement of mechanism, the saddles are so adjusted that a difference in weight in the two riders has no effect on the equilibrium of the wheel.

There seem to be few changes in the wheel of 1897 from those of last year. The chief point is the lowering of the crank-hanger. In last year's machines it was generally on a line with the centres of the two wheels, but it is now from an inch to two inches lower. The larger size of tubing used last year seemed to be favored by the best makers now, and the "fish-mouth" reinforcement of the frame at the joints is much more generally adopted than it was. The chainless wheel, of which we heard so much before the '97 models began to come out, is still a thing of the future. Two or three manufacturers exhibit samples, and its principle is well illustrated in a bicycle-boat; but the people who have come to see the exhibits do not take much stock in them. Gear-cases, which it was predicted would be frequently used, are not attracting any attention. However much they may be admired in England, the men who ride in this country care more for lightness and speed than for the doubtful advantages which the gear-case affords.

I notice that women's wheels are very generally geared up much higher than they were last year, being almost as high as those used by men. For changeable gears there are eight devices shown. The best of these, to my mind, is that of having two sprockets on the hub of the rear wheel. If you have a main sprocket with twenty teeth, an eight-tooth sprocket on one side and a seven-tooth sprocket on the other will enable you to change from a seventy to an eighty gear by simply taking the wheel out and changing it around. Of course there are a number of devices shown which aim to reduce, if not do away with, the annoyance of a punctured tire. One of these is a circle of rubber balls which ride as smoothly as continuous tubing, but any one of which can be changed singly in case of puncture. The importance of brakes has been very largely recognized, and a tremendous number of them are exhibited. There are four firms exhibiting who make brakes alone.

Saddles, of course, are shown in all varieties of size, shape, and material. Some are hard and solid, some are inflated with air, some are of braided rawhide or rattan, and all are backed up by certificates of leading physicians attesting their high hygienic qualities. Allied to this subject of saddles is that of springs and other devices for taking up vibration. There are perhaps a dozen manufacturers who

exhibit seat-posts that rest upon a spring or pneumatic cushion, and others show weird frames of wood or other springy material. Of lamps there is no end, but the problem of the bike-lamp has not been solved yet. One ingenious example looks like a big bull's-eye lantern when it is on the wheel, but it can be folded up into small enough compass to fit in an ordinary waistcoat-pocket. As for the bells, they are thick as the leaves of Vallambrosa, and are ingeniously advertised. At one stand there is a continuous performance by a man and woman in red velvet and gold. The woman tinkles away on a banjo, mandolin, or xylophone, while the man plays the tune on a chime of bicycle bells. In the same booth there is a bell piano, made of thirty-six bicycle bells ranging in size from a mere thimble to a cow-bell. They are arranged in rows in a piece of furniture like a roll-top desk and are worked from a keyboard. It is not probable, however, that this style of piano will push the standard makes to the wall.

NEW YORK, February 12, 1897.

The fact that the big European cities have been growing much faster than those of the United States is pointed out by Dr. Albert Shaw in his recent book on municipal government in Europe. In 1870, New York had 150,000 more people than Berlin; in 1880, Berlin had outstripped New York, and it still maintains its lead. In 1875, Hamburg had 348,000 people and Boston 342,000; in 1890, Hamburg had 569,260 and Boston 448,000. Baltimore was once as big as Hamburg, but it has long been distanced. Leipzig has grown from 127,000 in 1875 to 350,000 in 1890, and has distanced San Francisco. Breslau used to be smaller than Cincinnati; it has now distanced it. Cleveland, and Buffalo, and Pittsburg were all in 1880 bigger than Cologne, but Cologne was much the biggest in 1890. Dresden is growing more quickly than New Orleans. Hanover, though a sleepy place, is growing as quickly as Louisville or Jersey City.

A novel experiment in coöperation has been conducted by the Illinois Railway Company during the past three years. Arrangements were made whereby employees may become stock-owners in the railroad by the payment, at convenient times, of five dollars or more on installments, to be held by the company at four per cent. interest until the amount is sufficient to pay for a share of stock. It is stated that some seven hundred employees have availed themselves of this privilege, and that one hundred and thirty-eight officers and men have so far taken out nine hundred and eighty-seven shares. The stock is transferable on the books of the company, and the owners are entitled to vote at the annual meetings. The money invested can be withdrawn at any time upon proper application.

Mrs. Le Plongeon lately showed in Appleton's *Popular Science Monthly* that the old Peruvians must have understood the laws of atmospheric pressure in order to construct the very curious jars and vases that they have left. One of these pieces of pottery was ornamented with the figures of two monkeys, and when water was poured into, or out of, the vessel, sounds like the screeching of monkeys were heard. Another similar vessel had the figure of a bird which uttered appropriate notes; another was ornamented with a cat which meowed, and another with snakes which hissed. A most ingenious water-jar bore the form of an aged woman, upon whose cheeks tears were seen to trickle, while sobs were heard, when water was poured from the jar.

In the United States the names applied to lawyers are usually attorney and counselor at law. In Great Britain there are barristers at law who are counselors, learned in the laws, qualified and admitted to practice at the bar; solicitors who are attorneys, advocates, or counselors at law who are authorized to practice in the English Court of Chancery; sergeants at law who are lawyers of the highest rank, and answer to the doctor of the civil law; only after sixteen years of practice at the bar can one become a sergeant. Queen's counsel are eminent lawyers who are given by the government that title, and from their number all the judges are chosen.

The Englishman is looked on in Scotland, and regards himself, as a foreigner. Though the literary language of both countries is one and the same, many of the most common Scottish expressions are quite unintelligible to him, while the laws and institutions of the country are entirely unfamiliar. "How," in this connection remarked the Edinburgh press—"how is it that, after living one thousand years side by side, after three centuries of union, and in spite of the yearly visit to Scotland of tens of thousands of English, there are still among them people, even writers, who know less about our country than about Patagonia?"

Remarkable results are reported to have been obtained in England by treating wounds with oxygen gas. Two kinds of micro-organisms are found in wounds, one kind being beneficent and the other injurious in its effects. Oxygen causes an increase of the former and a decrease of the latter, so that, according to a writer in the *British Medical Journal*, wounds treated with oxygen heal more rapidly and with less pain than by any other form of treatment.

Lincoln's birthday was celebrated on February 12th in five States: Illinois, which was the first to honor it, New York, Minnesota, New Jersey, and Washington. An equal number of States make a legal holiday of January 19th, the birthday of Robert E. Lee. They are Virginia, of which he was a native, Georgia, Alabama, North Carolina, and Florida.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The ex-Princesse Alphonse de Caraman Chimay, who eloped, seven or eight years ago, with one of her servants named Josson, whom she married after the prince had obtained a divorce from her, is now the defendant in a Belgian court in a divorce suit brought by her second husband. Prince Alphonse is a cousin of the man who married Clara Ward.

The Queen of Portugal perseveres in her medical vocation. She goes regularly to the dispensary for children that she founded. On arriving, she dons a nurse's uniform and proceeds to serious work. At first she showed herself a coward when surgical operations were expected, but she has steeled herself to suffering, and now holds on her knees little patients while in the surgeon's hands.

When Senator Harris was last in Nashville, he fell in with a young State legislator who, in the course of conversation, asked the aged visitor: "Is Senator Brice a smart man?" Mr. Harris looked pityingly at the querist, and answered: "Young man, ten years ago Senator Brice was a country school-teacher in a small Ohio town; to-day he is a multi-millionaire. I consider you a blank, blanked fool."

Vice-President Hobart has been besieged by begging letters every day since election. One young woman wrote from New Orleans, requesting ten thousand dollars with which to complete her musical education, and asked Mr. Hobart to telegraph when the money would arrive. Another woman asked for eight dollars for a set of false teeth, saying that her chances of getting a husband would be vastly increased thereby.

Cecil Rhodes, of Transvaal fame, is greatly averse to being interviewed. After a recent conference at the colonial office with Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Rhodes eluded the reporters by slipping out of a back door, originally intended as an exit in case of fire, but which had not been used for years. A dozen reporters kicked their heels out in the cold in front of the only known exit for a long time after their expected quarry had escaped.

John Addison Porter, the father of the Hartford editor who, it is said, has been selected by President-elect McKinley as his private secretary, was the first dean of the Sheffield Scientific School, established by the bounty of his father-in-law. English literature was Professor Porter's specialty. His widow still lives in New Haven. Her father, the philanthropist Sheffield, came from the South before the war and made a fortune in railroads.

Captain Boisragon and Mr. Locke, the only two Englishmen who survived the Benin massacre, escaped into the bush, where they wandered for five days before they were picked up. Mr. Locke was armed with a revolver, and shot several of the natives who attacked them during their wanderings. Captain Boisragon was shot in the arm while beating a native back with a stick. The two men subsisted exclusively on cassava-leaves, and the only water which they had to drink was dew.

In commenting on the retirement of Senator Peffer, a writer in the New York *Press* says: "Peffer will be a decided loss to the Senate. He is a man of great negative popularity. If senators do not like him intensely, there is not one on the floor who dislikes him. He is the busiest man in the upper House. He is always writing. He is never in anybody's way. His sweet and child-like disposition commands him to men of all parties. He is earnest. He is thoughtful. He is the only man in the world who takes Peffer seriously."

Nansen, the Arctic explorer, has, in his dealings with publishers and lecture bureaus, proved himself the possessor of a keen business ability. As a consequence, a wit at the Norwegian capital has given him the name of "Finansen"—that is to say, finance in the abstract. The explorer's wife is said to be harder to interview than the Pope. She is extremely fond of outdoor sports. She celebrated New-Year's Eve, seven years ago, with him by climbing to the top of Norefjeld on snowshoes. It was a foolhardy adventure, conducted in the dark, with dangerous snow slopes and precipices on every hand, but it was carried through without mishap.

William E. Mason, the United States Senator-elect from Illinois, is a lawyer by profession, and is recognized as the best campaigner in Illinois. Mr. Mason is the father of nine children, seven of whom are living; and whenever he made speeches in Congress while he was representative, his family always filled a front bench in the members' gallery of the House. In Washington he used to drive about town in a one-horse vehicle, into which was crowded the whole family, no matter what might be his destination. Mr. Mason himself held the reins, one of the children plied the whip, and the turn-out, as a whole, looked like that of a "costermonger out for a holiday."

If any man ever had persistent enemies, it is the Italian ex-premier, Crispi. They have destroyed, apparently forever, his political influence and ruined his private fortunes. They have driven his son into dishonorable exile, and they have dragged his daughter's honor in the mire. The judicial inquiry into the seemingly eternal "financial scandals" has been extended to include an investigation of the affairs of the defunct newspaper, *Riforma*, and the former editors, managers, compositors, and printers have been searchingly examined in the hope of compromising Crispi. One of the managers of *Riforma* was Crispi's nephew, Signor Parlamenghi, and he has come out of the inquiry with a very bedraggled appearance. Now it is proposed to cite Mme. Lina Crispi before the examining justices to explain certain items of a private banking account which, it has been discovered, she had with the Bank of Como.

LITERARY NOTES.

Fifty Years of India.

"Fifty Years' Reminiscences of India," by Colonel Pollok, is sure to interest and entertain lovers of sport in all countries. It is the retrospect of an active life, spent from childhood "amid moving accidents by flood and field." Travel and adventure, the life of the camp and of the jungle, have in themselves an irresistible fascination, and in this case they lose nothing in the telling.

The note of personality and the free use of English idioms, instead of detracting, add color, and life, and individuality to the narrative. Colonel Pollok has the true passion for hunting. Wild boar, elephants, buffaloes, tigers, even the rhinoceros, and a host of smaller game are irresistible to his sportsman's instinct. Quoting Thackeray in his preface, he says: "The jungle is the battle-field of play-boys; it leads straight to the Red Ribbon and the Victoria Cross. Subject your young hopeful to the discipline of the saddle; put him on pony-back almost as soon as he can walk; do not check the instinctive longings of boyhood after the workmanship of Purdy and Manton. For a soldier there is rough work before him, for he will need a true eye and a steady hand—a strong nerve not to be acquired in the school-room and the cramming-shop. When the struggle comes, as come some day it will, for dear life, what will it avail him that he can demonstrate the 'Pons Asinorum' or recount the labors of Hercules? But that true eye, that steady hand, that firm seat in the saddle, with all the cool courage of the hunting-field—these are the aids which will find him out in the hour of trial and help him to the front in the grand Indian career."

Published by Edward Arnold, New York; price, \$4.00.

Crisp and Clever.

A series of delightful brief sketches of fashionable folk are "Urban Dialogues," by Louis Evans Shipman. Each dialogue is complete in itself, although they all recite the experiences of a genial young man, Jack Oliver, who appears capable of doing the right thing for himself and others under all circumstances.

The foibles of New York and her sister cities are cleverly hit off in these bright conversations. Among the best of them are "An International Complication," in which Jack Oliver saves a young matron from the result of her own folly; "Medical Advice," in which Jack suffers from a curable palpitation of the heart; and "The Masqueraders," where Jack's brilliant tact once more protects feminine weakness.

Published by Stone & Kimball, New York; price, \$1.25.

Synonyms and Antonyms.

To those who desire to employ the English language accurately, "English Synonyms, Antonyms, and Prepositions," by James C. Fernald, will prove an invaluable aid. The book will aid in the acquisition of a clear and copious vocabulary, and increase our appreciation of the vigor, richness, and beauty of the English language. The book was prepared for school use, but should be found with the "Thesaurus" and Skeat's on the writer's desk. The arrangement of the work is alphabetical, and under each word treated are given from a half dozen to a score or more of synonyms, an explanatory paragraph showing the exact shade of meaning of each of these, a similar list of antonyms, and, in many cases, a note on the proper use of prepositions.

Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Famous Parisians.

"Hours with Famous Parisians" are spent delightfully by means of a little volume by Stuart Henry. It is a collection of impressions, in a series of sketches, of Parisians famous in art, literature, music, and on the stage.

These sketches have all the charm of personal visits from a welcome and intimate friend. They are written in a pungent, nervous style that reminds one of a strong drawing made at a single sitting with quick, sure, virile strokes, but full of the salient characteristics of the sitter. Among writers we meet Daudet, Zola, Paul Verlaine, Sardou, Coppée, and others; the people of the stage are represented by Mme. Bernhardt, Coquelin cadet, Mounet-Sully, Mlle. Reichenberg, and Yvette Guilbert; and among the painters and composers we find Bougereau, Henner, and Massenet.

Published by Way & Williams, Chicago; price, \$1.25.

Shakespeare's Plant-Lore.

A new edition has been issued of "The Plant-Lore and Garden-Craft of Shakespeare," by Henry N. Ellacombe, which differs from its two predecessors in the omission of a few passages and the insertion of a large number of illustrations. It combines felicitously a painstaking study of the works of the great dramatist and a sincere love of nature, which will commend it to many readers. The plan of the work is to consider in alphabetical order the flowers and plants mentioned in Shakespeare's plays, each being introduced by a brief quotation or two, after which a botanical description of the plant is given. The new illustrations include pictures of scenes that Shakespeare knew in his life and reproductions of quaint old prints showing gardens and

parks of the Elizabethan period. The book is indexed.

Published by Edward Arnold, New York; price, \$3.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The new novelette by Henry James, which has just begun in the *New Review*, is called "What Maisie Knew." Maisie is the child of a couple who have passed through the divorce court, and each parent has charge of her for six months of the year. Maisie's elders spend most of their time in trying to abuse one another through her.

"The Log of a Naturalist in West India," by Miss Mary Kingsley, daughter of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, is being much discussed in England. It is published in this country by the Macmillans.

Some interesting papers concerning Lord and Lady Byron have been threatened with publication in England. The *Athenaeum* prints the following notice of warning concerning any such step:

"The legal representatives of Lord Byron and Lady Byron, from family reasons, acting in concert, desire to make it known that they have decided to exercise their rights of controlling the publication of all letters and documents to which those rights extend. They therefore give notice that they will take such legal steps as may be necessary to prevent the unauthorized publication of any papers by or relating to George Gordon, Lord Byron, and his wife, Lady Byron."

Zola has recently declared that Max Nordau, the author of "Degeneration," is nothing more than a "literary dustman," who has swept into his basket all the absurdities and lies which are floating about concerning prominent men.

The Macmillan Company announces "American History as Told by Contemporaries," by Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard University, in four volumes, as follows: "Discovery and Colonization," (1492-1689), "Making of the Republic," (1689-1783), "Growth of the Nation," (1783-1845), "Welding of the Nation," (1846-1895).

Jules Verne is busy on a series of stories bearing on different countries. He thinks of the plot last, letting it form in his mind as he reads up geographical, historical, and other books of scientific nature on the part of the world he is going to treat.

Ian Maclaren is being translated into French. Several of his stories are to be printed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

Lord Acton, whose "Lecture on the Study of History" attracted international attention soon after its delivery at Cambridge and subsequent publication in this country by the Macmillan Company, has undertaken to edit for the Cambridge University press a comprehensive history of modern times, which is thus described:

"The Cambridge Modern History" will appear in twelve volumes of about seven hundred pages each, and will cover the period from the end of the Middle Ages to the present day. It is expected that the first volume, dealing with the Renaissance, will be published in from two to three years hence, to be followed by two volumes in each succeeding year. A few names from the authors' list are as follows: Mr. James Bryce, Professor Bury, Dr. Cunningham, Principal Fairbairn, Professor Flint, Mr. Frederick Harrison, Mr. R. H. Hutton, Professor Jebb, Mr. Lecky, Mr. Sidney Lee, Mr. John Morley, Mr. Oman, Mr. E. J. Payne, Sir F. Pollock, Professor Prothero, Dr. Sidgwick, and Viscount Wolsley.

Zola and his mental condition are being discussed by Professor Lombroso and Dr. Toulouse. Both alienists insist that the novel-maker is an epileptic. The discovery has been made, too, that M. Zola has a prehensile foot.

Bjoernson is convinced that Ibsen's recent play, "John Gabriel Borkman," contains a series of personalities directed against himself. In the relations between the lawyer, Hinkel, and Borkman, Bjoernson recognizes allusions to his dispute with the deceased Norwegian minister, Richter. He also finds in the drama other veiled but bitter personal attacks upon him.

Among the Macmillans' latest publications is "Experimental Morphology," by Dr. Charles B. Davenport, of Harvard. The central idea of the work is that ontogeny is a series of reactions to chemical and physical agents, and the subject is considered under four heads: "Protoplasmic Movements," "Growth," "Cell Division," and "Differentiation."

An English visitor in Christiania, who has been seeing a good deal of the misanthropic Ibsen, says that that gentleman was soured by early derision of his work, and that his domestic life has not been a happy one. This visitor added:

"Ibsen is, as Norwegian circumstances go, a rich man to-day, and is held to be worth between two hundred thousand and three hundred thousand kroner; but this money has come too late to compensate him for the real privations of his youth and middle age. So there is little joy in his life, except what may be derived from creature comforts and constant study. He is a great reader of the German philosophers, and told me of his particular delight in Kant. 'I read him first as a duty,' he said, 'and afterward as a pleasure.' Questioned as to what were his views on the 'woman question,' he asserted that he was in favor of nothing. He suggested no remedies. His plays were not doctrinaire. They described life as he saw it."

Pierre Loti's forthcoming novel is mentioned as something remarkably good—much better than anything he has done heretofore, and quite without the personal element.

"A Bird Book for Beginners," by Dr. Elliott Coues and Mrs. Wright, published by the Macmillan

Company, is the first volume in the Heart of Nature Series, which takes its title from Mrs. Wright's charming juvenile called "Tommy-Anne and The Three Hearts." It will be written in narrative form, but different chapters will deal with the anatomy, economic value, habits, etc., of birds.

The ex-Queen of Spain's "Reminiscences" will probably soon be published in Paris. Queen Isabella revised the proofs herself some little time ago.

"Ouida" has already another short novel in the press, although "Le Selve" has not been out much more than a fortnight. The new story shows the difficulty of putting ideas of social equality into practice. The title is "The Altruist."

Professor Skeat throws interesting light on an old subject in a communication to the *Academy*. He writes from Cambridge:

"Excalibur was the name of Arthur's sword; I do not remember to have met with an explanation of the name. In perusing manuscripts of the fourteenth century, I lately came across the expression 'cutellum ex calibe,' meaning 'a steel knife.' It occurs to me as probable that the name 'excalibur' was simply suggested by this mediæval phrase 'ex calibe,' and means neither more nor less than 'made of steel.'"

"The English Constitution," a commentary on its nature and growth, has just been issued by the Macmillan Company. The author is Jesse Macy, professor of political science at Iowa University.

Shakespeare, according to a New York bookseller, is not selling well nowadays, any more than Dickens. Even the second-hand book-shops hesitate, or absolutely refuse, to buy sets of his works. Old editions of Thackeray are in demand, and the "standard poets" always sell readily.

Sir Walter Besant says there never was any Grub Street:

"The ragged poets did not take garrets in Grub Street. That street is now called Milton Street; until quite recently there was a little square court opening out of Grub Street, in which it would have been a pleasure to live at any time. Well, but how did the legend arise? Pope invented it. Pope delighted to heap scorn upon the minor bards. The tradition of the starving poet must be given up. All through the eighteenth century there were hard-working literary men, not of great genius, perhaps, who lived very well by their work. When Goldsmith had got into steady work, he could make ten thousand dollars a year; not by writing poems and tales, but by what we should now call hack work. But the neglect and the poverty of the true poet, the real workman of letters, the deserving man, is a myth and a delusion."

The Macmillan Company announces that the compilation of an "Encyclopedia of American Horticulture" has been begun under the editorial supervision of Professor L. H. Bailey, of the Cornell University.

Arrangements have been made for the translation into English of "Paris," the novel which M. Zola recently began, and which he hopes to finish before the autumn. The translation will be prepared by Ernest A. Vizetelly, who, like his father, has already done a similar service for several of the Zola volumes. The translation will appear simultaneously with the original, and there is a possibility that it may be published serially in London.

"A Primer of Psychology," by Professor Edward B. Titchener, of Cornell, will bear Macmillan's imprint, as will also Dr. Henry Sweet's forthcoming "Students' Dictionary of Anglo-Saxon."

Cosmopolis, the triglot review, is about to become in certain countries a tetraglot. We have already noted that henceforth in Russia there will be annexed to the present French, German, and English divisions a Russian part. A like experiment will soon be tried in Italy and in Denmark, where the subscribers of the review will find in each month's issue an Italian or a Danish addition. The main body of the review will remain as it is, constant, but there will be special editions for circulation in certain countries, with a supplement in the vernacular of each of these.

Among the books to be issued by the Macmillan Company in the near future are:

"The Chén Invisible," by James Lane Allen; the new volume of poems by Alfred Austin; Bourdillon's translation of "Aucassin and Nicolette"; "A Rose of Yesterday," by F. Marion Crawford; "Experimental Morphology," by Charles E. Davenport; "Sketches of Travel in Normandy and Maine," by Edward A. Freeman, edited by Miss Florence Freeman; "American History told by Contemporaries," in four volumes, edited by Professor Albert Bushnell Hart; "A First Book on Writing English," by Edwin Herbert Lewis; three new volumes of the works of Friedrich Nietzsche; "The Conception of God," by Dr. Josiah Royce and others; "Domestic Service," by Professor Lucy Maynard Salmon, of Vassar College; "Shakespeare: A Critical Study," by Georg Brandes; "A Primer of Psychology," by Edward Bradford Titchener; and a new two-volume edition of Zola's "Lourdes."

Murray, the publisher, was highly flattered at receiving a present of a handsome Bible, in large print, from Byron, and showed it gleefully to many visitors in his drawing-room as the autograph gift of "my dear friend, his lordship." One day, a visitor, carelessly turning over the leaves and wondering why the deuce Byron gave to Murray a Bible, happened on the passage that runs: "Now Barabbas was a robber." The word "robber" had been erased neatly, and "publisher" substituted. After that the Bible disappeared.

Hundreds of wooden sabots were distributed to poor London children for Christmas presents. The wooden shoes are said to keep their feet dryer than leather ones would.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Battle, Murder, and Sudden Death.

"For the White Rose of Arno," by Owen Rhoscomyl, recalls Italy, but it is not a tale of roses or of the children of the South, but of Wales and the Jacobites. The clash of swords, the rattle of blunderbusses, hand-to-hand skirmishes on horseback and on foot, and the confusion of battle fill every page.

The "White Rose of Arno" is the young Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart, grandson of James the Second, and the story circles around his vain attempt to march against London and ascend the English throne. The treachery of spies, the ardor of youth, when war sends the blood pulsing like wine and the whistle of bullets is as the sound of music, form a strong setting for the tale of revenge in which the half-deranged Iolyn, a victim of injustice, pursues the skulking coward, Maddox, to a fate that is the apotheosis of vengeance. The tender wooing of the Jacobite maiden, Marie, by Ithyl Meredith introduces a few quiet interludes in these bloody pages.

Welsh life is a comparatively new field in literature, and, although this novel treats of events long past, it is full of the characteristics that specially pertain to Welshmen.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

A Plea for Armenia.

There is a great deal of strength as well as beauty in William Watson's "Year of Shame." It is mainly a poet's patriotic appeal, in a series of sonnets, to the people of England in behalf of the Armenians. It arraigns in ringing metre the apathy of English statesmen. The poems are not only examples of noble intent, but in them the poet has succeeded in communicating some of his own intensity of feeling in musical verse. Several of the sonnets were reprinted some months ago in the *Argonaut*.

The Bishop of Hereford has written an introduction to the book, and it has as frontispiece a reproduction of "The Recording Angel," by G. F. Watts, R. A.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Tom Jones" Bowdlerized.

A new edition of "Tom Jones" has appeared in London under the auspices of Henry Fielding's great-granddaughter. Miss Fielding is grieved that her illustrious ancestor's great work should "be unknown to the rising generation," and she hopes that it is possible "to present his masterpiece in a decent garb." She has accordingly expurgated her great-grandfather.

She has omitted all the initial chapters of all the eighteen books. In the fourth book she has omitted half of chapter VI., the whole of chapters VII., VIII., IX., X., half of chapter XI., and a most important passage in chapter XIV. In Book V., chapter V. and part of chapter VI., together with the whole of chapters X., XI., and XII., are omitted. In Book VIII., chapters XI., XII., XIII., XIV., and XV. are dismissed; important passages in the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of Book IX. are omitted; equally important passages in the fourth and fifth chapters of Book X., in the tenth chapter of Book XI., and many other passages of perhaps lesser moment in the later books are also the participants of Miss Fielding's frown. The character of Squire Western is practically "guttered"—his very "damns" are watered into "hangs"—and the titles to all the chapters of all the books of the whole work are ruthlessly cut out.

Miss Fielding has converted the book from one with a moral purpose (says a writer in the *Sketch*), into one with no purpose at all. It is shown, for example, that a lapse from the ideal love, as described in the incident connecting Jones with Molly Seagrim, ends in disaster for the hero. These incidents are, in the new edition, carefully suppressed, and the disaster accordingly follows without any apparent cause. More, Miss Fielding seems perversely aware that this was actually Fielding's intention, for she does not hesitate to omit even quite harmless passages which conclusively prove it to be the writer's object. At the end of the eleventh book, for example, the novelist turns to "look a little after other personages, and particularly poor Jones, whom we have left long enough to do penance for his past offenses, which, as is the nature of vice, brought sufficient punishment upon him themselves." These italicized words are entirely omitted by Miss Fielding. The famous incident between Square and Molly Seagrim, which Fielding uses as the means of turning Jones from the ugliness of his looser passion to the charms of Sophia, is altogether swept away; and those chapters concluding the fifth book, where, after Jones's return to strong resolutions of virtue, a casual meeting sends conscience packing and delays the rewards of goodness, are with a like ruthlessness cut from the legend. It matters nothing after this that the Mrs. Waters incident is so wrapped up in the shrouds of mysterious hintings that it might just as well have been dismissed entirely, together with all the suggestions of the serious possibilities to which a reckless amour may lead, and which have no place save in the moral tapestry originally devised by Henry Fielding. Indeed, in view of her solemn determination to blot out every vestige of moral con-

trast from the book, whether of phrase or of essential purpose, Miss Fielding must be seriously remonstrated with for leaving that blushing passage in which Squire Western threatens to turn Sophia "out of doors, stark naked."

In a word, not only has Fielding's great-granddaughter produced the dullest edition of "Tom Jones" that ever was imagined, but she has also destroyed the whole moral purpose of its composition. The purged book has not only ruined a great work of art, it has demolished, in its wild striving after the letter of morality, the whole moral spirit in which, rightly or wrongly, Fielding conceived his design.

Stoane's "Napoleon."

The second volume of Stoane's sumptuous "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte" has just been issued. It in every way equals the high standard set by the first one, and treats of a more interesting portion of Napoleon's life. It is largely occupied by the career of Napoleon as First Consul and as emperor. Professor Sloane avoids hero-worship in his estimate of the conqueror. He does not attempt to defend his character, but acknowledges fully his genius as a strategist, a statesman, and a general.

As an unusually fine example of American book-making, this edition deserves special mention. It is enriched by superb reproductions in color made for the Century Company by Bousso, Valadon & Cie., of Paris. These illustrations, especially those from the spirited military aquarelles by Myrbach, are alone worth the price of the book. In addition, there are wood-engravings, full-page pictures in tint, and fine process-work.

The work is in twenty-two parts, each having forty-eight pages of text, printed in large clear type. The size of the paper is eight and one-half by twelve. The price of each part is \$1.00, and subscriptions are received only for the entire work. The parts are issued monthly. The volumes cost \$7.00 each in cloth and \$8.00 in half morocco.

Published by the Century Company, New York.

Some Literary Tastes.

The *Academy*, under its new management, has opened one more of those amazing symposia in which people of more or less consequence name the books that have interested them. Upon this occasion the contributors have been confined to the two books that most pleased them in 1896. Herbert Spencer leads the list, and his note is the most suggestive of all. "My state of health," he says, "has so greatly reduced my power of reading that what remains I have to reserve rigorously for the purposes of my work. The result is that I do not read works that are unrelated to it."

Andrew Lang was chiefly delighted by Mrs. Edward Ridley's "Story of Aline" and by the "Bijou" of "Gyp." Mrs. Meynell has rejoiced in three books of verse by Miss Winifred Lucas, Stephen Phillips, and Money-Coutts, respectively—as mystifying a trio, in the circumstances, as one can well imagine. Grant Allen has turned from the evolution of his unspeakable novels to the perusal of Hartland's "Legends of Perseus" and Simpson's "Buddhist Praying Wheel." Grant Allen, as the *New York Tribune* observes, absorbed in things Buddhistic is an edifying figure. Professor Norman Lockyer mentions Percival Lowell's "Mars" and Mr. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy," and then adds, in a parenthesis: "No time for reading seriously." The juggler, Paul Cinquevalli, liked best "The Sorrows of Satan" and "Jude the Obscure." Max Beerbobm, with a fine disregard of the limitation in time set by his editor, mentions Shakespeare and the Bible as his preferred books. Wilson Barrett made the same choice, but put the Bible first.

Glimpses of Tennyson.

A "Contributor" to the February *Atlantic* offers an endearing picture of Tennyson drawing his wife in an invalid's chair up Freshwater Cliff:

"I relieved him for a short time, hut, though I did not betray myself, I found the effort a tremendous one. He was, however, a very strongly built man. There was something infinitely touching in the sight of this great poet—in my mind the third greatest of our race, after Shakespeare and Milton—fulfilling thus the homelier offices of conjugal affection. Although for those few weeks I was with the Tennysons on a footing almost of intimacy, I never saw either of them again. One evening at Macmillan's, when I was in the drawing-room, some one told me (I think it was Mr. Hughes) that Tennyson had come, but that he was in a very bad humor, would not leave the ante-room, and seemed determined to contradict everybody. I stayed where I was!"

This writer, mentioning the poet's anxiety to be accurate, says:

"His intimate friend, George Venables, told me that Tennyson had once come to him in high dudgeon at having been served with a writ for a debt which he did not really owe. Venables advised him what to do, and his advice was justified by the event. But several years after he found in one of Tennyson's poems a reference to a writ embodying the very terms of the one which had been served upon him, the form of which had in the meantime been superseded. Venables said he must have carried the terms of the writ in his memory, as he was not at all likely to have preserved it, for he was living at the time in lodgings, with as few impediments as possible."

New Publications.

A new "library" has recently been started in which are to be published a number of plays by modern authors which are suitable for performance by amateurs. The first of these is "A Previous Engagement," a comedy by W. D. Howells, in which there

is much fun over the complicated condition of Phillipa's heart. The second is "Six Cups of Chocolate," a piece of gossip in one act by Edith V. B. Matthews, freely Englished from a Kaffeeklatsch of E. Schmithof. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, respectively, 50 cents and 25 cents.

"Beauty and Hygiene" is a book embodying the results of the experience of beautiful women in many ages, supplemented with the latest scientific research on the subject. The subject is treated in seventeen brief chapters, the first of which is devoted to "The Women of Spain," and the others are on the complexion, the mouth, the teeth, thinness, corpulence, the hair, bathing, the nose, the eyes, the feet, the hands, the voice, the nails, the ears, and a graceful carriage. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 75 cents.

The latest volume of Laurence Hutton's "literary landmarks" is "Literary Landmarks of Florence." Following the plan of the previous volumes, Mr. Hutton here tells his readers of the Florentine houses, palaces, and villas that have been made famous by literature or by literary men. Among the notables whom he mentions in the volume are many Americans, including Mark Twain, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Longfellow, Cooper, Lowell, and Bryant, and of the writers of other nations may be mentioned Dante, Alfieri, Byron, Shelley, and Landor. The book is illustrated with portraits and pictures of the places mentioned. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00.

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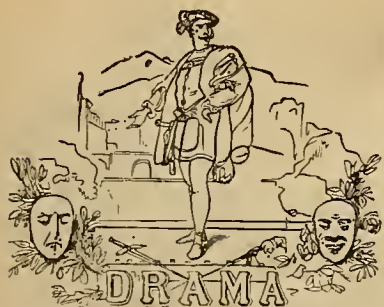
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The alarming scarcity of good plays could not be better illustrated than by the fact that Mr. James has had to turn back to past playwrights for a tragedy and a comedy. One can imagine how desperate must have been his need when he revived "Spartacus" from a grave upon which the daisies have long been growing. That terrible *meté* of gore and gold armor gave place this week to a comedy from Scribe, set in the reign of Anne. Altogether it is a very bad commentary on the state of the drama, going back to Dr. Bird for a tragedy and Eugène Scribe for a comedy. How their shades must laugh!

With his brawny, robust style, it ought not to be so hard to suit Mr. James with a play. He is not artistic, he is not subtle, he is not anything that suggests sweetness and light. But he has a good deal of coarse-grained force and color about him, a big, elaborate sort of voice, and a big, swaggering, picturesque sort of way. He is too hard for the rich effects of true humor. The laughter in him is the laughter that has more bitter than sweet in it. That is why his Beppo Pepe was so much finer than his Falstaff. The unctuous joy of living that beamed through the fat knight's crimson countenance was not in his personation. But the fierce and biting cynicism that made Pepe's laughter terrible, as it rang out over the downfall of the hapless lovers, was true and strong and luridly realistic.

The hardness in Mr. James's style bars him out from many parts for which his physique and style fit him. He is too tough in the grain for the portrayal of the softer emotions, too lacking in warmth and that cheerily radiating cordiality which comforts and encourages, to play any of the great humorous parts. The mirth and joy which bubble like a spring from the heart do not go with this harsh and arid sense of the artificially picturesque. Even that display of a grandiose sort of humanity that Spartacus allowed himself was outside of Mr. James's capacity. McCullough had it, and McCullough made one believe that the character was great. He put soul into that long-winded and marble-browed warrior-soul that all the eloquence and declamation of a dead school could not extinguish.

The main error of Mr. James's season seems to be a series of misfits as to the rôles he can play. He was miscast in "Spartacus"; his Bolingbroke is not so bad, but it is too fine-drawn and subtle a personality for an actor whose forte is a loud and declamatory forcefulness. A character of directly vehement type, in which the salient emotions are biting and bitter, one at war with destiny and even Fate, is the sort for Mr. James to try. For example, why does he not play Triboulet in Hugo's "Roi s'Amuse," or else the version Booth used? In this picture of a malignant soul, purified by one genuine emotion which, with all its depths, has yet a narrow, binding intensity, he would find a part fitted to his abilities. He would make a burly and blundering, but not altogether impossible, Richelieu. These are the line of characters that suit him—not largely eloquent gladiators who want to make Rome howl, or self-confident courtiers whose lightest word has its double significance.

Bolingbroke, rascally, cool, brilliant, is a part for an actor of extreme lightness of touch and *finesse*. There is humor in the man—humor at once keen and gayly irresponsible. We can imagine Bolingbroke going to execution with the same light laugh and indifferent glance with which he greeted the stings of Sarah Jennings's wit. All good things were possible to seize and hold to this lover of the world's gay side, but Death was at the end of all the ways, and was to be met with the tolerant *bonhomie* of the guest who is unwelcome but impossible to overlook. The under-suggestion of a crisp, serene unscrupulousness is a salient point of the character. All the great world was a little unscrupulous then, and Bolingbroke, in a court where Sarah Jennings ruled, had his own way to make and his own ends to compass by whatever means lay in his power.

As seen on Monday evening, he was a large, fine-looking man, bluff rather than gracious, with a sort of good-humored bectoring way about him that must have exasperated the imperious duchess to madness. In the duel between the two, the duchess is perpetually losing her temper, and Bolingbroke's unseemly way of crowing over her—a sort of perpetual "Ha-ha, I told you so!"—is not what one would have expected in such lofty circles. The delicate defiance of his attitude toward her, the ironical and polished courtliness of his manner, the keen and bitter nature of the silent war between them, is not suggested at all. Instead, they seem to be having a good, open, animated squabble, the duchess in a very feminine, emphatic state of rage, and Bolingbroke in a complacent, smirking, self-satisfied state of triumph.

He held the whip-hand, and it seemed to give him deep satisfaction. Mr. James, indeed, was more broad and human in his good-humor as Bolingbroke than in anything we have yet seen him in. He was too good-natured, too much of a genial, jolly fellow, for the acute courtier. He seemed to have a sort of careless pity for the frightened and dismayed queen; to regard her as a joke, like the queens in "Through the Looking-Glass." Indeed, the whole play showed a strain of burlesque, for which the actors were responsible. Though a French dramatist might be excused for representing so lofty a personage as Queen Anne as a mild and feeble-minded incompetent, the players have no right to treat her as if she were a royal lady in a Gilbert and Sullivan opera or one of the Bab Ballads. Scribe wrote his play around the popular story of the duchess's complete ascendancy over the weak and vacillating Anne. If he broadened the lines a little for the sake of his comedy, it is no reason why the players should still further accentuate the fact that Anne was a comic-opera royalty and the duchess a dime-novel shrew.

The only person who seemed to take poor Anne seriously was Miss Kruger, who acted the part. She gave to the bewildered queen a clinging and somewhat sickly gentleness, which found expression in parted lips and large, mildly surprised eyes. Her tall and slender figure, her pale face, with its occasionally rapt expression, languidly drooping on a long white throat, her candid brow, revealed between girlish, drooping curls, which she put back with an aristocratically thin hand, made up an *ensemble* of vague, pensive charm. Occasionally a smile, which was not devoid of an element of cunning, lighted up the melancholy dreaminess of her face. Her little outbursts of self-assertion, her sudden frightened petulances, her quick submission and lachrymose peevishness, gave an extremely vivid impression of a feeble, foolish nature with little or no belief in its royal privileges. Queens have their weaknesses, we presume; but to see a queen so devoid of the pomp and circumstance of her high office is quite a startling experience to an American, who always expects to see royalty with its crown on.

Anne and the duchess rather carried off the honors, though Mr. James was very princely and gallant and Mr. Lindsley, who had the exacting rôle of a man with whom every woman he meets falls in love, came out ahead on the question of clothes. The duchess was played by Miss Everett, who last week added to the dismal experiences of the gladiatorial revolt by playing Sonora. Miss Everett picked up heart when she left the blood-stained plains about Rome, and, as the redoubtable Sarah Jennings, revealed herself as a handsome lady, with a proud head in a red wig and a very imposing presence. She played the duchess with a good deal of vividness and vigor. She, too, had an engaging smile which, despite the artless dimple it brought to light, was full of a musing sort of craftiness. The contrast between its slow, suspended knowingness and the soft, sweet silliness of the smile that now and then played over Anne's foolish, drooping mouth was oddly interesting. Miss Everett has that weakness of never being able to go out of a door without turning round and glaring or languishing at somebody left on the stage. She generally had to glare on Monday, as she was the kind of lady more given to glares than to coquettish oglings. The looks she threw behind her as she departed were stony and awful in their silent threats. No wonder Marlborough preferred the flinty and steel couch of war to the joys of the domestic hearth.

Considering the length of time it has been on the boards, the play is extraordinarily fresh. It is a regular Scribe comedy, light, fine, unreal, and dandified. The intricacies of the plot are such that those brought up on the blundering frankness of Jones, Pinero and Co. can not at first form the least idea of what is going on. That there is spirited intrigue in progress one realizes, but what it is about is quite another point. Letters come, people crowd into corners and exchange meaning whispers, lovers fly at each other and kiss and fly apart, the polite combatants of court life defy each other and vow vengeance between a smile and a *bon-mot*. At this moment the mystery of what Sir Arthur Farrar did is not clear. He did seem to have killed a man, but that, which is sufficient in the present day to build an entire melodrama on, was matter of the smallest moment. It seemed to affect Sir Arthur no more than if he had killed a cat.

Toward the close, the interest concentrated and cleared. One became aware of the agitating fact that the sacred name of royalty was threatened by a scandal. The Queen of England, unless she was very prudent, was unquestionably going to embroil herself in a regular *esclandre*. Here the clarifying of the plot and the sudden briskness of the action brighten the play immensely, and it moves to its artificially smart and brilliant climax with a vivacious zest. The construction of the latter half is almost too clever, every sentence falling into place and makes its point with a crispness that was self-consciously brilliant. The dialogue is not so witty as it is sharp and apt. The playwrights who turn out comedies as Scribe did have not time to hammer out witticisms with laborious slowness.

The longest commercial distance at which the long-distance telephone is now operated is from Boston to St. Louis, a distance of fourteen hundred miles. The line is almost twice as long as any European telephone line.

A Migratory Journal.

The new journalism is not confined to America. Two young Frenchmen, members of the "Fourth Estate," arrived in this city early last week on a tour of the world which is a rather unusual example of journalistic enterprise. They are MM. J. Leroy and H. Papillaud, who left Paris two years ago without a cent in their pockets, and have supported themselves throughout the tour by professional work. In each considerable city where they stop, they issue an edition of a paper called *En Route*, the business and editorial offices of which are located "in the world." It is a ten-page paper, copiously illustrated from photographs which they take by the way, and it contains articles describing their tour printed in French, in the vernacular of the country in which the issue is published, and, in the case of East Indian, Japanese, and Chinese cities, in English also. The paper is quite a journalistic curio. The publishers have received generous support from advertisers in all countries, and they state that their circulation ranges from five to ten thousand copies.

Lauren Elliott Crane, tired of life's battle and finding no place where he could utilize his talents, has taken the short road to a surcease from care and trouble. He came to California in 1853, and from his boyhood displayed marked ability as a writer of both prose and verse. He was employed at different times as an editorial writer on the *Sacramento Union*, the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and the *San Francisco Post*, and also held public positions, having been executive secretary to Governors Booth and Pacheco. Much of his work was done editorially and without public recognition, but he is well known as a story-writer and a clever versifier. But Mr. Crane is, perhaps, best known by his published volume, "Newton Booth of California."

It has recently been discovered that there is in Birmingham, in the very centre of Christian England, a factory where idols are made for heathen nations! Idols of all kinds are turned out, representing the gods of all heathen nations, from Tokio to Timbuctoo. The export trade to heathen countries is a fairly large one, although more gods are sent out to foreign dealers in curios in the bazaars of Cairo, Damascus, Colombo, etc., for sale to unsuspecting travelers anxious to take home mementos.

The most valuable sword in existence is said to be that owned by the Gaekwar of Baroda. Its hilt and belt are set with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds, and it is valued at one million one hundred thousand dollars. The Shah of Persia has a sword valued at fifty thousand dollars. The most valuable sword in England is that which was presented to Lord Wolsey by the Egyptians. It is valued at ten thousand dollars.

Professor S. P. Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, said in a recent interview that, if he had the time and money to spend, he believed he could make a flying machine "on a scale such as would demonstrate to the world that a large passenger-carrying flying-machine can be a commercial as well as a scientific success."

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Fanny Rice in Comic Opera.

Charles Hopper will be seen as Chimmie Fadden for the last time at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday night. The engagement has been a very successful one throughout the fortnight.

On Monday night, Fanny Rice will begin an engagement of two weeks with a revised version of "At the French Ball." She is herself a very popular comedienne, and her supporting company is one of the best that have been seen here in musical comedy. In it are George Broderick, who used to sing with the Bostonians; Charles Drew, who did not lose popularity by his change from a handsome tenor to an opera comedian; Francis and Alice Gaillard, who are well known in this city; Beekie Haight, Kate Michelena, John Cauley, John S. Terry, F. C. Morse, Ralph Bicknell, Alex Hage, and others of less note. The engagement is for two weeks, and the second will be devoted to "A Flower-Girl of Paris," an adaptation of a French comic opera which has not been seen in this city.

James A. Herne in "Shore Acres."

Louis James will end his engagement at the Baldwin Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) night with a performance of "Othello," in which he has not been seen here this season, and on Monday evening James A. Herne will begin a three weeks' engagement in "Shore Acres."

This will be Mr. Herne's first appearance in this city in the rôle of Nathaniel Berry, in which he has won fame and fortune. The play is a homely drama of American life, and has been highly praised by European as well as by American critics. The scenes are laid in a small village near Bar Harbor, Me., and the characters are all sturdy, clean-minded people of New England, rough and uncouth in manner and dress, but gentle of heart and steadfast in friendship. While there is little of the artificial, theatrical element in the plot, the story is one of strong human interest. The company is one of even excellence, and it is expected that their engagement will long be remembered in the theatrical annals of this city.

A Double Bill at the Tivoli.

The extravaganza "Aladdin" will be retired from the Tivoli stage after the performance of to-morrow (Sunday) evening, and on Monday a return to light opera will be made.

During the week a double bill will be presented, consisting of "Patience," and Von Suppé's "The Lovely Galatea." In Gilbert and Sullivan's satire on the æsthetic craze, Ferris Hartman will be the Bunthorne; John J. Raffael the Grosvenor, and Elvia Crox-Seabrooke the Patience. The officers of dragons will be impersonated by W. H. West, Maurice Darcy, and Rhys Thomas, and Anna Schnabel, Bernice Holmes, Josie Intropidi, and Irene Mull will be the rapturous maidens. Fred Kavanagh will have an opportunity to present his grotesque conception of humor as Bunthorne's solicitor. Preceding this, Rhys Thomas, Bernice Holmes, W. H. West and Elvia Crox-Seabrooke will be heard in Von Suppé's mythological comic opera, which is in one act.

After the run of this double bill, there will be a revival for the first time in many years of Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor," which has been in rehearsal for some time past. It is probable that a new burlesque will follow this.

Notes.

Corinne is to have a new opera when she comes to the Columbia in April.

Chicago's ordinance forbidding the wearing of high hats has gone into effect, and it is being obeyed.

Primrose and West promise a number of novelties in minstrelsy during their engagement in this city.

W. H. Crane will present his new play, "A Fool of Fortune," during his engagement at the Baldwin.

They say that Ada Rehan, now playing in "The Magistrate" at Daly's, looks ten years younger than she did last season.

Tony Williams plays the part of General Note Shaver in "A Run on the Bank," which is soon to come to the Columbia.

A rumor comes from New York that Lillian Russell, Della Fox, and Jeff de Angelis are to appear together in comic opera.

Stuart Robson has produced in Chicago a dramatic version of Opie Read's novel, "The Jacklins." It seems to have been a success.

Fanny Rice will give a ladies' matinee during her engagement at the Columbia Theatre, and a reception will take place after the performance.

James A. Herne has a new play with the unattractive title of "The Rev. Griffith Davenport." It is a war play, and its hero is a clergyman who appears as an unofficial patriot.

The new comedy, "Nancy Hanks," in which Ignacio Martinetti, Frank Tannehill, Anna Boyd, Carrie Radcliffe, and Clayton White are appearing, has been booked for the Columbia Theatre.

It is said that Gustavo Salvini, a son of Tommaso Salvini and elder brother of Alexander who died a few weeks ago, has learned English well enough to

act in that language, and is arranging for a tour of this country.

Fanny Davenport has a new American play, which she is to produce in Boston on October 18th, previous to its New York run. She is to follow James A. Herne at the Baldwin, appearing in her Sardou repertoire, which includes "Gismonda."

It is quite usual in performances of "Romeo and Juliet" for the passage in which the nurse gives the girl's age as fourteen to be altered to read sixteen, and sometimes it is omitted altogether. It is noted, however, that Julia Marlowe has it spoken fully and emphatically.

The withdrawal of Marion Crawford's play, "Dr. Claudius," after two weeks instead of six, may leave the Fifth Avenue Theatre, in New York, closed until the appearance of Minnie Maddern Fiske in a stage version of another novel, Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

The odd name of Johann Strauss's new opera, "The Goddess of Reason," which is to be produced at the Theater an der Wien this month, is derived from the principal female rôle, a woman who, in the time of the Revolution, was carried through the streets of Paris impersonating the Goddess of Reason.

The Frawley Company will close their season the latter part of this month, and will disband, to reassemble for the next season at the Columbia Theatre in May. Mr. Friedlander, of the Columbia Theatre, will accompany Blanche Bates, Frank Worthing, and Mr. Frawley to London, whither he is going on a hurried business trip.

Managers Rich & Harris have engaged Flora Irwin to play her sister May's part in "The Widow Jones." They have also added Marie Dressler to the company. This last move was necessary, for the withdrawal of May Irwin leaves a very large hole in the company, and her sister, unless she has improved miraculously, is entirely unequal to filling her place.

It is rather surprising to hear the New York critics declare that Margaret Mather has been less bold in her recent production of "Cymbeline" than Mme. Modjeska was in the same play. In Imogen's bed-chamber, Mme. Modjeska used to have Iachimo act out his devilry: the way he kissed the half-waking woman and found the mole in the right spot are not easily to be forgotten. Miss Mather, however, is much more judicious. The intruding man simply admires the sleeping beauty without touching her, save to remove the ring from her finger.

Elizabeth Bisland, whose début as a playwright was made when Georgia Cayvan produced "Goblin Castle," is a notable figure in literary life. She went from New Orleans twelve years ago to New York, and at once entered upon newspaper work. Her most notable achievement in some respects was her flying trip around the world, made in competition with Nellie Bly. She has written two novels and many essays and magazine articles, and conducts a woman's page for one of the big New York newspaper syndicates. In private life she is Mrs. Wetmore.

Pauline French, who made her début here with Henry Dixey in "A Railroad of Love," is gradually winning her way in the theatrical profession. She was engaged by Augustin Daly at the beginning of this season and given a minor rôle in "The Gaiety." Later she was promoted to a more exacting part in the same play, and now comes the news that she has made a small hit in the revival of "The Magistrate" at Daly's. All the papers speak favorably of her, and Alan Dale gives her a word of praise by calling her "a pretty girl, with a delightful genuine American accent, who made a hit in the rôle of Charlotte."

The Astronomical Society of the Pacific has issued, among its "Publications," its bi-monthly magazine for December and January, containing the proceedings of the society, the papers read at the meeting, and a review of the discoveries and improvements in the field of its interest. It is well illustrated by photographs of sun-spots and of the new Washburn Observatory in Wisconsin. It is printed in San Francisco for the society.

Five or more races daily, rain or shine, is the programme of sport offered by the Pacific Coast Jockey Club at the Ingleside Track, from next Monday, February 22d, through March 6th. The notable event on Monday, the 22d, will be the Moët & Chandon White Seal stakes; on Saturday, the 27th, the Schreiber stakes will be run; and on Saturday, the 6th, the Crocker stakes will be up.

Ripley Church, south-west of London, is being turned into a sort of bicyclists' Westminster Abbey. It has now a memorial window to H. L. Cortis, who held a number of records a dozen years ago, and another window put up by cyclists to the memory of the hostesses of the Ripley Inn.

The famous American prima donna, Minnie Hauk, is living at her villa, near Lucerne, with her husband, Chevalier von Hesse-Wartegg, who is a distinguished traveler and writer of books of travels.

First Spanish soldier—"The insurgents have attacked the rear." The other—"Caramba! Let us hasten to the front!"—Life.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Sousa Concerts.

Sousa and his famous band will begin their annual engagement in this city next Thursday evening at the California Theatre. It has been said of Sousa that what Strauss is to the waltz, he is to the march. As a leader of his own compositions he is unequalled. He has made a fortune out of the sale of his marches in the past few years, and his annual tours of the United States, in which he has covered more than twenty-one thousand miles, have brought him in another large sum. The concerts to be given in this city will take place at the California Theatre on the evenings of Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, February 25th, 26th, and 27th, and on the afternoons of Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. In addition to the pieces played by the band, the programmes will comprise songs by Elizabeth Northrop, prima donna soprano, and solos by Martina Johnstone, violinist, Arthur Pryor, trombone, and Franz Hell, flugelhorn.

The Opera Season.

A lively interest is being expressed in the proposed opera season by the company from New Orleans, and general satisfaction is felt in the successful results of Mr. J. J. Gottlob's negotiations. It seems to be settled that the company, numbering one hundred and thirty persons, will start for this city on March 4th, and that they will give a series of twenty performances at the California Theatre. The company has not a New York reputation, but that it has sung throughout the winter in New Orleans is a guaranty of its excellence. The repertoire is said to be unusually extended, ranging from such light trifles as "Miss Helyett" to the best grand operas. A notable feature of it is "Le Voyage de Suzette," which was given for the first time in this country only a short time ago.

The musical world suffered a severe loss in the tragic death of Armond Castelmarty, on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, Wednesday, February 10th. He was singing Lord Tristan in "Martha," and at the end of the first act, as he was hurrying in pursuit of Lady Henrietta, running this way and that among the boisterous merry-makers, his strength gave out and he almost fell. By an effort he rallied and staggered back to a table, while the house rang with approbation for the fire of his acting. The curtain fell and rose again for the tableau, and Lord Tristan was seen to sway as it fell again. No sooner had it concealed the stage than Jean de Reszké—whose anxiety for his friend's health had made him break his rule of never going to the Metropolitan except when he was to appear on the stage—bounded from the wings and caught the singer in his arms, crying: "Castel, Castel, what is it?" But Castelmarty was already dead of heart disease.

Jean de Reszké's ultimatum that he will never sing again with Mme. Nordica will have disastrous results on the opera season at Covent Garden, London, next spring. Mme. Nordica was particularly anxious to appear there as Isolde and Brunnhilde, but if De Reszké holds to his decision, he will probably repeat his Tristan to Mme. Albani's Isolde, if the opera be sung at all. Nordica will probably sing in the Wagner operas with Ernst Van Dyck.

An entertainment was given at Golden Gate Hall last Thursday evening in aid of the furnishing fund of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Gibson's pictures were presented, and an excellent musical programme was given.

Rosenthal, the pianist, comes here to give six recitals during the first week in May.

The use of water curtains for fighting fire is attracting attention as a protection for the sky-scraper buildings which rise above the practical limits of fire-engines. The system employs a water supply on the roof, connected with a pipe which runs along the topmost cornice. From perforations in this pipe, water is forced up so as to rise in a thick spray to a height of several feet above the building, when it turns and falls to the ground in an unbroken sheet.

Dr. Max Muller, professor of comparative religion at Oxford, has found that there is no ordinance in the Bible prohibiting suicide, and that Protestants, who rest their religious life more on the Scriptures than Catholics do, are far more prone to self-murder than the followers of Rome.

Length in female clerks is required for some reason by the British post-office, which proposes to discharge all girls who at nineteen are not five feet two inches tall.

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VANITY FAIR.

Most of the smart dinners in London are oowadavcs given at one of the three superlatively "swagger" hotels, where fashion most does coogregate. The "home" dinner is a thing of the past. At a certain particularly well-known bostelry certain tables are engaged for certain nights throughout the season by people who make it a point of entertaining largely. The private-room dinner (unless it be à deux) is also an unknown quantity at present. English people of a certain set seem to have burst through that shell of exclusiveness that once hedged them so closely, and now they seem to like to "mix with the crowd." At a certain famous hotel restaurant (writes Anne Morton Lane to the Chicago *Times-Herald*) it is curious to note how the two great tides of life—the *mondaine* and the *demi-mondaine*—sit back to back, shoulder to shoulder, in perfect ease and amity. They regard each other as curiosities, and they eye one another with an equal amount of hauteur. Totty de Vere, of the Frivolity Theatre, besprinkled with diamonds, beringed, and Paris-gowned, looks scornfully across the room at the Countess of Tomnoddy, who, blazing with jewels that are heirlooms and with her gown well off her shoulders, regards Totty through her single glass with aristocratic calm. "So amusing—this place," she murmurs to Sir Benjamin Hardup on her left, "one sees such queer people, and it is astonishing how well they dress." Totty de Vere on her side of the room takes a grape and remarks to her latest "mash," who happens to be Lady Tomnoddy's young brother: "Your sister seems to take a lot of interest in me, Johnnie; you tell her next time she comes here not to show so much shoulder, it's almost equal to her cheek, staring at me through that beastly window-pane!"

The same correspondent goes on to say that, dining at the restaurant in question on a recent Sunday night, she saw Sibyl Sanderson "looking very handsome in a gown of so pale and indeterminate a pink that it was difficult to tell where she began and it ended! The difficulty was enhanced by the fact that the edge of the décolletage was broken only by the minute ripple of a creamy lace tucker of unimportant size. The effect was startling, but Miss Sanderson is so magnificent a specimen of womanhood that one could forgive her likeness to the tinted Venus! There were other ladies accompanying the fair American singer, and I noticed with a good deal of amusement that they had veiled their necks right up to the chin."

Those eminently respectable old gentlemen who are so old-fashioned that they object that their sons "all want to begin where their fathers left off" would be struck dumb with surprise if they could see the handsome provision now being made for some young couples who are just starting in life in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, who have recently been in this city, are to be very snugly housed when they return home from their wedding tour. Mr. Whitney *père* gave his Fifth Avenue mansion to his son at the time of his own marriage to Mrs. Randolph, and young Whitney has since purchased a place at Newport. The latter is in one of the most desirable parts of Bellevue Avenue, lying between the places of Mr. Hermann Oelrichs and Mrs. Astor. The house is now being remodeled by an army of workmen, and Mr. and Mrs. Whitney are at present occupying the Fifth Avenue mansion, so that the young couple will have to make the best of the large Kearny house on Fifty-Fourth Street, where Mr. J. J. Van Alen has been living, until one of their own homes is ready for them. Another fortunate young couple of New Yorkers are Mr. and Mrs. James A. Burden, Jr. Mrs. Burden's father, Mr. William D. Sloane, has recently presented them with a town house in East Sixty-Ninth Street, which has the, for New York, unusually broad frontage of fifty-five feet and cost something like four hundred thousand dollars. This is only their winter residence. Mr. Burden has also secured for their country home a lease of the old Aspinwall estate, which comprises three hundred and fifty acres of land, with a river frontage on the Hudson of three-quarters of a mile.

There is quite an agitation in England over the inconvenience which professional women, actresses, artists, and authors, suffer through the loss by marriage of the name which they have made famous, or at least of commercial value. Lord Leighton and Lord Tennyson were instances of men who retained their original names after elevation to the peerage, and the same principle applies to women. A striking instance of this we noticed in our issue of last week. It was the case of Julia Marlowe, the actress, who after her marriage to Robert Taber, added his to her own maiden name. A Philadelphia manager, at whose theatre her engagement was far from being a financial success, sued her for damages resulting from the change; and, though he lost his case, she has come around to his opinion and is again using her maiden name for professional purposes. The English objectors to the present system show that there is precedent for contrary usage. When a titled widow marries a commoner, she almost invariably retains her dead husband's name in order to keep her "Ladyship." The result was sometimes rather startling to those who did not know of this English custom, as when they would find on a hotel register the inscription, "The Duchess of Montrose and

Mr. Tom Milner." In Scotland it is quite common for a woman to continue to be known by her maiden name after her marriage, as J. M. Barrie has shown in his biography of his mother, Margaret Ogilvie. What the professional women of England want to know is, if titled widows in England and humble women in Scotland can do this, why should not all women whose past fame makes their name of value?

The Gibson girl, according to the latest reports, is going out. Her broad brow and parted hair are yielding to the more piquant charms of the young woman who has arched eyebrows and wears her hair à la Pompadour. Just what is responsible for this change of fashion it is hard to say. Perhaps it is the pretty young woman who served Charles Dana Gibson as a model when he was drawing the attractive little widow who figures in so many of his sketches. Perhaps it is Consuela, Duchess of Marlborough, whose marriage and subsequent success in English society has set her on a pedestal where she is admired and envied by a vast majority of American girls. Perhaps—and this seems most likely—the young women who were declared to be Gibson girls a few years ago have gone off a bit in looks and no longer outshine the fresher beauty of their younger sisters. But, whatever the cause, the change has come and the Gibson girl is now *passée*.

There have recently been two notable instances of aristocrats going into trade and dragging their aristocracy in after them. In Europe, the Princes August and Charles of Bourbon have hung out their signs as wine-dealers. They have also published a circular in which they explain why they have disregarded the traditions of their class and come down to the level of every-day citizens. They tell how their ancestress, Marie Antoinette, darned the stockings of their grandfather, the Dauphin; how Louis the Seventeenth was a watchmaker; and how Charles the Eleventh, their uncle and the head of their house, earned his livelihood by manual labor and by trading. Since the court of appeals in Paris refuses to recognize their rights, they can not become soldiers in France. "Only one career is open to us," they say, "that of the merchant or tradesman." In our own country some excitement has been created by the action of Miss Florence Cornelia Pell in opening a millinery shop in New York and not only putting her aristocratic name over the door, but having the family motto and crest printed in the crown of every bonnet that goes out of her shop. Miss Pell, who has just secured a divorce from Nathan Clifford Brown, of a well known Portland, Me., family, is the eldest daughter of the late John Howland Pell. The family is an old Huguenot one, and has been prominent in the social annals of New York city for two hundred years. The fair shop-keeper is Mr. Pell's child by his first marriage, and the children of the second marriage, Mr. S. Osgood Pell and Miss Mary Howland Pell, are thrown into aristocratic hysterics by the idea of their family crest and motto decorating the bonnets of every Mary Ann who has the money to patronize their half-sister's shop. But Miss Florence Cornelia will doubtless thrive, for there are quite a number of Americans who enjoy baying heraldic blazonings on their personal belongings, even though those heraldic blazonings be those of their tradesmen.

The centenary of the "stove-pipe" hat was celebrated in Paris on January 15th. Many sartorial antiquarians scoff at the possibility of fixing so precisely the birthday of a fashion, but those who decided upon this date chose it because in London, on January 15, 1797, the advent of that form of bea-gear was celebrated by a public demonstration that nearly amounted to a riot, and was duly chronicled in the papers of the next day. The adventurous worthy who precipitated this row was one John Hetherington, a haberdasher in the Strand. The hat he wore was of his own devising, and was about ten inches high, exaggeratedly bell-shaped, and had a wide, curved brim. He stepped out of his shop on the busy Strand at about an hour before midday, and he had not gone ten steps before everybody in sight stopped to wonder. In five minutes he was followed by a jeering mob, and when he at last took refuge in the police-station, he was fined for creating a disturbance of the peace. The London *Times* next day came to the defense of Mr. Hetherington and his hat. "In these days of enlightenment," it said, "it must be considered an advance in dress reform, and one which is sooner or later to stamp its character upon the entire community. The new hat is destined to work a revolution in bea-gear."

When the centennial celebration took place, the Paris *Figaro* sent out reporters to a great number of well-known persons to gather their opinions of masculine dress in general and of the high hat in particular. Emile Zola stated that when he was young, "having grown up in the full poetic swing of the romantic movement," he greatly regretted the delicate-bowed doublets and broad-brimmed felt hats, with their flowing plumes. At the present time, he "leaves to youth the trouble of dreaming of gallant plumage in order to be loved." Jules Lemaitre opines that the high hat is ignoble, and all the rest of modern men's costume as well. Pavis de Chavannes is "so near the day when I shall no longer be obliged to dress at all, that I feel indifferent to such things."

Jules Claretie thinks the high hat "very ugly, heavy, headache-causing," and "the artist who shall modify our modern dress, will deserve the grand medal at the exposition of 1900." Carolus Duran thinks the high hat "perfectly horrible," but, "considering the rest of our dress, it is the only head-dress which does not give us a careless appearance." He confesses, however, that the modern costume, if ugly, is very convenient. He also points out the curious merit of modern costume, that "its uniformity enables you to go through a crowd without being noticed, and so allows a convenience for every man's liberty of action," which makes M. Duran doubt that it will ever be given up.

Among the reminiscences of the Vanderbilt ball, recalled by the Bradley-Martin affair of last week, is a story of a certain fair but too plump beauty who undertook to wear fashions at the Vanderbilt function. She went as a Venetian lady, with the side of her gown open, revealing a pink limb. This might have been well enough had she been a slender and graceful woman, but it happened that she was not built that way. She was escorted to the ball by an Englishman, who, as she wore an opera-cloak, did not discover this feature of her attire until she came out of the dressing-room. He gazed once, and, without waiting to make an excuse, fled. Another man, more courageous, offered his escort to the ball-room, where the lady spent the rest of the evening upon a sofa, busily engaged in blushing.

Elwyn Barron is of the opinion that Englishwomen are mentally developing and that Englishmen are mentally deteriorating. Women in the old country, he says, are discovering that there is no reason why they should be in moral, physical, or intellectual subordination to man, while men have become more than ever before dawdlers or money-grubbers. The improvement among the women is to be noticed in their efforts to throw off the yoke of tradition by securing financial independence for themselves. Time was when there was no field open to the daughters of clergymen, of professional men, or of widows who had been reduced suddenly from comfortable to necessitous condition, except going out as governesses. There is scarcely a house in middle-class England with children which has not its governess, and for her services she gets wages ranging from ten to thirty pounds a year. Though they receive a certain social recognition in being allowed to sit at table with the family, their beggarly pittance puts them on a lower earning plane than that occupied by the cook. But there is a reaction against this condition. Many girls of an independent spirit have gone into office work with success and without sacrifice of self-respect, however much their vanity may have suffered. They are engaged as librarians, as nurses, and in many other capacities. A notable instance of this type of the New Woman is the daughter of Charles Dickens, who is at the head of a type-writing office that employs several young ladies of good family, and does a very profitable business.

A recent issue of *Truth* contains a severe stricture from the pen of Mr. Labouchère on the customs and conduct of New York society. He says that no one is a heartier admirer of Americans than he is, but if they were to be gauged by New York "society," a more corrupt and contemptible crew never played their pranks before high heaven. In the main, New York society, he says, seems to be composed of very rich men, who are desirous of parodying the worst features of the exclusives in European capitals. They compete with each other in contests of ostentation, and the man who can spend the most money at an entertainment is deemed for the noose to be the leader. Revelations disclosed at a recent trial indicate to him that New York *jeunesse dorée* is not satisfied with aping European society in its vulgarst aspects, but seems anxious to go back to the orgies that disgraced Rome under the rule of the vilest of its emperors.

"Every year," said the professor, "a sheet of water fourteen feet thick is raised to the clouds from the sea." "What time of the year does that happen, professor?" asked the freshman from the interior; "I should think it would be a sight worth going to see."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Ex Governor Altgeld, of Illinois, is perhaps as well known for his record in pardoning criminals as for anything else. The story goes that a certain wit once said to a gentleman, who accidentally committed some breach of etiquette, requiring a "thousand pardons": "Excuse me, sir; I am not Governor Altgeld."

One of the members of the House was arguing to Speaker Reed the other day that we ought to recognize the independence of Cuba and send a minister to the Cuban capital. "I suppose if we must send a minister to Cuba," drawled Mr. Reed, "the only way we can get him there is to put him in a gun and fire him over."

A Western member of Congress was describing to the Hon. Thaddeus Stevens a certain township in his district, and, after expatiating upon the fertility of its soil, the salubrity of its climate, and the magnificence of its scenery, wound up by saying that all it wanted was plenty of water and good society. "That is all they want in hell," said Mr. Stevens.

General McClellan, when in command of the army, conducted a waiting campaign, being so careful not to make any mistakes that he made very little headway. President Lincoln once sent him this brief but exceedingly pertinent letter: "MY DEAR McCLELLAN: If you don't want to use the army, I should like to borrow it for awhile. Yours respectfully, A. LINCOLN."

During a general election a canvasser called at the house of the late Professor Froude, the historian. Mr. Froude was out, so the canvasser had to content himself with interrogating the butler as to how Mr. Froude would vote. The butler—an old servant, who understood his master well—replied: "When the Liberals is in, Mr. Froude is sometimes a Conservative. When the Conservatives is in, Mr. Froude is always a Liberal."

Once a clergyman went to pay a visit to an old Yorkshire yeoman, who was lying on his death-bed. After a few preliminary words, the worthy minister said that, if the veteran had anything on his mind, he hoped he would ease his conscience and confide it to his pastoral ear, so that he might die in peace. "Well, sir," answered the old sportsman, "if I only had to live my life over again, I'd fish more with bait and less with flies."

Several Ohio lawyers once gathered in Judge Wilson's room after adjournment of court, and were discussing the retirement of a member of the bar. Among them was one whose practice was worth twenty-five thousand dollars a year. He said: "I have been practicing several years, and am well fixed. I have thought I would like to retire and devote my remaining years to studies I have neglected." "Study law," put in Judge Wilson.

A sergeant of a company of British infantry quartered in a Dacoit-infested part of Burmah, a few years ago, was a firm believer in destiny. One evening, when dressing, preparatory to taking a stroll in the jungle, he was noticed by a corporal, a persistent opponent of the destiny theory, to slip a revolver into his pocket. "Hello!" shouted the corporal, "what are you taking the revolver with you for? That won't save you if your time has come." "No," replied the sergeant; "but, you see, I may happen to come across a Dacoit whose last day has come."

John Heywood, the playwright and epigrammatist, once wrote a book the object of which, as disclosed by the title-page, is singular: "A Dialogue, containing in effect the Number of all the Proverbs in the English Tongue, compact in a Matter concerning Two Marriages." When the Marquis of Winchester, Lord High Treasurer, was presented with a copy of this book by the author, he inquired what it contained, and being answered, "All the proverbs in English," replied, "What! all? No, no. 'Bate me an ace, quoth Bolton'—a form of speech once much in vogue. "By my faith," said Heywood, "that is not in." It happened that the marquis had casually uttered the only proverb not in the book.

M. Mary-Lafon, the well-known author, in the forties, being out bathing one morning, saved a prosperous merchant from drowning. When the latter felt safe on terra firma, he began to express his gratitude, calling Lafon "My father," "My saviour," etc. "Say no more about it, but let us go and have luncheon; I am pretty well starving," replied Lafon. The merchant followed meekly; but after a few glasses of wine and a few mouthfuls of food he burst out afresh. Lafon was not the most patient nor the sweetest tempered of creatures. He began to be annoyed—he flung a plate of strawberries at his would-be son's head. The other hurled a water-bottle at him. As a matter of course, the proprietor, attracted by the noise, entered the room, the bill was settled, and the merchant and his "saviour" hailed a cab, the driver of which was told to proceed to the Rue Neuve des Petits-Champs, close to which in those days lived M. d'Hormoy, then director of the

Italian opera. Lafon got out, and in a little while re-appeared, accompanied by the *impresario* carrying a case of dueling-pistols. "My good friend," said the author, "allow me to present to you a friend, a linen manufacturer with whom I am in the habit of boating, and who pursues me with his gratitude because I was idiotic enough to fish him out of the water this morning. Since then he has not ceased to call me 'his father,' although I am ten years younger than he." The merchant opened his lips once more; Lafon cut him short by ordering the cabman to drive to the Romainville Wood. En route they picked up another second, and when they arrived at their destination, not a minute was lost in measuring the ground. Both combatants missed fire the first time. "Do you still intend to worry me with your gratitude?" asked Lafon. "Oh, my father, my saviour, what else can I do?" was the answer. "Gentlemen, be good enough to reload the pistols," requested Lafon. The second discharge was productive of as little effect as the former. Thereupon the manufacturer, unable to contain himself, cleared the distance between himself and his antagonist at one bound, fell round his neck, still exclaiming, "My father, my saviour," and prevented all further hostilities by the genuine outburst of laughter that followed.

TIGER-LILIES.

A Capriote.

Upon her cheek a damask glows,
And comes and goes,
As fine as the pomegranate knows.

And such a light her eye escapes
As gleams on grapes
That purple all her island capes.

Her figure has the wondrous grace
That marks her race—
Well-rounded curves from foot to face.

I look! she smiles bewitchingly:
I turn and see
Two fierce dark eyes fixed fast on me.

That smile—that marveled poise of head!
Sweet dream be fled!
These Capriotes carry knives, 'tis said.

—Anon.

An Indictment.

Low-browed woman that stole my love!
Fairer than I—less true!
You fooled him first with your wily tongue,
And your eyes' deceitful blue.

You looked in his till you made him swear
His first love was all a dream;
While you let him toy with your yellow hair,
And hank in your smile's false gleam.

Well-a-day for your eyes so bright!
Weeping has made mine dim:
You would smile on, though he lay in his grave—
I could have died for him.—*Hartford Times.*

Hadidjé.

Ob, lissome and Albanian beauty mine,
Thou art the river where my parched caresses
Seek 'mid the wavy grasses of thy tresses
Refreshing waters, limpid and divine.
Ah, sing away upon thy low Kinoor,
The jealous doubt I strive to not endure,
That mocks me and oppresses.—*Anon.*

Under Southern Skies.

A face of pink and nacker! tiger eyes,
Fringed by long silken lashes black as jet;
A tortoise comb, high in dusk tresses set;
A fan in hand, colored with richest dyes,
Screening delicious spheres that fall and rise,
Draped in a frail mantilla's lace-wave net.
A satin slipper on a foot that vies
With Cinderella's, which will quickly fret,
When on the Prado sounds of castagnette,
Of riot, revelry, or dance apprise.
A vague, voluptuous, sad look you surmise;
You catch a pleasant scent like mignonette.
She passes—while from sensuous lips flies
The blue smoke of her twisted cigarette.
—*F. S. Saltus.*

Cleopatra.

Death lurked within the velvet of her cheek,
And in the myriad tangles of her hair,
And in her eyes, which drew men to despair,
And on her lips, whose thrill made strong men weak.
Yea, all the honeyed accents she could speak
To men death-bladed were, as unaware,
Thoughtless they listened, heeding not the snare
Which caught their manhood in wild passion's freak.
Brave Antony! when'er I pause to think
Of all thou wert, and all thou might'st have been,
Thy soul enmeshed and ever on the brink
Of careless woe, thus bound to Egypt's queen,
From tears of pity I can scarce refrain
That in her arms were lost such soul and brain.
—*Alexander Macaulay.*

An Arabian Night.

Midnight—the song is done; lay down thy lute,
Dark face, yet raptured from the music's dose,
The lamp swings languidly—the soft light glows
Around thee, and thy passionate lips are mute,
Too near to mine. Warm fragrances of fruit,
Odors of musk and jessamine and rose
Float faintly past us; some late reveler goes
Homeward with far-off sound of life and flute.
The curtains drop their deep embroidery
Behind thee, and the jeweled goblets gleam;
Thy hungry, yearning eyes are fixed on mine—
As in the mazes of a wild love-dream.
Slowly, by some magnetic law divine,
We tremble toward each other silently.
—*M. C. Gillington.*

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Defender of English Slang.

FALLS CITY, OR., February 12, 1897.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I, with many others, look eagerly for the *Argonaut*, and my copy is mailed across the continent to enlighten our Eastern brethren.

In your issue of the eighth instant there was an article on "The Use of Slang," of which I desire to talk to you and to dispute that "English slang is meaningless." It is all derivative when you know the source. It is full of meaning and interest. "Pulling a person's leg" is archaic Lowland Scots, as is also "Dagone," here called "Doggone" and vainly presumed to be profane and an abbreviation of "God damn." "Bally," which especially annoys you only from non-acquaintance, is a thirty-year-old euphemism for the offensive and vulgar "bloody," which was originally a devout adjuration and, like "by our lady," used in the best circles of the Tudor period.

As a former Englishman, although now a stalwart American, I can assure you that most English slang had originally a meaning and witty allusion to some matter of passed interest, but its use is more limited than in this country. Our slang words here in the United States are frequently only translated dialect words, such as "skeddadle" (Lincolnshire, England) and "up to the nines" (Lowland Scots), and many others. "The Slang Dictionary," published in London twenty years since, would interest you greatly, and you might then come to a different conclusion as to whether the United States of America or Great Britain is preëminent in inventing the "tonic influences on the wearied languidness of pure academic speech." This last quoted phrase is alone worth the year's subscription, and I have memorized it to repel attacks from purists on my favorite slang. I hope it is not copyrighted. Yours cordially and admiringly,

FRANK BUTLER.

(Not the gentleman from N. S. W.)

A Literary Coincidence.

711 E. EIGHTEENTH STREET,
CHEYENNE, WYO., February 5, 1897.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: To settle a dispute, will you kindly advise me if you did not, a year or two ago, publish a story very similar to one entitled, "A Woman," by William Henry Shelton, in the February, 1897, *Scribner's Monthly*. Very truly yours,

ELISABETH S. SMITH.

[The only story at all resembling "A Woman" which the *Argonaut* has printed in recent years was "The Ghost's Eye," by Isabel Winthrop, in the issue of July 29, 1895. In the *Scribner* story, a young woman, who is left in a remote ranch-house, not only unprotected but herself the protector of an invalid brother, conquers a brutal convict, who attempts to invade her room at night, by her calm courage and the confidence with which she trusts him. In the *Argonaut* story, the woman was the mother of an invalid son; she was attacked by a Chinese servant while alone at night and unprotected in a ranch-house; and she, too, conquered her assailant—but with a more material weapon, to wit, an axe. We should not say that the two tales are "very similar," but they certainly have points of resemblance.—Eos.]

A Government Work on Fishes.

NELSON, B. C., February 9, 1897.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will you kindly let me know whom I should address for a copy of Bulletin No. 47 of the United States National Museum, relating to North American fishes? Yours truly,

GEORGE D. O'DRISCOLL.

[Address Professor S. P. Langley, Secretary of the United States National Museum, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C.—Eos.]

Words of Appreciation.

COLLEGE PARK, SANTA CLARA COUNTY.

February 15, 1897.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: During the five years of my residence in California, I have never failed to enjoy reading the weekly issue of your paper, which is excellent in every detail; but being, perforce, migratory (steady work not always being obtainable in the same location), I get it at the nearest news-stand. The *Argonaut* is to me mentally what "Dublin stout" is physically—meat and drink. Yours truly,

J. S. WHITING.

MAORI HILL, DUNEDIN,

NEW ZEALAND, January 18, 1897.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I note your publication of appreciative letters to the *Argonaut*. Without wishing publication, let me say that since I first saw a copy of the *Argonaut* (in 1882), I have taken it faithfully, and if I had to choose between it and the numerous papers and magazines—English and American—I get beside, the *Argonaut* is the one I could least easily do without. In fact, I can not imagine myself doing without it under any circumstances. It is a splendid little paper, and by its editorials alone takes top rank in current literature. It well deserves its wide circulation. No one who has ever read it likes to be without it after. Yours truly,

THORPE TALBOT.

VACAVILLE, CAL., February 3, 1897.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Inclosed please find draft in payment for subscription to the *Argonaut*, one year, beginning with issue of February 8, 1897.

We can not do without the *Argonaut*. Your editorial pages frequently contain masterpieces, and we know that the honesty of intention and correctness of information can always be relied upon. Yours truly,

F. M. MCKEVITT.

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This is what those important little organs, the kidneys are when healthy. In disorder they may differ in all three particulars. Disease usually destroys them successively, not simultaneously, and one may be active while the other is semi-paralyzed. Give to both a healthful impulse, without exciting them, with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which forestalls such dreadfully maladies as Bright's disease and diabetes. Use the Bitters, also, for malarial, bilious, rheumatic, nervous, digestive organ, and kidney trouble.

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Mrs. E. N. Taylor, of 413 River Street, Manistee, Mich., testified to her belief in Steedman's Soothing Powders by writing all the way to England for a packet.

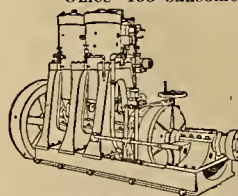
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Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco, for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. February 10, 25.
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, Feb. 4, 10, 15, 20, 25, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, at 1 P. M. Feb. 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, at 9 A. M. Feb. 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Point Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, Feb. 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Oriaba*, 10 A. M., 25th of each month. The Company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing. Ticket-Office Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery St. GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

S. S. Australia for Honolulu only, Tuesday, February 23, at 2 P. M. Special party rates.
S. S. Alameda sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Thursday, March 4, 1897, at 2 P. M.

J. D. Spreckels & Bros. Co., Agts., 114 Montgomery St. Freight Office, 327 Market St., San Francisco.

International Navigation Co's
LINES.

AMERICAN LINE—New York, Southampton (London). Twin-screw steamers St. Paul, St. Louis, New York, sailing from New York each Wednesday at 10 A. M. Shortest and most convenient route to London. Close connection at Southampton for Havre and Paris.
RED STAR LINE—New York and Antwerp. Steamers Friesland, Noordland, Westerland, Southwark, Kensington, sailing from New York each Wednesday. Favorite route to Belgium, Holland, France, Germany, the Rhine, Switzerland, Italy.

For passage and freight apply to International Navigation Company, G. D. FAHNESTOCK, General Agent Pacific Coast, 609 Market Street, Grand Hotel Building.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers,
Sailing from Liverpool and New York
every Wednesday at noon.

FROM NEW YORK:

Britannic.....March 3	Britannic.....March 31
Majestic.....March 10	Majestic.....April 7
Germanic.....March 17	Germanic.....April 14
Teutonic.....March 24	Teutonic.....April 21

Saloon rates, \$60 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin rates, \$42.50 and \$47.50. Steering tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,
29 Broadway, New York.

His Imperial Majesty the
CZAR OF RUSSIA
During his recent tour, traveled under the arrangements of
THOS. COOK & SON,
INTERNATIONAL TOURIST AGENTS.
Exceptional ticketing facilities for a single journey or extended tour at their
SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE, 621 Market Street,
Under Palace Hotel.

SOCIETY.

The Bent-Cohen Engagement.

The engagement is announced of Miss Emelie Ethel Cohen to Lieutenant Charles Lyman Bent, First Infantry, U. S. A. Miss Cohen is a daughter of the late Alfred A. Cohen, formerly a prominent attorney-at-law of this city, who resided at "Fernside," in Alameda. She is a sister of Mrs. Gerrit L. Lansing, of this city, and Mr. Alfred H. Cohen, Mr. William Cohen, Mr. Edgar Cohen, of Oakland, and Mrs. Daggett, of New Haven, Conn. She is very popular in society on both sides of the bay. Lieutenant Bent is a native of Massachusetts, a graduate of the Military Academy at West Point, and has been in the service since June, 1890. He is on duty with Company A, First Infantry, at the Presidio.

The announcement of this betrothal was made last Thursday afternoon at an informal matinee tea given by Miss Cohen at the residence of her aunt, Mrs. Henry Gibbons, 920 Polk Street, and the young lady and her fiancé were the recipients of many congratulations. The young ladies who assisted her in receiving were Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., Miss Emma Butler, Miss Landers, Miss Helen Wagner, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Alice Moffitt, of Oakland, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Mollie Thomas, Miss Florence Jesselyn, Miss Caro Crockett, and Miss Kate Thornton Salisbury.

In the evening Lieutenant Bent gave a dinner at the Presidio and entertained a number of his fellow-officers.

The Holcombe-Gibbs Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Martha P. Gibbs and Mr. Walter Gilmore Holcombe took place last Wednesday evening at the home of the bride, 722 Post Street. The bride is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Van Schelluyne Gibbs, and is exceedingly popular with a host of friends. The groom is a commission merchant of this city, and is held in high esteem by his business and social associates.

Only relatives and a few very intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed in the handsomely decorated parlors at half-past eight o'clock by Rev. George Edward Walk, of Trinity Church. In the wedding cortege the bride, wearing an elegant robe of white satin trimmed with Duchesse lace, was escorted by her father, who gave her into the keeping of the groom. Her mother walked in accompanied by her eldest son, Mr. William C. Gibbs. Miss Harriet Gibbs, the bride's niece, was the maid of honor and wore a gown of pale pink silk covered with Brussels lace. Mr. Charles Beutley, of Sacramento, acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. Harry T. Gibbs and Mr. Cecil Holcombe.

At nine o'clock those who had been invited to the reception, numbering about three hundred, commenced to arrive and extended their congratulations to the happy couple. Afterward there was dancing and a supper was served. The wedding presents were numerous, elegant, and costly. Mr. and Mrs. Holcombe left on Thursday to make a Southern trip, and will reside in this city when they return, but have not decided upon their exact place of residence.

The Covode-Moulder Wedding.

Miss Louise Moulder and Mr. J. H. Covode were united in marriage last Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's mother, 812 Bush Street. The bride is the daughter of the late Andrew J. Moulder,

who was for many years superintendent of the public schools of this city. Mr. Covode is a son of the late Hon. John Covode, of Pennsylvania, and is a civil engineer by profession.

It was under a bower of eucalyptus and acacia blossoms that the ceremony was performed at nine o'clock by His Grace Archbishop Riordan in the presence of but a few relatives and intimate friends. The bride's brother, Mr. A. B. Moulder, gave her into the keeping of the groom. Her wedding-robe was made of the material that comprised her mother's wedding-robe some three decades ago, and was of heavy corded white silk, with flounces of point lace. Her veil was held in place by a sun-burst of diamonds, a gift from the groom. Miss Charlotte Moulder, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor, and appeared in a gown of white satin with ruchings of tulle. Mr. Hamilton Moulder, the bride's brother, was best man. After the ceremony and congratulations, a supper was enjoyed and the evening was very pleasantly passed. Many valuable and beautiful tokens of esteem were received by the bride from her friends. Mr. and Mrs. Covode will go East, after their return from a southern trip, and make their home in New York city.

Monday Evening Dancing Class.

The Monday Evening Dancing Class gave its final dance of this season last Monday night at Golden Gate Hall. There were about two hundred ladies and gentlemen present, including quite a number of the younger married set. Tasteful decorations graced the hall, the music was excellent, and the affair was made one of much enjoyment. As it was the final meeting of the season, dancing was continued until one o'clock. The patronesses of the class are:

Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. William R. Smedberg, Mrs. Southard Hoffman, Mrs. W. F. McNutt, Mrs. Thomas Breese, Mrs. Thomas C. Van Ness, Mrs. Sidney M. Smith, Mrs. William M. Gwin, Mrs. George A. Pope, Mrs. C. Osgood Hooker, and Mrs. Winthrop Elwyn Lester.

The Landers Lunch-Party.

Mrs. William J. Landers gave a lunch-party at the University Club last Wednesday as a compliment to Miss Della Davidson. The decorations were in exquisite taste, the menu perfect, and the afternoon was made one of much pleasure. The young ladies who were invited to meet Miss Davidson comprised:

Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Taylor, Miss Genevieve Carolan, Miss Frances Moore, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Alice C. Hoffman, Miss Ella Morgan, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Harrington, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Kate Thornton Salisbury, Miss Louise Harrington, and Miss Landers.

The Bixler Musicales.

Mrs. David Bixler gave a musicale last Sunday afternoon at her residence, corner of Pierce and Union Streets, as a farewell compliment to Mr. Sigmund Beel, the violinist, prior to his departure for Europe. The hostess was assisted in receiving her many callers by Miss Helen Hyde, Miss Maybelle Hyde, and Mr. Rothwell Hyde. An excellent musical programme was presented and light refreshments were served. The selections were as follows:

Trio in E-flat, Schubert, Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Mr. Sigmund Beel, and Mr. Arthur Weiss; vocal solos, (a) "Time Enough," (b) "The Merry, Merry Lark," Nevin, Mr. William T. Andrews; (a) scherzando, Marick, (b) serenata, Sganbati, Mr. Sigmund Beel; (a) serenata, (b) tarantelle, Popper, Mr. Arthur Weiss; vocal solos, Mr. William T. Andrews; (a) allegretto, (b) menuetto, Emil Bernard, Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Mr. Sigmund Beel.

A Lady Washington Tea.

A Lady Washington tea will be given next Tuesday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. Will E. Fisher, 1210 Sutter Street, for the benefit of the Nathaniel Gray Free Kindergarten. Some very interesting attractions are being prepared. Tickets may be obtained from the following ladies:

Mrs. M. R. Higgins, Mrs. C. S. Wright, Mrs. F. L. Whitney, Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. L. A. Kelly, Mrs. John Flournoy, Mrs. J. Stow Ballard, Mrs. M. H. Myrick, Mrs. John Haynes, Mrs. George Ashton, Mrs. George Easton, Mrs. Ralph Hooper, and other ladies on the board of managers.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Grace A. Sabin to Dr. R. W. M. Payne. Miss Sabin is the eldest daughter of Mr. John I. Sabin. Dr. Payne is a resident of this city and a brother of Dr. Clyde Payne, of this city, and Dr. Eugene Payne, of New York. The wedding will take place in the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman will entertain sixty guests at dinner next Monday evening at their residence, corner of Franklin and Sacramento Streets.

The Friday Fortnightly Club will give a ball at Lunt's Hall next Friday evening. Mr. Edward M. Greenway will have charge of the affair.

Miss Gerstle will give a matinee tea to-day at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle, 90 Van Ness Avenue.

Preparations are in active progress for the Mardi-Gras bal-masqué, which will be held at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art on Tuesday evening, March 2d. It will undoubtedly be a brilliant affair. It will be obligatory for ladies to wear fancy costume and to be masked up to midnight. All gentlemen are requested to do the same.

The Concordia Club will give an entertainment and ball next Saturday evening. A burlesque on the

"Prisoner of Zenda," written especially for the club, with original music, will be presented with an amateur cast.

Mrs. W. H. Brown will give a progressive euchre party next Wednesday evening at the Occidental Hotel.

The members of La Puerta del Oro Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, will give a reception next Monday afternoon, at three o'clock, at Beethoven Hall.

The California Society of Sons of Revolutionary Sires will celebrate Washington's Birthday by giving a banquet at the Occidental Hotel. The literary and musical programme promises to be very interesting, and the affair will undoubtedly be the most elaborate one of the kind in the history of the organization.

Mrs. Alexander Warner will give a matinee tea next Friday at her residence, corner of Broadway and Franklin Streets.

Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe gave a lunch-party recently at her residence on Broadway, and entertained Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Mrs. George A. Pope, and Mrs. Harry Babcock.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin gave a dinner-party recently at their residence, 1111 Pine Street, and entertained Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Ford, Miss Della Davidson, and Mr. Edward M. Greenway.

Mrs. William B. Carr and Mrs. George G. Carr gave a matinee tea last Saturday at their residence, on Washington Street, and pleasantly entertained a large number of their friends. Those who assisted in receiving were Mrs. W. S. Wood, Mrs. William J. Younger, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. George L. Smith, Mrs. F. G. Saoborn, Mrs. Josephine A. de Greayer, Miss Churchill Jones, of St. Louis, Miss Mattie Whittier, Miss Lottie Woods, Miss Rose Hooper, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Effie Brown, Miss Josephine Chabot, Miss N. Van Wyck, Miss Frances Currey, Miss Lucille Younger, and Miss Maud Smith.

Mrs. Henry E. Bothin gave a progressive euchre party last Wednesday at her residence, 1630 Jackson Street. Sixteen ladies were present and contested for some very handsome prizes, and light refreshments were enjoyed at the close of the game.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Pond gave a pleasant musicale last Monday evening at their home, 90 California Street. Among those who contributed to the evening's entertainment were Mr. Arthur Weiss, Miss Beyler, Mr. H. B. Melvio, Mr. A. T. Hellman, Mr. Frank Lincoln, Mr. Horace Miller, and Mr. Biggerstaff. A supper was served about eleven o'clock.

Mrs. William Ingraham Kip and the Misses Mary and Cleomeona Kip gave a lunch-party at the University Club last Wednesday and hospitably entertained fifteen of their friends.

Mrs. Luke Robinson gave a lunch-party at her residence last Tuesday in honor of Mrs. E. K. Moore, wife of Lieutenant-Commander Moore, U. S. N., formerly of Washington, D. C. The others present were Mrs. H. L. Dodge, Mrs. A. Holt, Mrs. W. P. Harrington, Mrs. W. S. Wood, Mrs. William Grimm, Mrs. Richard Bayoe, Mrs. William T. Wallace, Mrs. O. P. Evans, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, and Mrs. E. Melville.

Miss Sara Dean gave an enjoyable matinee tea yesterday at the Hotel Bella Vista. The rooms were very prettily decorated, and the guests of the young hostess had a delightful time.

The Deux Temps Club gave an enjoyable germoo last Tuesday evening at Reed's Hall in Oakland. Quite a number from this city were present. The cotillion was led by Miss Alice Moffitt and Mr. William Wheaton.

Mrs. William P. Morgan gave a dinner-party last Tuesday evening at her residence on Jackson Street in honor of Captain and Mrs. Oscar Fitzalan Long, U. S. A. The decorations were all of a military character and very effective, and the ten ladies and gentlemen at the table enjoyed themselves greatly.

Under the auspices of the University of California, a reception was given at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art last Thursday evening as a testimonial to Professor and Mrs. Joseph Le Conte, who recently celebrated their golden wedding at their former home, Midway, near Milledgeville, Ga. A large number of their friends were present and extended their congratulations to the aged and happy couple.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Roos celebrated their silver wedding by giving a dinner-dance at the Palace Hotel last Saturday evening. The rooms were beautifully decorated and a string orchestra was in attendance. Covers were laid for one hundred ladies and gentlemen, and an elaborate menu was served, followed by dancing until a late hour.

The members of the Cosmos Club gave a dinner and "smoker" last Saturday evening. It was the last general gathering of the members in the old club-house on Powell Street prior to their move to Octavia and Sutter Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lyons gave a dancing-party last Thursday evening to introduce their daughter, Miss Lyons, into society. There were about seventy-five guests present, who danced in the prettily decorated ball-room until a late hour, having an intermission at midnight for supper.

SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES ACCURATELY fitted at moderate prices. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

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LADIES' GRILL ROOM

- OF THE -

Palace Hotel

A Delightful Place in which to Take Luncheon.

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Hotel Mateo and Cottages

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A charming resort, both winter and summer.

A pleasant forty-minutes' ride by rail from San Francisco, with frequent train service.

Delightful surroundings and comparative freedom from fog, together with all essentials to the comfort and pleasure of the guests, combine to recommend Hotel Mateo to those who appreciate such advantages.

Illustrated descriptive souvenir sent upon application.

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SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

The Society Resort Winter and Summer of the Pacific Coast.

50 MINUTES FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

Average winter temperature 64 degrees.

The State Statistics prove the climate to be the healthiest on the Pacific Coast.

IT WILL GIVE IMMEDIATE RELIEF TO THE WORST CASE OF ASTHMA.

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THE PIONEER FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. A. F. TRACY.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee
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Wealth

Of vitality and energy, a good appetite and perfect health are obtained and endure by taking

Peruvian

Bitters



If you wish the lightest, sweetest, finest cake, biscuit and bread, ROYAL Baking Powder is indispensable in their preparation.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. D. O. Mills arrived last Sunday from New York and will remain here about six weeks. While en route West he visited Mr. and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid in Arizona. They will come here early in March to pass a few weeks with Mr. Mills at Millbrae.

Mr. W. F. Goad and the Misses Aileen and Genevieve Goad are at the Hotel Waldorf in New York city. They will go to New Orleans to witness the Mardi Gras festival. Mr. W. F. Goad, Jr., is at school in Concord, N. H., and will enter Harvard next year.

Mr. W. B. Bourn and Miss Maud C. Bourn returned to New York on the last trip of the steamer *Majestic*, of the White Star Line. Mrs. W. B. Bourn went East to meet them. They will all remain in New York city a few weeks before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young came over from Europe on the steamer *New York*, of the American Line, and are expected here soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Bandmann will soon leave for New York, where they will reside permanently.

Mrs. James Cunningham and her children are en route home from the Eastern States. Mrs. Cunningham has been visiting relatives in New York and Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst is occupying her residence in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Edgar Mills and the Misses Mills are in New York city.

Dr. M. Herzstein sailed from New York city a week ago for Hamburg.

Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle have returned from their European trip.

Mrs. Charles Webb Howard will remain East about one month more.

Senator John Boggs and family have given up their rooms at the Palace Hotel and taken the residence, 1404 Sutter Street. Miss Alice Boggs will return from the East in a few weeks.

Mr. Blakeley Hall and Mr. Julian Ralph sailed from New York city for Liverpool on the last trip of the steamer *Majestic*, of the White Star Line.

Mr. August Belmont left New York last Saturday to pass several weeks in Southern California for the benefit of his health.

Mr. Josiah W. Stanford is in New York city.

Mrs. John M. Cunningham and her children are at the Hotel Savoy in New York city, where they will remain for some time.

Mr. Willard Thompson Earton is visiting New York city.

Mr. Emil A. Bruguère is in New York city.

Dr. and Mrs. K. Fischl, who have been visiting the University of Graz, in Styria, Austria, were in Vienna at last accounts.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Donnell have returned from a visit to Coronado Beach, and are at the Hotel Bella Vista.

Mrs. H. B. Arnold and Miss Arnold, of Boston, Mass., are passing six weeks at The Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Goodman and Miss Goodman, of Napa, are passing a couple of months at The Colonial.

Miss Mamie Rindan has returned from a visit to Mrs. Widdifield at Honolulu, and is at The Colonial.

Mr. L. J. Hanchett arrived in New York city last Monday.

Mrs. W. F. Bowers has been enjoying a visit at the Hotel Rafael.

Dr. Clarence L. Heller will leave here next Thursday for Europe to pursue his medical studies. In 1900 he will meet his family in Paris, and they will then all return home.

Dr. and Mrs. K. Fischl have been visiting Prague, Dresden, and Berlin, and are now in Paris.

Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Mamie Kohl arrived in Washington, D. C., last Wednesday.

General A. W. Barrett, of Sacramento, is at the California Hotel.

Mrs. W. Geiselman and Miss Geiselman have been at the Hotel Rafael during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wehner, of Santa Clara, passed the early part of the week at the California Hotel.

Mr. Maurice E. Griffin and his sister, Miss Mary K. Griffin, have returned from New York and are at the California Hotel.

Colonel and Mrs. Charles F. Hanlon have been at the Hotel Rafael during the past week visiting Mrs. Daniel Hanlon.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Walker, of Salt Lake City, are at the California Hotel.

Mrs. Goldberg and Miss Goldberg, of Denver, have taken rooms at the California Hotel for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Miner have been passing the week at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Morse left last Thursday evening for Canton, O., to visit their uncle, Hon. William McKinley, the President-elect. Early in March they will go to Washington, D. C., to attend the inaugural ceremonies at the White House.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin M. Boyd are the guests of Captain and Mrs. Duncan MacKinley at Invercauld, Santa Clara County, where they will remain until after next Monday.

Mrs. John Gillig and Mrs. Fredericks returned from Honolulu last Wednesday and are at the Hotel Bella Vista.

Mrs. C. W. Hathaway and Miss Hathaway came over from San Leandro last Thursday to pass a few days at the Occidental Hotel.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. E. K. Moore, U. S. N., are at the Occidental Hotel. He is in command of the *Carlisle P. Patterson*, which will go to Alaska in April. Mrs. Moore, who was Miss Eva Carleton, formerly resided in this city.

Colonel James M. Moore, U. S. A., has arrived here and assumed his duties as Chief Quartermaster of the Department of California.

Lieutenant-Colonel Almon F. Rockwell, Deputy Quartermaster-General, U. S. A., who has been ill in Paris, France, for some time, has been placed on the retired list, at his own request, after thirty years of service in the army.

Chief-Engineer George J. Burnap, U. S. N., of the *Olympia*, arrived here last Saturday, having been invalided home from the Asiatic Station.

Surgeon G. P. Lumsden, U. S. N., formerly of the *Yorktown*, arrived here last Saturday from the Asiatic Station on the steamer *Doric*.

Assistant-Surgeon Franklin M. Kemp, U. S. A., will be relieved from duty at the Army Medical School in Washington, D. C., on March 12th, and assigned to Vancouver Barracks, Wash.

Lieutenant William E. Craighill, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of captain.

Rear-Admiral Edmund R. Calhoun, U. S. N., retired, died in Washington, D. C., last Wednesday evening from heart disease. In 1879 and 1880 he was commandant at

the Mare Island Navy Yard, and was afterward inspector of vessels in California up to the time of his retirement in 1882.

Lieutenant J. J. Meyler, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has been ordered transferred from St. Augustine, Fla., to San Francisco.

Commander Belknap, U. S. N., returned from Europe on the steamer *New York*, of the American Line.

Captain W. H. Baldwin, U. S. A., is residing at The Colonial.

Mrs. W. H. Allen, wife of Lieutenant Allen, U. S. N., and her son are residing permanently at The Colonial.

Commander G. W. Pigman, U. S. N., now on leave of absence, is at 337 C Street, North-West, in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant George O. Squier, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been ordered to Hanover, N. H., to attend to the construction of a range and position finder.

Lieutenant George G. Gately, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., will return to duty next Thursday. He was married at Fort Hamilton, N. Y., on February 10th, to Miss Bessie Walton Crahb, daughter of Captain George W. Crahb, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A.

Major Louis H. Rucker, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty at Fort Walla Walla, Wash.

Dr. W. G. Stimpson, U. S. M. H. S., has returned to Port Townsend from temporary duty at Angel Island.

Mrs. Stimpson and her child and her mother, Mrs. T. F. Tozier, accompanied him north.

Lieutenant C. A. F. Flagler, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., was married to Mrs. Caroline de Witt Quinan on January 25th in Salt Lake City.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Ludlow to Mr. Streit, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Ludlow is the daughter of Captain Nicoll Ludlow, U. S. N.

Lieutenant Lewis H. Strother, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to Fort Leavenworth for examination for promotion to the rank of captain.

Colonel James Biddle, U. S. A., retired, is residing at the Bohemian Club.

Mrs. C. P. Perkins, wife of Lieutenant-Commander Perkins, U. S. N., is passing the winter at Coronado.

Dr. R. L. McGrew, of Alleghany, Pa., has discovered a new disease, known in English as gas-poisoning. For several months Pittsburgh and Alleghany have been suffering from an epidemic of typhoid fever, and the faulty water-supply of the two cities has been blamed. Dr. McGrew asserts that the supposedly unimportant leakage of gas-mains and service-pipes is to blame. The new disease is often months in developing sufficiently for physicians to be able to detect it, and recovery from its effects is slow.

A physician tells of a sidewalk peddler who came to him to check his growing corpulency. The man was a dealer in toy balloons. The physician prescribed no drugs, but advised the man to change his line of goods, and to offer for sale some mechanical toy that would be displayed on the sidewalk. The new prescription obliged the patient to stoop over two or three hundred times a day, and in three months' time this exercise, without diet or medicine, had reduced the man's girth eleven inches.

"Who is the man you gathered in to-day?" asked the cannibal king of his chef. "I have questioned him, your majesty, and he claims to be a football player." "A football player, is he? Then, perhaps, he would prefer to be cooked on the grid-iron. Just prepare him that way, and tell him that our motto is: 'We strive to please.'"—*Town Topics*.

In these days, when a large bunch of fragrant violets can be bought of any San Francisco florist for a nickel, it is surprising to learn that Miss Pauline Woodward has a flower-farm near Poughkeepsie, where she raises violets exclusively for the New York market, and that her income from this source last year was eight thousand dollars.

M. Gaston Paris, of the Académie Française, has struck a deadly blow against Germany, in declaring that many of Wagner's plots are not German. "Tannhäuser" is an Italian legend of the fourteenth century. "Lohengrin" is French, while "Parsifal" and "Tristan," as is well known, are Celtic tales from the King Arthur cycle.

Sir John Gorst, who is at the head of the educational department in England, has raised a storm of angry protest by declaring in a public speech that "at birth there is not much difference between a baby and a monkey," and that the monkey has the advantage.

The Theosophical Society in America has purchased one hundred and thirty acres of land in Southern California for the school for the "Revival of the Lost Mysteries of Antiquity."

Fin de Siecle Champagne.

The aspiration of every champagne-dealer in this present advanced and nerve-taxing age of civilization is to produce well-matured and palatable champagnes containing the least possible degree of alcohol. The ripening and developing process requires several years, and the grapes producing the least alcohol are the most expensive in the Champagne District. In consequence, large investments are necessary, which only the richest houses are able to make. Among the most successful in meeting the modern change of taste is the eminent and large champagne house of Moët & Chandon, who, with their White Seal (Grande Cuvée), have accomplished the task of combining maturity, deliciousness of flavor, and lightness. The White Seal (Grande Cuvée) is meeting with great success among connoisseurs in Europe and New York, and will also soon be appreciated on this coast, where it is now introduced by Messrs. William Wolff & Co., the importers on Market Street.—*New York Times*.

—GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DESS SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. J. W. Carman, 25 Kearny Street.

A Charity Tea.

The Crocker mansion, on California Street, will be thrown open to the public next Saturday afternoon from three until seven o'clock for the benefit of the California State Woman's Hospital of this city. This is a most worthy institution, and it is sorely in need of funds to carry on its good work. It is the only hospital here where a woman can go and be operated on free of charge. For those who can pay, the charges are very light.

Many people will have a curiosity to see the interior of the Crocker mansion, with its magnificent furnishings, beautiful frescoing, and its art gallery, in which there is a rare collection of valuable paintings, bronzes, and statuary. This can be accomplished by the payment of one dollar, which will go to the hospital fund. Light refreshments will be served free, and there will be a musical entertainment, under the direction of Mrs. J. E. Tucker, in which some of our best musicians will participate, among whom will be Herr Anton Schott, Mrs. C. O. Richards, Miss Lillie Lawlor, and Miss Alice Ames. There will also be an orchestra in attendance. These attractions should certainly bring together a large assemblage. The patronesses of the affair, who are the directors of the hospital, comprise:

Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. A. Chesebrough, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. J. H. Hatch, Mrs. Reddington, Mrs. Albert Gallatin, Mrs. Charles Ashton, Mrs. E. R. Dimond, Mrs. F. P. McLellan, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. A. L. Bancroft, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. H. E. Wise, Mrs. Campbell, and Miss Stone.

These ladies will be assisted in receiving by:

Miss Miriam Moore, Miss Frances Moore, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Frances Currey, Miss Ware, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Anna Head, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Maud Bourn, Miss Mollie Thomas, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Alice C. Hoffman, Miss Helen Hopkins, and Miss Edith McBean.

"Caste" for Charity.

Tom Robertson's comedy, entitled "Caste," will be produced at the Bush Street Theatre on Monday evening, March 1st, for the joint benefit of the Children's Hospital and the Armitage Hospital. The cast will include Mrs. Robertson, Miss Rose Hooper, Miss Lena Burton, Mr. Seldon Hooper, Mr. Charles J. Dickman, and Mr. Frank Norris. Mr. Leo Cooper will be the stage-manager. As the institutions to be benefited are most worthy charities, it is hoped the sale of tickets will be large.

Mrs. Alice McLean, wife of Dr. Robert A. McLean, died last Saturday at her home on Pacific Avenue. Mrs. McLean was the daughter of Captain Thompson, of Marysville. She was married sixteen years ago and leaves three little sons. She was very well known in society as a delightful hostess, and was prominently identified with charitable work.

Mr. Fenollosa, the distinguished lecturer on Japanese art, is soon to visit this city on his way to Japan. He is to give two lectures on Japanese art and architecture for the Channing Auxiliary early in March.

Colonel C. F. Crocker has purchased "Uplands," the country residence of Mr. William H. Howard in San Mateo. It is said that the price paid was one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The Sea Beach Hotel at Santa Cruz will be reopened on or about March 1st by John T. Sullivan, the original proprietor.

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A premature demand: The footpad—"Yer money or yer life!" The count—"But—but, sair, I shall not married be until ze next month."—Puck.

The industrious workman's fingers fairly flew. But what else could he have expected? The saw was running at full speed.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Stage news: "Did you know that Henry Irving had sprained one of his knees?" "Yes; now he will have to make gestures with his arms."—*Chicago Record*.

Fair, American (after a graphic description of an English fox-hunt)—"Now, tell me, captain, does the poor animal go in circles round the island?" Sketch.

Brown—"Jones doesn't forget his Alma Mater." Robinson—"He doesn't, eh?" Brown—"No, indeed! He's trying to teach his baby the college yell."—Puck.

Never touched him: Bostonian—"Why is it that you Chicagoans always say, 'How is things?'" Chicagoan—"Because we want to know. That's why!"—Puck.

The fiancée—"I would like to see the programme for your bachelors' dinner." The fiancé—"The—ah—the menu?" The fiancée (severely)—"No sir; the programme."—Puck.

"Hear about that American young woman paying one million dollars for a cigarette-holder?" "Get out!" "Fact. I believe it also had a title or something."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Mrs. Watts—"Isn't it a good deal of annoyance to get your meals at such irregular hours?" Hungry Higgins—"The irregular hours ain't so bad as the irregular days."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"What dis I heah about you goin' into junnalism, Ephraim?" "Well, Mistah Black, we done issued a yaller kid cullud supplement down at ouh house las' week, dat's all."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

First Kentuckian—"I understand the lynching of that man who murdered his wife was a very quiet affair." Second Kentuckian—"Oh, yes. Recent death in the family, you know."—*Detroit Journal*.

Flannigan—"How'd yez git th' black oye, Casey?" Casey—"Oi shlipped an' landed on me back." Flannigan—"But, me good mon, y'r face ain't located on y'r back." Casey (gloomily)—"No, nathur wuz Fin-nigan."—*Truth*.

"Won't you take this seat?" said the gentleman in the car, rising and lifting his hat. "No, thank you," said the girl with the skates over her arm; "I've been skating, and I'm tired sitting down."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"You have won a great many victories over the insurgents," said the Spanish general's friend. "Yes," was the complacent reply, "and the beauty of it is that there seem to be plenty more where those came from."—*Washington Star*.

"Certainly," rejoined the Circassian girl, "we are sold when we are married, and it doesn't take us six months or a year to find it out, either." And the beautiful barbarian glowered back at her sister of civilized estate.—*Detroit Journal*.

"The insurgents," reported the scout, "have a dynamite gun." "Strange!" mused General Weyer—"strange that I never thought of taking that gun." He immediately wrote a dispatch, in which he captured the dynamite gun.—Puck.

"There's one thing about Wagner," said the enthusiastic opera-goer; "if he had nothing else, he'd be great for that." "What is it?" asked his companion. "The girl next you can't hum 'Siegfried' while De Reszke is singing it."—*Bazar*.

"I suppose you suspect what I came for?" he said, as he prepared to ask her father for her hand. "Oh, yes," replied the father; "you want to borrow money, but I haven't a cent." And the young man deferred his proposal.—*Philadelphia North American*.

"He's a very enterprising young man," remarked the elderly gentleman; "very pushing and alert. He belongs to the rising generation." "I shouldn't have dreamed it," replied Miss Cayenne. "Indeed?" "No. From his manners I should not have hesitated about concluding that the rising generation belonged to him."—*Washington Star*.

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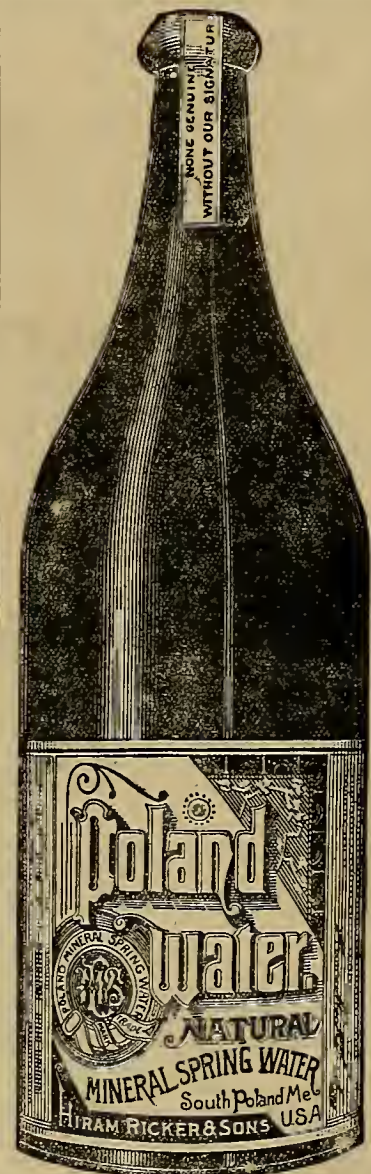
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The Argonaut.

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That general European war which has been so confidently predicted for nearly twenty years seems about to be realized through the impetuous action of Greece. Yet it is by no means certain that the powers will allow themselves to be drawn into the entanglement. Greece has gone as far before and has been soothed by the powers with fair promises, which were ignored as soon as the object of pacification was accomplished, and it is by no means certain that the same tactics will not be successful again. Greece has not the advantage that the insurgents in Serbia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina had in 1875, when racial sympathy led Russia to intervene in

their behalf and precipitated the Russo-Turkish War. There are no racial ties to plead in behalf of Greece, save in the small Grecian dependencies of Turkey, and the so-called "great powers" are almost as much afraid of a commercial and political rival being built up in Greece as they are of allowing one of their own number to gain increased strength through the dismemberment of Turkey, which must follow a general war.

Apart from the humane interest and sympathy inspired by the heroic attitude of the Greeks, and the detestation which the Sultan inspires, there is much of interest in the relations of the leading powers of Europe as revealed by recent events. The modern phase of the Eastern question dates from the realization of Russia's strength by Europe in the early part of this century. The old policy of crushing the Turk was abandoned by the other European countries, and the Turkish power was sustained in order to prevent the advance of Russia. The Crimean War was the first forcible expression of this policy, England and France being the belligerents, while Austria and Prussia agreed to remain neutral unless Russia committed certain overt acts, in which case they would join the allies. The Treaty of Paris put an end to hostilities, and was accepted by Great Britain, France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, and Sardinia. When the Bulgarian atrocities led to general revolt in the Balkan Peninsula, Russia obtained the promise of the other powers to remain neutral, and then, with comparative ease, reduced the Turks to submission. But, while the others were willing to let Russia do the fighting, they were by no means willing to let her dictate the terms of peace. That must be done by all the signatories to the Treaty of Paris, since the terms of that treaty were to be modified. Germany, with the prestige of the Austrian and French wars still fresh, was easily the predominating influence in Continental Europe, while Great Britain, with the jingoes in power and with the route to India threatened, was at least equally to be considered. It was hard for Russia to give up her long-cherished dream of seeing the Black Sea wholly surrounded by Russian territory, but the combination was too strong, and the Czar was compelled to submit and bide his time.

During all this time the policy of Russia was one of conquest. When the advance toward Constantinople was checked, attention was turned toward that part of Asia which was once known as Turkestan. By successive accessions, beginning in 1864, a territory of more than four hundred thousand square miles, or about as large as Germany and France taken together, was added to the Asiatic domains of the Czar, and England was thrown into a fever of excitement lest India should be wrested from her grasp. Accessions in Europe were prevented by the European concert, but this did not prevent the Autocrat of the Russias from extending his domain and increasing his power.

This was the position of the nations of Europe twenty years ago: England and Germany dominating the international policy, Russia alone against a coalition of all the others. The twenty years that have elapsed have worked extensive changes. Germany no longer wields the autocratic power it then did; the voice of England in Continental affairs is no longer heard with the respect it once commanded. Russia is no longer alone; but even were it alone, it has acquired sufficient influence to dictate to the others, and none dare move without an agreement for support, or at least neutrality, from the Czar. Of all the European powers, Great Britain occupies the most unenviable position in the present crisis. The Anglo-Turkish convention, concluded by Beaconsfield a few days before the meeting of the Congress of Berlin and hailed at the time as a master-stroke of diplomacy, has proved to be nothing but a source of embarrassment. In return for England's agreement to prevent the further advance of Russia in Asia Minor, the Porte handed over the island of Cyprus to be occupied and administered by England and agreed to carry out such reforms in Asia Minor as should be agreed upon. England thus constituted herself the champion of the Christians in Asia Minor. The Armenian outrages are the latest illustration of how ineffective this championship has been.

That England should be sick of the bargain is natural, but she can not move without the consent of Russia.

Under these circumstances, it would be supposed that Russia's long sought opportunity has arrived. But, in the meantime, a most surprising change has taken place in the Russian policy. The Trans-Siberian Railway, inaugurated as a military measure, has revealed the vast extent of the resources of the empire. A policy of commercial development has succeeded the policy of territorial expansion. Russia wants peace instead of war, and will resist as far as possible the precipitation of hostilities. The outlook for Greece is therefore most discouraging. Unless events develop in such a way as to compel one or more of the great powers to take her part, she will be suppressed and snubbed, as she has been many times before. Petty jealousies and mutual distrust will paralyze the great powers, and the only people who might raise the Balkan Peninsula to be the home of a civilized people will be compelled to submit to the domination of a ruler who is an offense to the nostrils of humanity.

Until the question of protection for American industries against the competition of Japan with its cheap labor is finally settled, it will continue to be of absorbing interest to a large number of persons in this country. We have already detailed at considerable length the enormous expansion of Japanese industry and the marvelous celerity and skill with which that empire's subjects adapt themselves to the arts of manufacture. The effect of an Oriental competition which can produce goods with labor which it pays from five to eighteen cents a day, is the problem that is before this country to-day.

Grave consideration is due to the statements of Representative-elect Pearce, of Missouri, who personally made an investigation of the subject in Japan. He presents a list, including more than thirty lines of manufacture, which may be covered by the general titles of textiles, hardware, pottery, leather goods, brushes, chemicals, etc., which he found were being made at the rates for labor which we have stated, and all of which he saw exhibited in the Kioto Exposition of 1895. This testimony is corroborated by the report of Mr. Robert P. Porter, superintendent of the eleventh census, who was sent to Japan as a special commissioner last summer, charged with the examination of this subject by the National Association of Manufacturers. His report is now being distributed. It is not before us, but the comment of the association upon it, in a circular issued February 1, 1897, is that, "in certain lines in which Japanese activity has been most marked, it is impossible for American manufacturers to compete with their Oriental rivals, who enjoy the advantage of a superabundant supply of intelligent and quickly adaptable labor, willing and eager to work for wages which could not be made to supply the barest necessities of life to the poorest American workman."

The suggestion of protection for the American workmen against such competition is met with three contentions by those who would throw open our home market for the benefit of foreigners. The first of these arguments is that the Japanese can not make a quality of goods that will enable them to rival the American article. When one recalls the recent development in that country, the rapidity with which it has seized upon all civilized methods, from factories to railroads, the admitted imitative skill of the Oriental workman, and the actual displacement of some lines of American manufacture by their productions already, it seems idle to pursue that objection further. Again, it is said that the growth of Japan in the arts of civilization will bring with it a consequent demand on the part of its laborers for improved material conditions requiring higher wages, and that this will remove their competitive advantages. This contains a modicum of truth, but surely the vast distance between the wages of labor in the two countries can not be bridged in many years. Finally, it is claimed that only a few lines of manufacture are open to successful competition. This is begging the question. If there are only a few—Mr. Pearce has enumerated more than thirty—then these "few" are the ones

which should be promptly cared for. If the Japanese have been able to compete in so many lines in so short a time, how long will it be before the thirty lines become sixty? The only set-back which threatens the Orientals is the possibility of wide commercial disaster as a consequence of such sudden and limitless expansion as they are now experiencing. They are certainly liable to such reaction, but when it will occur and how seriously it may affect their export trade is a speculation which does not concern the present conditions.

In this connection it may be noted that Japanese commercial rectitude has not kept pace with their phenomenal development. We have already spoken of the ratification of the treaty with them, one article of which was selected for immediate enforcement. That article related to the reciprocal protection of the rights of the citizens of both countries in matters of patents, trade-marks, and copyright. This was made necessary by the discovery that Japanese sojourners in this country had learned our methods of manufacture and, copying our goods in the products of their own cheap labor, had appropriated names, trade-marks, wrappers, and all, and were selling these imitations as genuine American goods. The customs authorities of India report a large consignment from Japan of "The English Pencils of the Eagle Pencil Manufacturing Company of New York," and large numbers of clocks have been exported to the same country, fresh from the new Osaka factory, bearing the legend, "The Waterbury Clock Company, U. S. A." Candles marked "Belmont sperm" were promptly changed to "stearine" to escape duties, the Japanese pleading that they really contained no spermaceti. These things are being done under the direction of the "High Industrial and Commercial Council of Japan." As the London *Saturday Review* comments, "the methods may be commercial, but they are not high industrial." All of which proves that our little brown competitors will bear watching in more ways than one.

After considerable discussion and not a little friction among the bureau of highways, the advocates of road improvement, and the assembly committee on roads and highways, a series of compromise measures have been prepared and reported to the house by the committee. These bills, while they contain some provisions that might be open to adverse criticism, are in the main excellent measures, and are satisfactory to the advocates of good roads. The proposed bills are four in number. One creates the department of highways, a second provides for a system of State highways, a third provides for the necessary State highway fund, and the fourth classifies the roads of the State.

The department of highways, as proposed, is to consist of three members, appointed by the governor with the advice and consent of the senate. These commissioners are to hold office for two years, and thereafter only one commissioner is to be appointed with a term of four years. Whether one commissioner will be able to perform all of the duties of the department is a question that can be answered only after the two years have elapsed. If it is found then that more are needed, the law can be amended; if not, the continuance of three in office would involve an unnecessary expense. The department is empowered to engage a secretary and stenographer, and, with the approval of the board of examiners, such assistance of a special character as may be necessary. When extra surveying or field work is to be performed in counties having a county surveyor, the county surveyor must be employed.

The commissioners must personally perform the engineering work, except that during the first year assistants may be engaged. The duties of examining into highway conditions, supplying information to county officers, and collecting and publishing data now performed by the State bureau are to be continued. In addition, they are to prepare forms of books for recording information regarding county roads, which must be adopted by the local officers. Forms for all the proceedings in connection with State highways must also be prepared. In the performance of its duties, the department may call upon any State or local official to furnish, without charge, any information contained in his office.

The elaborate system of State highways, proposed by the bureau and included in the original bill, is abandoned, and another method of selecting State highways substituted, corresponding more closely with the Massachusetts system. The board of supervisors in any county may petition the department to accept any road or roads in the county as State highways, or the department may notify the board of supervisors that they deem it advisable to declare any road a State highway. In either case a day is set when one or more of the commissioners shall meet with the supervisors to examine into the desirability of such action. Should they agree, the road is then accepted as a part of the system of State highways. On the other hand, if they can not agree, they shall jointly select a county surveyor or civil engineer,

not a resident of the county and in no way interested in the proposed highway, who shall arbitrate the questions at issue, and whose decision shall be final.

The chief objection that might be raised to this provision is that it appears to contemplate the acceptance of only those roads that are now in use. Many of the roads in this State follow the lines of original trails, and have not been laid out according to the best grades and alignments. Many of them could be greatly improved by comparatively slight changes, and these changes can be effected more cheaply now than after the land has acquired a greater value. By agreement between the department and the supervisors, however, this difficulty can be overcome by the condemnation of the necessary land by the latter.

When a State highway is accepted, the department must prepare plans, specifications, and estimates for the work to be done and transmit copies to the supervisors. The supervisors file these with the county clerk and require the location of the road to be recorded by the county recorder. The right of way for such roads must be secured by the supervisors at the expense of the county. The supervisors then advertise for bids for the construction of the road and award the contract to the lowest responsible bidder, who files a bond, to be approved by the department of highways. The work must be done in accordance with the plans and specifications of the department.

In order to secure the proper performance of the work, the judge of the superior court of the county appoints five resident tax-payers and qualified electors, residing at or near the location of the highway, as viewers. These viewers must inspect the work from time to time and must report, at least once a month and under oath, to the supervisors and to the department, whether the work is being done according to the contract. No payment is to be made to the contractor except upon estimates made by the department or under its instruction and on the further report, under oath, of at least three of the State highway viewers. The viewers serve without compensation, but are to be allowed their actual traveling expenses.

The expense of constructing and maintaining State highways is to be met by a tax of one-quarter of a mill on each dollar of value of the taxable property of the State. Of this fund fifteen per cent. is to be set apart as a reserve, and the remainder apportioned to the several counties in proportion to the assessed valuation of the property outside of incorporated town, cities, or cities and counties. Where the apportionment to any county is less than two thousand dollars, that county is to be aided by advances from the reserve fund, such advances to be refunded from subsequent *pro-rata* apportionments of the State fund. The remainder of the reserve fund is to be paid out for the maintenance of such portions of the State highways as have been completed. These repairs are to be made by the counties, under the direction of the department.

When any county desires to complete a portion or all of the State highways within its boundaries more rapidly than the apportionment of the State fund will allow, a special tax not exceeding twenty cents on each hundred dollars of valuation may be levied, to be repaid out of later apportionments. Where all the highways are to be completed, bonds may be issued by a two-thirds vote at a special election, to run forty years and at four per cent. Taxes are to be levied for interest and sinking fund, and the State guarantees the payment at the expense of the county, should the local authorities make default.

These measures, if adopted, will give California one of the best systems of road laws in the country, and will place her in the vanguard of civilized and progressive States. They have been rushed through the assembly with commendable rapidity, but they have yet to pass the senate, and their friends and supporters may not yet relax their efforts.

Amid the din of material life, the struggle for mere existence, the race for wealth, and the clamor of changing political conditions, the advancement of human knowledge in the world of science goes steadily and silently on. The results of work done on lonely mountain-tops, in quiet laboratories, and in the secluded studies of savants scarcely reach the ears of the feverish multitude, but in physical science, as Prince Kropotkin points out in an interesting contribution to the *Nineteenth Century*, new discoveries have practically changed the whole view in the last three decades. Darwinian investigation has proven to be but the opening of a door through which the microscopist has passed to explore the boundless region of infinitesimal life. The organs of the body charged with the functions of sense and nutrition in the highest orders of life have been laboriously traced to their sources in the animalcules. Examine the gradual ascent in mechanism from the sedan-chair to the high-class locomotive, and you have a vivid comparative picture of the successive changes from simplicity to complexity in the long line of animal life. The

special organs in the higher orders are but the development of the cellular tissues of the lower, or of the single organic function which occupies the whole of a protoplasmic body.

This evident relationship between the extremes of life is graphically exhibited in the recent observations of an American psychologist. By means of a powerful microscope, he noted for days the life of a vorticella—a single-celled animalcule—such as can be found in any fresh water. In appearance it presented a bell-shaped expansion, attached to a small transparent stem, with a tiny aperture at the top serving as a mouth, which closed with the slightest movement. Hair-like growths which waved about the mouth provided an attraction for still smaller animalcules, which were promptly swallowed by it and assimilated. This specimen proved wholly insensible to cold water, to light or darkness, to color and to sound, but the slightest movement which produced a jar caused its instant contraction. It evidenced the beginnings of a sense of touch, taste, or smell by its careful sorting of the particles which presented themselves and the appropriation of only those which pleased it. A rudimentary faculty of memory was proven by supplying it with yeast cells for food. At first they were eagerly devoured, but in a few minutes seemed to produce nausea, as they were incontinently ejected. The experience was remembered for some hours, during which similar food was declined and the power of selection indicated by a choice of its accustomed diet.

The vorticella is not the lowest form of life. Below it have been differentiated the amœba and the plasmodium, the former a mere speck of protoplasm and the latter a vegetable organism of mingled protoplasmic threads, yet even in these appear the rudiments of the finely developed senses of the higher orders, evidenced in different species in different ways—by an avoidance or an attraction for light or darkness, a taste or repulsion for different chemicals, a sensitive appreciation of galvanic currents, and the instinctive methods by which the presence of food is localized. The plasmodium will quickly make its way from boiled water to that which is still alive with its prey. It will attach itself to paper saturated with its food, but will recoil from a grain of salt placed upon it, or from acid applied to any part of its body. Bacteria have been found to be particularly sensitive to changes of light and to chemical or electrical conditions. They will swarm about the infinitesimal fresh-water plants known as diatoms and absorb their oxygen, and will follow them in crowds if they move away. Still higher in the scale are the infusoria, which are provided with tentacles and endowed with the power of coordinate movement, enabling them to cling to a weed-fibre with one arm and search with another for food, to change to the opposite side of a weed and explore new spaces, and to change direction in swimming, apparently at will. Curiously enough, these may be attracted by chemical substances which are not necessary for food. They even exhibit the prototype of intoxication by a willingness to desert wholesome nourishment for the exhilarating effects of morphine.

Man, with his special set of nerves and organs for each sense, realizes with difficulty the mixed capabilities of a system embraced in a single cell. As the blind experience sensations of light through the nerves, and the deaf recognize sound and movement by feeling, so the animalcule exercises the senses with which it is endowed by a mixture of all the systems in one. Ascending the scale of life, the gradual development of the perfect and separate systems of the senses is easily traced. Science finds no line of demarcation which divides the species in this respect. It is distinctly followed by insensible stages, but perfect connection, in the improved vision of star-fishes and sea-urchins, in the more acute sense of touch in mollusks and land-leeches, in the greater susceptibility of crustaceans to sound, in the delicate hearing of the spider, and in the recognition of color by ants. Thus have the latest results of scientific physical investigation linked together the whole world of animal life.

Mr. Reinhart's plan of colonizing St. John's Island in the South Seas seems to have met with the approval of his fellow-men. He has received eighteen hundred letters from men in various parts of the country, proffering their services and desiring to join the expedition. Times are hard for all the world just now, but a perusal of some of these letters published last Sunday would lead one to the most pessimistic conclusions. Mr. Reinhart's correspondents are all suffering from pecuniary difficulties, bad luck, and hard times. They are mostly young; they are all, by their own showing, industrious, honest, and healthy. Their country, however, can not grant them the living which is their due, and they desire to cast in their lot with the Reinhart expedition to that Adamless Eden where wealth, ease, and dusky brides await them.

Their complaints, though similar in general tenor, vary in degree. One is "tired of working for nothing," another is "tired of working for a bare living." A third is "tired of

PROBING THE
MYSTERY
OF LIFE.

THE EXPEDITION
TO THE
MANLESS ISLE.

the labor conditions of America, and sees nothing but poverty ahead." "G. S.'s" plight is desperate, for his future promises nothing but "a choice between the poor-house and the penitentiary." "J. S.," on the other hand, is angry about the election, and wants to take his rag-babies and go away. "I promised myself, if the gold bugs got the election, I would leave the United States," says "J. S."; "St. John's Island would suit me." Pique, however, seems to influence few of these searchers after happier conditions of existence. "A. B. K." is almost the only writer who expresses that *mal de la vie* which makes men leave the world and its joys to return to the savage state and the heart of nature. Exile to St. John's Island attracts "A. B. K.," as it offers freedom from "the strife and stress of this existence which we call civilization." Most of the correspondents are either too simple in their needs, too pressed upon by adverse circumstances, or too young in their experience of life to feel the biting hatred of man and his many inventions which made Jerome seek the desert.

The question of the waiting brides whose loneliness they are to cheer is avoided by all. One or two allude to their own inability under existing industrial conditions to earn a home and support a wife. The desire for domestic happiness exists in the hearts of most men. The pioneers of the "manless isle," who find it impossible to earn the right to live and love in their own country, are setting their faces westward and pressing on to that distant haven where the joys of the domestic hearth are procurable for all. Mr. Reinhart himself has denied the soft impeachment that each member of his industrial army is to find a swarthy mate awaiting him. He says they will probably return to San Francisco and then select fitting brides. But we all know how the mutineers of the *Bounty* settled down, and how peace and happiness reigned on Pitcairn Island. Moreover, all writers on the South Seas agreed in ascribing to the native daughters of that section of the earth great charms of character and person. From Herman Melville to Louis Becke, they are loud in their praises, and many men have been absorbed into the world of the coral atolls and the cocoa-palms, and never come back to the lilies and languors of civilization. How will the modern man who has tasted of the simplicity of life in the tropics be able to accommodate himself to the refinements and elegances with which a San Francisco wife will want to be surrounded? Some are going to St. John's Island solely to escape the expense that congregate round the domestic hearth. The life that makes that cheerful symbol its focus has become too complicated for the purse of the poor man. As "W. S. V." expresses it, "it is impossible to make a living in the United States, where too many jimcracks and furbelows are required."

The defeat of Brauhart's bill reducing street-car fares during certain hours was, perhaps, a wise action. There is a general impression that the income of the car companies is excessive, and, further, that as the greater part of the value of their property was given to them by the people without charge, the people should be allowed some share in the benefits. But, on the other hand, this general impression is not based upon any actual knowledge, and, in the absence of such knowledge, it would be unwise to act in so radical a manner. In spite of all that can be said against the companies—and much can be said—the service in this city is exceptionally complete, and to cripple it would work harm to the city as well as to the companies.

But, while these objections apply to an arbitrary reduction of fares, they do not apply to Senator Brauhart's later bill, which proposes to place street railways under the control of the railroad commission to the same extent that steam railways are now controlled. It is proposed that the commission shall have power to demand statements showing the cost of construction, the operating expenses, the expenses of repairs and maintenance, the payments for taxes, insurance, and interest, the dividends paid, and, on the other side, the receipts, with the sources from which they are derived. Upon the basis of this information, the commissioners would then have power to fix rates of fare and to provide, in case of necessity, for the issue of commutation tickets by the companies. There is but one adverse criticism to be made to this bill, and that is that it allows such annual statements to be made in the discretion of the commission but does not prescribe them.

The plan here proposed is by no means an innovation. It has been in operation in Massachusetts for a number of years, and has worked well. All of the leading street railway companies in the Eastern States voluntarily make such statements, and it is only here that it is considered necessary that the financial affairs of the companies should be shrouded in mystery. It is announced that the opponents of Senator Brauhart's first bill are organizing to defeat this second one, but when they have considered the subject more thoroughly, it is probable that those who are actuated

only by public spirit will withdraw their opposition. The argument that the measure would be unconstitutional is refuted by the fact that the reduction of fares from six and one-quarter cents to five cents some years ago was in accordance with an act of the legislature.

It has been urged in behalf of the street-car companies that they built and extended their lines in advance of the traffic that would justify such extension, and that they thereby doubled the available residence area of the city and increased the value of property by millions of dollars. This is true, but there is another side to the story. They built the lines when they did in order to hold valuable franchises which they had received without charge. They extended and multiplied their lines in order to shut out the possibility of competition along available lines. That the city should receive some benefit from this policy was one of the elements that they calculated on, because from this benefit they expected to increase their revenue. Their expectation has been more than justified by subsequent events.

The street-car companies, more than any other of the private corporations that exercise public functions, should be subject to control by the government. The greater part of the value of their property arises from their privilege to use the public streets, and, to the extent that they use them, they do so to the exclusion of other traffic. The gas, electric, and water companies impede traffic only temporarily while they are laying or repairing their mains, and then only in a limited locality. The telephone companies, though they disfigure the streets with their unsightly poles and wires, do not impede traffic at all. But the street-car companies permanently occupy the surface of the streets, and their cars obstruct vehicles and menace life and limb. On Market Street, the main artery of the city, one-half of the roadway is absolutely given up to the cars, and teams are obliged to drive along the sides or to take other parallel streets.

These facts do not constitute an argument against street-cars, but they show that the people are entitled to some return for the inconveniences they are subjected to. The proposal that they should be compelled to render an accounting periodically has no element of injustice in it. That their profits should be limited to a reasonable amount is but a necessary result of the fact that their property is largely a free gift from the people. Should the proposed measure be defeated, it will mean only a postponement of the question, and, with delay and a wider knowledge of how such corporations are regulated elsewhere, the demands are likely to be more radical.

The time is approaching when housekeeping, as our grandmothers understood it, will become a lost art. There was a day when the model housewife spun her own linen and dipped her own candles. Then she advanced to the stage of a frivolous disregard of these accomplishments, and bought her linen and her candles, but knit her children's stockings and had a still-room full of jams and pickles of her own making. To-day she would no more make her pickles than she would undertake to build the bed she sleeps on. The craft of housekeeping, which in the eyes of our grandfathers was our grandmothers' most considerable attraction, is to-day almost extinct.

In the great cities things are so arranged that it is possible to live comfortably in your own apartment without any of the friction of household management which has turned so many heads white and ruffled the peace of so many hearths. In any city an apartment of from three rooms up can be hired for from twenty to two hundred dollars a month. This can be made habitable by furniture jobbers at twenty-four hours' notice. The janitor, the laundryman, and the livery-stable keeper are at hand, ready to proffer their services. Each apartment-house has its own corps of these supernumeraries, who are willing, for a consideration, to lighten the burden of the housewife. Close at hand, if not in the building itself, is a café, where good meals are served at all hours. When there are few children in the family, the café is generally patronized. If the household consists of only Darby and Joan, and they happen to be young and active, they dispense with the services of this convenient caterer, make their own breakfast in their rooms, and go out to different restaurants for lunch and dinner. Those who wish to have the privacy of home life at their meals can find a waiting crowd of butchers, bakers, and grocers, who eagerly offer price-lists and pass-books, and will undertake to procure and serve whatever may be desired, if the objects of their attentions will undertake to pay the bills they send in. Even that toughest of housekeeping problems, the servant-girl question, is reduced to its smallest possible importance, for in such a style of living few servants are needed. In fact, where the family is small, it is possible to dispense with them entirely, as the janitor and elevator-boy attend to the outside work, and any house-cleaning association will furnish a reliable charwoman as often and as early as can be required.

Altogether, the modern woman is having things made as

easy for her as possible. In ten years she will no more think of dusting her own room than of making her own shoes. Even that most unanswerable problem, what shall she do with her children? is rapidly solved. There are now day nurseries for the children of working women, where a child is taken care of for from ten to twenty cents a day. The time is at hand when institutions of this kind, well-run and high-priced, will be on every block, superseding the old nursery of the domestic régime. In all probability the child will be better cared for than it was when left to the charge of an ignorant mother and an Irish nurse-girl. Whether, however, the arrangement will be satisfactory to the mother herself is another side of the matter. It will take a good deal of civilization to transfer the maternal instinct from the individual to the race.

The progress that has been made by the movement in favor of an improvement of the public highways has been illustrated by the unanimous nomination by the Democrats in Oakland of Mr. Seth Mann for mayor. He was one of the charter members of the Good Roads Association, has been one of the most active officers during the three years of its existence, and is now its first vice-president. It was in connection with this work that he has been brought into contact with various city offices and has familiarized himself with the details of their administration. A trained lawyer, he has studied the laws and ordinances regulating the affairs of the city and has assisted in the preparation of a number of ordinances framed to cure abuses. His training at the State University, from which he was graduated a number of years ago, gave him an interest in public affairs that has made him prominent in the best movements in the city, and now, without solicitation, he has been placed in nomination for the chief executive office. Having resided in Oakland for a number of years and all his interests being centered there, he will bring to the administration the advantage of experience and the energy of youth. He will undoubtedly receive the support, not only of those who realize the importance of an improvement of the streets, but of all those who favor an enlightened and progressive but economical administration of the city's affairs.

A correspondent writes to indorse the remarks that appeared in these columns last week regarding the unnecessary and nerve-wearing noises of city life in this country. The board of health, which has of late paid much attention to the prevention of disease and death, might well consider this subject and suggest to the supervisors some measure that will abate the nuisance. According to the report of the board, six hundred and forty-two persons died from diseases of the nervous system during the last fiscal year. How many more died from other causes, where they were predisposed to the disease or its ravages were aggravated by nervous strain, it is impossible to say. It is even more impossible to estimate the number of invalids who have been incapacitated for their regular works by a breaking down of the nervous system, since statistics of sickness can not be collected. But could the number be ascertained, it would surprise even those who have considered the subject. Anybody can, from his own personal acquaintance, recall scores of persons who are chronic or periodical sufferers from this cause.

All nervous disease is, of course, not to be attributed to the strain of city noises. The American people more than any others live at high pressure. Business is carried on with a rush that must exhaust the nervous as well as the physical system; we seek pleasure in its more exciting aspects, and what does not thrill ceases to interest. Our women are becoming nervous wrecks, our men seek artificial stimulants to tide them over the strain. And for these very reasons every effort should be made to minimize those influences that make for nervous exhaustion. The social and industrial systems can not be changed without great effort that shall continue through a number of years. But these unnecessary noises that have made themselves a part of the lives of those who dwell in cities can and should be suppressed. The shrill, high-pitched voice of the newsboy which breaks the stillness of the morning air, just after the rattle and bang of the milk-wagons has ceased, and which is more noticeable and more noisy on Sunday mornings, is peculiarly irritating. No sooner has one become accustomed to him than the church-bells begin to clang, arousing thoughts and feelings that do not predispose to church-going. The street-venders hawk their wares in strident tone and unintelligible language. The fire-bells and multitudinous whistles create a pandemonium that affords no information as to the location of the fire. The cable-cars rumble and clang their ear-splitting gongs; the wagons, and trucks, and cabs rattle over the rough pavements, and the hand-organs inspire thoughts of murder and sudden death. Here is a field that the army of reforming statesmen might enter upon with profit and popularity.

MR. MEEKS'S PRISONER.

The Capture of Kingfisher Williams and Its Surprising Sequel.

He said his name was Meeks, and it struck thoughtful ones in Buffalo Horn that the patronymic was singularly appropriate; for the gentleman himself was a mild-eyed, "sandy-lookin'" little man, with a self-deprecatory air that suggested a standing apology on his part for presuming to exist. He floated into town quietly, and so unobtrusive and modest was he that it was several days before his presence began to be noticed, and then only on account of a rumor that had gained circulation to the effect that he was an officer of the United States Secret Service. Then Buffalo Hornites smiled. Of course, like all Western people, they understood that it is not best to judge from appearances; but, oh! what a chump Uncle Sam must be, to send a wee bit of a man like this to arrest an Oklahoma malefactor!

To be sure, nobody had the temerity to suggest this to Mr. Meeks. There are communities in which the one who presumes upon appearances is taking very long chances, and Buffalo Horn was one of these. Therefore, Mr. Meeks was treated with great show of respect by all the leading citizens, who squared things with themselves by privately "giving him the horse-laugh." And, all unconscious, Mr. Meeks kept on his way, or, rather, stayed where he was and lay in wait for some certain criminal who was wanted for violating a score, more or less, of the Federal statutes.

In strictest confidence, and with child-like faith, he had imparted more or less information concerning his mission to Mart Winslow, the landlord of the little hotel where he was staying—and Mart being, after the manner of his kind, an inveterate gossip, soon spread what information he had gleaned from the stranger, thereby causing a broad grin to appear whenever his guest was mentioned.

"Oh, but ain't 'e easy?" chuckled Mart to a couple of friends, one day, as he nodded towards the bar-room, where Mr. Meeks was engaged in "settin' 'em up" to the ever-ready crowd. "D' ye ever see such a sucker? Comes yere an' 'xpec's th' duck 'e's layin' fer t' lope right intuh th' camp an' give 'isself up, I s'pose; so yere 'e stays, diggin' up fifteen a week fr board an' spendin' copious at th' bar. Oh, I c'n stand it awhile."

"Gawd! S'posin' th' man sh'd come in, all of a suddint?" said Jim Wylie, the city marshal. "Say, I bet 'e'd die o' scare!"

"Who is it th' little feller wants, Mart?" asked some one sitting by the window.

"Sh-h-h! Easy, Frank! . . . Oh, I d'no', not now. But I'll bet ye one thing—'tain't nobody he's a-goin' t' ketch right off."

It came to be rumored, within a day or two, that "Kingfisher" Williams was the man Mr. Meeks was after, this rumor being based upon the fact that the little man had been—very quietly, of course—making inquiries concerning that notorious person, whom numerous county and national officers were more or less anxious to meet. He was not known personally to any one in Buffalo Horn, but Mr. Wylie assured the little man that Kingfisher Williams was a very bad man indeed, and that if Mr. Meeks effected his capture, it would be a great feather in his cap—whereupon the little man swelled up considerably and invited Mr. Wylie to join him at the bar.

It was about a week after this conversation that the secret-service officer and the city marshal were standing in the bar-room, discussing some question or other, when the door opened and a stranger entered and, walking up to the bar, called for whisky. Mr. Meeks was looking earnestly upward into the big marshal's face as the stranger entered, but withdrew his gaze for a moment to glance at the newcomer. Then he reached for his revolver.

"There's my man!" he remarked, calmly, in an undertone, to the marshal. "Get back from the bar, please."

Wylie, dumfounded, did as he was bidden, in time to see the stranger look up just as Mr. Meeks got him covered.

"Hands up, Mr. Williams!" commanded the little man. "I want you!"

With an oath, the other "drew," and for a few seconds there was a confusion of shots, in which the city marshal could take no part by reason of his revolver getting stuck and refusing to come forth. Then the stranger threw up both hands, in token of surrender.

"Have you—er—a pair of handcuffs, Mr. Wylie?" asked Mr. Meeks. "Put 'em on him, please. Sorry, Mr. Williams, but I can't take any chances with you."

Williams did not answer, but growled angrily under his breath as he submitted to being handcuffed.

"I'll git you for this!" he said to Wylie, as the latter stepped back after finishing the operation.

"Oh, ye will, will ye? Wait ontell my friend, Mr. Meeks, gits through 'ith ye, Mr. Williams," was the cheerful reply.

"Wan't put 'im in th' cooler?" asked the marshal, presently.

"No, thanks. He'll bunk with me to-night, and to-morrow we leave. Much obliged, all the same."

It was not more than an hour before every one in Buffalo Horn knew that little Mr. Meeks had, single-handed, captured the notorious Kingfisher Williams, after a short battle in which nobody was hurt; and the general sentiment was of the "Well, I'll be dog-goned!" variety.

That night Mr. Meeks had a levee and blushing received the congratulations of the best citizens of Buffalo Horn during a period of two hours, the while his now staunch friend, Jim Wylie, obligingly guarded his desperate prisoner. Had he been a less temperate man, he might have retired somewhat the worse for liquor, as did most of the citizens of Buffalo Horn; but he kept his wits about him and was as sober as his prisoner when they turned in.

Next morning, a half-score of leading citizens had sufficiently recovered from the night's revelries to accompany him and his prisoner to Four-Mile Creek. This honor was modestly protested against by the little man, who seemed

not to see that he had done anything remarkable, but he was hooted down, and when they reached Four-Mile his escort parted from him with three rousing cheers and a volley of revolver-shots by way of salute.

It was about one o'clock in the afternoon when an excited, hatless man, mounted on a panting horse that dripped with perspiration, dashed up to the Hotel Winslow, in front of which a number of citizens were sitting discussing the events of the day and night previous, and hoarsely announced: "Kingfisher—he's killed 'im!"

"What? Who?" asked Winslow. "What ye talkin' about, man?"

The stranger was gasping for breath, but presently managed to explain that, twenty miles south, he had been resting under a tree by a stream, when a little man and a big man, whom he had known in Kingfisher as "Kingfisher" Williams, came along and dismounted near by. The little man was leaning over to get a drink when Williams sneaked up behind him and struck him down with his handcuffs. After this, said the stranger, he saw Williams take the keys from the little man's pocket and unlock his handcuffs. Then he shot the insensible victim with the latter's own gun, mounted, and rode away; and the new-comer hurried into Buffalo Horn the faster because Williams caught sight of him as he was leaving and took a few shots at him.

"W'y didn't ye shoot back—'r else git th' drop on 'im w'en 'e hit little Meeks wi' th' bracelets?" asked Jim Wylie, fiercely.

"Cause, in the first place, I didn't think 'e'd kill th' man. Second"—and the stranger eyed Wylie quizzically—"I reckon ye hain't real well acquainted 'ith Kingfisher Williams, be ye?"

In less than an hour the little town was practically depopulated of men, all but the cashier of the local bank and a few bar-tenders having gone on the warpath to catch and hang Kingfisher Williams for the murder of Mr. Meeks. The stranger did not accompany them, his horse being blown and himself not being anxious to meet Mr. Williams. However, it made no difference, as every one knew the ford which the stranger said was the scene of the tragedy.

Thus, nearly every one being gone southward to mete out justice to the alleged murderer of Mr. Meeks, it was really child's play for that gentleman and Mr. Williams, emerging from their hiding-place in the hills just north of the town, and joining the stranger who had brought the news, to loot the bank, three stores, the hotel, and every saloon in the place, and to get safely away on fresh horses at least three hours before the pursuit could be organized.

And that is why every officer whose business takes him into Buffalo Horn and neighboring towns is looked upon with suspicion until his credentials are approved.

LESTER KETCHUM.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1897.

Military men generally recognize a necessity for stimulants other than tea and coffee for soldiers. Such additional stimulants are required to revive tired troops just before a battle, after forced marches, or after long fighting. For this purpose any form of alcoholic beverage is not appropriate. Not only does the allowance of such beverage cultivate drunkenness, but the stimulation is disorderly, and is followed by a depression that is apt to render the men incapable of duty. Our War Department looks for stimulants in articles that do not intoxicate and do not cause depression. Beef-tea is highly stimulating, and has long been recommended, but it fails of complete satisfactoriness. So does the famous coca plant of South America; its active principle, cocaine, destroys the mind when taken continually. There is another vegetable product, however, which has a similar efficacy, without any injurious properties. This is the kola nut, which has been known to the negroes of Africa for more than one thousand years. Our War Department is contemplating experiments with it. Quite a number of proprietary preparations alleged to be made from kola nuts are being widely advertised just now. Nearly all of them are worthless, the nuts used by the manufacturers being imported in the dry state.

A wheelman, of Albany (says the *Express*), bung his bicycle from the ceiling of his cellar, not far from a swinging shelf on which food was kept. A mouse jumped from the wall to the tire of the front wheel, evidently bopping thereby to reach the shelf. The wheel started, and the mouse naturally ran toward the highest part of it. It was able to stay on the top of the tire, but could not get enough of a foothold to jump to the wall. When found, next morning, it was very much exhausted, though still running. The cyclometer showed that it had traveled over twenty-eight miles.

A Viennese woman of forty has already presented her husband with thirty-two children at eleven births, according to the *Weiner Medicinische Wochenschrift*. Twenty-six of them are boys and six girls. The mother has nursed them all herself. The woman was one of four children born at one birth, her mother having borne thirty-eight children. She is the wife of a poor linen-weaver.

King Khama's visit to England last summer, when he obtained promises that his subjects would be fairly treated and not plied with liquor by the British traders, has probably been rendered useless by the discovery of rich beds of coal in his country. The coal lies only seventy feet below the surface and is close to the line of the railroad to Buluwayo.

The first club for women in Germany was opened in Berlin in January. Its membership will embrace all women doing literary, artistic, scientific, and social work, without distinction of rank, business, or party. The club is formed on American lines.

OLD FAVORITES.

Holy-Cross Day.

On which the Jews were forced to attend an annual mass and sermon in Rome.

Fee, faw, fum! bubble and squeak!
Blessedest Thursday's the fat of the week.
Rumble and tumble, sleek and rough,
Stinking and savory, sinug and gruff,
Take the church-road, for the bell's due chime
Gives us the summons—'tis sermon-time!

Boh, here's Barnabas! Job, that's you?
Up stumps Solomon—bustling too?
Shame, man! greedy beyond your years
To hantel the bishop's shaving shears.
Fair play's a jewel! Leave friends in the lurch?
Stand on a line ere you start for the church!

Higgledy piggledy, packed we lie,
Rats in a bumper, swine in a sty.
Wasps in a bottle, frogs in a sieve,
Worms in a carcass, fleas in a sleeve.
Hist! square shoulders, settle your thumbs
And buzz for the bishop—here he comes.

Bow, wow, wow—a bone for the dog!
I liken his Grace to an acorned hog.
What, a boy at his side, with the bloom of a lass,
To help and handle my lord's hour-glass!
Didst ever behold so lithe a chine?
His cheek hath laps like a fresh-singed swine.

Aaron's asleep—above hip to haunch,
Or somebody deal him a dig in the paunch!
Look at the purse with the tassel and knob,
At the gown with the angel and thingumbob!
What's he at, quotha? reading his text!
Now you've his courtesy—and what comes next?

See to our converts—you doomed black dozen—
No stealing away—nor cog nor cozen!
You five, that were thieves, deserve it fairly;
You seven, that were beggars, will live less sparsely;
You took your turn and dipped in the hat,
Got fortune—and fortune gets you; mind that!

Give your first groan—compunction's at work;
And soft! from a Jew you mount to a Turk.
Lo, Micah—the selfsame beard on chin
He was four times already converted in!
Here's a knife, clip quick—it's a sign of grace—
Or he ruins us all with his hanging-face.

Whom now is the bishop a-leering at?
I know a point where his text falls pat.
I'll tell him to-morrow, a word just now
Went to my heart and made me vow
I meddle no more with the worst of trades—
Let somebody else pay his serenades.

Groan all together now, whee—hee—hee!
It's a-work, it's a-work, ah, woe is me!
It began when a herd of us, picked and placed,
Were spurred through the Corso, stripped to the waist;
Jew brutes, with sweat and blood well spent
To usher in worthy Christian Lent.

It grew, when the bangman entered our bounds,
Yelled, pricked us out to his church like hounds:
It got to a pitch, when the hand indeed
Which gutted my purse, would throttle my creed:
And it overflows, when, to even the odd,
Men I helped to their sins, help me to their God.

But now, while the scapegoats leave our flock,
And the rest sit silent and count the clock,
Since forced to muse the appointed time
On these precious facts and truths sublime—
Let us fitly employ it, under our breath,
In saying Ben Ezra's Song of Death.

For Rabbi Ben Ezra, the night he died,
Called sons and sons' sons to his side,
And spoke, "This world has been harsh and strange;
Something is wrong: there needeth a change.
But what, or where? at the last or first?
In one point only we sinned, at worst."

"The Lord will have mercy on Jacob yet,
And again in his border see Israel set.
When Judah beholds Jerusalem,
The stranger-seed shall be joined to them:
To Jacob's House shall the Gentiles cleave,
So the Prophet saith, and his sons believe."

"Ay, the children of the chosen race
Shall carry and bring them to their place:
In the land of the Lord shall lead the same,
Bondsmen and handmaids. Who shall blame,
When the slaves enslave, the oppressed ones o'er
The oppressor triumph forevermore?"

"God spoke, and gave us the word to keep:
Bade never fold the hands nor sleep
'Mid a faithless word—at watch and ward,
Till Christ at the end relieve our guard.
By his servant Moses the watch was set:
Though near upon cock-crow, we keep it yet."

"Thou! if thou wast he, who at mid-watch came,
By the starlight, naming a dubious name!
And if, too heavy with sleep—too rash
With fear—O thou, if that martyr-gash
Fell on thee coming to take thine own,
And we gave the Cross, when we owed the Throne—"

"Thou art the Judge. We are bruised thus,
But, the Judgment over, join sides with us!
Thine too is the cause! and not more thine
Than ours, is the work of these dogs and swine.
Whose life laughs through and spits at their creed,
Who maintain thee in word, and defy thee in deed!"

"We withstood Christ then? Be mindful how
At least we withstood Barabbas now!
Was our outrage sore? But the worst we spared,
To have called these—Christians, had we dared!
Let defiance to them pay mistrust of thee,
And Rome make amends for Calvary!"

"By the torture, prolonged from age to age,
By the infamy, Israel's heritage,
By the Ghetto's plague, by the garb's disgrace,
By the badge of shame, by the felon's place,
By the branding-tool, the bloody whip,
And the summons to Christian fellowship!"

"We boast our proof that at least the Jew
Would wrest Christ's name from the Devil's crew.
Thy face took never so deep a shade
But we fought them in it, God our aid!
A trophy to bear, as we march, thy band,
South, East, and on to the Pleasant Land!"

—Robert Browning.

A FRENCHMAN IN LONDON.

Pen-Pictures of English Society from a Diplomat's Letters—Notes and Impressions of British Customs as they Struck a Parisian.

Under the title of "A Diplomat in London" is brought together a collection of notes and extracts from the correspondence of M. Charles Gavard. M. Gavard was an attaché of the French Embassy in London about the time of the Franco-Prussian War and the Commune. He throws light upon the diplomacy of that period and also writes entertainingly of the English aristocracy and foreign notables in London during that portion of his life. His style has the sprightliness of the Parisian, and his book is full of interesting and amusing comments on English customs. The letters and notes, it is well to say, were not intended for publication. They are in the familiar, chatty style the writer used in his correspondence with his family.

M. Gavard gradually acquaints himself with his duties and with English political society. He thus describes his first visit to the Foreign Office:

In the wake of a long line of carriages we went down to the New Palace. Fine stairway, and nothing else; I looked in vain for the apartments; two or three adjoining chambers might serve for robing-rooms. Well, the scene took place on the double stairway, right and left; the crowd mounting the steps was like a picture by Veronese. The Prince of Wales, upon a side-landing, watched the coming up with a jocular air; the princess was interesting, congenial, touched with the distinction that suffering lends beauty. At the bottom of the stairs a scraping and blaring of violins and trumpets in uniform. Think of me, then, as in the midst of aristocratic English society; but where are the Holbein heads and the noble personages that have walked out of the frames of Van Dyck? I sought them in vain. Our *bourgeois* society quite as justly satisfied the eye. Not one pretty woman anywhere; and yet in the streets, on foot, or on horseback, there is no lack of brilliant complexions, nor of golden hair, real or false.

He early visited the celebrated heiress of the great banker, Coult's:

Finished the day, yesterday, at Lady Burdett-Coutts's. Handsome house or doubt, but not especially so for the richest woman in a private station in the world. She is a large Englishwoman, not very young, with a cordial manner. In the apartments, a pell-mell that breathes a certain intimacy, in which good taste does not reign. I lit upon a big picture representing two thick-booted legs in air, inconceivable and mediocre from the point of view of art. While I diverted myself with this prodigy, the concert was going on; great success for a gentleman who was playing on an accordion! Fancy his two arms approaching one another with "expression," and above them his face, across which played the sentiments he was communicating to his bellows. I can understand how one can play a hand-organ—there's nothing to do but to turn the crank; to acquire a skill . . . on the accordion! But it was much relished and almost as well applauded as a squeaking trio that was led by a boy with a falsetto voice.

It is interesting to learn this Frenchman's impressions of one of the great English universities. Of a visit to Oxford he wrote:

We had dropped back into the Middle Ages. You might find in India, perhaps, a sacred village that had as completely preserved its peculiarities; the colleges here are all pious foundations, beginning as far back as the thirteenth or fourteenth century, that were surprised by the Reformation, which secularized and perpetuated them—singular mixture of the spirit of independence and of conservatism in this country. The edifices and their endowments have remained. The buildings are doing all they can to hold out as long as the institutions, but the English stone shaled off fearfully—I don't know which of them will be the first to go under. All the structures look utterly in ruins, which does no harm to the picturesque of it all; ivy climbs everywhere, mildew discolors the walls, stones are lacking, and it all works together to lend character to the thing and to dissimulate commonplaces and vulgarities.

The total effect is astonishing; twenty colleges in a town of no great importance, and nothing but the colleges, chapel, abbey, gardens, libraries, halls, and their outbuildings, all in English gothic. It abounds in charming "bits," nothing very impressive in height, but rather in surface, and it stretches on indefinitely—there is lots of it. The streets are such as you see them in the middle ages at the theatre. You meet nobody in them but fellows or tutors or rectors or chancellors—there are titles no end, every college has its own, and the only thing that obtains throughout is the little, black, horizontal square, ill-balanced on the top of their skull-caps. This original head-dress is obligatory for the students, even after dark, so that one may know them for what they are and hand them over, in case of disturbance, to the university authorities, to whom they are exclusively responsible. They don't give much trouble, however; first, because there are only twelve hundred of them (we French would put up twenty thousand at Oxford), and then they are of good family—it takes not less than five or six thousand francs to spend six months, or seven barely, at Oxford. The English students do not need one's sympathy. They have to turn up at chapel at eight o'clock in the morning; afterward there are lessons till two, and then—boating for ever! *Au canal*: everybody goes in their jackets to the Thames and the races begin; some of the students are on horseback. It appears that there are, all told, some thirty who contend for honors and fellowships; for there are students' colleges and fellows' colleges. As far as I can judge, there are five canopies. By means of celiacy, a university degree, and the favor of the founder, you enjoy in an Oxford college a good friend and do nothing for it. There is a college of the sort in which you may traverse the abbey, the park, the library, and meet nobody. But where are the students? There aren't any! There are two fellows, simply; and room for two regiments. For the rest, at New College (*new*), though great-grandfather to our Pont-Neuf) there are seventy students. I should have thought there would be a thousand. These young people live here, as you may see, in a somewhat liberal style, much at their ease, with all the independence possible, as much expense as belies them, and space to let; every one of them is somebody and costs his family and the public dear.

A few glimpses of the popular theatres of the day are interesting:

We went with our young friends to the Prince of Wales's Theatre. It is quite elegant—almost like a drawing-room. The piece was dull—a compound of flat plagiarisms put together without art. The acting capital, but the total effect sufficiently offensive; not in the way of indecency as with us, but of triviality, and a sort of failure in gentlemanly delicacy that we should not tolerate in the representation of the father of one of the characters. We might shorten the skirts as much as you like, but render paternity and old age repulsive and ridiculous—no, we shouldn't be capable of that. They don't know where to stop, and fall presently to brutality. Still, it interested me much, nay, entertained me, even. I understood well enough.

I took my young friend yesterday to dinner at the club, and showed him its mysteries, its turns, and all its points. After which I conceived the fatal idea, or, rather, it was suggested to me, of taking him to the Alhambra. The house is fine, no doubt, large, well lit, or, rather, illuminated; but for the rest, fancy a miscellaneous lot of so-called colonels of the Horse Guards for box-openers, women of the town in the body of the house and on the stage—the latter altogether naked—acrobats flying through the air, epileptics whose fits the public encourages by its applause, a brutal *charivari*, a veritable cumulate cacophony of strident sounds, and finally, in the midst of all of it, "God Save the Queen," which they listen to standing and hats off.

He goes into the banking and commercial quarter of London and calls upon Lionel de Rothschild:

I went to pay a call on the old baron in his den in St. Swinburn's Lane. Don't look for the baron's office in one of the great thoroughfares that

are easy to find. A long passage that a carriage would so completely block-up that a man could barely squeeze by, brings you to an obscure, solid old mansion. The lane reminds one of Venice; the solidity of the house and the inhospitable look of the neighborhood are Florentine; and the baron also, who spends his days there, belongs himself to the aristocracy of wealth that founded the grandeur of those two medieval governments. Every day he sits at his table from eleven o'clock in the morning to seven in the afternoon. No chairs are provided for visitors: standing discourages long interviews, unless one sits on the table, as I did. Two or three offices to right and left are occupied by his sons. The paralysis in his legs, which keeps him fast in his rolling-chair, is in sharp contrast with the activity of his mind, which interrupts his conversation from minute to minute to reflect upon the state of the courts of Europe and to give orders accordingly. The face is a fine one, but the impression of it that abides with one is of something inexorable as a mathematical calculation. . . . It is by gaslight that you visit this pawnshop for crowded heads.

The importance of the press and the mission of the society reporter are shown at Lady Cork's:

Yesterday evening at eleven we arrived at Lady Cork's, wife of the Master of Hounds. No better French is spoken anywhere. A large house, but such taste! One detail is enough: the mirrors are framed in festoons of bas-relief—arms, fruits, flowers, anything you like. When you look close, you find it is all of waxed leather. On all the furniture and over the doors were set lines of candles. All the seats had been removed from the rooms to gain space, and every one was forced to stand, so as to occupy less of it. The guests arrived, took the mistress of the house by the hand, maintained their upright position, and that was all of it. You couldn't see anything of the person in front of you but the neck and shoulders. If they were pretty, so much the better. There are many evening-parties here at which you don't succeed even in mounting the steps. If you are clever, you run from door to door; you elbow your way till you catch the eye of the reporter for the *Morning Post*; that done, the cup of pleasure has been drained.

Another social function M. Gavard described in the following passage:

The ceremony of the levee interested me much. All the diamonds in England filed before me, and trains to make a peacock jealous. The daylight and the current of cold air for the benefit of her majesty were by no means favorable to the naked shoulders, nor to the color of the noses of their owners. The queen was as gracious as she could be to Bernstorff, German ambassador, and then I . . . we frantically ducked to her majesty, and by a series of side-steps succeeded in regaining our places without turning our backs to the enemy, and formed a row from which we looked down on the insignificant press of peers and barons of England filing by. It is a serious duty for every one, and for those who date their social existence from this presentation, a great day.

M. Gavard attended a party at Buckingham Palace, which he thus describes:

Yesterday at four o'clock we turned out in costume, neither one thing nor the other—black coats, colored cravats, and patterned pantaloons, but with orders and decorations on, and the ladies in toilet to match. We were going to Buckingham Palace; the guests numbered two or three hundred—a select party. Musicians in livery were stationed on the right—the conservatory, or its equivalent. They might have played whatever they liked, for there was nobody to hear them. In the central salon were a sentimental tenor, the piano, Mme. Schumann, the royal family seated in hierarchic order; it did not occur to any one to laugh. Vast sideboards stood in one or two adjoining rooms; the air is biting in this country, and you have to eat in self-defense.

The queen moved about among the ranks of her subjects; the loom habit of royalty has given her an air of dignity, but custom has done more for her than nature. Everybody stood with their heads bowed a bit, as in church; she stopped, from time to time, and said a few words which will be treasured up and handed down from generation to generation. She held out her hand—not to me, that would have been an historical event—but with marked graciousness to a sort of pagoda at my side. I thought it was an old rajah of India—it was the Countess Beaconsfield. Behind her stood Lothair, Coningsby, the Jew, Dizzy, sepulchral as always in his old-fashioned costume of "Young England"; there is a suggestion of oriental tinsel in his painted face. He is not amusing except when he is bawling Gladstone.

Of one of London's institutions, a banquet at Guildhall, he writes:

I attended yesterday a banquet at Guildhall. You will remember the immense hall. We were received in the new library, another structure of the same immensity. We had to walk between two rows of eager eyes to the foot of the throne, where were seated the king and queen of spades.

It was not until I was taking my place among these high dignitaries that I discovered that every one but myself was in uniform. Happily, the other republicans, the *chargés d'affaires* of the United States, were also dressed in black. Republican manners, antique simplicity: I hope that this will stand me in good stead with Barthélemy St-Hilaire. I do not believe any one noticed it in the midst of the crowd of twelve hundred guests. Suddenly the trumpet sounded—it was some minister arriving in front of the building. Trumpets greeted him in every room till he reached the foot of the throne. It is a pity they were out of tune. At last Granville appeared with the beautiful Castalia, a blaze of diamonds. The procession moved, and we reached the banquet-hall full of tables. Making the circuit of them, we passed in review before the ranks. At the end of the route we met a minister of Honduras and of Spain. I breathed easy again. But for them I would have been the senior *chargé d'affaires* and would have had to do the talking.

At last we found our places. All the court took places; the toast-master, mounting a tribune back of the lord mayor—the squires, sheriffs, mace-bearers, and chaplains to the right and left. A kind of grace was said, in a matter-of-fact way, of which the less said the better. We took our seats opposite some tough cold chicken, which (to have done once for all with the menu) was the only dish I dared to touch. The fête began at seven o'clock with "God Save the Queen." The music unfortunately was insignificant, they ought to have had a Prussian orchestra and have played something in the style of Wagner. Nevertheless, the effect of the hall was magnificent, with Gog and Magog, the old stained-glass windows, the platform with the small arches, and the golden lights, the gigantic marble statues of Pitt, and of the other pillars of English history. I saw two crimson velvet chairs and was wondering to myself whom they were for, when two cooks (they might have come out of Rabelais) with frightful cutlasses, got into them. Whole beeves were put before them, and they cut Pantagruelistic slices with an absolute ferocity. I think the beeves must have been make-believe, for none of the slices came our way, but it was all picturesque to the last degree. Then the speaking began. "My lords, and ladies and gentlemen, charge your glasses!" Toast followed toast in rapid succession. Suits were being cracked everywhere, and at the bottom of the room, where nobody could hear anything and every one was bent on being heard, they let off fire-crackers. After the toasts came the hurrahs at a signal from the baton of the "toast-master." There was a flourish of trumpets before and afterwards, which was echoed from the table of honor in the zenith of the hall opposite, where the orchestra was perched.

Every class and institution of English society was toasted. The beneficiaries stood up to receive the compliment. It was really funny to see the woolsen wigs stand up in their red gowns. We were toasted, too, as "Gentlemen of the diplomatic corps," but we all forgot to stand up. . . . All danger was not over for me, and my heart began to beat singularly when Granville came to the treaty of commerce—it was the backbone of his argument. He began very gracefully by referring to "the most distinguished diplomatist" with whom he had signed the treaty four days before. [Cheers.] It is all in the morning papers. It was my neighbors, the Misses Dakin, the co-Republican, and the Spaniard who did the applauding; as I said, it is all in the morning papers, and if the French papers copy it, pray heaven they won't forget the applause! I bowed my acknowledgments—but think what a hole I was in! I had scarcely heard what Lord Granville said, so occupied was I preparing a reply. Fortunately, however, the toast-master did not ask me if I would reply, and so my anxiety began to relax.

All this lasted until eleven o'clock. . . . I spare you the loving-cups and the basin (pure gold) of rose-water.

Some English social customs run counter to his Gallic ideas, as this passage indicates:

One thing that I have remarked in knocking about in society here is the indecency—the word is not too strong when you are speaking of the younger generation—in the relations between men and women. Society is upside down. As the men have everything, fortune and titles, and the women nothing, it is the women that have to run after the men. The men take things easy and treat the women as inferiors.

The diplomat accepts the hospitality of the Marquis of Salisbury, and we are given a view of the English country home in letters from Hatfield House:

You enter by a guard-room with forty suits of armor standing sentinel, then through a grand hall surrounded by books, where there was a fireplace with great logs burning. I found myself among acquaintances; in an Elizabethan castle. . . . All my things were ready and I dressed. Fortunately I found Sheffield on the staircase; without him I should have been lost in the numerous "halls." To reach the dining-room we passed by the gallery of a private chapel. Finally, we found ourselves in the small dining-room, the one with the old wainscoting. The dinner was excellent. The musicians played softly during the whole time. When dessert was served the children appeared; the two daughters stood by the marquis and the two sons by the side of Lady Salisbury. One of them was Lord Cranborne. When I think that this young scamp of twelve is heir of this castle and of so many others, I am overcome with respect for him! After dinner, we went into other *salons*; everywhere open fires, lights, and air of vastness, and all this for about ten people. A man must indeed be out of sorts with the world who could not grow fond of life under these conditions.

In a corner of my room a programme for the day was posted. "Chapel at nine o'clock." What shall I do? Breakfast at ten; then hunt; then dinner at one o'clock; tea at five; and then dine again at eight! How can people live by candlelight in these great rooms? No wonder they see ghosts.

After dinner we were in a room too large for conversation, so we promenaded in groups and lost each other. The women and children at last surrounded Stafford Northcote. He does not preach to them as in Parliament, but tells them stories, or rather funny dialogues, I lost all, or nearly all, of what he said. I could not follow it. . . . This has been one of those beautiful days in late autumn that are not uncommon in this rich English country. I have followed the hunt all morning, across the fens, stopping in admiration before the prehistoric oaks. The end of the year has yellowed their crests. The sun shed a golden light on the lowlands. I was more interested in inanimate nature than in pheasants. We set out in two divisions facing one another, with the game between; it ended in a general massacre. . . . We began the day with prayer in the chapel; the guests were in the gallery, the family and servants below. The chaplain said prayers, and we chanted a psalm, the organ accompanying. At ten o'clock we met at breakfast. . . .

Two "genuine Yankees" come in for discussion in the following passage:

I dined with Mr. Baillie Cochrane. . . . We talked of this scandalous mission of the two revivalists, Moody and Sankey, two genuine Yankees. The one sings and sells organs and music; the other converts sinners, male and female! After the meeting, they hold consultations without music. The ordinary conference-hall is no longer large enough. It is in the opera-house that they meet now in the day-time; it is there that they meet the master. Sometimes it is Moody, sometimes Sankey, who gets up, illuminated, and announces that he sees the Lord. After each meeting Sankey telegraphs to his manager in New York: "So many organs sold, so many souls saved!"

Following the hounds moves his eloquent pen to this description:

The hunt! I can really say that I hunted with the Duke of Beaufort's pack. It is the same as if I had. At half-past ten I started in a carriage with two small friends and their grandmother. We reached the "hunt" six miles away, in a neighboring park. As we drew near we could see, coming here and there through the fields, a man in blue uniform with gold buttons, round hat, and white breeches. The roads were dotted with pony chaises and victorias; and lastly, there were all the children and working people of the country round, all going to the "hunt." We found already gathered a goodly number of gentlemen, and of farmers who have none the less good horses. The friends only of the duke wear his uniforms; others wear the red hunting suits of the neighboring hunt. Grooms with reserve horses for the second portion of the day stood behind the cavaliers, who were waiting for the hunt to begin. The ladies of the party wore white breast-plates on their habits. The pack arrived at last. The first "whip" came on ahead in green, then all the dogs with their tails in the air. The second "whip," the master of the hounds, is also Marquis of Worcester, the duke's son; he takes personal charge of the hounds. The horsemen moved about, bowing and chatting with the occupants of the carriages. The Duke of Beaufort, who has handed over the direction of the hunt to his son, regretted the absence of a number of the customary hunters, who had been kept away by the grounds being softened by the rain. One of the huntswomen, maid of honor to the Princess of Wales, came to our carriage to pass the time of day. When the signal was given, the column moved towards the woods, where they expected to start a fox. It was a helter-skelter squadron of one hundred and fifty, dressed in all colors; gentlemen, farmers, ladies, and "girls"—almost babies. A regular mob accompanied them—gamins, soldiers in red coats, peasants, all keeping up as best they could. Our carriage took a road at one side. We saw the column stop on the borders of a wood, waiting for a sign from the dogs who had disappeared among the trees. Many of the stragglers cut across lots and caught up with the main body of the hunt; others looked on from a distance in hopes the fox would come their way. Fancy our luck! The dogs swept toward us, a herd of cattle helter-skelter along with them. They crossed the road two hundred feet ahead of us. The cavalcade came after—bore down back of us on a fence which they trampled to pieces beneath their horses' feet. As we were directly in their way, they turned right and left to avoid us—some down into the ditches, others headed by two little girls of twelve to fifteen years of age leaping the hedge. They found the dogs in fields on the other side of the road. They came up with them and opened out—the dogs had lost their scent. They hesitated, hunted, and took the second hedge. One red-coat had a fall, but was on horseback again before I noticed him. One or two ladies took advantage of an opening, and the whole crowd disappeared.

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Will the twentieth century begin in 1900 or in 1901? This question was proposed by a member of the Académie des Sciences. He mentions documents in which Goethe, Victor Hugo, and other writers expressed the opinion that the twentieth century would begin in 1900. Without doubt these authorities are wrong, according to M. Bertrand who claims there never was a year zero, and the Christian era having begun in the year 1, the next century will not begin until 1901. The Paris exposition planned for 1900 will therefore be a *fin-de-siècle* exposition.

The proprietor of a shooting-range at Tampa, where people were tired of firing at a negro's head, had a new target made representing Weyler, with the bull's-eye over the heart. Immediately Cubans and their sympathizers swarmed about his place, forming in line to await their turn at the rifles. Some offered a bonus to be allowed to stab it and to beat the effigy with clubs.

Paris is gloating over the detention in quarantine at Bougival of a little London steamer having on board some cargo that came from Bombay, as it brings out the fact that Paris is a seaport. Bougival has been hitherto chiefly for *demi-mondaine* boating-parties and suppers.

A LUCKY DUEL.

How a Schoolboy's Fight Brought Him a Wife and Fortune.

WANTED—BY THE TRUSTEES OF MORAGA VALLEY School District, Contra Costa County, a young lady holding a first-grade teacher's certificate to teach the school in this district. Apply to George Van Duke, President Board of Trustees.

By order of the board of school trustees the above advertisement was published in the county newspapers, and from the many applicants, the daughter of an ex-judge of the superior court of the county was chosen.

Judge Mallery had been noted for his legal knowledge and honesty while on the bench; but, like many old Californians, he liked good living and the bottle too well for his own good. Ruth Mallery, his only daughter, had had no experience in school-teaching, nor, indeed, in any kind of labor. She was the spoiled child of a fond father, her mother having died in her infancy. Ruth had acquired the greater part of her education at Mills Seminary, but she had continued her studies in music and painting after her graduation from that institution. Upon these studies her father spent money with a lavish hand, having teachers up from San Francisco twice a week to instruct her. These studies had been continued up to the time of the judge's death, which had come suddenly and without warning. After his death, his affairs were found to be in a very demoralized condition; he had lived far beyond his means, and in order to pay his funeral expenses and liquidate his debts, it was found necessary to sell his magnificent residence at the county seat. When his affairs had been settled, Ruth found that she had but a few hundred dollars left, and she saw that it would be necessary for her to do something immediately by which to gain a living.

Now, although Ruth Mallery had given a great deal of time to the acquisition of her favorite studies, drawing and painting, she found that she was not competent to earn a livelihood by these arts, as she had pursued them in an amateurish manner, and did not possess the requisite professional skill to impart them to others. She therefore decided to apply herself to such studies as would enable her to teach in a district school. This she did with such assiduity that she was soon enabled to pass an examination and obtain a first-grade teacher's certificate. This secured, she applied for and received the appointment to the school, as previously stated.

At this time Ruth was twenty-six years of age, slight and delicate in appearance, but possessed of undaunted will. She took up her chosen profession with a determination to make of it a grand success. She found board at the home of Mr. Van Duke, the president of the board of trustees. Ruth thought herself quite fortunate in her choice of a boarding-place, as the Van Dukes were one of the most influential families in the valley, Mr. Van Duke having married one of the Moraga girls, a descendant of an old Spanish family after whom the valley had been named and whose possessions at one time had included nearly the whole of Contra Costa County.

Ruth's success in teaching the summer term was so pronounced that the trustees employed her for the ensuing winter term, which had heretofore been taught by a male teacher. When the winter opened, she found that she had among her scholars a number of boys of twenty years of age, among them one of the Van Dukes, a son of the trustee.

During the previous summer, George Van Duke had paid Ruth a great deal of attention, and this led him to act as though he had some proprietary claim upon her. This soon bred trouble with the older boys, who wished to divide attentions with Van Duke and sometimes to escort Miss Mallery to the winter gayeties of the valley. This feeling increased among the young men of the school until there was a race rivalry started between the boys of Spanish and Mexican descent and the boys of American birth. Henry Hosmer was the leader of the Americans, and George Van Duke led the Spanish faction. Ruth was not aware of this strong feeling among her scholars. She did not intend to receive the exclusive attentions of any one of the boys, and had been escorted by several of them to various entertainments, although it had happened that, owing to her living at the Van Dukes' home, George had attended her more frequently than had the others. They therefore accused him of taking undue advantage of them by reason of Ruth's residence at his father's home.

This factional jealousy grew until all of the larger boys were ranged under the leadership of Hosmer or Van Duke, and it increased in intensity until Hosmer challenged Van Duke. The latter accepted the challenge, naming dirk-knives as the weapons. The following Saturday afternoon the duel took place. The spot selected was at the foot of a ravine, north of the celebrated "Fish Ranch."

The place was well chosen, as it was an open flat, inclosed by a thick grove of oaks, where there would be no risk of interference by passers-by. Six boys on each side were there when Hosmer, with his second, made his appearance. A few moments later Van Duke and his second arrived. They took off their coats, hats, waistcoats, and neckties, and took their places, awaiting the word to commence. At the word "ready" they advanced toward each other and each acted on the defensive. Each carried in his left hand a Panama hat to use as a shield to ward off or receive a blow. Hosmer pushed the fight and struck Van Duke a blow, thus drawing the first blood. Then Van Duke cut Hosmer upon the right temple, and the blood flowed down over his eye, partially blinding him. Van Duke now appeared to fight upon the defensive, while Hosmer grew more and more aggressive. Suddenly Hosmer rushed upon his antagonist and struck at him; Van Duke tried to ward the blow with the hat held in his left hand, but Hosmer's dirk struck him in the left wrist, going in at the joint and breaking off, leaving Hosmer perfectly defenseless.

His life could have been easily taken by Van Duke, but the young Spanish-American tossed his dirk to his second,

saying: "I have done nothing to cause this duel, but accepted it so that it could not be said that I was a coward. If you are all satisfied, I am willing to shake hands with Hosmer and let the quarrel end for good."

Both sides could but admire the spirit shown by Van Duke, and the principals shook hands and declared the fight ended. When the principals went to a physician to have their wounds dressed, Van Duke found it very difficult to get the blade out of his wrist, but he succeeded in doing so, although his wrist was lame for many months.

The story of this adventure could not long be kept quiet, and as it was whispered around among the scholars, it soon came to the ears of the teacher. Ruth asked George Van Duke about it and why his wrist was bandaged. He replied that he had sprained it, and she could get no further explanation from him, nor could she learn anything about it from the other scholars.

She went at last to Hosmer, and learned the truth in regard to the fight. If there had been no rivalry between the boys, there would not have been any love in this story. It kindled the flame in Van Duke's breast, and he laid siege to the heart of his little teacher, and when he proposed marriage to her, she laughingly declined, telling him that she was six years older than he and that he did not want an old woman for a wife. But her ridicule, far from deterring him from pressing his suit, only increased the ardor of his efforts and made him all the more desirous of winning her. Yet all his efforts seemed lost upon her. In this crisis he went to his parents, and succeeded in enlisting their sympathy and assistance. This, together with the strong love he bore Ruth, soon overcame her opposition, and he gained her consent to their marriage.

When the engagement was announced, the boys of the school envied George his good fortune in winning so lovely a bride. Their esteem for their teacher and desire for her happiness led them to purchase and present to her upon her marriage a suitable testimonial, with the best wishes of all the scholars. They were married at the Van Duke residence, and the entire population of Moraga Valley attended the wedding and the reception that followed.

The honeymoon was passed traveling in the East, and was to be extended by a tour of Europe. While in New York, George received a telegram from his father, recalling him to attend to some most important business affecting his material interests. It seems that there had been litigation for several years regarding the ownership of a large tract of land in the valley, which threatened the rights of all of the members of Van Duke's family as well as of all the old settlers and grantees therein. These suits, brought by Horace W. Carpenter, had just been decided in the United States Supreme Court against the settlers, and they were compelled by the decision to move off the land, without any compensation for their improvements. Thus at one blow the entire fortune of the elder Van Duke was lost. George and his bride returned, and as they had now no home to go to and no independent resources, they both resolved to commence at once working for a living. Ruth applied for her former position in the valley school, and was re-appointed. George went to San Francisco, and secured a position as conductor on the California Street Railroad. And so it happened that, after three months of happy married life, this young couple were separated by stern destiny.

These untoward circumstances did not daunt them or destroy their ambition to gain a competency, and, in order to do this, they saw that a temporary separation was necessary, and also that in order to get a start both would be obliged to work while they were yet young and in health. Young Van Duke found it very hard to be confined fourteen hours a day on a street-car, after the free life of the forest and mountains; but, spurred on by love and ambition, he worked with a will and lived in a most economical fashion.

When they had jointly saved up one thousand dollars, he started for the gold-fields in South Africa, where, by energy and judicious speculation, he rapidly accumulated a fortune. He sent for his wife to join him, but soon tiring of this wild country, they returned with a fortune so large that the fine of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars which President Kruger imposed upon him for participating in a filibustering foray made very little impression upon his "pile." Mrs. Van Duke has set her heart on buying the much-loved home of her childhood at Martinez, and her husband is planning to buy the family homestead in Moraga Valley, where his boyhood was passed and where he won his devoted wife. Here he hopes to gather again all of the members of his family under the beloved roof of their old home. With youth, health, strength, and a will, one may accomplish anything one desires. A. P. STANTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1897.

The deep-sea fish live at great depths, where the pressure of the water is enormous, and are constructed so as to be comfortable at that pressure. If one of these fish happens to ascend beyond a certain level, its bladder becomes distended with the decreased pressure, and carries it, in spite of all its efforts, still higher. In fact, members of this unfortunate class are liable to become victims to the unusual accident of falling upward, and, no doubt, meet with a violent death soon after leaving their accustomed level and long before their bodies reach the surface in a distorted and unnatural shape.

From an investigation of the effect produced by a railroad train on the air through which it moves by Professor F. E. Nipher, of the St. Louis Academy of Science, it appears that motion is communicated to the atmosphere many feet away, so that a large amount of air is dragged along with the train. A peculiar danger arises near a swift-running train from the tendency of the moving air to topple a person over, and at the same time to communicate a motion of rotation to the body, which may cause it to roll under the train.

A horse-car line to the Pyramids has been authorized at Cairo.

MONTE CARLO'S GLORIES WANING.

The Great Gambling Resort on the Riviera Losing Prestige—Result of Cutting Down the Press-Corruption Fund—Rivalry in Belgian Towns.

Nordau, in his work on "Degeneracy," said some flattering things about America and Americans, while pointing out in vigorous language the decay of the nations of Europe. Aside from his extravagance, there is stern truth at the bottom of much of his thought, and there is, in the necessity for the present crusade in Belgium against the gambling madness, strong support of his theories. Americans take life seriously, in comparison with the abandon to pleasure in which their gay cousins on this side indulge themselves. In fact, the American standards of public and private morals are seen to be grim and puritanic when dressed up for review with those of the corresponding classes in the Old World. But I began to tell you about the decline of Monte Carlo and of the Belgian scandals.

For three or four years, the social brilliancy and popularity of Monte Carlo have been waning. That has been perceptible in the cash-box of the management and in the extra efforts made to enhance the attractions of the principality. For one thing, the number of suicides who died during the season of fever—the gambling fever, which burns in the blood of European society—rather unnerved some would-be players. Indeed, there is a story that one resident of Monaco discontinued his morning walks because he stumbled upon corpses with such frequency that it became annoying.

But the greatest foe to Monte Carlo has been a discontented section of the European press. Several newspapers on the Continent and in England have been making savage attacks upon the "peculiar institution" of the principality. These journals have left no stone unthrown which would injure Monte Carlo in public opinion. Their strictures have been so severe as to raise a question as to their sincerity and disinterestedness. There is no doubt that the real reason for their outbursts is to be found in this explanation:

Something less than three years ago, the Casino managers cut down and almost abolished its press-corruption fund. Its beneficiaries, and they were legion, now take every opportunity to revenge themselves for their loss, and endeavor ceaselessly to blackmail the syndicate into restoring their perquisites. The bribes were for negative service. The venal journalists who received them were not paid for advertising the gambling-rooms but for keeping silence regarding them when silence would be golden to the management. This being paid a pension for doing nothing has its attractions.

Another and perhaps a stronger reason why Monte Carlo is declining is the growing number and greed of the other gambling resorts on the Continent. Leopold, the "king among croupiers and croupier among kings," has patronized the Ostend tables, and, under the assurance of his support, they have been circulating their advertisements over the face of Europe with large returns. Boulogne, Homburg, and Spa are also in hot competition with the resort on the Riviera. There are great gambling-houses flourishing openly in all the fashionable resorts of Germany, Austria, France, and Belgium. They are patronized, too, with all the fury of the gambling spirit life in those countries, and there seems to be no prospect of permanent abatement of the evil.

There is now in Belgium, however, a strong movement against the ruinous and demoralizing practice. It is led by M. Gerard Harry, editor of the *Independence Belge*, of this city. Belgium is honeycombed with gambling "clubs," thanks to loose legislation and the example of Leopold. There is little of the club about them save the name, for anybody can gain a "membership" by taking out an admission card or ticket. In these *cercles privés*, roulette and trente-et-quarante are played on a large scale. They are most numerous in Rochefort, Dinant, Charleroi, Chantfontaine, and Erguelinnes. They are planted along the Meuse and by the frontiers, and the French paternal heart has been wrung at the daily sight of trainloads of gamblers en route for these strategically placed "bells." The extent of their prosperity was enormous before the *Independence Belge* took them in hand.

M. Harry has made such wholesale exposures that the police have been shamed into closing several of the most notorious "hells," and the government has been obliged to take cognizance of the evil. M. Harry has shown up the astonishing system of municipal corruption under which the owners facilitated their operations. In some places his revelations were astounding, as, for example, where he proved that roulette and trente-et-quarante were actually played in buildings belonging to municipalities. He boldly named the officials and civilians, regardless of high political and social standing, who were in the pay, one way or another, of the gamblers, and spread consternation among them. He has been showered with libel suits from decorated generals, burgomasters, aldermen, and so on, who were "induced" to serve as presidents or chairmen of committees in the "private clubs."

But the aroused government has begun a campaign against the gamblers; and under the significant promise of M. Harry to furnish plenty of interesting revelations at the trial of his merry lot of libel suits there has been a stampede of officials and men of rank to rid themselves of connection with the gambling-houses. Harry will come out of the row rich in credit and circulation and unscathed for a sou.

BRUSSELS, February 4, 1897.

The total cost for pensions and the disbursement thereof for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1896, was \$142,206,550, made up as follows: Payments to pensioners, \$138,215,176; fees to examining surgeons, \$672,587; maintaining pension bureau at Washington, \$2,753,760; cost of maintaining pension agencies, \$565,027.

WANDERJAHR.

CLUB GOSSIP OF GOTHAM.

The Calumet and Manhattan in Financial Difficulties—The Calumet's Vain Effort to Join the Racquet—Why the Great Democratic Social Club is Going Under.

A new and striking evidence has been afforded of the recent hard times, especially in their relation to clubdom, which I referred to in a letter to the *Argonaut* some two months ago. As I wrote you at the time, the Calumet Club, after casting about and trying every possible expedient by which to fill its depleted treasury, had decided to unite its fortunes with those of the Racquet Club. It was generally supposed that the deal was practically consummated, but when the matter came to a vote, the Racquet Club most unexpectedly declined to accept the Calumet's proposition. The latter club was "turned down," and not a little hard feeling was engendered thereby, although the rejection was made by a majority of only six votes.

For this action various causes have been ascribed. The Calumet clubmen say it was due to vindictiveness on the part of members of the Racquet Club whose names had been put up in the Calumet and then withdrawn. The impression sought to be conveyed by this was that the Calumet is much more careful in its selection of members than the Racquet, but it is not sustained by the general opinion of clubmen in this city. The Racquet Club has been singularly free from scandal during the twenty years of its existence, and the same can not be said of the Calumet Club.

However, the proposition of uniting with the Racquet has been killed, and the Calumet men are thoroughly roused to the necessity of prompt action if they would maintain the life of their club. There is no other club in New York with which the Calumet would naturally affiliate, so that method of increasing the membership has been definitely abandoned. Various other plans of attaining the same end have been proposed. One proposition was that each member should pledge himself to get a new man to join within the year, in default of which he would himself pay a year's dues extra. In view, however, of the dearth of unappropriated clubbable material, this was virtually assessing the members seventy-five dollars apiece. Then the proposition was flatly made that there should be an assessment levied of one hundred dollars on each member. But the prospect of resignations if this plan were carried out appalled the wiser heads, and it was speedily abandoned. Finally the expedient was adopted of remitting the initiation fee for new members. It is confidently expected that some two hundred men will be brought in under this dispensation, and at seventy-five dollars a year each, they will increase the club's income by fifteen thousand dollars.

The Manhattan Club, however, is what I started in to tell you about. It also is in a hard way. Rumors about its inauspicious financial condition have been floating about the town for a number of months, and they have received striking confirmation by the resignation as treasurer of John D. Crimmins, which was handed to President Frederic R. Couderst last Thursday night. Mr. Crimmins still retains not only his membership in the club but also his place on the board of governors; but he does not wish to remain treasurer. Of course he does not disclose his reasons for this action on his part, but it is unnecessary that he should, in view of the acknowledged fact that the annual deficit has been growing slowly but surely, and that this year it has exceeded twenty thousand dollars.

The Manhattan Club has been the great Democratic social club of this city. It was started in 1865, soon after the close of the war, in response to a feeling that there should be some Democratic organization which should fill much the same position as the then recently started Union League Club did to the Republican party. It began with a nucleus of twenty-five men, who subscribed two hundred dollars each, and six months later, with a membership of one hundred and thirty, it was able to purchase the old Benkart mansion on Fifth Avenue for one hundred and ten thousand dollars. Its first president was John Van Buren, and Manton Marble was its secretary, and by the end of the first year its membership numbered three hundred.

Until it moved into the Stewart House, no club in New York enjoyed greater prosperity than the Manhattan. Its *cuisine* was famous throughout the country, and at all the notable wine-sales in this country or in London its representative bought up choice lots of rare vintages. Its cellar for years was considered the best in the country. But it was an evil day when it moved its quarters to the Stewart mansion. It took the great million-dollar pile on a lease of twenty-one years at an annual rental of forty thousand dollars, and it spent nearly half a million fitting it up. The library alone contained books valued at a total of thirty-five thousand dollars. But the expense of all this was too great. In recent years, the character of the service has fallen off, the furniture has not been renewed so frequently as it might have been, and the kitchen is no longer the pride of the New York epicure's heart.

The reason for this condition of affairs really lies in the fact that there is no Democratic party, either State or national, and has not been since the second inauguration of President Cleveland. The present incumbent of the White House is a man of pig-headed obstinacy, or of great firmness of character, whichever way you choose to put it. The result is that he has many strong friends and many strong enemies, in the Democratic party as well as out of it. In the past two or three years there have been two factions in the club, and the bickering between them became so open, after a time, that members of neither party cared to visit the club-house. The result was that the receipts fell off to a notable degree, and then resignations began to come in. The total receipts of the club last year amounted to one hundred and fourteen thousand dollars, and as the expenditures amounted to one hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars, there was a deficit of twenty-two thousand dollars.

Just what the Manhattan Club is going to do about it I would not care to prophesy. The most feasible plan seems, as it did with the Calumet under similar circumstances, to unite with another club. Opportunity to do so is afforded by the Democratic Club, of which ex-Governor Roswell P. Flower is president. It is an outgrowth of the Young Men's Democratic Club of 1871, and has a membership of nearly one thousand. Of these, six hundred and fifty are resident members and pay dues of twenty-five dollars a year. There present quarters at No. 617 Fifth Avenue are inadequate to their needs, and a union with the Manhattan Club, saddled as it is with the long lease of the million-dollar Stewart mansion, would perhaps be very advantageous to both parties to the transaction. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, February 19, 1897.

The custom of prefixing "Madam" instead of "Miss" to the names of elderly unmarried women has invaded this side of the water. It had its origin in England, where, for some time past, maiden ladies of advanced views and years have dignified their spinsterhood with this stately title. Its usefulness is not so apparent in this country, where the hustling spinster and the self-sufficing bachelor girl are a recognized feature in the procession and do not require such solace as may be extracted from an empty title with no man attached. Its main advantage, from our standpoint, seems to be merely the conferring of that personal importance which the matron is supposed to possess over the maid. In Europe, where the career of the new woman is still blocked by conventions, it dignifies the desolate freedom of the spinster and permits her greater liberty of action and speech. "Madam" lends a tone of distinction, where "Miss" only suggests the futile old maid. Over here the adoption of such an appellation seems unnecessary. The wage-earning women, even though they be young and handsome, are judged on the merits of the work they do; it matters nothing whether they be maids, wives, or widows. It is only in the world of society that there is still the tradition of helplessness and guileless ignorance clinging to the distinguishing prefix "Miss." There, and there only, does the miss, no matter what her age be, retain her old air of ingenuous timidity and, though she be thirty-five, require the chaperonage of a matron who may be fifteen years her junior. Besides its high-sounding dignity, the word "madam" has the advantage of indicating its bearer's single condition and independent attitude. It is not to be used by old maids who are insignificantly domestic or limply dependent. It signifies that she who bears it is either a bread-winning spinster or one of wealth and condition. She may be an ornamental member of the fraternity of art, where the bachelor-girl has many privileges, or she may be the brains of a business enterprise. But to earn the right to replace the shrinking, artless "Miss" of her girlhood with the effulgent, impressive, imperial "Madam" of a self-reliant and consequential middle age, she must have gone down into the arena and struck her shield against the shields of other amazons and been where the fighting was thick. She must be rich, or well known, or merely self-supporting.

At a debate on smoking among the members of a certain British association, many speakers denounced and others advocated the practice. Professor Huxley said: "For forty years of my life tobacco has been a deadly poison to me. [Loud cheers from the anti-tobaccoists.] In my youth, as a medical student, I tried to smoke. In vain! At every fresh attempt, my insidious foe stretched me prostrate on the floor. [Repeated cheers.] I entered the navy; again I tried to smoke, and again met with defeat. I hated tobacco. I could almost have lent my support to any institution that had for its object the putting of tobacco-smokers to death. [Vociferous applause.] A few years ago I was in Brittany with some friends. We went to an inn. They began to smoke. They looked very happy, and outside it was very wet and dismal. I thought I would try a cigar. [Murmurs.] I did so. [Great expectations.] I smoked that cigar—it was delicious. [Groans.] From that moment I was a changed man, and I now feel that smoking in moderation is a comfortable and laudable practice and is productive of good. [Dismay and confusion of the anti-tobaccoists. Roars of laughter from the smokers.] There is no more harm in a pipe than there is in a cup of tea. You may poison yourself by drinking too much green tea and kill yourself by eating too many beefsteaks. For my own part, I consider that tobacco, in moderation, is a sweetener and equalizer of the temper." [Total rout of the anti-tobaccoists and complete triumph of the smokers.]

Dr. Enrico Morselli declares that divorced persons are particularly liable to commit suicide or become mad, and gives these statistics in proof of his statement: In Prussia there are for every million of inhabitants 61 suicides of married women, 87 suicides of young girls, 124 suicides of widows, 348 suicides of women divorced or separated from their husbands, 286 suicides of married men, 298 suicides of bachelors, 948 suicides of widowers, and 2,834 suicides of men divorced or separated from their wives. In Wurtemberg we find for every million of inhabitants 143 lunatics among married women, 224 lunatics among young girls, 338 among widows, 1,540 lunatics among women divorced or separated from their husbands, 140 lunatics among married men, 236 among bachelors, 338 among widowers, and 1,484 lunatics among men divorced or separated from their wives.

Masses said for a dead man's soul are a charity, and therefore no legacy duty need be paid on money left for that purpose, according to a recent decision of the Irish court of appeal.

In his book on "The Education of the Central Nervous System," R. P. Halleck says: "It is probable that one seldom gets an absolutely new idea into his head after he is thirty."

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Max O'Rell is about to quit the lecture platform for the stage. He has written a farce, in which he is going to tour the country.

The Rev. Dr. Crane, father of Stephen Crane, the novelist, some years ago wrote a tract on popular amusements, in which he condemned novel-reading as one of the vices of the age.

Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, will be the father of the Fifty-Fifth Congress, as well as its Speaker, being the first man to hold the two honors at the same time. He has served continuously in Congress for nineteen years.

Lord Roberts has a son who is a lieutenant in the British army, but how long he will remain there is problematical. While playing foot-ball at Chiplal he broke his leg; while exercising his horse at Dublin he broke his collar-bone; and a short time ago, while playing polo, he lost an eye. He ought to achieve a distinguished military career, if his other eye holds out.

The distinction of being the greatest dandy in the world has been accorded to Prince Albert of Thurn. His annual bill for clothing amounts to no less than fifteen thousand dollars. He wears one thousand neckties during the year, an average of three a day, and, though he never wears his linen more than twice, a laundry employing twelve people is kept specially for washing it.

Deibler, the "Monsieur de Paris," has resumed his post as executioner, if reports are to be credited. Formerly France had a head-cutter for every department, but of late years, until his recent resignation, Deibler filled the office for the entire country, having four hundred executions to his credit. He used to be something of a dandy, but more recently avoids publicity as much as possible.

The promotion of John S. Sargent, the American artist, to be a Royal Academician is the greater distinction because it follows so soon after his election as an associate in 1894. There was an interval of but three years between the conference of the two honors in the case of Alma Tadema, and in Sir Frederick Leighton's case it was five years. Every other Academician, however, served an apprenticeship of at least ten years.

It was due to the judgment of his wife that Editor White's famous editorial, "What's the Matter with Kansas?" was not lost to the world. After writing it, Mr. White laid it aside, thinking it too satirical for the *Gazette*, but one day, while he was out of town, his wife, who had temporary charge of the paper, came upon the manuscript and used it. It was immediately republished all over the country and established his fame.

Prince Paolo Borghese, whose family lost their fortune when the real-estate boom collapsed in Rome, half a dozen years ago, has at last realized on the works of art in the famous Borghese gallery. As the removal of such treasures from Italian territory is forbidden by law, his efforts to sell them were not successful, but now the Italian Government has bought them, paying one million dollars for the pictures and four hundred thousand dollars for the statues.

In his address on Pasteur, before the French Academy, Gaston Paris, the new member, said that the scientist used often to leave the table in the middle of dinner and his bed at night in order to elaborate an idea that had been fermenting in his brain. Referring to Pasteur's rise from a humble place in a village drug-store, M. Paris said that even in his youth he astonished his companions by attacking problems which the greatest savants had not attempted to solve.

A recent newspaper paragraph ascribes some remarkable traits to Mrs. "Jack" Gardner, the noted Boston society woman. She it was who started the fad of feeling Sandow's muscles, and she hired a box once to see Corbett spar. As a Lenten penance, she went down on her knees and mopped the stairs of a fashionable church. John S. Sargent painted a "clinging" portrait of her which is never exhibited. She is the heroine of Marion Crawford's "To Leeward," and she drinks beer in public.

Everybody remembers what a lot of excitement there was in 1894 when General Cassius M. Clay, then eighty-four years of age, married a girl of fourteen and took her to his home near Whitehall, Ky. The life of the strangely associated pair has been an apparently happy one, though the old soldier's attempts to remedy his bride's complete lack of education and feminine accomplishments have resulted in failure. General Clay has at last applied for a pension of one hundred dollars a month as a veteran of the Mexican War. He says he has done so now only in the interests of the wife, who must soon be a widow. He served through the Mexican War with distinction, and acted as President Lincoln's minister to Russia during the rebellion. His first wife secured a divorce from him soon after his return from St. Petersburg.

Captain Philo Norton McGiffin committed suicide during a fit of insanity in a New York hospital, a few days ago. He was graduated at the Naval Academy at Annapolis in 1882, and soon entered the service of the Chinese Government. He commanded the *Chen Yuen*, the finest battleship of the Chinese navy, at the Battle of the Yalu, and brought her back to port though she was hit more than four hundred times by Japanese guns. In the fight he was knocked senseless by the premature discharge of one of the *Chen Yuen's* guns, but soon went on fighting; presently he had to pull a great splinter of wood from a shattered ladder out of his thigh, but he continued to fight; and he kept at it until the close of the battle, in spite of a score of wounds. On his return to this country he insisted on treating himself, and his insanity was due to the sufferings he endured in consequence.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Marriage of the Pavement.

"Sappho," by Alphonse Daudet, is a wonderful story in which human weaknesses are probed and exposed as dispassionately as a great surgeon inserts his scalpel into quivering flesh. It is the extraordinary analytical power of Daudet, the capacity to assume in his consciousness the idiosyncrasies of the character he is portraying, that marks him apart as a man of genius.

What indefatigable industry, what a sincere, deep study of Parisian types! He does not preach, but teaches by examples the hard, bitter lessons of life. There is no moralizing, only the unfolding of inevitable consequence. The plummet of his genius appears to have sounded each hidden spring of human emotion. Among the French people, who do not demand morality in works of art, he has made a searching series of psychological studies from life. In the hands of a writer less gifted than Daudet "Sappho" would have been base, vile, defiling. If regarded purely as a work of art, neither moral nor immoral, but unmoral, it is a surprising study of human folly and weakness, written with the brutal mercilessness of absolute truth.

It is the history of the insidious power of pitch to defile, from the first step when the yoke is easy to the last when the awakening comes after the whirlwind of passion has swept everything away but desolation and despair. The gradual benumbing, under the influence of Sappho, of the better nature of a man whose impulses were not naturally bad; the tightening about him of his folly, like an octopus; his moral convalescence; his fall, brutal and hopeless—all this forms a picture infinitely sad, because real, a page from the book of nature. The glimpse he has of the dawn of a pure passion before the waters close over him forever forms a tragedy—the death of a soul.

Translated by Henry Frith, it has just appeared, with fine illustrations reproduced from wash-drawings by Myrbach, Rossi, and others, in the Dent edition. Imported by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Verses from Japan.

From the land of the Mikado comes a quaint collection of Japanese poems, called "Poetical Greetings From the Far East." The poems are printed on delicately tinted crêpe paper, with illustrations in the text and with the omnipresent dragon and Sacred Mountain on the cover. The whole is inclosed in a portfolio-like case.

Most of the poems in this collection are more than one thousand years old. A few, however, are modern. They have been selected by Karl Florenz and translated as nearly as possible in the spirit of the original.

"The Deceptive Lotus-Leaf" is an example of the delicate airiness of Japanese poetry:

"Free from all sin and all defect,
The Lotus lifts its head erect.
So men do say.
And yet the dew on its smooth white leaves
Sparkles like diamonds, and deceives.
How's this, I pray?"

Published by T. Hasegawa, Tokio, Japan.

A Study of the Occult.

Any demonstration of the occult is, with most of us, beyond the sphere of our experience; and, therefore, when books like "Telepathy and the Subliminal Self" appear under an authoritative name, they are calculated to pique and, perhaps, partially to satisfy a deep curiosity. In this volume hypnotism, thought-transference, dreams, phantasms, automatism, and allied subjects are treated by R. Osgood Mason, A. M., M. D., Fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine, from the standpoint of the most recent conclusions reached by scientific investigation. Interesting occurrences in the field of psychical research, from the earliest times to the present, are reviewed in a scientific manner that is free from fanaticism or undue partiality.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

A Military Novel.

The hero of Fortuné du Boisgobey's romantic novel, "Fontenay, the Swordsman," is a gallant young Creole, who comes from the West Indies to win fame and fortune in France. Becoming a protégé of the Empress Josephine, who betrothes him to a lady of her court, he receives a commission to deliver to the Emperor Napoleon in Spain. Napoleon takes a fancy to the young man and gives him a military appointment, and Fontenay loses no time in receiving his baptism of fire. Amid the turmoil of battle, the treachery of spies, duels, surprises, butcheries, and burnings, he preserves the reckless courage of a D'Artagnan and the gaiety of his nation. At the end of his adventures, with the Cross of the Legion of Honor on his breast, he returns to France and his betrothed, and the story closes, as all romances should, in happiness and fulfilled desire.

Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00.

Provincial and Aristocrat.

An unusually readable story is "A Bride from the Bush," by E. W. Hornung. It portrays the trials of an uneducated but beautiful and spirited young Aus-

tralian, brought by her husband from a careless and happy life in the open into the restraints and conventions of English society. Her accent and her grammar are not above reproach, and even her exuberant animal spirits shock the sensibilities of her sedate relatives.

She becomes painfully conscious of her many solecisms in manner and expression, and, deeply chagrined, tries her best to adapt herself to the social conditions that surround her. But it is in vain. At last, overhearing idle gossip and believing that she has disgraced her husband and his family by her inexperience and want of knowledge, under a misapprehension as to the depth of his affection for her, she obeys an intense longing and returns to Australia. He follows her, and they resume their old life with a new zest.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, 75 cents.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The House Committee on Patents has reported favorably on a bill, presented by Mr. Fairchild, of New York, in the House, to amend the copyright law, making it unlawful to mark as "copyright" any article, book, map, chart, etc., for which a copyright has not been obtained. Violation of this law is made punishable by a fine of one hundred dollars, one-half of which goes to the person filing the suit.

Captain Alfred T. Mahan writes of Nelson's most famous battle, Trafalgar, in the March *Century*.

"The School for Saints" is the title of a new novel by John Oliver Hobbes. The story is of an unsophisticated young man who fell in love with an actress, but found another man preferred. The tale was begun as a play for Sir Henry Irving. The author has been at work upon the story for a year and a half—ever since her return to England from her American visit.

Of the pay of journalistic "free lances" in London, *Chambers's Journal* says:

"The *Times* will pay from five to ten guineas for an article contributed by a correspondent, and rather than lose a good one, considerably more. The rate on the other great London dailies is, as a rule, two guineas per column, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Daily News*, the *Standard*, the *Daily Chronicle*, and the *Morning Post* all paying that sum. Among the London evening newspapers the *Pall Mall Gazette* holds pride of place for most munificently rewarding its contributors, two guineas per column being the usual rate, while for special articles a good deal more is given. The *Evening Standard*, whose literary matter is practically confined to the entertaining essays that form the leading feature of its outside page, pays for them at the rate of two guineas a column. The *St. James's Gazette* at one time was said to pay as much as three guineas for an article; now the remuneration is a guinea and a half, while, should the copy submitted be converted into a 'leader,' two guineas will be allowed. The weekly reviews—the *Spectator*, the *Saturday Review*, etc.—give as much as five guineas for accepted articles. One guinea per column is the rate throughout *Tidbits*, and quite recently a special premium page has been instituted on which the remuneration is double the above."

Miss Hildegard Hawthorne, daughter of Julian Hawthorne, is to contribute to the March number of *Harper's Magazine* a short story in the mystical vein of her celebrated grandfather.

A book entitled "Code de Duel" is shortly to be published in Paris. That society of fencers known as the Contre-de-Quarte has nominated a commission to prepare the work. It gives a code of the laws which govern modern dueling, and influential newspapers have treated it as supplying a want which has from time to time been felt. The code is based upon the celebrated work on the subject prepared some fifty years ago under the direction of the Marquis de Châteaullard.

Maurus Jokai's "The Green Book," to be published this month, describes underground Russia and the terrible power of the Nihilists.

The *Expositor* is a well-known English theological magazine, and the appearance of an American edition is a matter of considerable interest. Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. are the publishers of the new venture, and the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall the editor. The first issue bears the date of February. The chief articles of the English edition are retained, but the reviews of new books are contributed entirely by American hands.

Imbert de Saint-Amand, whose name is identified with the interesting biographies of "Famous Women of the French Court," treats of a new period of history in a book called "Napoleon and Mademoiselle de Montijo." This new volume will be published this month.

Munkacsy, it is said, had been writing his memoirs. They were to be published first in Paris.

The curiosity expressed by readers of Du Maurier's new novel, now running in *Harper's Magazine*, with regard to the character from whom the story takes its name, will be gratified in the March number by the intervention of the Martian at a critical moment in Barty Josselin's career.

Since the right of Shakespeare to be considered the author of his own works has been attacked, no poet is safe. Says the New York *Tribune*:

"The latest conspiracy is against Goethe, and is started by one P. P. Hamlet in a book, published in Berlin, under the title of 'Goethe's Secret.' From this it appears that Schiller was a sort of private secretary to Goethe, and wrote his works for him, all of them, with the exception of the first part of 'Faust.' That is amiably ascribed to

Lessing. Herr Hamlet sets forth certain parallel passages in which Schiller, in his acknowledged writings, uses words that are also used in the works commonly attributed to Goethe. To make the proof still clearer, Herr Hamlet cites the *dramatis personae* of 'Egmont.' Arranged in proper order, their names are: Silva, Clarchen, Herzog von Alba, Ihre Mutter, Machiavelli, Egmont, Richard, private secretary. Anybody can see that the initials spell Schiller, except for the double *l*, which is easily obtained by taking the last two letters in Machiavelli, after the *i* has been dropped for this purpose. Then, too, the words 'private secretary' come in so convincingly, making the whole read, 'Schiller, Egmont's (that is, Goethe's) Private Secretary.' Finally, in the play, Egmont (or Goethe) says to his secretary: 'You can imitate my hand so well, write in my name.' Ignatius Donnelly himself never made a clearer demonstration."

A new collection of short stories by Frank R. Stockton will be issued during the spring—the first volume of short stories which Mr. Stockton has published in four or five years.

James L. Ford is the spokesman of writers who do not get into print. His "Literary Shop" was a daring venture, for it was certain to create a prejudice which would debar him forever from several places where manuscripts are bought. As recompense, he is to-day one of the highest salaried men in journalism. He is a genial-looking man, with frank eyes and cropped beard, who, as *Leslie's Weekly* observes, is not "humorous on paper only," but lives up to his reputation, and is one of the mitred abbots of the Cloister Club.

The *Century* for March is styled an "Inauguration Number," and contains several features relating to the city of Washington. The frontispieces are three portraits from photographs—two of Major McKinley and one of President Cleveland. These portraits accompany "Our Fellow-Citizen of the White House," in which C. C. Buel sets forth the official life of the President, social as well as political. "The Nation's Library" is the subject of articles by the librarian, Mr. Spofford, and William A. Coffin, the art-critic, and is illustrated by reproductions of decorations in the library. A third paper, by J. B. Bishop, recounts "Inauguration Scenes and Incidents" of the past.

Magdalen College, Oxford, has refused to accept a tablet to Gibbon, the historian, who was a student there. Gibbon had a very low opinion of his college, and left on record one hundred and forty years ago that life there "stagnated in a round of college business, Tory politics, personal stories, and private scandal."

Mrs. Steel follows "On the Face of the Waters" with a novel of which the scene is laid in Scotland. The title and date of publication are as yet unannounced.

"Modern Irish Poets" is to be published in Dublin and Belfast, and among the verse-makers are included Mr. Lecky, M. P., Professor Dowden, Dr. John Todhunter, the Rev. M. Russell, S. J. (brother of the lord chief justice), Miss Jane Barlow, Miss Katherine Tynan, and Aubrey de Vere.

The Hazlitt of to-day says of the Herbert Spencer of two or three years ago:

"He had conceived an intolerance of remarks of a commonplace and unfruitful character, and had brought with him an apparatus which he could at pleasure slip over his ears, and which spared him the pain of auricular contact with less gifted mortals."

The Hungarian Academy of Sciences has lately taken up Ruskin's "The Stones of Venice," and is publishing a translation.

The *Century* was never more popular than at present; its January and February numbers went out of print within a week of issue, and its two leading serials, "Campaigning with Grant," by General Horace Porter, and "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," Dr. Weir Mitchell's novel of the American Revolution, are attracting wide-spread interest. Dr. Mitchell's story, the scene of which is laid in Philadelphia, has doubled the sale of the magazine in that city.

An English journal, talking of Du Maurier, says: "I am told that Harper Brothers only accepted 'Trilby' after a family council, carried in its favor by a single vote. The editor of their magazine, H. M. Alden, saw its salable qualities, but the firm has always been identified with the Wesleyan connection in the United States, and its millions have been made out of literature concerning or suited to Wesleyans. But the younger members of the firm, who are said to have become Episcopalians, carried the day by a single vote."

Jenny Lind's daughter, Mrs. Raymond Maude, has written a memoir of her mother.

Captain Mahan, who recently spoke with approval of the strengthening of the American navy during the past few years, finds in the enforcement by this country of the Monroe doctrine a strong argument for strengthening it still further. In the March number of *Harper's Magazine* he is to contribute an article suggesting a plan for defense by sea.

"Unkind, Unkind," is the title of Miss Violet Hunt's new novel.

Book No. 10, of the "Gallery of Plays and Players," from the *Illustrated American*, with flashlight reproductions of scenes in plays and many portraits, has been issued by that popular journal. The scenes from plays are an innovation in the series, and it is sure to be favorably received. The book was edited by Arthur Hoebner. Published by the *Illustrated American*, New York; price, 25 cents.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Woman's Weakness.

A story of fine insight is "Bound in Shallows," by Eva Wilder Brodhead. J. Berkeley Dillon comes to an obscure town in Kentucky to retrieve a disgraceful past. He meets two women, both of whom fall in love with him. One is Lucy Morrow, refined and educated, the other, Alexa Bohun, a beautiful but vulgar girl. He reciprocates the affection of Lucy Morrow, but a rival unveils his past, and for a time he is prohibited from seeing her. She can not master her love, however, and persuades herself that it is her duty to reform him.

A new outbreak of roguery on his part shows her that she can not change him, and she gives him up—only temporarily, but he, thinking that it is her final resolve, marries Alexa. Again overmastered by her love and unconscious that he has married another, she determines to return to him in spite of everything. She arrives just in time to witness the departure of the bride and groom. The weak character of Dillon is powerfully outlined, and much of the description is worthy of note.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

The Fighting Editors.

"I remember calling at the office of a great Parisian newspaper," says a writer of reminiscences in the *Cornhill*, "with a friend who wished to have rectified a statement published in it concerning him. When our business was made known, we were ushered into a handsomely furnished room on the first floor. Seated at desks, without a trace of pens, ink, or paper, or of anything in a literary way except some new novels, together with a few packages of cigarettes, were two gentlemen, whose appearance made a considerable impression on me. They were faultlessly dressed in deep black (the duelist's color). Each had the ribbon of the Legion in his button-hole, their long, jet-black mustaches were waxed out to a point as fine as a needle's, and there was in their whole manner, their voices, their gestures, and the expression of their eyes and mouths, an indescribable something that proclaimed the man who at one time or another has worn a uniform.

"These were the fighting editors, with whom, evidently, the pen was not mightier than the sword. They were civil, however, and consented to the rectification of the paragraph. As fighting was their trade, they looked at it in a purely business way, and only went out when the demands made were too unreasonable to be entertained. I fancy that they sometimes fought in defense of articles they had never even seen."

Her Husband's Honor.

A "Writer of Fiction" is a pathetic story of a woman's sacrifice. She is the wife of an author whose talents are declining—a fact that no one realizes but the public who refuse to buy his books. With a self-sacrifice amounting to heroism, she shields and cheers her husband and conceals from him so far as possible their financial straits.

When a knowledge of their condition comes to him, he determines to put aside his conscience and write a debasing book that will be sure to have an extensive sale. He is struck by paralysis while the book is still in the hands of the publishers. His widow finds portions of the manuscript among his papers, and, recalling the manuscript, consigns it to the flames, in spite of the fact that the sale would have been very profitable to her. She prefers to struggle for existence rather than to live by a production that would sully her husband's memory.

Published by Copeland & Day, New York; price, \$1.00.

Reminiscences of Dickens.

Stephen Fiske, the veteran American journalist, contributed a very entertaining article on "The Personal Side of Dickens" to a recent issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. He first met the famous Englishman in 1866, and his first impression was that he looked like a captain of the navy in mufti. There were the keen, deep, steadfast eyes; the deeply lined, weather-beaten face; the grizzled hair and beard, as if salted by the sea; the stooped shoulders and bowed legs that suggested long walks upon the rolling deck; the alertness, the vigor, and the heartiness that, as he slapped his hand cordially into Fiske's, seemed magnetic.

On his first visit to "Gad's Hill," Mr. Fiske noticed in the hall a painted placard: "This is 'Gad's Hill,' of which Sir John Falstaff said," and then followed the quotation from Shakespeare. On a door was painted: "Leads to the kitchen. Please keep closed." In his room were two stands, one lettered, "For trunk," the other, and smaller, "For portmanteau." Inadvertently Mr. Fiske put his portmanteau upon the "trunk" bench. Dickens, who had hospitably come upstairs with him, lifted it to the "portmanteau" bench without interrupting the conversation. As he turned away, Fiske quietly removed it to the "trunk" receptacle. He noticed it there, seemed surprised, reached out his hand stealthily, and then, when he saw that Fiske was watching him, burst out laughing.

"You see," he said, "I used to be the most careless of men, and I had to cure myself as my work increased. Now I am a martinet to myself and everybody else. Everything in the house that can be labeled is labeled. You will be called at eight sharp,

and will have to breakfast at nine sharp, and dine at seven sharp. In everything else, 'Gad's Hill' is Liberty Hall!"

This statement was not quite literally true, as Mr. Fiske shows. There were at "Gad's Hill" three bachelor bedrooms connecting, and they faced the east. When Fiske and Edmund Yates, also a guest at the time, went to bed that night, Yates asked if Fiske would let him have his boots and slippers. The American wondered what he could want with them, but he said, "Custom of the house," and Fiske complied. At eight o'clock sharp the next morning a boy in buttons rushed through the rooms, flipped up the spring shades, shouted "Breakfast!" and disappeared with all the boots and slippers of the party hurrying after him. Yates was a "Gad's Hill" veteran, and his experienced aim did splendid execution. But the sun was pouring in, the shades were up, and the visitors had to follow their example.

The library at "Gad's Hill" was lined with books from floor to ceiling, even the backs of the doors being book-cases; but the books on the doors and along the floor were bogus. Dummy backs had been lettered with titles and pasted on the glass, and the titles had been selected by such wits as Dickens, Yates, the Collins brothers, Albert Smith, and Mark Lemon, of *Punch*. Mr. Fiske remembers "The Virtues of Our Ancestors," a volume so thin that the title had to be printed lengthwise; "Five Minutes in India, by a British Tourist," in two volumes as large as an unabridged dictionary; "Lives of the Poets," a mere pamphlet; "Eggs on Bacon," to match "Coke on Littleton"; "Statues Erected to the Duke of Wellington," fifteen portly volumes, and there were dozens of other quips and cranks.

During Mr. Fiske's visits Dickens was not at work upon a novel, but he shut himself in a *chalet* in the garden from eleven A. M. to three P. M. almost every day. If he felt in the mood he would write an "Uncommercial Traveler" article; if not, he would answer letters, read *All the Year Round* proofs, jot down ideas, fill up the time with some sort of literary labor. This was his self-discipline. The one room in the *chalet* was sparsely furnished, and had windows on all sides commanding quiet, pleasant views of fields and plantations. He seldom talked of his books, but one rainy day he showed Mr. Fiske the bound manuscript of one of them, and told his method of planning a story. Having selected a subject, he would write down the name of the hero and surround it with queries: "Shall he be rich? Parents or guardians? Defrauded of his property? An early love?" and so on with the other characters as they occurred to him. He always used blue ink, and so did Yates, and Halliday, and the other writers of what was then "The Dickens school." They called him "Chief," and he liked the title.

"Do you enjoy your books as much as your readers do?" Mr. Fiske inquired.

"Certainly!" he replied; "why not? Do you suppose that I am less appreciative of humor and pathos than other people? I have the first laugh and the first cry."

But Mr. Fiske never heard Dickens refer in conversation to any of the characters that he had created, and if anybody made such references in his presence, he would smile and change the subject. The only exceptions were when he tried the effect of his readings of his stories upon his family party before appearing in public, and then Nancy Sykes seemed to be his favorite character.

The March Magazines.

The table of contents of the March *Century* is as follows:

Portraits of President-elect McKinley and of President Cleveland; "Our Fellow-Citizen of the White House," by Clarence Clough Buel; "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker"—V., by S. Weir Mitchell; "The Nation's Library," by A. R. Spofford; "The Decorations in the New Congressional Library," by William A. Coffin; "Campaigning with Grant—V., From the North Anna to Cold Harbor," by Horace Porter; "The Man who Worked for Collister," by Mary Tracy Earle; "Inauguration Scenes and Incidents," by Joseph B. Bishop; "Nelson at Trafalgar," by Alfred T. Mahan; "A Dark Day," by Robert Underwood Johnson; "Our Witch," by Richard Malcolm Johnston; "The Stranger," by Maurice Francis Egan; "The Art of Large Giving," by George Iles; "Flower Before the Leaf," by G. E. Woodberry; "Some Writers of Good Letters," by Royal Cortissoz; and the departments.

The table of contents of *Harper's* for March is as follows:

"Preparedness for War," by Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N.; the second paper of the series on "The Awakening of the Nation," by Charles F. Lummis, describing the religious, charitable, and political institutions of Mexico; "Astronomical Progress of the Century," by Dr. Henry Smith Williams, the second of a series of papers on modern contributions to science; a new installment of George du Maurier's "The Martian"; "The Last of a Great Black Nation," by Poultney Bigelow, describing English rule in Basutoland; "The Decadence of the New England Deep-Sea Fisheries," by Joseph William Collins; "Henry E. Marquand," by E. A. Alexander, including a description of the Marquand collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art; three short stories: "Separ's Vigilante," by Owen Wister; "La Gommeuse," by Charles Belmont Davis; and "Perdita," by Hildegard Hawthorne; and the usual departments.

New Publications.

"The New Method," by W. E. Forest, M. D., is a popular exposition of "massotherapy," lavage of the alimentary canal, and other hygienic fads. Published by the Health-Culture Company, New York.

"Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing," containing six religious discourses by Mrs. E. G. White,

based on Scriptural texts, has been published by the Pacific Press Publishing Company, Oakland; price, 75 cents.

"At the Sign of the Sphinx" is a pretty book of clever charades couched in verse. There is also a key or table by which the correctness of a guess may be confirmed, but which gives no hint beforehand of the solution. Published by Stone & Kimball, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Mannie Brown and Edward Kennedy," by Mildred Rutherford, is a story, told in two parts, designed to interest and instruct school-children. It narrates the life of a Southern school-girl of a generation ago, and then relates the experiences of her son when he has arrived at a like age. Published by the Peter Paul Book Company, Buffalo.

George Charrington has the whimsical peculiarity of placing his heroes in unusual positions, and then having them justify their mode of living by the most ingenious philosophy. In "A Sturdy Beggar," the hero, an impecunious artist, is converted by a lunatic to the belief that it is no shame to be supported by others, even in an asylum. Published by Stone & Kimball, New York; price, \$1.25.

RECENT VERSE.

Raissa: An Armenian Song.

I took a rose to my bosom,
A rose to my bridal-bed;
I said "She will turn to woman
When all her kin lie dead."
I gave her a silken pillow
Fringed deep with golden thread.

Alas, alas, Raissa, my rose!

Was never so fair a woman,
As never so red a rose;
Her hair was black as a bird's wing,
Her bosom mocked the snows.
I sang her songs—no sweeter songs
The wandering bill-wind knows:

Alas, alas, Raissa, my rose!

Winter deflowered the summer,
And every rose but she
Died, and the earth weighed on them,
And snow upon their tree:
Raissa tired of my warm hearth
And fain would with them be.

Alas, alas, Raissa, my rose!

Before death stole upon her
Lying upon my bed,
She cried upon her sister,
The white rose that was dead:
And the yellow rose, her lover,
She wailed his golden head,
And cursed my hands that held her back
And the silver ring that wed.

Alas, alas, Raissa, my rose that's dead!
—Nora Hopper in *Black and White*.

The Sleepless Child.

I often can not sleep at night,
And have the blind up for the light;
And on the carpet crumbs I put
To tempt the mouse's silky foot.

And then I love to lie and watch
Her feasting in the moonlight patch;
And if I speak she does not stir,
Because she knows I'm fond of her.

When sleep outside my bedroom waits,
The mouse and moon are friendly mates,
And if they come they both are sure
To kiss and frolic on the floor.

—Norman Gale.

Voices of London.

Where two or three are met, there I am with them, said
The Lord.

Oh, we've folk enough and sin enough to take Him at His
word.

Many curses make one prayer, mounting with things
most despised,
Smoke and din of toil, till even the sky is humanized,
Mounting with the blended discords of six million war-
ring lives,

Till all the angry tumult in one pleading voice survives,
Till the need of laboring millions builds a bridge to reach
the sky,

Where sits the Bridgeman watching, watching, watching
from on high:

At sunset from a bridge that flames, answering the even-
ing fires;

Just before day 'tis ashen gray, as when the spark ex-
pires

That lit a life. And we have seen the Bridgeman's forces
form

To scourge with lightning from that bridge battalions of
the storm;

We've heard His voice in thunder-peals roll down that
awful slope;

We've heard Him whisper "Peace, be still," and bid
the desperate hope.

Oh, night and day, always, always, a voice calls from the
sky:

"Who comes this way? Who comes this way?" It is the
Bridgeman's cry.

—Marion Wilcox in *Harper's Weekly*.



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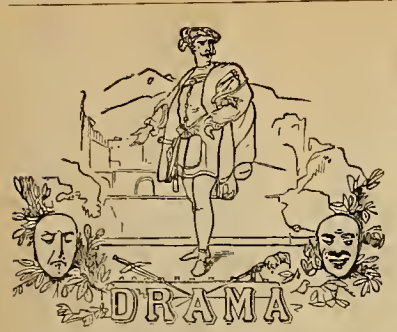
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Of all the forms of educational art, the drama is the most direct in its appeal, the most widespread in its influence. Pictorial art offers its refinements to the few. Literary art commands a broader field, but it is not so immediate in its effects, not so popular in its stand-point. Sensational journalism has not the power for wit that the stage has; the pulpit has not the power for good. Of all arts, it is the most accessible to the people. To understand and appreciate it, education is not necessary. It offers recreation to the mind that is fagged, solace to the soul that is weary. The disillusioning medium of print does not intervene between the spectator and the creatures whose history he follows. They stand before him in flesh and blood, and open their hearts to his inspection. It is the most intimate form of story-telling, the most confidential kind of gossip.

The stage's educational and ethical importance cannot be exaggerated. It is not that the people make the drama so much as that the drama makes the people. Some time since an English essayist tried to prove that art invented and discovered and that nature followed. In the drama, this is true. A play like "Shore Acres" is a more potent influence for good in a community than the benevolent society or the church. Not that it is more meritorious, or they less so, but that it is so much closer to the people. The dry dogmas of the church send them forth uninspired and uncomfortable. Their own direct, personal need is never touched in this applying of remote, spiritual remedies. The vague reasonings of theologians have no power to lift their ideals. But the play is close to them, shows them men and women like themselves in a milieu that is familiar. One teaches a child by pictures and stories, and the public likes to be taught in the same way. The play is their object-lesson, the theatre their latest school.

As a drama, "Shore Acres" has its own artistic value. Its greatest importance, however, is as a sort of perambulating educational show which moves about the country, giving all an opportunity to learn. The author has used a simple story, with incidents which have done service in many melodramas. It has that curiously naïve tone which distinguishes the native drama. Europeans find American plays amusingly unsophisticated. They are the strong, crude efforts of a raw, young people, who, with the uncompromising thoroughness of youth, demand that their drama shall be a reforming influence. We listen to the artistic disreputabilities that come from France and England and Germany with apparent appreciation, but will not permit such flights in our own dramatists. We are like the ladies who read French novels with interest and satisfaction, but who would die of horror if any of their own people took to writing that sort of fiction.

The average theatre-goer, who looks upon the playhouse as a place to while away three dreary hours, will find "Shore Acres" a "hayseed drama" of the "Old Homestead" variety. Its movement is exciting, almost sensational. The scene in the light-house, with its succeeding tableau, when the *Liddy Ann* crosses the reef while the light-house looms up in the glimpses of a raging storm, seems to be pure melodrama with poor scenery. To such as can not take their melodrama without a thick coating of spectacular effect, the scene will be a disappointment. They will probably be consoled, however, by the real turkey which is served in the second act. This is genuinely cooked in a genuine oven, and distills a genuine, toothsome fragrance through the parquet. The realism of the feast is of the completest sort. To see Martin Berry carving away at the breast of the beautifully browned turkey, and to savor that delicate aroma of crisp, crackling skin and firm white meat, is to make one distinctly hungry.

It is the inner intention of "Shore Acres" which has given it its life. It is the essential modernness—the best form of modernness—which injects vitality into these episodes that on the surface seem old, these characters that at the first glance seem conventional. The piece is built after the study of human nature, as well as after the study of dramatic construction. It is a play written from an ethical more than from a commercial standpoint. Its author has realized the enormous importance of the stage's teachings, and has gone to his work with something of the high priest as well as something of the playwright in his attitude.

The curious consistency of the characters, the substitution of men and women for accepted stage types, is one of the secrets of its intense vividness. Mr. Herne has studied his people with the closest care. The New England girl, after defying her father and fighting for the name of her absent lover, takes a cup of coffee! There is not another dramatist in the country, trammelled by convention on the one hand

and an ambitious actress wanting a fine opportunity on the other, who would have dared so to sacrifice stage effect to truth. In the first act the same unswerving realism is observed. In the midst of Lucy's farewells to Sam, her mother enters and tells her to blow the dinner-horn calling the men in from the fields. The "strong scene" is interrupted. Lucy, with death in her heart, obediently turns from her lover and blows the two long notes on the horn. The action is illuminative of that stern New England sense of habit and duty which gives to the women of that austere land their steadfast endurance.

We are so accustomed to the same artificial kind of thought and action on the stage that the first act left the audience bewildered as to which of the old lines the piece was going to run on. People were trying to decide which was the villain, as a melodrama without a black and obvious villain is something unheard of. The honors were easy between Blake, the postmaster, and Sam Warren. The homeopathic tendencies of Warren, the bicycle, and the fact that his good-bys to Lucy were as coldly unemotional as the good-bys of only a New England lover could be, led one to suspect that he was singled out for the high distinction. It took three acts to make one realize that there was no villain, there was no villainy. Warren honestly married Lucy, and Blake was not a bad fellow in the main. These were not people from stage-land, but people from rural New England. They were new acquaintances for us to make, and it took us some little time to re-adjust our intelligences so that we could properly understand them.

In fact, "Shore Acres" is that sort of production which, in a small way, revolutionizes. It is the most national drama we have yet produced. It is not only a perfectly natural picture of a purely domestic scene, but it has made an effort to free itself from those traditions of which the stage shows so fine a crop. We are told that the drama must honor these traditions, that players must have fine parts to act, not real characters to play, that the public will not stand this because it is not trained up to it and will not have that because it is not accustomed to it. The public will accept whatever is good and is fresh. It girds against the artificial plays that are fed to it, and the falseness of a drama which is built on convention, and the ideal of actors whose conception of art is purely individual and selfish. That the old emotional play, with its star rôle and its hectic atmosphere, is dead is proved by the innumerable theatrical failures of the past two years. "Shore Acres" gives its message to be up and doing to our dramatists: to write what they see, what they know, just as they see it and know it; not to build an American play on a European skeleton, not to have an ending or an opening or a middle because other playwrights have had it, not to mind what an actor, who only wanted to show himself off, says, or a manager, who thinks the public is to be forever led by the nose, thinks, but to make his play a picture of the people to be judged by the people.

The character of Uncle Nat, which, while its spiritual influence dominates the play, is yet not in the least a star character, is one of the great stage figures of the American drama. In truth there is no other so inspiring in its example, so powerful in its ennobling influence, and so perfect in its unconsciousness. Mr. Herne is most successful in achieving an extraordinarily life-like assumption of simplicity. His face beams with the child-like serenity of those whose souls are at peace. He eliminates all self-consciousness from the rôle, which is a most unusual performance, as in the portraying of a good character most actors appear perfectly pleased with themselves. A part like Uncle Nat must be played with exquisite truth or else it will be as *banal* as an *ingénue* in a translated French play. Good humor, a simple happiness, a child-like faith in human nature, and affections strong as they are true mark this old farmer as one of the finer spirits of our poor humanity. One touch the more, one shade the less, and he would have been merely one of our old, bluff, burly "hayseed" friends, who were good old cheerful chaps but not exactly the elect of this earth. But Mr. Herne is an artist as well as a dramatist. Would that there were a few more like him!

The long cast is well filled. The actors have been trained into that spirit of realistic self-repression which pervades Mr. Herne's art. Martin Berry, his wife, his children, his friends, are all living figures, moving in a real scene. Lucy is the only one who struggled with a hankering for effective display. More truth, more simplicity in the lighter scenes, Lucy! The good-by with Sam dragged in its lingering, strained sweetness. But in the scene when she quarrels with her father, Lucy forgot herself and was real. There was genuine feeling—that deep, terrible, heart-tearing feeling that quiet natures know—in her low-toned, quivering defiance. This is the most perfect act of the play. The first and last acts were dramatically defective. The first was too long to get into, and the last was too long to get out of.

An exhibition of advertising sketches and posters, including originals in black-and-white reproductions, was held last Saturday morning, afternoon, and evening in room 27, Easterbrook Building, 20 Geary Street. The specimens are the work of Wilder & Co.

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In a recently published invention for constructing prison doors and window gratings, there is suggested a protection from the safe-burglar. The idea is to make the bars of ordinary steel pipes, all filled with a liquid under pressure and connected by a main pipe with an alarm which would operate by reduction of pressure. Attempted sawing lets the liquid escape and rings the bell.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Fanny Rice at the Columbia.

Fannie Rice has been presenting her new version of "At the French Ball" at the Columbia during the past week. The jolly little comedienne is always a cheering sight, and the new specialties she introduces this season provide excellent opportunity for the display of her talents. She is supported by an unusually good company. Kate Michelen has a clear soprano voice, and acquitted herself very well in singing the ballads that fell to her lot. George Broderick, formerly of the Carleton Opera Company, sings a number of pleasing baritone solos, and John Terry, who was here once before under the stage name of Williams, exhibits a fairly sweet tenor voice. Charles Drew, whom we remember as Ko-Ko in "The Mikado," does not get opportunity to exercise his fun-making powers to their utmost, but he is an important factor in the fun of the piece. Among the other principals are Alice and Francis Gaillard, the latter in the character of a French *roué*, and Becky Haight and Ralph Bickness, whose dancing is very light and dainty.

Next week they will present "The Flower Girl of Paris," which has never been seen here before.

Fanny Davenport Coming.

James A. Herne will begin his second week in "Shore Acres" at the Baldwin on Monday night, and the engagement will be continued for still another week.

Fanny Davenport is to follow "Shore Acres" at the Baldwin. During her first week, which begins Monday, March 15th, she will present her new play "Gismonda." This is the last of the Sardou dramas of the "La Tosca" school in which Miss Davenport will be seen, for she intends next year to confine herself to a strictly American repertoire. "Gismonda" was a great success in Paris, where the title-role was created by Sarah Bernhardt, and it is one of the most popular plays in which Miss Davenport has appeared in this country. She has been playing it throughout the East for two seasons, but it has never yet been seen in this city. The scene is laid in Florence during the Renaissance, and the drama depicts the heroine's struggle between love and the requirements of her high station. Scenically the production will be a very elaborate one. During her engagement Miss Davenport will also be seen in "Fedora" and "La Tosca."

Another Gilbert and Sullivan Revival.

The stock company at the Tivoli is to follow its present revival of "Patience" with another Gilbert and Sullivan opera on Monday night. It is "The Mikado," which is far and away the most popular of the Savoy operas. In the original production in the United States by the Stetson Opera Company, W. H. West was the Pooh-Bah, and he will sing the same rôle next week. Ferris Hartman will, of course, be the Lord High Executioner of Titiput, John J. Raffael will be the Mikado, Arthur Boyce the wandering heir to the throne, and W. H. Tooker will be the Pish-Tush. The three little maids from school will be impersonated by Elvia Crox-Seabrooke, Josie Intropidi, and Jennie Stockmeyer, and Bernice Holmes will have the rôle of Katisha, which affords opportunity for some fine singing. The production will have the benefit of new scenery, costumes, and accessories.

The next opera in the revival of Gilbert and Sullivan's works will be "The Sorcerer," which has not been heard here in many years, and after it will come "Iolanthe," "Trial by Jury," and some others. A new extravaganza is in course of preparation for production about Easter.

Notes.

There are thirty people in Ward and Vokes's new comedy, "A Run on the Bank," which is booked for the Columbia Theatre.

Marie Corelli's novel, "The Sorrows of Satan," has been dramatized three times in England, and achieved three failures.

"Excelsior, Jr." is the title of the new burlesque in which Corinne will be seen during her next engagement at the Columbia.

"For Fair Virginia," which is soon to be seen at the Columbia Theatre, was first produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last season.

Otis Skinner will have three new plays to show us when he comes to San Francisco. "A Soldier of Fortune" is proving a decided success.

Effie Shannon has an excellent rôle in Martha Morton's new comedy, "A Fool of Fortune," which William Crane will bring to this city this season.

Réjane has made another success in Paris in a new play by Maurice Donnay, entitled "La Douleureuse." It is a comedy in four acts, but tremendously cynical.

The Lilliputians, who will be seen at the Baldwin in the course of a few weeks, are said to have in "The Merry Tramps" a better piece than anything they have yet shown.

The Italian chorus, and not a few of the principals, of the Metropolitan Opera Company are firmly convinced that they are under the baneful influence of a *fettatore*, or man with an evil eye. They certainly have suffered a series of disasters while in New York. Melba went abroad, Nordica was put on the black-

list, Eames fell sick, and the tragic death of Castelmarty capped the climax.

Miss Dorethy l'Hote will shortly make her début at the California Theatre in "An Unequaled Match." Miss l'Hote is a graduate from the Columbia Theatre School of Dramatic Art, and has already had several offers in the East.

One of the episodes of Stuart Robson's new play, "The Juckins," is a cock-fight, Stuart Robson having the rôle of a Southerner devoted to that sport. The birds used on the stage are genuine fighters, but their spurs are muffled.

Primrose and West, who are to visit San Francisco this year, seem to have crowded all competitors out of the field. They have two companies, one of white minstrels and the other of genuine blacks, and three brass bands accompany them.

Emile Moreau has written a play in which Jane Hading will shortly appear at the Porte St. Martin, in Paris. It is entitled "The Accursed Mountain." It is said, by the way, that Moreau wrote more of "Madame Sans-Gêne" than Sardou did.

Before she was taken to the hospital where she now lies in Vienna, Eleonora Duse had left orders with Worth for a number of handsome Shakespearean gowns, from which it is inferred that she intends to appear in those rôles on her next visit to this country.

"Nelson's Enchantress" is the title of the new historical play based on the love of the great English admiral for Lady Hamilton. According to the cable dispatches, it is rather a series of pretty scenes than a coherent play. It was no more than a *succès d'estime*.

Fanny Rice will give the last of her "ladies' matinées" next Saturday afternoon. These matinées, the special feature of which is that they are followed by a reception on the stage after the performance, have been a great feature of Miss Rice's engagement in Washington, Detroit, Indianapolis, and other cities.

"The Princess and the Butterfly; or, The Fantastics," is the title of Arthur W. Pinero's new play, which George Alexander is soon to produce at the St. James's Theatre, London. The author describes it as a comedy, but this is not entirely convincing when one recalls that he applied the same description to "The Benefit of the Doubt."

A lively interest is being expressed in the forthcoming appearance of Cissy Fitzgerald at the Columbia. Her wink has acquired an international reputation, and people here want to see it. She is to appear as a music-hall artist in "The Foundling," which ran nearly two hundred nights at Hoyt's Theatre, New York. It will be preceded by a one-act farce, "Chums," as a curtain-raiser.

The Frawley Company will conclude its engagement on Saturday night in Colorado Springs. The new company will open the Columbia Theatre early in May. Blanche Bates has been reengaged for a year, in spite of the rumor that she was to join John Drew's company, and Mr. Frawley and Mr. Friedlander will select such new material as they need during their trip to New York.

Charles Hoyt's new farce-comedy, "A Stranger in New York," has been produced in Buffalo, N. Y., and a performance to secure copyright has also been given in England. The play, which was written especially to exploit Harry Connor as a comedian, closely resembles "A Trip to Chinatown," except that the principal scenes are laid in the Hoffman House and the tower of the Madison Square Garden.

Maurice Grau recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his career as a manager. The Metropolitan Opera Company showed their appreciation of his work by presenting him with a service of silver, consisting of three hundred and sixty-five pieces, valued at one thousand dollars. Mr. Grau's career as a manager began in 1872, when he introduced Aimée, the opera-bouffe singer, to the American public.

The breach between Mlle. Calvé and Emma Eames is entirely healed. Before Emma Eames underwent the operation which was recently performed on her in New York, Calvé drove up to her hotel and insisted on leaving with her a small ivory crucifix, which had been given her by her brother and which she said came originally from Jerusalem. Mlle. Calvé had kept it by her when she herself was undergoing a similar operation, and she had perfect confidence that it would prove as efficacious a mascot for Mme. Eames as it had been for herself.

One night last week two theatre-parties, numbering about seventy persons, attended a performance of "Heartsease" at the Garden Theatre in New York, and kept up such a constant gabble that a man across the aisle finally requested of one of the men of the party that they make less noise. Reply was made to this, and a pretty row was under way, when Henry Miller, the star of the play, came down to the footlights and said that, as he could not talk louder than all the rest of them, either they or he must cease. His remark was greeted with a burst of applause, and the play was allowed to proceed.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The French Opera Season.

The French grand-opera season is to be inaugurated at the California Theatre on Wednesday evening, March 10th. The entire company, numbering in all over one hundred and thirty-five people, will come here intact from New Orleans, bringing with it twenty operas. "Il Trovatore" heads the list, and in it will appear the particular bright lights of the organization. "Faust" is to be immediately followed by "Dragons de Villars," the double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "La Navarraise," "L'Africaine," "Carmen," "Mignon," "Fille du Régiment," "Huguenots," etc. Besides the above operas, the company's repertoire contains "La Juive," "Aida," "Rigoletto," "Favorita," "Sigurd," "Chalet," "William Tell," "Noces de Jeanette," "Benvenuto," "Paillasse," "Miss Helyett," "Vingt-Huit Jours de Clairette," "Voyage de Suzette," "La Mascotte," etc. The subscription sale of seats for the engagement commences on Wednesday morning, March 3d, and the regular sale of seats on Saturday the 6th.

Irving Institute Concert.

The Irving Institute Conservatory of Music gave a concert last Wednesday evening in the assembly hall, and a large audience was in attendance. The feature of the affair was a lecture on "The Vocal Art," which was illustrated musically. The programme was as follows:

Duo, violin and piano, sonata in G, Beethoven, Professors H. J. Stewart and A. Harold Kayton; two songs, (a) "Maiden so Sweet," (b) "Serenade," Nevins, Miss Edna Farrow; piano solo, "La Lisonjera," Chaminade, Miss Edna Farrow; song, "Queen of the Earth," Pinsuti, Miss Grace E. Corwin; piano solo, polonaise, Chopin, Miss Ethel Marrack; lecture, "The Vocal Art," Professor H. J. Stewart, with illustrations as follows: recitative and aria, "Jewel Song" from "Faust," Gounod, Mrs. L. Mowry; two songs, (a) "Deine Blauen Augen," Bohm, (b) "When Blooms the Rose," Clayton-Johns, Mrs. Frank L. Wratton; aria, "Like as a Father Pitieth his Children," from the oratorio of "Ruth," Cowen, Miss Ella V. McCloskey; two songs, (a) "Ich Liebe Dich," (b) "Waldwanderung," Grieg.

Trebelli at the Third Symphony.

The third concert of the San Francisco Symphony Society takes place next Thursday afternoon at thirty, at the Columbia Theatre. It will be a musical opportunity such as San Francisco has not often enjoyed, to hear an artist like Trebelli, with the orchestra of nearly sixty artists conducted by Gustav Hinrichs. The orchestra will perform the "Roman Carnival" overture, by Berlioz, one of the masterpieces of modern orchestration; the Brahms's Symphony No. 4, in E-minor, given for the first time in this city; and the fantasia from "Hansel and Gretel," by Humperdink, a work that has created a furore wherever performed. There is already quite a demand for seats, and as the members of the symphony society alone number several hundred, it would be well for the general public to secure seats early. The box-office is now open at the Columbia Theatre.

Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli, whose experience in this city has been very much like that of her famous mother, in that she came almost unheralded and has enjoyed a continual *crescendo* of popularity during her stay, is to give two farewell song recitals at Golden Gate Hall on the afternoon of Saturday, March 6th, and the evening of Tuesday, March 9th. This will be an unusual opportunity to hear her under the best conditions, and as the programmes to be presented are excellent, it is expected that the hall will be filled to the doors. The prices will be popular.

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VANITY FAIR.

The McKinley administration is pretty sure to go down in history as one of brilliant social success. The White House itself will probably be less a centre of social activity than at any previous time during the last generation. Mrs. McKinley's health always forbade her taking part in any kind of social activity while her husband was a member of Congress, and Mr. McKinley's own tastes are entirely domestic. But the incoming President has surrounded himself with men who are in a position to entertain lavishly, and whose ambitions lie in that direction, and the incoming Congress will contain several millionaires with inclinations for social display. John Sherman has one of the finest houses in the city and social ability to manage it. The Algers are likely to make much social display. The Michigan man has already leased the house of Secretary Lamont facing the White House, across Lafayette Square, and he will spend money with a free hand. The incoming Secretary of the Treasury is a millionaire who owns one of the finest houses in Chicago and who may be counted on to maintain an equally fine establishment in Washington. John D. Long, although not so wealthy as some of the others, is well able to entertain, and John Addison Porter, the new private secretary, is understood to have been selected partly on account of his wealth and social connections. If Mark Hanna should go to Washington, either as a United States Senator, a member of the Cabinet, or a private citizen, he can be counted on to add to the social brilliancy of the administration. He is several times a millionaire and spends his money generously. But the centre of social life will be the house of the Spragues, of Boston, who are going to give Washington a more gorgeous display of wealth than has ever before been known. Even the splendor of the Brices and the brilliancy of the Whiteys will be dimmed by the Spragues. For the Spragues have family and social prestige to begin with, which the Brices lacked, and they have wealth in comparison with which the money of the Whiteys is a mere "competence." The Spragues are members of that peculiarly exclusive Boston set which Holmes designated as the Brahmins. They have leased the house which Vice-President Morton occupied in Washington and which he still owns. They will make it even more of a social centre than it was during the Harrison administration, when it was almost the only house where extremely fashionable functions were common. They are already getting into shape for the new order of things, and a portion of their household goods already have been shipped from Boston in nine special cars under a guard of Pinkerton detectives. One attractive feature about the Spragues is that they are young. Neither of them is forty, and they would be sought after even if they were not wealthy. Sprague will not be the only wealthy member of the new Congress. The Lodges still will be in evidence, and, although they can not be classed with the Spragues in a financial way, their social standing is about the same. Hitt, of Illinois, and Wadsworth, of New York, are in the millionaire class. In the Senate, Eugene Hale, of Maine, McMillan, of Michigan, Sewell, of New Jersey, and Wetmore, of Rhode Island, are all able to contribute to the social splendor of the new administration.

America's demand for English men's hats, once an important feature of the London hatters' trade, has greatly diminished. Probably the price has had something to do with it, for a guinea London hat sells for two guineas (ten dollars) here. In regard to the domestic product, many men consider the charge of eight dollars exorbitant for a silk hat from a standard establishment. The high hat, alone of all articles of masculine attire and haberdashery, remains as expensive now as it was twenty years ago.

The earliest of the London clubs for ladies (according to an article in the February *Forum*) is the New Somerville, which was started in 1881. The present quarters are over an aerated bread-shop in Oxford Street. There are a drawing-room, a large reading-room, and a lunch-room; and a billiard and smoking-room is about to be introduced. The avowed purposes of this club are, first, to encourage in women an interest in political and social problems, and, second, to afford opportunities for rest, light refreshment, and recreation. The Pioneer Club, organized by Mrs. Massingberd, whose death has just been recorded, occupies an elegantly appointed house not far from Lord Rosebery's mansion. The qualification for membership is that the candidate shall take a personal interest in one or more of the various movements for women's social, educational, and political advancement. There is a club dinner once a week, and lunch and light refreshments may be had every day; but under no circumstances may any kind of alcoholic drink be served. In its Thursday evening debate the subjects that most engage the thought of the bours are brought forward for discussion. Sarah Grand is a member, also Marie Corelli, also Mona Caird, author of the discovery that marriage is a failure. The University Club for ladies was established in order to provide a central meeting place in London for women who have enjoyed the benefits of a university course. The present premises comprise, however, a large reading-room, a writing-room, a dining-room, a bousekeeper's room, and kitchen. Luncheon is provided in the middle of the day; dinners are supplied on notice; tea, coffee, and other

light refreshments are served at any time in any of the rooms. Wine, also, may always be had on the premises, and even spirits are not prohibited. It is the women graduates that have taken up teaching as a profession, who most frequently avail themselves of the University Club. The woman journalists and lady novelists have a club of their own, the so-called Writers' Club, in Norfolk Street, Strand. The condition of membership is that the applicant must have done at least one piece of work that has been published and paid for. This is distinctly a club for workers; there is a writing-room, well supplied with books of reference and where silence is enjoined. One can not dine at the Writers' Club, but luncheon and refreshments are procurable at any hour. In the list of members may be recognized a number of well-known names, the Duchess of Sutherland, for instance; Lady Jeune, Mme. Adam, Mrs. J. R. Green, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Mrs. Hodgson Burnett are among the vice-presidents. The Princess Christian is perpetual president. Very different from the Writers' Club in purpose and equipment is the Green Park Club, organized for women in society; the condition of membership is eligibility for presentation at court. The Green Park Club is described as a charming resting-place, replete with elegant appointments, the walls being hung with tapestry and the furniture covered with choice brocade. Musical and other entertainments take place here once a fortnight during the season. All the comforts characteristic of a first-rate man's club are obtainable at this comparatively luxurious resort. On similar lines is conducted the Alexandra Club, on Grosvenor Street, which also makes presentation at court a condition of membership. There are several other select institutions, like the Victoria Club and the County Club, which, although less ambitious than the two previously mentioned, offer agreeable resting-places to ladies during intervals of shopping or sight-seeing, with even the convenience of a bedroom during a short stay in town.

The young man from Boston who went to the Bradley-Martin ball dressed as a falconer was probably at considerably less expense than the great majority of guests, but (says the *Sun*) he was undoubtedly the real sensation of the evening. A very low-cut shirt, fleshings of a swallow, skin-like hue, and certain eccentricities of fashion regarded as very smart during the period of the Renaissance were the particularly striking features of his costume. Not even the young millionaire with the diamond-studded cane attracted half the attention that this comparatively inexpensive costume succeeded in arousing. The progress of this disguise from group to group is said to have been attended with some very obvious embarrassment, and any discussion of the costume or surmise as to its fashion or period was tacitly but firmly avoided by the other guests. Whether or not this is the customary style of thing popular in Boston at fancy-dress balls, nobody appeared to know. It was the costume from that city that undoubtedly made the strangest impression of a certain kind that the famous gathering produced. The most lavish costume is said to have been worn by a young New Yorker of great wealth: Scoring paste and imitation jewels, he had some superb diamonds set in the head of a cane, and he perfected every other detail of his costume with an equal disregard for what it cost. But with less expense, the Boston costume succeeded in attracting much more attention.

A guest-book is a feature of almost every household to-day (according to *Vogue*), particularly is it interesting and pertinent to a summer home. Guests are expected to write their names in such a book; and so, in time, the hostess has a collection of names which will possess a certain interest, not only for the present but for the future as well, since the book is intended to be handed down to descendants. The dearest, nearest, and best friends are the first to be invited to inscribe their names on these pages, while lesser friends and acquaintances are expected to follow with their signatures. In the back of the book are several pages devoted to the names and dates of births in the family, in their legitimate succession. This kind of a book somewhat takes the place in a family of the log-book in the nautical world.

Apocryph of the Chimay scandal, the *Figaro*, the organ of fashionable Paris, comes out strongly in favor of these marriages between the Old World and the New—"we are a little 'phylozoxerized,'" it declares, "and we need American plants." Continuing, it says: "Let us be just and take a glance at these Franco-American marriages. The first Frenchman of a great house who married an American was Jerome Bonaparte, who married Miss Paterson. Napoleon the First had the marriage annulled, but, nevertheless, the children were legitimized, and it was with great regret that the then future King Jerome abandoned his pretty American wife to marry a princess of Wurtemberg. Mme. Bonaparte-Paterson remained even faithful to her husband, and she died at a ripe old age with the esteem of all. One of her grandchildren has just married Count Von Moltke-Huitfeldt, the son of the former Danish Minister in Paris. In 1869, Prince Louis de Bourbon, son of the Comte d'Aquila, and second cousin of the King of Naples, married a beautiful Havana lady, Mlle. Hamel, and the series of Franco-American marriages continues. The Marquis de Bassano, son of the Duke de

Bassano, married Miss Symes. The Duke de Praslin married Miss Forbes, a Canadian lady. Comte Etienne de Ganay married Miss Ridgeway. Comte Jacques d'Aramon married Miss Fischer, and Baron de Courval married Miss Ray, whose father owns such immense property in the United States that it takes two hours to pass through it in a railroad train. The Marquis de Talleyrand, later on Duc de Dino, married Mrs. Livingston Stevens, *nee* Sampson, whose daughter married shortly afterward the son of General de Gallifet. The Marquis de Chasseloup-Loubat married Miss Pilié. General de Charette, the widower of an American lady, *nee* Fitz-James, married Miss Polk, the granddaughter of a President of the United States, whose name is famous in the history of the great republic. The Duc de la Rochefoucauld married a beautiful American girl who was almost without any fortune, Miss Mitchell, and it was one of the happiest of marriages. The Marquis de Breteuil, the Duc Decazes, the two sons of Prince Poniatowski, Counts Charles and Robert de Fitz-James, and finally Count Castellane, who is now a father, all married American ladies. In all these unions the American woman proved herself to be a faithful and intelligent wife. What more do we want? When they bring fortunes in addition to their charms, it is a superabundance of happiness, because they might well be married for their beauty and for the rejuvenation of our old French race. We welcome American ladies to France."

A bachelor apartment in New York is thus described by a writer in the *Bazar*: "I dined one night, not long since, in a bachelor's apartment, high up in the seventh or eighth story of a tall building in the very heart of town. Once inside my host's private door, I found myself, not, as I had expected, in the long, narrow hall of the conventional small apartment—all on one dead level, the endless arid wall spaces broken only by bedroom or pantry doors. Instead, I was ushered into a fascinating little place all twists, and turns, and vistas, with one or two flights of stairs leading in directions quite unknown to me or to any other casual guest. That particular one of a few steps only, up which a black boy in buttons guided me, stopped at the door of a waiting or reception-room filled with books and pictures. From this room again another short flight led to a music-room, lined with low divans and broad window-seats, the walls being covered with water-colors and etchings. I have never been one to decry stairs, except when they were ugly or tedious. I have, on the contrary, always felt that our cheaper apartments could never fulfill the requirements of advancing civilization until the rooms comprising them were divided in a better way, stairs being introduced, if only in the way of a step or two, that the bedrooms, parlor, and kitchen might have certain points of distinction. For stairs mean not only picturesque effect, but privacy. It was therefore a great delight to me when, on the night in question, I found that in order to reach the dining-room one had to go through a curtained doorway and ascend a few more winding steps. The dining-room itself was exquisite, being all of beautifully carved slender white columns, relieved with hangings of a delicate shade. But that which charmed me most was a balcony that opened from this room. It was a balcony such as one might picture a house in Venice with, or in some beautiful city on the Riviera. It was built of stone, and wide and broad enough to hold ten persons without crowding. A parapet so high protected it that when one knelt on the low stone seat running around it, in order to look out over the lighted city or on to the hills of New Jersey, the elbows were comfortably supported on its top. In summer this balcony, which faces the centre of the block and not the street, is filled with palms and flowers, shaded with awnings, and made luxurious with cushions. No noises reach it. Even the elevated road, but a block away, assumes, if it will be believed, a dreamy sound."

Heroine—"Alas, alas, I am undone!" *Prompter* (*sotto voce*)—"Never mind, miss, go on with your part. It don't show."—*Yale Record*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late Mgr. Fahre, Bishop of Montreal, was a thorough Gaul. Dining one day at the table of the governor-general of the Dominion, he referred, in course of conversation, to "France our mother." "France your mother!" broke in the governor; "what, then, is England to you?" The bishop smilingly shrugged his shoulders and replied: "Our mother-in-law."

An eloquent but short-sighted Aberdonian divine recently occupied the pulpit in a rural parish in Scotland. As only one person attended the service, the minister felt called on to apologize for the length of his discourse, but as the congregation unanimously signified its approval of his preaching, the minister continued with renewed vigor and prolixity. The preacher's feelings may be imagined when he learned that the solitary listener consisted of his driver, who had been engaged by the hour.

A New England congressman once went to Franklin Pierce demanding an office for a constituent. Pierce sent him to James Guthrie, Secretary of the Treasury. By and by the congressman returned to the President in great dudgeon. "What did Guthrie say to you about appointing your friend?" inquired the President. "He said he would be damned if he would." "Did Guthrie talk that way to you?" "He did." "Well, that's the way he talks to me, too," was Pierce's consoling reply.

On a recent visit to Boston, General John B. Gordon, the ex-Confederate, was entertained by a well-known lawyer, who showed him the sights. One of the places the Southerners visited was the cyclorama of the Battle of Gettysburg; the old soldier did not make any comment on it. When the two came out of the building and were on their way down-town, the lawyer inquired: "Well, general, what did you think of it?" "What did I think of it?" said the general, coming to a standstill and striking a defiant attitude—"let them paint Bull Run!"

The man stammered painfully. His name was Sissons. Especially difficult to him was the pronunciation of his own name. He had the misfortune to stay out late and uproariously one night (according to the *Illustrated American*), and to account for it before the magistrate at the police court next morning. "What is your name?" asked the court. Sissons began his reply: "Siss—ss—ssss—ss—siss—ss—" "Stop that noise and tell me what is your name," said the judge, impatiently. "Siss—ss—ss—ss—siss—ss—" "That will do," said his honor, severely; "officer, what is this man charged with?" "I think, your honor, he's charged with sody-water."

The lay leader of a prayer-meeting in a Vermont town, sometimes invaded by summer visitors, seeing an evident stranger present, came to him as the meeting was about to open, and asked him his name and residence, and secured his consent to say a few words. At the proper time, he asked: "Will not Mr. A., of New York, favor us with a few remarks?" When the stranger sat down, the leader again spoke: "Will not Mr. A., of New York, ask God's blessing on his feeble remarks?" A story of the same sort is told of a nervous man whose duty it was to move a vote of thanks after a lecture. He floundered along through various complimentary sentences, and finally flickered out feebly thus: "And so I propose a vote of thanks for the lecture to which we have so ably listened!"

Lord Rosse, who built the famous telescope that bears his name, was an expert mechanic, and was also somewhat careless about his dress. On one occasion the earl was looking through the engine-room of a large manufactory. He suddenly became much interested in something he saw, and looked apprehensive. The engineer came up. "Well, what's up?" he growled. "What are you shaking your head and looking at your watch for? What have you got to find fault with?" "Oh," answered Lord Rosse, "I'm not finding any fault. I am just waiting till the boiler explodes." "Till the boiler explodes? Why, you're crazy, man! You'll have to get out of here." "Well," said the earl, "if you work ten minutes longer with that screw loose there, the boiler certainly will explode." The engineer looked at the screw indicated by his rough visitor. He jumped at the screw, and fastened it as soon as he could. "Why didn't you say that sooner?" he demanded. "Why should I?" answered Lord Rosse. "I never yet have had an opportunity to see a boiler explode!"

On one occasion John McSweeney, a famous Ohio lawyer, was engaged as counsel for the defense in a California murder case. The case looked hopeless. Mr. McSweeney submitted no evidence for the defense. Believing that the case was won, the State's attorney made only a few perfunctory remarks in conclusion. Then the great Ohio leader began in a quiet, conversational tone. No reference was made to the murder, but Mr. McSweeney drew a vivid picture of a pretty country cottage, a loving wife pre-

paring supper, three ruddy-faced youngsters looking up the road to see "papa" coming home to supper. Suddenly the speaker stopped. Drawing himself up to his full height, he exclaimed, in a tone which startled the whole court-room: "Gentlemen, you must send him home to them!" A roar of applause followed, and one old grizzled juror blurted out: "We'll do it, sir, we'll do it!" Mr. McSweeney instantly stopped and sat down. The jury brought in a verdict of acquittal without leaving their seats. The prisoner, with tears streaming down his cheeks, wrung his counsel's hands, and thanked him again and again. But between his sobs he managed to say: "No other man in the world could have done that! Why, sir, I have no wife nor children; I never was even married, you know."

COMMUNICATIONS.

An Inside Estimate of Nevada.

VIRGINIA CITY, February 22, 1897.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Some time since we got a "swat" from a minor San Francisco weekly, but we did not feel very bad over it, for it was too much like the pot calling the kettle black. With the *Argonaut*, however, it is different. Your opinion is always of importance in a good Nevada's estimation. Your strictures, although severe, are merited. However, there are many good people among the citizens of Nevada who will always be found on the side of right—who love her not for the sins of the past but the promises of the future.

There is not in the Union a State that offers such inducements for investments, or greater returns for investments if properly managed. Immense tracts of timber lands, acres and acres of grazing lands, acres of beautiful and productive farming lands situated in the fairest valleys on which the sun ever shone; water facilities that can not be surpassed; a climate that no other State can equal—fine, bracing, beautiful; mineral deposits that can not be enumerated or estimated—gold, silver, quicksilver, iron, coal, salt, sulphur, borax, silicon, soap, are the principal ones; hot and cold mineral springs possessing health-restoring qualities; natural scenery that is grand, majestic, sublime, unrivaled in any country under God's sun—and yet, with all these advantages, Nevada is under the ban of her sister States.

It would take a long time to tell all the reasons why Nevada at her birth fell into the hands of Shylocks who stole not only her purse but her good name as well. Her mines have yielded their untold wealth for the benefit of the few who, by manipulation and misrepresentation of values, have enriched themselves and impoverished the many, and never put back in any kind of investment a single dollar for the future betterment of the State. Her mountain forests are being laid low, and soon of all these majestic trees, monarchs of the high hills, nothing will remain to tell of past grandeur but waste branches and stumps. In many places where, years ago, the first growth was removed and young trees have grown to respectable size, Italians have possession of the land and are ruthlessly chopping down everything large enough to make a stick of fire-wood. Most of the water-rights are in the hands of a few individuals, and the man who can not comply with their demands will simply have to lay down his shovel and give up his plow. Her immense acreage of grazing-lands will also soon be under the management of a comparative few, who will allow no quarter to beginners. The sheepmen, with their countless herds, like one of the plagues of Egypt, crawl over everything, leaving only devastation and disease for every other animal in their wake. Most of them are Italians. They respect no man's rights. They seldom own anything but their sheep, and will invade your very doors if you do not fight to keep them out. So we might continue. But enough for an outline.

Local affairs in the past have been conducted in a peculiar manner. A little over a year ago, visitors to our town on business, when leaving for their homes, were pelted with foul eggs, without regard to sex. They made no disturbance, violated no law, were all highly respected residents of adjoining towns. A short time after a man was taken from a harbor's chair in a shop on the principal street in daylight, hatless and coatless, and hustled into a carriage in waiting, hurried out of town, insulted, and robbed on the way. He was finally freed by his captors half way between Virginia City and Reno, with the admonition to move on or fare worse. A woman with a record shoots a man because he refuses to acknowledge the paternity of her child, is tried, found guilty, sentenced to a short term of imprisonment, and during her incarceration sues for the estate of the man whom she slew. The citizens of this highly moral commonwealth were so pleased with this hit of beautiful and sublime assurance that they at once decided she must be pardoned, and as men in high places lent their influence to obtain her pardon, she is now at liberty to find a father for her child or shoot another man. The whole case is familiar with the mint scandal and the long list of previous crimes and scandals. Do you think of anything that could add to or detract from our moral standing? Certainly not a prize-fight.

The president of our university is in favor of foot-hall. He encouraged the organizing of a team, sending to California for a "coach" at his own expense to instruct them. Of the two evils, we consider the prize-fight the less. In the prize-fight two brutish fellows are pitted against one another, a case of might makes right, and two only are endangered. In the foot-hall game a brutish man can injure a half-dozen or dozen other fellows. If our wise men at Carson will now pass a law legalizing the lottery and another providing free transportation to all who want to witness the glove contest, I think we may be considered to have reached the depth of our infamy, and will lay back on our dignity and wait for the next Nevada caper. Silver party legislation has done wonderful things for this State in the last two years, and we expect a continuation of the same things for the two years to come.

Yours truly, SCHOOLGIRL.

The Nuisance of City Noises.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 22, 1897.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of this date, under "Editorial Notes," I am very glad to see that you have taken up the subject of "The Nuisance of City Noises." I suffer from some of them, and would be heartily glad to join in a movement looking to an abatement of all of them.

Living not far from a church, I am constantly waked by that unmerciful six-o'clock (A. M.) bell—and from what I have heard from other sufferers, I am sure that that particular six-o'clock hell-ringing is a remarkable promoter of profanity, and should on moral grounds be stopped by the churches themselves.

On some of the older cable lines the car-bumping nuisance is particularly bad, and as this could be largely remedied by substituting new rails for old ones, I hope your taking up the subject will result in action by the cable companies. Yours truly, A SUBSCRIBER.

(From No. 1, Volume I., of the *Argonaut*).

OFFICE-SEEKERS' ODES.

The Putative P. M.
I want to be a P. M.
And with the P. M.'s stand,
An ink-pad on my table,
A stamper in my hand;
And there before the letters
I'll work with glowing face,
And thank the mighty President
For giving me the place.
I'll drink the best of cocktails,
I'll take in all the shows,
I'll play at old draw-poker
Till all my salary goes.—*Exchange*.

Forever "On File."

When'er a patriot intends
To serve his country, heart and hand,
His way to Washington he wends,
And waits, with heaving features bland.
His heart is light,
He knows no care;
He's blithe and bright,
And walks on air.
When told, with a seraphic smile,
"Your application is on file."

Day after day he gladly waits,
For gilt-edged hope's his guiding-star;
Though beggars at old Dives' gates
Had better chance than he, by far.

When weeks are past,
His joy has ceased.

"When will my fast
Be turned to feast?"

He asks. They say, with sweetest smile,
"Your application is on file."

When this administration's dead,
And to another one gives place;
With heavy heart, but lighter head,
Will he his fav'rite phantom chase.

He'll watch and wait,
A sad-eyed sot,

Outside the gate,
But enter not.

He'll still be told, with that same smile,
"Your application is on file."—*Journal*.

Know'st thou the Land?

Know'st thou the land where fat offices grow?
Where big salaries run and the spondulicks flow?
Where no cuts can occur, and the tax-payers all
Rejoice when tax-eaters have made a fresh haul?
Where the soft wind of heaven o'er the Public Treasury
blows,
And the bar-rooms are full of smart men in good clothes?
Where trade-dollars are coined and the gold-bugs grow
rich,
And consciences rarely are known much to twitch?
—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Prepared for the Worst.

Fohth o' Mahch is comin' an' I's gwinter git in line;
Ef I doesn' hah er 'p'intment, 'twon' be any fault o' mine.
Ef I filed my application an' I's ready foh ter do
Mos' anyting dat Uncle Sam sees fit ter ax me to.
I's rallied up my influence an' got a kyahpet-hag
Chock full o' recommends dat sho'ly gibs me leave ter
brag.
But, in case o' disapp'intment, I won' grieve myse'f a bit,
Case dis life ain' all dependin' on de office dat yoh git.
Yoh kin allus watch de sunshine ez it rolls away de gloom,
An' dey kain' change no admission for ter see de v'lets
hloom.
Hit don' make any diff'unce ef yoh clothes is out o' style,
Dar is nuithin' mo' becomin' dan er inexpensive smile.
An' de concert in de fores', I's heen told, is jes' as sweet
As de singin' whah de white folks pays fo' dollars fur a
seat.
So I's gwinter keep good-natured, ef de mahk I fails ter
hit.
Dis life ain' all dependin' on de office dat yoh git.
—*Washington Star*.

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cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies
the skin. J. Simon, 13 Rue Grange Bateliere, Paris.
Druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

"How did Sharpton win that fifty dollars of you,
Chumley?" "Bet me he could show me a station-
ary engine running."—*Detroit Free Press*.



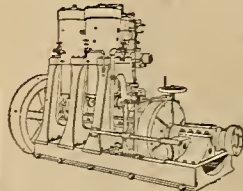
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Number made for your lamp

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FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

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at 1 P. M., for
YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG,
Calling at Kobe (Higo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and
connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc.
No cargo received on board on day of sailing.
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1897.
Coptic. (Via Honolulu).....Thursday, April 1
Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Wednesday, April 21
Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, May 11
Belgie. (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, May 29
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUEBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco, for
ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. February 10, 25.
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, Feb. 4, 10, 15, 20, 25,
and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt
Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M. Feb. 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25,
and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los An-
geles, and all way ports, at 9 A. M. Feb. 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27,
and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stop-
ping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Point Los An-
geles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, Feb. 5, 9,
13, 17, 21, 25, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter.
For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, and
Guaymas (Mexico). Steamer *Orizaba*, 10 A. M., 25th of each
month. The Company reserves the right to change, without
previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sail-
ing. Ticket-Office Palace Hotel, 2 New Montgomery St.
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S. S. Alameda sails via
Honolulu and Auckland for
Sydney, Thursday, March 4,
1897, at 2 P. M.
S. S. Australia for Hon-
olulu only, Tuesday, March
23, at 2 P. M. Special party
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RED STAR LINE—New York and Antwerp. Steam-
ers Friesland, Noordland, Westerland, Southward,
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Favorite route to Belgium, Holland, France, Germany,
the Rhine, Switzerland, Italy.

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Teutonic.....	March 24	Teutonic.....	April 21
Britannic.....	March 31	Britannic.....	April 28

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SOCIETY.

Annual University Cotillion.

The annual University Cotillion of the students at the State University at Berkeley took place in the Harmon Gymnasium last Tuesday evening, and was a marked success. There were about two hundred young ladies and gentlemen present, and almost all of the Greek letter fraternities entertained guests over night. Besides some regular dances, three figures of the cotillion were introduced under the direction of Mr. Clinton R. Morse, assisted by Mr. William Smith and Mr. Otto Wedemeyer. Those in the first set were:

Miss Ethel Cook, Mr. Clinton R. Morse, Miss Marie Messer, Mr. Otto Wedemeyer, Miss Gertrude Bates, Mr. William H. Smith, Miss Florence Stone, Mr. L. M. Robbins, Miss Bernice Bates, Mr. John S. Merrill, Miss Alice Sprague, Mr. H. S. Dutton, Miss Fernie Landers, Mr. Frederick Magee, Miss Belle Moon, Mr. Brockway Metcalf, Miss Essie Bonnell, Mr. Ray Sherman, Miss Haven, and Mr. Selah Chamberlain.

In the second set were:

Miss Ida Belle Palmer, Mr. Thomas Bishop, Miss Nettie Black, Mr. Russell Selfridge, Miss Ethel Pomeroy, Mr. William C. Russell, Miss Kate Thornton Salisbury, Mr. E. T. Houghton, Miss Edith Merry, Mr. B. P. Miller, Miss Mai Stubbs, Mr. Harold Parker, Miss Lillian Strong, and Mr. Frederick Bixby.

The patronesses of the affair comprised:

Mrs. Martin Kellogg, Mrs. John R. Glascock, Mrs. W. F. McNutt, and Mrs. Frank M. Wilson.

Friday Fortnightly Club.

The Friday Fortnightly Club held its final meeting of this season at Lunt's Hall last evening. The hall was prettily decorated, and the attendance was very large. It was originally intended to make this affair simply a ball, but Mr. Greenway was prevailed upon to lead a few figures of the cotillion. A supper was served, and dancing was kept up until one o'clock in the morning. The club has had a delightful season, and its success has been due principally to the efforts of Mrs. Monroe Salisbury.

The Charity Tea.

The charity tea to be given at the Crocker mansion on California Street from three until seven o'clock to-day promises to be a great social event. It is to be for the benefit of that deserving charity, the California

State Woman's Hospital, the treasury of which is almost depleted of funds. There will be an excellent musical programme presented under the direction of Mrs. J. E. Tucker, and among the participants will be Herr Anton Schott, Mrs. C. O. Richards, Miss Lillie Lawlor, and Miss Alice Ames. The Presidio band will play concert music. The price of admission, including refreshments, will be only one dollar, and this will entitle one to view the famous art-gallery and the beautiful furnishings of the residence. The patronesses of the affair, who are the directors of the hospital, comprise:

Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. A. Chesebrough, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. J. H. Hatch, Mrs. Reddington, Mrs. Albert Gallatin, Mrs. Charles Ashton, Mrs. E. R. Dimond, Mrs. F. P. McLellan, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. A. L. Bancroft, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. H. E. Wise, Mrs. Campbell, and Miss Stone.

These ladies will be assisted in receiving by:

Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Miss Emelie Hager, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Miriam Moore, Miss Frances Moore, Miss Caro Crockett, Miss Frances Currey, Miss Ware, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Anna Head, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Maud Bourn, Miss Mollie Thomas, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Cora Smedberg, Miss Alice C. Hoffman, Miss Helen Hopkins, and Miss Edith McBean.

Mardi-Gras Bal-Masqué.

The Mardi-Gras bal-masqué to be given next Tuesday evening by the Art Association at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art promises to eclipse anything of the kind ever given by the Association. The rooms are being beautifully decorated by a corps of efficient artists under the direction of Mr. John A. Stanton, and will present a fairly gorgeous appearance on the night of the ball. Mr. Henry Heyman has arranged for the music, and there will be two bands in attendance. It is particularly requested of all who attend that they wear fancy costumes. Ladies must wear masks; with gentlemen this is optional. An elaborate supper will be served. There can be no possible doubt as to the success of the ball, as all of our most prominent society people are interested in it. The managers and committees are as follows:

Board of Directors—Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Edward Bosqui, Mr. L. P. Latimer, Mr. J. C. Johnson, Mr. William G. Stafford, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Hon. James D. Phelan, Mr. Charles R. Bishop, Mr. Irving M. Scott, Mr. Arthur Rodgers, Mr. Henry Heyman.

Committee on Ball—Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. John A. Stanton, Captain Robert H. Fletcher.

Committee on Decorations—Captain Robert H. Fletcher, Mr. John A. Stanton.

Committee on Music—Mr. Henry Heyman.

Floor Committee—Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Lieutenant T. F. Ruhm, U. S. N., Mr. George B. De Long, Lieutenant Dana W. Kilburn, U. S. A., Mr. Milton S. Latham.

Reception Committee—Hon. James D. Phelan, General James W. Forsyth, Admiral W. A. Kirkland, U. S. N., Mr. Irving M. Scott, Major J. L. Rathbone, Mr. William Keith, Mr. Charles F. Crocker, Mr. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. George T. Bromley, Mr. James Ellis Tucker, Mr. Frederick W. Zeile, Mr. L. P. Latimer, Mrs. John S. Hager, Mrs. A. D. Moore, Mrs. Southard Hoffman, Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Mrs. William M. Gwin, Mrs. L. H. Coit, Mrs. A. M. Easton, Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mrs. Adam Grant.

The Dean Matinée Tea.

Miss Sara Dean gave an enjoyable matinée tea recently at the Hotel Bella Vista, and entertained about two hundred of her friends. The affair was given in honor of the Misses Lakenan, of Grass Valley. The white drawing-room was used, and it was prettily decorated with daffodils and violets. A string orchestra was in attendance, and refreshments were served bounteously. The hostess and her honored guests were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Duke Farnsworth Baxter, Mrs. P. J. H. Farrell, Miss McMullin, Miss Burton, Miss Lottie Wood, Misses Florence and Frances Coleman, Miss May Palmer, Miss Julia Reed, and Miss Rickoff.

The Century Club.

The Century Club is holding an art-loan exhibition in its club-house on Sutter Street, which will terminate next Wednesday. Several of our best-known artists have contributed specimens of their work in oil, water-colors, pastels, and black-and-white, and there are original sketches by a number of artists on the local papers. The exhibition is highly interesting, and is well worthy of an inspection. Among the artists represented are:

Mr. William Keith, Mr. Chris Jorgensen, Mr. Oscar Kunath, Mr. Fred Yates, Mrs. Mary C. Richardson, Mr. Wilbur A. Reaser, Miss Kate C. Thompson, Mr. Carlos Hittell, Miss Eva Withrow, Mr. G. Cadenasso, Mr. R. D. Yelland, Mr. Hugo Fisher, Mr. N. L. Murtha, Miss Stella Austin, Miss Isabelle M. Niles, Mr. John M. Gamble, Mr. Manuel Uruuella, Miss Mathilde Hampe, Mr. A. M. Bremer, Mr. C. E. Curtis, Mr. Joseph D. Strong, Miss Albertine R. Wheelan, Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan, Mrs. Elizabeth Strong, Mr. S. E. Bender, Mr. J. Maynard Dixon, Miss Elizabeth Chandler, Mr. Otto D'Aubertin, Mr. Thomas Hill, Mr. E. M. Pissis, Miss Grace Hudson, Mr. N. F. Binckley, Mr. J. Martinez, Mr. E. C. Wright, Mr. A. F. Briggs, Mrs. S. S. Loosley, Mr. Paul Daworzet, Mr. L. R. Mathews, Mr. Charles D. Robinson, Miss Helen Hyde, Mrs. Julia Dunn, Mr. L. P. Latimer, Miss Mary Hinkson, Mr. M. Klingsorge, Mr. N. L. Treat, Miss Alice B. Chittenden, Mr. A. Harmon, Miss Blanche Letcher, Mr. Rupert Schmid, Miss Matilda Lotz, Mr. H. S. Fonda, Mr. J. Ludovici, Mr. J. McElroy, Miss Mabel Downing, Mr. L. Vesari, Mr. W. S. Sutton, Mr. J. A. Partington, Mr. C. R. Peters, Mr. E. C. Peixotto, Mr. A. Joulain, Mr. Henry Raschen, Mr. Jules Rix, Miss Genevieve Sargent, Miss Edith White, Miss Della Carter, Mr. Edwin Deakin, Mr. Farnham, Mr. H. A. Fitch, Mr. D. W. Gelwicks, Mr. M. Smagner, Miss L. Sleeth, Mrs. Vaux Barnett, Mr. M. Straus, Mrs. Robert Beck, Mr. A. M. Brewer, Mr.

Welsh, Mr. M. Nixhall, Miss Caroline Rixford, Mrs. S. B. Gamble, Mr. A. Mooney, Mr. John A. Stanton, and some others.

Sons of the American Revolution.

The California Society of the Sons of the Revolution celebrated Washington's Birthday by giving a banquet on Monday evening at the Occidental Hotel. Covers were laid for one hundred and forty, and the souvenir and menu-cards were appropriate for the occasion. Mr. Sidney M. Smith made the opening address, and then called for a toast to "The Spirit of Washington's Time," which was responded to by Mr. Almarin B. Paul. Consul de la Lande responded to "The French Republic" and Mr. Alfred Borlini to "The Swiss Republic." Mr. William M. Bunker responded to "Washington as Boy and Man"; an address by Mr. Z. U. Dodge, on "Washington the Surveyor," was read by Mr. L. P. Marías; and Mr. Charles S. Greene read an original poem on "Mount Vernon." The evening was very pleasantly passed. The officers are as follows:

Mr. Sidney M. Smith, president; Colonel J. C. Currier, senior vice-president; Hon. Horace Davis, junior vice-president; Mr. Edwin Bonnell, secretary; Mr. Charles H. Warner, treasurer; Mr. William Schuyler Moses, marshal; Colonel A. S. Hubbard, registrar; Mr. Robert S. Vandercok, Mr. William M. Bunker, Mr. Z. U. Dodge, Mr. Mark L. Requa, and Mr. Almarin B. Paul, directors.

A Martha Washington Tea.

A Martha Washington tea was given last Tuesday at the residence of Mrs. W. E. Fisher, 1210 Sutter Street, for the benefit of the Nathaniel Gray Memorial Free Kindergarten, an adjunct of the First Presbyterian Church Sunday-School. More than sixty little children are provided for there, and the treasury received a goodly sum from the proceeds of the tea. The ladies who assisted Mrs. Fisher in receiving wore handsome gowns and their coiffures were powdered. They comprised:

Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. George Easton, Mrs. M. R. Higgins, Mrs. F. L. Whitney, Mrs. C. S. Wright, Mrs. John F. Haynes, Mrs. George F. Ashton, Mr. J. Stow Ballard, Mrs. H. T. Ames, Mrs. John Flournoy, Mrs. Ralph Hooper, Mrs. W. E. Norwood, Mrs. Joseph Campbell, Mrs. M. H. Myrick, Mrs. William Pierson, Mrs. Charles Slack, and Mrs. A. W. Jackson.

An excellent musical programme was presented, in which the participants were Mrs. Olive Reed, Mrs. Bessie F. Smith, Miss May Shannon, and Miss May B. Ludlow.

A charming feature of the affair was the dancing of the *menuet de la cour* by sixteen young ladies, all prettily and appropriately costumed. The dancers were:

Miss Beatrice Townsend, Miss Eleanor Warner, Miss Henrietta Moffatt, Miss May Tichner, Miss Martha Moffatt, Miss Clara Durhrow, Miss Bessie Rowell, and Miss Hazel Madewell.

In the evening Mrs. George Campbell, attired as Martha Washington, received the guests. The menuet was repeated, and the Hawaiian Quartet, Miss Adèle Martel, Miss Ludlow, Mrs. Bessie Smith, and Mr. Savannah, contributed to the programme.

All the railroads in the country report to the Interstate Commerce Commission the facts relating to their income, their expenditure, and their dividends. The returns for the year ended June 30, 1896, show the result of the operation of more than 170,000 miles of railroad. The receipts of all the companies were \$1,123,646,562. The operating expenses took more than two-thirds of this sum. Only one-seventh of the income went to the owners. The rest of it had to be paid to the creditors of the railroad companies, those who had lent money to them, for interest. Thus, of every dollar received by a railroad company for its service, an amount slightly less than five cents gets to the owners of the road in the shape of dividends. The owners of four roads of every five received nothing during the year on their investment. These facts do not indicate that investment in railroad stock is a sure way to get rich.

The Rev. Dr. Russell H. Conwell, of Philadelphia, has returned from his tour of investigation in Cuba. "Beyond Havana," he says, "the insurgent lines are on all sides, from six to twenty miles distant. There seems to be a kind of understanding that there shall be no fighting about the city. The Spanish soldiers go out on the railroad to Matanzas, right through the rebel territory, and no attempt is made to stop them. Trains could easily be wrecked, but it is not done. Just before I came away, the Spaniards got notice from the insurgents to side-track a train for a couple of hours, and it was done. If they had refused to comply I doubt if the train would ever have reached Havana, but as it was the cars were not molested. Why, it's the funniest war I ever saw."

Mr. Donald de V. Graham wishes to inform his pupils and other friends that he has been obliged to prolong his stay at Honolulu, owing to an accident to the steamer *Belgia* which will prevent her stopping at the Hawaiian Islands on her return trip from the Orient. Mr. Graham expects to arrive here on Thursday, March 11th.

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N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Avenues.

The Principal and Finest Family Hotel of San Francisco.
HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

HOTEL BELLA VISTA

1001 PINE STREET.

THE PIONEER FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. A. F. TRACY.

Wealth

Of vitality and energy, a good appetite and perfect health are obtained and endure by taking

Peruvian

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You are a house-keeper. You want baking powder.

Your experience teaches you that Royal is the best and most economical. You know it is absolutely pure and wholesome.

Some dealers' interests prompt them to offer a lower cost inferior baking powder upon which they can realize a larger profit.

The health of your family is at stake: Shall you be governed by your own valuable experience or some one else's pecuniary interests?

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The Lenten season will commence next Wednesday, March 3d.

Information has been received from Honolulu that Miss Kathleen McGrew and Dr. Charles Cooper will be married there on Wednesday, March 24th. A visit to this State and a trip to Europe will follow the wedding. Miss McGrew is a sister of Mr. Tarn McGrew, and is well known in society circles here.

Mrs. Marie Bucknall Maguire, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. George J. Bucknall, was married last Monday, at the First Presbyterian Church, to Mr. Frederick Marriott. Rev. Robert Mackenzie officiated. Mr. Marriott is the proprietor of the *News Letter*. The happy couple have gone on an extended wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman gave a colonial dinner-party last Monday evening at their home on Franklin Street, to celebrate Washington's Birthday. There were four tables, seating sixty guests, and the patriotic decorations were red, white, and blue flowers and ribbons. A string orchestra played during the service of the repast, and the evening was delightfully passed.

Miss Ida Gibbons gave a lunch-party last Wednesday afternoon at the University Club in honor of Miss Emelie Ethel Cohen. The national colors formed the motive of the decorations, which were exceedingly attractive. The ladies invited to meet Miss Cohen were Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., Miss Owen, of New York, Miss Clementina Kip, Miss Helen Wagner, Miss Frances Currey, Miss Romietta Wallace, Miss Mollie Thomas, and Miss Julia Crocker.

Miss Schussler entertained a party of ladies at luncheon last Wednesday at her home, 1905 Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. A. B. Moulder gave a lunch-party at the University Club last Thursday, complimentary to Miss Emelie Ethel Cohen. The others present were Mrs. Charles G. Lyman, Mrs. Webster Jones, Miss Kate Thornton Salisbury, Miss Gertrude Forman, Miss Ethel Murphy, and Miss Charlotte Moulder.

Miss Morrison, of San José, gave a dinner-party last Saturday evening, at her home, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Loring G. Nesmith. Covers were laid for twelve, and the table was graced with violets, lilies of the valley, and maiden-hair ferns. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Nesmith, Misses Morrison, Judge E. M. Ross, Judge W. B. Gilbert, Judge Houghton, Mr. Findlay, and Mr. Alvord.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst gave a musicale last Tuesday at her home in Washington, D. C., and entertained many of her friends. Among the Californians present were Senator and Mrs. Stephen M. White, Mr. and Mrs. George K. Fitch, Mrs. Seale, Mrs. Barron, Judge Maguire, and Mr. Marion de Vries. Mr. Sigmund Beel and Mr. Francis Powers, of this city, were also present, and contributed selections to the programme.

At the last meeting of Sorosis, in Keith's studio on Pine Street, the feature of the afternoon was a lecture on Browning's poem, "Abt Vogler," by Mrs. Henri Fairweather, which was illustrated with vocal selections by Mr. Fairweather. The audience was highly appreciative, many of the ladies presenting their corsage bouquets to the speaker. During the Lenten season, Mr. and Mrs. Fairweather will entertain Sorosis with several concert-lectures.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Gerstle gave an informal evening at home to a few friends last Wednesday evening at their residence, 2330 Washington Street. The affair was complimentary to Miss Emelie Ethel Cohen and Lieutenant Charles Lyman Bent, U. S. A. A feature of the evening was a monologue entertainment given by Mr. Frank Lincoln. A supper ended the pleasant affair.

Mrs. W. H. Brown gave a progressive eucbre-party at the Occidental Hotel last Thursday evening, and pleasantly entertained a few of her friends.

The Burlingame Club polo-players were defeated last Thursday by the Riverside Club, at Riverside, Los Angeles County, in a match contest by a score of five to four. Burlingame was represented by Mr. Charles A. Baldwin, Mr. Lawrence McCreary, Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, and Mr. Walter Scott Hobart. The Riverside team comprised Mr. Robert Bettner, Mr. R. S. Allen, Mr. C. Maud, and Mr. Thomas Norton.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scott, Jr., entertained about sixty of their friends recently at their residence, 305 Buchanan Street. The rooms were beautifully decorated with violets and acacia bloom. Progressive eucbre was played and handsome prizes awarded. An orchestra played during the progress of the game and for dancing after supper.

Tom Robertson's comedy, "Caste," will be presented at the California Theatre on Monday evening, March 1st, by a company of young ladies and gentlemen who are prominent in society circles. The proceeds from the entertainment are to be divided between the Children's Hospital and the Armitage Orphanage. These are most worthy charities and should receive liberal encouragement financially.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William H. Crocker and family are passing a couple of months at Santa Barbara.
Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Schmiedell, née McCutchen,

returned to the city on Friday, February 19th, and are at the Palace Hotel. Since their wedding they have made a complete tour of the world.

Mr. H. Maitland Kersey, the New York manager of the White Star Steamship Line, arrived here on February 19th, on official business, and is at the Palace Hotel. He was accompanied by Mr. S. Tenney French, who is the agent of the company in Chicago.

Dr. and Mrs. Morton Grinnell, née Catherwood, are enjoying a trip up the Nile.

Mr. and Mrs. Neville Castle, née Scott, will pass the spring months in San José.

Colonel Charles F. Crocker has been at Coronado and Los Angeles during the past week.

Mrs. William Alvord is convalescing after an illness of about three months.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schroeder have returned to their home, near Redwood City, after passing the winter here. They were accompanied by Miss Maude Ingle Francis, of Peoria, Ill.

Dr. Grant Selfridge is out again after six weeks' confinement at home from an attack of malarial fever. The strain has, however, prostrated Mrs. Selfridge, who will be kept in her home for a couple of weeks. Upon her recovery, Dr. and Mrs. Selfridge will go to San Rafael to remain several months.

Mr. Samuel H. Boardman sailed for Honolulu last Tuesday on the steamship *Australia* of the Oceanic Line.

Major Frank McLaughlin and Mr. W. B. Hamilton arrived in Washington, D. C., last Thursday.

Mr. J. W. Byrne is visiting his brother, Mr. Callaghan Byrne, in Los Angeles for a fortnight.

Mrs. A. L. Redding and family have returned to the city and are residing at the Hotel Bella Vista.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. McCulloch, of Los Gatos, General A. W. Barrett, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Devlin, of Astoria, Or., Mrs. and Miss Chandon, of Marysville, and Mr. John Hayne, of London, are at the California Hotel.

Mrs. James Cunningham and her children have returned from the East.

Dr. Clarence L. Heller left for Europe last Thursday and will be away three years.

Mrs. J. N. Knowles and family have returned to their home in Oakland, after a prolonged visit in the Eastern States.

Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton visited Mrs. J. E. Plater while in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Lansing Miner is now the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Karl G. Plate, in San José. She will leave there soon to visit Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase.

Mrs. B. Blinn is visiting her parents, Captain and Mrs. Benson, of San José.

Dr. M. Herzstein has arrived in Hamburg.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Kohl, of San Mateo, have been passing a few days at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford left for Washington, D. C., last Wednesday evening in her private car. It is said that she intends to dispose of her residence there.

Miss Harriet Tay and Miss C. Lehnhardt, chaperoned by Mrs. B. W. Paulsen, will sail from New York on the *Werra* next Saturday for Germany.

Dr. Harold Sidebotham, of Santa Barbara, arrived here last Wednesday and is at the Occidental Hotel. Senator and Mrs. Burke, of Santa Cruz, are at the California Hotel.

Mrs. Henry McLean Martin was severely injured by a fall from a bicycle last Thursday, and is confined to her residence on Dwight Way, Berkeley.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Paymaster Eustace B. Rogers, U. S. N., sailed from New York city for Southampton February 17th, on the steamer *St. Louis* of the International Navigation Company's Line.

Lieutenant Milton F. Davis, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, commencing March 10th, with permission to apply for an extension of two months.

Major Wallace F. Randolph, Third Artillery, U. S. A., is absent from Alcatraz Island, being on duty at Fort Riley, Kan.

Lieutenant William G. Haan, Third Artillery, U. S. A., is on duty at the Northern Illinois Normal School, Dixon, Ill.

Paymaster Josiah R. Stanton, U. S. N., is at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant Frank L. Mauldin, Third Artillery, U. S. A., is on duty at the Military Academy at West Point, N. Y.

Lieutenant George T. Bartlett, Third Artillery, U. S. A., is on duty at the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas.

Major Ezra P. Ewers, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., arrived here last Wednesday, accompanied by Mrs. Ewers. They are at the Occidental Hotel.

Dr. G. W. Woods, U. S. N., is at the California Hotel.

Ensign W. S. Montgomery, U. S. N., is at the California Hotel.

Lieutenant J. H. Lee Holcombe, U. S. N., arrived here Thursday and is staying at the Occidental Hotel.

Olive-green is the color of the war-paint with which the Navy Department will disguise the "White Squadrons" in time of hostilities. The blockade-runners used a gray or drab, but the modern searchlight would pick them out too easily. The *Katahdin* experiments show that olive-green, under certain conditions, is fully as invisible in the day-time as gray, while at night it is immensely superior to all other ship colors. The gray harmonizes with the atmosphere, while the olive-green approaches close to a water shade, such as is common on the coast. The *Katahdin*, while lying in the lower bay at New York recently, was nearly run down several times by merchant steamers. The presence of the war-ship was not observed until she was close aboard. This color was employed by the loyal ships of the Brazilian navy in 1894, and it is understood to be the color which the British will use in time of war.

Sousa opened his engagement at the California Theatre last Thursday evening. An enormous house was present to hear him conduct his famous band, and each of its numbers was heartily encored, as were also those of the soloists: Miss Elizabeth Northrop, soprano; Martina Johnstone, violinist; Arthur Pryor, trombone; and Franz Hell, fluegel-born. Other concerts were given on Friday afternoon and evening, and the three final concerts of the engagement will take place this (Saturday) afternoon and evening and to-morrow night.

The Herrick-Sanderson Engagement.

As an illustration of the great advance made by the new journalism of to-day, the following notice which appeared here in the dailies last Saturday is apropos:

"Miss Jennie Sanderson, youngest of the three Sanderson girls, once of San Francisco and now of Paris, is to be married. Though Miss Sanderson went to Paris several years ago, she is to wed an American—Ray D. Herrick, of Minneapolis. The wedding is to take place on March 1st, after which the pair will sail immediately for America, and will make their home in Minnesota.

"Miss Sanderson has been living with her sister and widowed mother in Paris for the last nine years. Her eldest sister is Sybil Sanderson, the prima donna, Massenet's celebrated pupil. The second sister is an enthusiastic and successful sculptress. Miss Jennie, alone, had no speciality. She was the domestic member of the family and is the first to wed."

It is interesting to know that, although the *Argonaut* is not infrequently with "new journalism," we published the engagement of Miss Sanderson and Mr. Herrick in our issue of December 16, 1895.

In our issue of January 27, 1896, we published the following notice, demonstrating that we had anticipated the Eastern journals:

"The engagement which the *Argonaut* announced several weeks ago, of Miss Jennie Stanford Sanderson, daughter of the late Judge S. W. Sanderson, of this city, to Mr. Ray Durand Herrick, son of Mr. Edwin Herrick, of Minneapolis, has just appeared in the New York papers."

A shopper in a Detroit store (according to the *Free Press*) had the man at the dress-goods counter take down half his stock for her examination, and then decided that nothing suited her and rose to leave. The proprietor always accosted the customers as they came out, to see if they had found what they desired. This particular clerk knew that if the proprietor should find out from the woman that her wants had not been supplied, it would not be greatly to his credit, so he said, "Madam, do you see that man standing in the door?" "Yes." "Well, if he should speak to you as you go out, don't be alarmed. He is a lunatic, but being a relative of the owner of the store, he is allowed a great deal of liberty, as he is dangerous only at times." The woman gathered her handkerchief and umbrella, and started for the door, looking a little nervous. When she was about to pass out, the proprietor turned to her suddenly and said, "Madam, did you get what you wanted?" The woman uttered a frightened squeak, swung her umbrella at a parr, and fled up the street. The proprietor, filled with surprise, went back to the dress-goods counter and said, "What in the world was the matter with that lady who just went out?" "I'd like to know myself," said the clerk; "she acted very queerly while she was back here. I really think she must be crazy." And the proprietor evidently thought so himself, for he said no more about it.

Fine weather makes fine racing, and the Ingleside Track has been heavily attended in consequence all this week. There was a great crowd present on Monday (Washington's Birthday), and again on Wednesday (ladies' day), and it is expected that the Schreiber Stakes this (Saturday) afternoon will attract all lovers of horse-flesh in the city. The Crocker Stakes, to be run for next Saturday, March 6th, will also be a great attraction.

William A. Eddy, of New Jersey, recently demonstrated the possibility of establishing telegraphic and telephonic communication by means of wires sustained by kites.

— INVITATIONS CORRECTLY ENGRAVED, BALL programmes artistically illuminated. Cooper & Co., engravers and stationers, No. 746 Market Street.

— RACE, FIELD, MARINE, AND OPERA-GLASSES, microscopes, thermometers, barometers, and scientific instruments. Henry Kahn & Co., 642 Market Street.

— DELICIOUS BREAKFAST DISHES FOR LENT. Fat bloater mackerel. Columbia River salmon-bellies. Gloucester tongues and sounds. The finest grades. Imported and for sale by S. Foster & Co., 25 California Street.

Sozodont
PURE AND FRAGRANT.

The
Powder Free.

In every package a bottle of liquid Sozodont (use daily), a box of fine Sozodont powder (use twice a week). No other dentifrice so complete, so safe, so certain in giving the best results. Its popularity has lasted over fifty years.

A small sample bottle free, if you mention this publication. Address the Proprietors of Sozodont, Hall & Ruckel, Wholesale Druggists, New York City.

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Louis Roederer



Champagne

Stands Pre-Eminent

Finest in the World

"Brut," "Grand Vin Sec," "Carte Blanche,"
Extra Dry. Dry. Rich.

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Certified Pupil of Francesco Lamperti, Milan.

Vocal Instruction, Wednesday and Saturday, 11-12 A. M.
1716 BUSH STREET.

HIRSCH & KAISER,
(SUCCESSORS TO HIRSCH & KAHN.)

OPTICIANS,

333 Kearny Street,

Will occupy on March 1st the handsomest and best equipped Optical establishment on the Pacific Coast, at
NO. 7 KEARNY STREET,
Opposite Chronicle Building.

TO RENT

A very commodious furnished house of nine rooms, with laundry, closets, and store-rooms, on a fruit ranch in the foot-hills of Santa Cruz County.

The house has large porches, and contains modern improvements, hot and cold water, patent closets, etc. Use of stables and reliable horses can be had.

The place is three miles from the Broad Gauge Railroad Station. The locality is one of the most healthful in the State.

A cottage can also be had.
Address ARGONAUT OFFICE.

SPHINX CIGAR FACTORY N.Y.

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HIGH GRADE
HAVANA CIGAR
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**Ghirardelli's
COCOA**

A prominent grocer of San Francisco recently said "I predict that in 25 years Cocoa will be the drink of the world." This from a man who watched the sales of Cocoa increase year by year's worth noting. Cocoa is one of the few beverages that is not a stimulant. It is a food drink, rich in fat-forming elements; and a producer of natural animal heat of no mean power. Ghirardelli's is by far the strongest, hence the most economical Cocoa made. Guaranteed perfectly pure. 32 cups 25c.

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SAN FRANCISCO and NEW ORLEANS
SEMI-WEEKLY.

EASTBOUND.	
Lv. San Francisco	10.00 P. M. Tues. and Sat.
Lv. Los Angeles	3.00 P. M. Wed. and Sun.
Ar. Los Angeles	4.40 P. M. Thurs. and Mon.
Ar. New Orleans	6.55 A. M. Sat. and Wed.
WESTBOUND.	
Lv. New Orleans	10.00 A. M. Mon. and Thurs.
Lv. El Paso	8.05 P. M. Tues. and Fri.
Ar. Los Angeles	7.45 P. M. Wed. and Sat.
Ar. San Francisco	12.45 P. M. Thurs. and Sun.

Agreeable connections in New Orleans with through limited trains for Eastern cities.
To St. Louis in 24 hours; Chicago, 27 hours; Cincinnati, 24 hours; Atlanta, 15 hours; Washington, 34 hours; Philadelphia, 38 hours; New York, 40 hours; Boston, 50 hours.
Delightfully equable climate en route. Train service unapproachably superb throughout. Quick time. No additional cost.

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)
Trains leave and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From February 15, 1897.	ARRIVE
*6.00 A.	Niles, San José, and Way Stations.	8.45 A.
7.00 A.	Atlantic Express, Chico, and East.	8.45 P.
7.00 A.	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding via Davis.	6.45 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Tehama, and Red Bluff.	4.15 P.
*8.30 A.	Peters and Milton.	*7.15 P.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, Raymond (for Yosemite), Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	4.45 P.
9.00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.	4.45 P.
9.00 A.	Vallejo.	6.15 P.
.....	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.	7.15 P.
*1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	*9.00 P.
1.00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.	8.45 A.
1.30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.	17.45 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9.15 A.
4.00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.	11.15 A.
4.30 P.	Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, and Fresno, going via Niles, returning via Martinez.	11.45 A.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Tracy, Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	7.45 A.
5.00 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	7.45 A.
6.00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	9.45 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7.45 A.
17.00 P.	Vallejo.	17.45 P.
7.00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	11.15 A.
*10.00 P.	"Sunset Limited," Fresno, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	*12.45 P.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).		
8 15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.....	5.50 P
* 2 15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.....	*11 20 A
4.15 P	Newark, San José, and Los Gatos...	9.50 A
11 45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San José, and Way Stations.....	17.20 P

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts)		
6 45 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).....	1.30 P.
8 15 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf, and Principal Way Stations.....	7 00 P.
10 40 A	San José and Way Stations.....	5 00 P.
11 30 A	Palo Alto and Way Stations.....	3 30 P.
2 30 P	San Mateo, Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.....	*10 40 A.
*3 30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	9 45 A.
4 30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	*8 05 A.
5 30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.....	7 45 A.
6 30 P	San José and Way Stations.....	6 35 A.
11 45 P	San José and Way Stations.....	17 45 P.
SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL		

*6.00 A.		7.15 A.
8.00 A.		10.45 A.
9.00 A.	MELROSE, SEMINARY PARK,	11.45 A.
10.00 A.		12.45 P.
11.00 A.	FITCHBURG, SAN LEANDRO,	1.45 P.
2.00 P.		4.45 P.
2.00 P.	AND	5.45 P.
4.00 P.		6.15 P.
5.00 P.	HAYWARDS.	7.45 P.
5.30 P.		8.45 P.
7.00 P.		9.45 P.
8.00 P.		10.50 P.
9.00 P.	r Runs through Niles.	11.15 P.
11.15 P.	f From Niles.	11.20 P.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.	
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—	
*7.15	9.00 11.00 A. M. 12.00 2.00 13.00
*4.00	15.00 *6.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—	*6.00 8.00
10.00 A. M.	12.00 1.00 12.00 *3.00 14.00
*5.00 P. M.	

A for Morning. P for Afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. † Sundays only.
‡ Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.
§ Tuesdays and Saturdays. ¶ Sundays and Thursdays.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"How would you define ennui?" "It's when you're tired of doing nothing, and too lazy to do something."—Puck.

He was a stayer: He—"I'm going to kiss you when I go." She—"Do it now while I'm still young."—Town Topics.

"George describes the girl he is engaged to as a perfect vision." "Yes. And his sister says she is a sight."—Indianapolis Journal.

She—"Do you understand those French jokes?" He—"I'm afraid I do." She—"Then I wish you'd translate them."—Pick-Me-Up.

Slumleigh—"I don't see why you care so little for me." Miss Gyer—"Have you ever taken a good look at yourself?"—Town Topics.

Cannibal king—"You haven't succeeded in fattening the captive?" The chief cook—"He's losing flesh all the time. I think he's worrying about something."—Puck.

She—"If you were to find that I had lost all my fortune—every penny of it—would you hesitate to carry out our engagement?" He—"I would hesitate at nothing."—Indianapolis Journal.

"What on earth induced you, John? You gave that waiter five dollars for a tip, and he was the worst I ever—" "That's just it, my dear. I wanted to enable him to retire."—Bazar.

Mrs. Cohn—"Ikey, who is dat in de frond room mit papa?" Ikey—"A divinity student was looking for a furnished room." Mrs. Cohn—"Ikey, go out py der hall undt visse a hymn."—Judge.

Little Borcham (relating his Alpine adventures)—"There I stood, the terrible abyss yawning at my feet—" That brute Brown—"Was it yawning when you got there, or did it start after you arrived?"—London Punch.

Ikey—"Vot's der shtrangest t'ing dot effer happenet to you, fadder?" Mr. Isaacs—"A fire dot I hat last year in Delancey Shtrreet." Ikey—"Vot was dere shtrange apoud dot?" Mr. Isaacs—"I vash't expediting id."—Puck.

Drusilla—"I did not see you at the Vanblunt reception last night, dear." Dorothy—"No; I hoped to be able to go, up to the last moment, but was prevented." Drusilla (sweetly)—"Yes; I know the invitations were limited."—Puck.

Grymes—"The bride was quite a popular girl, wasn't she?" Gobang—"Yes, indeed. The Daily Whoop sent their sporting editor to report it. He printed a list of rejected lovers half a column long under the heading, 'Among Those Who Also Ran.'"—Truth.

First artist—"Did you paint Stamp, the tragedian, in that tragic rôle yet?" Second artist—"No; that's off." First artist—"What's the trouble?" Second artist—"Well, be'd assume the pose all right, but couldn't keep it—there wasn't any applause."—Puck.

"Who is that bloodthirsty-looking gentleman standing by the theatre?" asked the guest. "Colonel Gore from Kentucky," the clerk answered; "but you shouldn't judge a man by his looks. It is not blood the colonel has a thirst for. Oh, no."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Well, what's your kick now?" asked the manager, as the soubrette entered his office. "Six feet nine inches," she replied promptly. "Consider yourself engaged for my summer extravaganza," he returned quickly; "that's two inches better than last year."—Chicago Evening Post.

Algernon (who has invited himself down for a day's shooting)—"Hullo, Tom. What are those tickets tied on the dogs' collars for?" Keeper—"Well, sir, you see, the squire remembers your last day's shootin', and thought you had better know the value of the dogs beforehand to save future unpleasantness."—Fun.

"I can get you a job at cutting ice, if you want it," said the member of the Association for Extending Assistance to the Worthy Poor. "I'm much obliged," said Perry Patetic; "but seein' as how I don't cut no ice socially, I guess I might just as well keep it up along other lines and not bust nie reputation."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The cannibal chief was clearly angry. "Did you not inform me," he demanded, "that the new missionary was a man of innate delicacy?" The minion cringed. "It was so stated in the invoice, sire," he faltered. The savage nabob laid down his napkin with a jar that spilled the gravy-boat. "Well, then," he blundered, "you find it! I'm fond of imported delicacies."—New York Press.

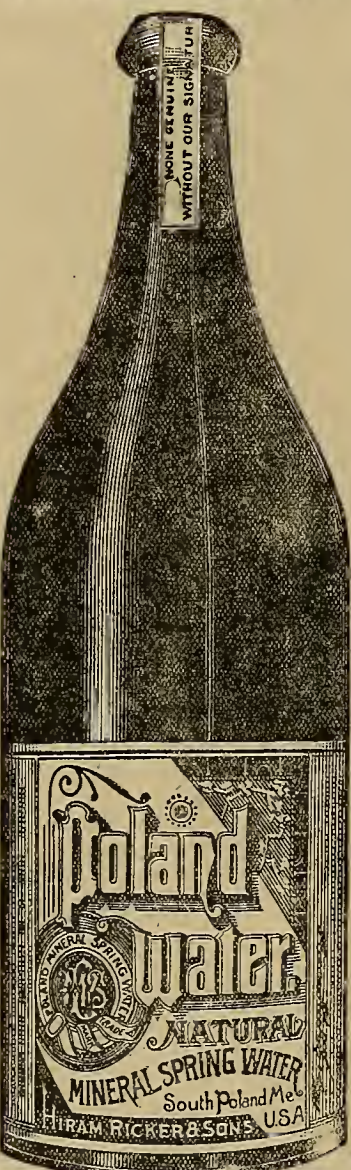
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By removing causes of irritation, and by preserving a healthy state of the system during infancy, Steedman's Soothing Powders made their reputation.

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Quina-Laroche
Possesses in the highest degree the entire active properties of Peruvian Bark. Endorsed by the medical faculty as the best remedy for Fever and Ague, Malaria, Poverty of the Blood, General Debility and Wasting Diseases. Increases the Appetite, Strengthens the Nerves and builds up the entire system.
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Generally speaking, the laws of free governments are the result of the combined wisdom and experience of a state gathered in solemn conclave to make rules for the public good. There are times, however, in most countries when a set of circumstances similarly affecting the whole people gives birth to a single idea which culminates in a wave of peculiar legislation which sweeps over all preconceived theories, runs its brief course, and subsides. The laws of Lycurgus arose out of the need of protection from the warlike nations which surrounded Lacedæmon. They formed a stern Spartan militarism which fell from its own cumbrous inconvenience. The debasement of English coin in the fourteenth century, endangering every business interest, led to most absurd laws for the regulation of prices by legal enactment. France had a similar experience when the hatred of the nobility threw the

law-making power into the hands of the States-General. A wave of religious fanaticism was responsible for the witch laws of Massachusetts and the blue laws of Connecticut.

Another such wave is now rising. It is the result of reaction after a long period of booming prosperity. Naturally it is most noticeable in the West, where the boom was most pronounced. The financial difficulties attending a return to a sound business basis and rearranging of credit have caused a multitude of men to look about them for an easy solution of the problem. In consequence, the idea of paternalism in government has taken root. To cast upon the government the burdens of the time; to issue limitless quantities of irredeemable currency, that the people may be rich; to barass capital and industry in order to equalize an imaginary plutocracy with an equally imaginary proletariat—these are the fads of the present day. When men have enthusiastically indorsed them, the transition to a belief that legislation is the sole and universal panacea for human ills is easy and natural.

This idea is running riot just now in a mass of freak legislation, which would be laughable if it were not humiliating. The legislator is at large and his powerful brain is seething with plans to regulate everything, from individual dress and custom to the laws of nature. Kansas is fairly entitled to such credit as may be due for inaugurating the ruling style of law-making, and the rising wave of imitation is engulfing a dozen other States. A single instance or two would attract little notice; but when the work of freak legislators is grouped it presents a monument of folly almost beyond belief. More than fifty of these freak bills have been introduced in the Kansas legislature alone. Fair samples of them are those against the wearing of bloomers and of corsets and against the assumption by women of any article of apparel which simulates masculine attire, and bills to raise a tax from banks from which to pay depositors in bank failures, and similar ones in the case of insurance companies. A Missouri statesman proposes to collect a pecuniary fine from railroad employees who flirt with female passengers. Another desires to make lobbying a felony, and still another, doubtless out of his own experience, has evolved a bill requiring that the horns of every bull shall be removed when the animal reaches the age of two years. Indiana joins the procession of legislative mountebanks bearing bills prohibiting the sending of flowers to jail-birds, regulating Sunday excursions, and excluding the French language from bills of fare, and, *mirabile dictu*, one hoosier, believing he has succeeded in squaring the circle, proposes to have his solution enforced by law. Montana has produced a crank who wants the State to pension every man at sixty-five. A Nebraska man is endeavoring to pass a bill making foot-ball playing a crime, and would have all participants, from trainers and referees to reporters and spectators, prosecuted. In Minnesota a bill denying flowers to murderers was in danger of defeat; it was amended by permitting the bouquets to be presented by attorneys, relatives, and clergymen, and passed in that form. Besides a bill to tax all professional men, South Dakota has a long list of an unusual class tending toward State control of railroads, banks, manufacturing, mining, insurance, and farming. North Dakota proposes to create a board of examiners for barbers, and is also afflicted with the foot-ballphobia. Nevada has gone in for pugilism. Several State assemblies are exercised about women's theatre-hats. Michigan is convulsed with the mighty question of a State flower, and her solons are known to have other queer bits of legislation up their sleeves. All the measures mentioned have been seriously offered, and, as might be expected, have met with much ridicule which has expressed itself in facetious bills introduced purposely to carry the notions to the height of absurdity. Such are the bills to compel saloons to display red lights and illuminated danger signs at night; to prohibit railroads from using wooden rails tied together with strings; requiring men to remove their shoes in church, and preventing them from going out between the acts at theatres; and an amendment which made the wear-

ing of long hair *prima facie* evidence of an intent to engage in the crime of foot-ball.

One by one the strongholds of the political boss are being taken. The latest attack upon his power is the Stratton bill for regulating primary elections. Under the existing law, any political organization may, if it so desires, have its primary elections governed by the provisions of the general election law which are applicable. But the Stratton bill goes much further than this. The provisions of the election law are made compulsory and not merely permissive, and, for the first time, the primary election is recognized as a part of the general machinery of elections, to be regulated and controlled by public authority.

Under the proposed law, any political organization that polled three per cent. of the vote at the last election may petition the board of election commissioners to be represented at the primary election, and any other body may be included on filing a petition signed by at least three per cent. of the registered voters. In Presidential years the primaries for electing delegates are to be held on the last Tuesday in March, and the primaries for electing delegates to State conventions on the second Tuesday in July. The day on which a primary election is held is to be declared a legal holiday by the governor. The whole proceedings concerning primary elections are to be conducted by the board of election commissioners and the registrar of voters, or, in counties having no such officials, by the board of supervisors and the county clerk. During January of each year, the election commissioners select the names of thirty voters in each precinct, and these names are placed in envelopes, which in turn are placed in a box, which is then locked and sealed. When a primary election is to be held, this box is opened and an election board is selected from among these names, the names being drawn by lot. The first name drawn in each precinct is to serve as inspector, the next two as judges, and the next two as clerks. When the two judges or two clerks are of the same political faith, other names are drawn until two parties are represented. The members of these election boards serve without compensation, but they are exempted from jury duty for one year. The governing body of each political organization names its candidates for delegates and prepares its ballots, which are to be printed on paper of a different color for each party, the colors being selected by the registrar or county clerk. Independent candidates may be nominated by any body of voters and voted on in the same manner as regular candidates, or names may be written in ink on the ballots. No person may be a delegate who has been in public employment within ninety days preceding the election, and no proxies may be allowed at any convention; but it is not necessary that delegates should reside in the precinct or district from which they are elected.

For the purpose of regulating the voting at primary elections, all voters may, at the time of registering, declare their party affiliation and have it registered. No person may vote at a primary election whose affiliation is not thus registered, but he may change the affiliation at any time not less than ten days before a primary election. The election commissioners furnish one ballot-box for each party that is to participate in the election, and upon the front of each box the name of the party whose votes are to be deposited in it is to be clearly printed so that the voters may see it distinctly. The election is conducted in the same manner as general elections, except that the clerk notes opposite the name of each voter the party for which he voted, and, in addition to the ordinary grounds for challenges, a voter may be challenged on the ground that he does not intend to support the candidates of the party whose ticket he seeks to vote. Only official ballots are to be received at primary elections, and the names of no candidates for office will be placed on the official ballot unless the convention nominating them is composed of delegates elected at an official primary election, or unless nominated as independent candidates by petition. Upon the closing of the polls the election

count and canvass the votes and report the result to the registrar or county clerk. Where a delegate is to be elected by the votes of one precinct only, the successful candidate receives a certificate from the election board in that precinct; where the election is by voters in two or more precincts, the certificate is given by the registrar or county clerk. These certificates are to be accepted as the credentials of the delegates.

The provisions of the purity of elections law are extended to cover the expenses of the candidate before nomination. Within ten days after being nominated, the candidate must file an affidavit setting forth in detail the money expended for receiving the nomination, which expense may not exceed a certain amount. This amount is fixed at five per cent. of the yearly salary where the term of office does not exceed one year, ten per cent. where it does not exceed two years, fifteen per cent. where it does not exceed three years, twenty per cent. where it does not exceed four years, and ten per cent. where it does exceed four years. Special provisions are made where the compensation is a per diem, or fees, or where there is no compensation.

The enactment of this measure will work a great and much-needed reform in the election machinery of the State. So long as the primary elections are left in the control of the party organizations, there will be temptation and opportunity for the corrupt political manipulator to organize the forces of dishonesty and secure control of the conventions. When the political stream is thus fouled at its fountain-head, no wholesome thing can be expected to come from it later. When weak and undesirable candidates are nominated, the honest voter is powerless. The political parties are an essential part of the election machinery, and the most important advances that have been made recently in the science of government are in the line of a wider recognition of this principle.

The address delivered in Washington last Thursday by William McKinley on the occasion of his inauguration as President of the United States was a model of what such a document should be. Comprehensive in scope and straightforward in expression, it reviewed the present condition of the country, pointing out unflinchingly the evils from which we suffer and indicating with statesmanly wisdom the measures that should be taken to remedy them. It was a masterly address, and augurs well for the prosperity of the country under the administration of our new President.

"Protection to American industry" is the key-note of the address. Recognizing the causes of the present business depression throughout the land, President McKinley has announced that he will convene Congress in special session on Monday, the fifteenth day of March, 1897, for the purpose of revising the tariff. The condition of the public treasury, he declares, demands the immediate consideration of Congress, as it alone has power to provide revenues for the government, and he continues:

"There could be no better time to put the government upon a sound financial and economic basis than now. . . . It has always seemed to me that the postponement of the meeting of Congress until more than a year after it has been chosen deprives Congress too often of the inspiration of the popular will and the country of the corresponding benefits. . . . Our action will now be freer from partisan views than if the tariff question were postponed until the regular session of Congress. We are nearly two years from a congressional election and politics can not nearly so distract us as if the election were immediately impending. . . . Our fellow-citizens who may disagree with us upon the character of this legislation prefer to have the question settled now, even against their preconceived views—and, perhaps, settled so reasonably, as I trust and believe it will be, as to insure great permanence—than to have further uncertainty menacing the vast and varied interests of the United States. Again, whatever action Congress may take will be given a fair opportunity for trial before the people are called to pass judgment, and this I consider a great essential to the rightful and lasting settlement of the question."

The first topic discussed in the address is the necessity of a revision of our financial system. President McKinley holds that the several forms of our paper money offer a constant embarrassment to the government and a safe balance in the Treasury. He would therefore have Congress create a commission, to which he would appoint prominent, well-informed citizens of different parties, who would combine business experience and political training, to take under early consideration the revision of our coinage, banking, and currency laws. But the tariff should come first: "with adequate revenue secured, but not until then, we can enter upon . . . changes in our fiscal laws."

The question of international bimetalism will have early and earnest attention, but, meanwhile, the value of the silver already coined and of that which may hereafter be coined must be kept constantly at par with gold by every resource at our command. The national credit must be preserved, not by loans and bond-issues, but by economy in expenditure and an increase in revenue. This increase is to be derived only from taxation, internal or external, or both, and the country is clearly opposed to any needless additions to the subjects of internal taxation, and is committed by its latest popular utterance to the system of tariff taxation. That it should be a protective tariff is patent, for, as President McKinley says: "Nothing has ever been made plainer at a

general election than that the controlling principle in the raising of revenue from duties on imports is zealous care for American interests and American labor."

The reciprocity principle of the law of 1890 is commended, for the brief trial given it "amply justifies a further experiment and additional discretionary power in the making of commercial treaties, the end in view always to be the opening up of new markets for the products of our country by granting concessions to the products of other lands that we need and can not produce ourselves, and which do not involve any loss of labor to our own people, but tend to increase their employment."

The Republican doctrine of "opposition to all combinations of capital, organized in trusts or otherwise, to control arbitrarily the condition of trade among our citizens"; the improvement of the naturalization and immigration laws; judicious reform of the civil service; the restoration of our American merchant marine to its former proud place on the high seas; the acceptance of the arbitration treaty, "the result of our own initiative" and "the leading feature of our foreign policy throughout our entire national history"—all these are duly and luminously considered, and the address concludes with a congratulation to the country on the obliteration of sectional lines and prejudices which have for years distracted our councils and marred our true greatness as a nation.

The society dove-cotes of Chicago have been fluttered by Mr. Robert Lincoln's departure for Europe, whence he is expected to return bringing all the latest manners and customs of the effete monarchies. The shadow of greatness is a weary thing to live under. Had Mr. Lincoln been the son of a less famous father, his goings and comings, his social operations and achievements, would have passed unnoted and uncriticized. Now the unfortunate gentleman has only to show a slight tendency to disport himself in that white light which beats upon a society-leader, when the voice of his fellow-men rises in denunciation. Even a little quiet trip to Europe is the subject of satirical comment. Mr. Lincoln may rest assured that when he returns, no matter what he does or says, the trail of anglomania will be found all over it.

If his only weakness is that he is trying to make a society out of the material offered him in Chicago, that metropolis certainly ought not to go back on him. It is said that Chicago has suffered greatly from the want of a Western Ward McAllister. Geniuses like the late society promoter do not grow on every bush, and Chicago has had to build up a local Four Hundred with the sweat of its own brow. What that band of the blessed is like is a thing known only to Chicago, where—it is a well-known fact—one sees queer things when one has no gun. The two bards of that great centre, Henry Fuller and Hamlin Garland, have now and then dared to raise the veil which obscured the gambols of the great from vulgar eyes, and we have been permitted to gaze upon the native revels of the lake-dwellers. If these are transcripts from nature—and both the gentlemen are known to be stern realists—it is a good thing that Mr. Robert Lincoln has gone to the succor of Chicago. He may not know it all, as Ward McAllister did, but he knows enough to be of use in the Windy City. Perhaps time and study may develop in him the genius of the true-horn leader of men. So far, the metropolis by the lake has produced nothing of this order—no great dude like Berry Wall, no renowned man-about-town like Sam Ward, not even a famous german-leader, or a man who helps people when they give parties. And this state of fashionable desuetude obtains in a city whose wealth is as the sands of the seashore! It is time for Chicago to rest from labor. Enough pigs have been killed, enough grain has been sold, enough railroads have been built, to last for some time. The people ought to frisk about a little under the encouraging and directing eye of Mr. Lincoln.

The week just closed has witnessed the passing of the Fifty-Fourth Congress, which was adjourned on Thursday at noon. The short session with which it ended has considered an unprecedented number of bills and resolutions, of which but few were of general interest. In appropriations the Fifty-Fourth Congress has broken the record, having considerably exceeded the billion-dollar mark set by the Fifty-First. Inasmuch as every Congress since the Fifty-First has been a billion-dollar Congress—we include the Fifty-Third, which lacked only ten millions of reaching that figure—we may as well conclude with Mr. Reed that we are living in a billion-dollar country. If the Fifty-Fourth has somewhat exceeded others in this respect, the excess is attributable to the additional interest on the national debt contracted by the Cleveland administration. That it has not vastly exceeded in expenditure any other Congress is due to the resolute economy with which the Republicans entered the closing session. The deficits of the last three years, superinduced by the un-

wise tariff experiments of a Democratic majority, made economy a business necessity. The consequence is a greatly reduced number of bills appropriating money for public buildings and internal improvements. Nothing has been authorized for the increase of the navy or for coast defense, except what was necessary to carry on the work already begun.

Outside of appropriations and private bills, the ratification of the Japanese treaty stands alone as the unique achievement of the Fifty-Fourth Congress in important and general legislation. The immigration bill, after a varied experience of amendment, recommitment, and conferences, was passed by both Houses and sent to the President. As it finally stood, it required of the immigrant the ability to read and write in some one language, and exempted certain of his dependent relatives and minors from educational tests. The President, however, rejected it at too late an hour to admit of Congress passing it over his veto. The measure was a good one, and that it is not now a law is not to be laid against the Fifty-Fourth Congress. There has been a large number of other important measures considered, but practically nothing has been accomplished. The hope was not to be indulged that the Fifty-Fourth Congress would pass an adequate revenue bill. The House Committee of Ways and Means has, however, done much preliminary work which will be valuable in the next session. The Loud postal bill passed the House, only to find its course in the Senate obstructed by the flood of delayed appropriation bills which necessarily consume the closing hours of that body. The Pacific Railroad funding bill was defeated in the House, where it originated, destroying all probability that the government will ever realize on the one hundred and forty millions of dollars due to it from the great transcontinental lines. The Nicaragua Canal bill, after monopolizing an unconscionable share of the Senate's time, was finally withdrawn without action. It should be the work of the next administration to secure a new cession from the Central American governments, perfect the surveys, and push the work to completion on the basis of ownership independent of corporations. The arbitration treaty with England failed of ratification. It will appeal, we hope, from a Senate drunk with rancor, spite, and jingoism to a Senate sober.

Notwithstanding the paucity of achievement, the session has been a stormy one in both houses. Personal and party antagonism has been rife. Long and windy discussions have occupied the time in wrangling over Cuban situations and jingo policies, and resulted in nothing. The issues of the late campaign have been fought over again in Congress with no beneficial effect, and both branches have been practically at war with the executive on every considerable subject and on many which were puerile. The strain between Congress and the President has been of a nature both personal and partisan. It has cropped out again and again in the discussion of the constitutional power of the executive to recognize belligerency in Cuba, in the opposition to the arbitration treaty, in the attitude of the Senate toward the extradition treaties with the Argentine Republic and the Orange Free State, and in the unanimity with which both houses have passed numerous private pension bills after executive disapprobation. The veto was also exercised and defeated in the case of the Texas judiciary district bill. Mr. Cleveland's woeful lack of tact and plenitude of arrogance are largely responsible for this unfortunate condition. He tacitly offered war in the beginning of his second term, and it is not surprising that he was met by the same spirit.

The ruling woman of the present day is the mature woman. The maiden of hashful fifteen, the bud of eighteen, the clear-eyed girl of twenty, all must stand aside for their older sister, who leads the procession. The age at which women are supposed to exercise their greatest charm varies with the varying of fashion and taste. In the Elizabethan era it was fourteen. Other heroines as celebrated in their day and generation as Juliet were the instigators of tragic loves and hates at that extremely juvenile age. Half a century ago, Balzac astonished his countrymen by claiming unusual powers of fascination for the woman of thirty. Ever since, she has held the stage as an incarnation of coquettish attraction. At the present day the period of beauty and charm has been extended even further. Balzac's thirty has received an additional ten years. Women of forty are no longer looked upon as ruins in which the antiquarian may trace relics of hy-gone splendor. With the vanishing of the term "old maid," the old maid herself has withdrawn into the place of departed spirits. In France an unmarried girl of over twenty-five is looked upon as dead stock, for which there is nothing but a convent. To-day, in the United States, women of independent means, women of society, women who are self-supporting, rarely marry under twenty-five, and generally put off that episode in their existence for five or ten years later.

There are many reasons for the present vogue of the

mature belle. She is more attractive, understands human nature better, than her younger sister. She is still good-looking. Her youth lasts longer than it used to, because she has learned how to take care of herself. American women formerly ruined their beauty by had diet, no exercise, and too little fresh air. Now they know better. A healthy, well-groomed woman, who is not over-worked or over-worried, looks about the same age at forty as she did at twenty-five. With her additional years has come additional wisdom. If she has not the engaging simplicity that was her's at eighteen she has a knowledge of men and manners which makes her a more interesting companion, a more lovable human being. Experience has given her the gift of sympathy, of which the young girl feels nothing. To men she has come to represent not only all that is graceful and gracious and tactful in womanhood, but all that is broad and tender and feminine.

Among working women—from the artistic to the plain business woman—the maturer ones are naturally in the ascendant. The young girl among the workers is the novice whom no one knows or cares much about. It is when the years of endeavor have been passed, and mind and heart have reached their fullest powers of comprehension and feeling, that she is at the pinnacle of her development. In these days of hurry and pressure and intensity of effort, such a creature naturally takes precedence over the untried girl who is waiting with expectant eyes for the message of the future. Existence is too full, the struggle too serious, for the return of those days when youth, ignorance, beauty, and folly were the great requisites of women. The times are stirring, the pressure of existence desperately earnest, and man in his struggle demands a help-mate who can assist him onward, not drag him back. Chivalry, in its downfall, carried away many pretty myths, the prettiest the myth of the child-wife hanging, frightened and faint-hearted, on her husband's stalwart arm.

When the State highway bureau was established in this State, two years ago, it was regarded by many as an experiment. It was not wholly an experiment, however, for similar commissions had been appointed in several of the Eastern States, and their work had justified the wisdom of their appointment. It was an experiment in this State only to the extent that there was some question as to the qualifications of the men who might be selected to do the work. That question was set at rest as soon as the appointees were announced. Had political considerations been allowed to control, the whole purpose of the bureau might have been defeated. As it was, men thoroughly familiar with the subject were selected, and their recommendations have formed the basis for a series of bills in this legislature from which an almost perfect system of highways is being evolved. The central idea of their scheme of roads was a division into three classes—State highways, county thoroughfares, and district roads. The bills providing for the first class have already been discussed in these columns. The most important bills providing for county and district roads are three in number. Senator Withington has introduced a measure in the senate covering both divisions, and in the assembly Caminetti has introduced a bill providing for county highways and Hudson one for district roads.

The Caminetti bill provides that the supervisors of any county may declare as county roads those thoroughfares connecting cities or towns in the county or leading from them to the county boundaries. Before so declaring them, notice must be given and a hearing granted to all persons who have objections to urge. Their decision being favorable, plans and specifications are prepared for construction and permanent improvement. The proposed county highways are then divided into sections and each section is numbered. To create a highway fund, a tax is levied annually, and the proceeds of this tax are apportioned in equal shares to the several townships. Whenever the money to the credit of any township is sufficient to complete a section in that township, bids are advertised for and a contract let. Viewers are appointed by the judge of the superior court to watch the progress of the work, and no payment can be made to the contractor except on a favorable report of the county surveyor and the viewers. Whenever one-quarter of the registered voters in the county file a petition for the immediate completion of all of the county highways, the supervisors call a special election for the issue of bonds, and on an affirmative vote of sixty per cent. of those voting, the bonds are issued. As soon as the money from the sale of the bonds is received, a contract is let for the whole work. The provisions for redemption and State guaranty are the same as those provided in the State highway system. The maintenance of the roads is a county charge under the direction of the supervisors.

The senate bill differs from this in requiring the right of way of any county highway to be a matter of record in the recorder's office before proceedings can be had; in placing

the control of highways in the hands of a township commissioner, who is appointed by township trustees and is under their orders; in dividing the road fund among the townships in proportion to the mileage of roads; and in making no provision for bonds. Taken as a whole, the Caminetti bill is far preferable. The provision for recording the right of way and that dividing the road fund in proportion to mileage might profitably be adopted. But placing the control of the roads in the hands of a commissioner wholly independent of the supervisors, and subject to the orders of another body, would cause immeasurable confusion.

Mr. Hudson's bill provides that fifty or more freeholders owning contiguous land may petition for a road district, setting forth the proposed boundaries and filing a bond in twice the estimated amount that an election in the district would cost. A special election is then called in the district, and if two-thirds of the voters fail to vote in favor of the organization, the petitioners must pay the cost of the election. If the vote is favorable, the district is organized. At the same time that the question of organization is submitted, the names of candidates for trustees are voted on, and those receiving the highest number of votes take control of the district roads, if the district is organized. These trustees are elected annually, and when they deem it desirable, may call a special election to decide whether bonds shall be issued. A majority vote is sufficient to carry the bond question; the bonds may run for twenty years, but there is no provision limiting the rate of interest or providing that the bonds may not be sold for less than par. Annually, when bonds have been issued, the trustees certify to the supervisors the amount required that year to pay interest and principal on the bonds, and a special tax is levied on the district for that purpose. To create a regular district fund, the county road-tax collected in the district is set apart, after deducting such percentage as the supervisors may fix upon for the general county-road fund.

The senate bill takes the existing townships as the division of the county for road purposes, and provides for the election of three trustees every two years. These trustees manage and control the county roads and certify annually to the supervisors the amount of money required for their construction and maintenance during the year. The supervisors then levy a road-tax on the district to cover this amount, which tax, however, is limited to twenty cents on each one hundred dollars of valuation. They may also direct the supervisors to levy a road poll-tax, which, in their discretion, may be worked out, but whether this is in addition to the county poll-tax already provided for, does not appear. The trustees appoint a road overseer, who holds office at their pleasure and receives such compensation as they may decide upon. He takes charge of the township roads subject to their orders and under their direction, and also of the county highways in the township, but in this he does not appear to be under anybody's orders or direction.

Here again the assembly bill is preferable to that of the senate. The provision for road commissioners is a distinct step backward; the provisions in the assembly bills for the issue of bonds constitute a distinct step in advance. The enactment of the two assembly bills would round out and complete a most desirable system of highways, the beneficial effect of which would soon be felt throughout the State.

Viola Allen, the leading lady of the Empire Company, recently expressed her views on stage life with a forcefulness which should make the dramatic debutante pause and consider. Miss Allen has shattered many ideals. There is no glamour, no fun, no heaux and bouquets, in her description, only work and monotony. Glory is not easily achieved in any line; but the path to stage glory is particularly steep and rough. There is rehearsal all morning and sometime rehearsal or consultation in the afternoon. There is a manager and a dressmaker forever calling the actress back from the few moments of idleness that she may snatch as they pass. There is no hrougham and no obsequious cavalier to see her home to what the newspapers call her "bijou apartment." There is only a mother—a real mother, not a hired one—and the elevated train to take her to her flat in Harlem. So ends the giddy day of one of the most successful leading ladies in this country.

Yet the prospect of so much hard work and so little play does not deter the aspirants for histrionic honors, who storm the fort in increasing battalions. For every vacancy in a good company, there are from ten to twenty applicants. The dramatic schools in New York alone turn out about one thousand pupils per annum. It is calculated that one million dollars is spent annually on stage-training, not to mention the money disbursed by numerous "angels" who are doing little deeds of kindness, saying little words of love, to cheer ambitious young stars on their sparkling way. The stories of the large salaries paid to players are true only of the leading lights. The dead level of the profession are lucky if they get twenty-five dollars a week. Good people in road companies will play for fifty. There is still room on top,

and top-talent still commands a high figure. Reliable stars of stock companies, like Georgia Cayvan and Viola Allen, can invest in real estate or support their family. But for those thousands of girls who are speeding hopefully to the metropolis from every point of the compass, there are twenty chances of failure to one of success.

The rush stageward is natural enough, considering the inducements. It is almost the only legitimate profession where, with moderate good looks and fair intelligence, a girl can make a living salary. Great talents command anywhere, but on the stage mediocre talents, if their possessor is hard-working and conscientious, will yield her a livelihood. It is a fine marriage market. A woman who wishes to marry can set off her attractions to much better advantage on the boards than in the sordid meanness of a poverty-stricken home. Moreover, the moral stigma under which the stage has labored no longer exists. The gay days of George Anne Bellamy and Peg Woffington are long past, and with Mrs. Kendal and Georgia Cayvan to guard the entrance with flaming swords, there is no need for the serpent to enter the Paradise where good actresses dwell in harmony. The success of such young women as Maude Adams and Viola Allen has hurried stageward hundreds of girls who would never have dared to set their feet inside the greenroom had it been as mad, and glad, and had as it was when Anne Bracegirdle's respectability was the wonder of the town. These young actresses are mainly responsible for the stampede of ambitious spinsters, desolate widows, and unhappy wives to the far side of the footlights. They have shown that an actress can have the cakes and ale and a reputation, too, and that with only moderate good looks, well-cultivated minds, hard work, and good character, histrionic glory may be won.

The voluminous records in which are preserved the facts brought out in legal contests probably do not contain a more curious case than that of *ESCAPE OF ONE CONTRACT-MARRIAGE HUSBAND*. Thomas M. Quackenbush. An old man, broken in health, went to court to have the fact established that a woman claiming to be his wife did not, in reality, hold that relationship to him. By sheer determination he clung to life until judgment had been rendered in his favor, and two days after the decree was filed with the clerk he died. The attorneys for Mrs. Ahhott, at whose house Quackenbush had once hoarded and who claimed to hold a contract of marriage with him, claim to have discovered a technical flaw in the proceedings that will enable them to reopen the litigation, and it is not yet certain that the people of this community are not to be afflicted with the spectacle of another swarm of birds of prey fighting over the bones of a rich man's estate.

The legislature of 1895 passed a law repealing the section of the code recognizing as valid a marriage authenticated only by a contract entered into by the parties thereto, and it was hoped that this would put an end to the scandals by which this State has so long been disgraced. But the repeal of the section could not invalidate such marriages that had been entered into before 1895, and of these there promises to be an abundant crop. In this particular case, it is fortunate that Mrs. Ahhott had the same failing as the parrot that talked too much, and she is now, probably, indulging in reflections very similar to those of the accomplished but unfortunate bird. So confident was she that Quackenbush was too near the grave to cause any serious trouble, that she went around among her friends declaring that she was his wife. But the contentious old gentleman, though physically weak, was strong in determination, and he pushed his suit with an energy that would have done credit to a younger man. Quackenbush has probably saved his estate, but other rich men whose property is sufficient to invite such attacks are not likely to be so fortunately situated. They can not expect to have their conjugal condition adjudicated while they are still in a condition to go on the stand and testify in their own behalf. The only remedy seems to lie in some procedure in the nature of an injunction against the whole female sex, or, at least, against such part of the sex as might or could lay claim to being the widow upon his death. There might, however, be some legal or technical difficulties encountered in such a proceeding—such as the court not obtaining jurisdiction over the possible claimant—that would defeat its purpose.

It is too late in the session for the present legislature to grapple with the problem, but should such legal contests continue to crop up, it might be well for the next legislature to require that all contract marriages heretofore entered into should be recorded within a fixed legal time, the penalty for failure being a refusal of the courts to protect any property rights arising out of such unrecorded contracts. There is no reason why this questionable relation should be protected by the judicial machinery of the State. It is a public morals, and results only in litigation which is expensive to the parties and also to the community. It unnecessarily clogs the business of the courts.

THE CAPTAIN'S STRATAGEM.

How Jenkins Outwitted an Intermeddler.

Ever hear tell of how Cap'n Jenkins done up the Prohibitioner? 'Twas along in th' early 80's, when the cap'n wuz a-runnin' a hay-ranch 'bout twenty mile south-east of Boomopolis. The cap'n wuz a-raisin' alfalfa, wheat, oat, an' barley-hay, an' a-shippin' on it to Yuma by the S. P. He wuz a-makin' a lot of money fer the railroad an' a leetle fer himself, an' he liked the job becuz 'twuz farmin' on a big scale an' he plenty of room fer th' exercise of his administrative faculties, which the same, nex' to his handiness with a gun an' his 'bility to carry likker, wuz the cap'n's strong hold.

Now the cap'n hed a gang of Mission Injuns a-workin' fer him on the ranch, an' he liked 'em a heap better than white men or greasers, becuz they minded their p's an' q's better an' never made no trouble. Cap'n Jenkins always believed in treatin' a man white, even if he wuz red or black, s' long ez he kep' quiet an' behaved himself. There wuzn't a milder-mannered man in 'steen counties than the cap'n till sum fool or other stepped on his corns—an' then he wuz a California lion an' a bull-dog all in one. Believin' that a man'd work better an' be more contented with his lot in life fer a 'casional stimulant, Cap'n Jenkins used to serve out grog reg'lar to his Injuns. But they wuz a set of cranks cum into the kitchen from th' East who wanted to 'stablish a millinerium 'twixt Los Angeles an' Yuma—likely kentry thet fer a' angel-ranch, 'specially in them days. Them fellers heered of the cap'n an' his grog, an' they swore they'd hev him arrested an' put through th' United States court fer givin' whisky t' Injuns. So, one day they sent a missionary out to the cap'n's ranch to find out about it.

Cap'n Jenkins wuz well fixed fer comfort, with a big corral fer the hosses, an' a shed fer the Injuns, an' a 'dobe bouse fer himself, an' squaws to do the wasbin', an' pap-pooes to play with, an' a China cook. When the missionary druv up, the cap'n hed jest cum in from a ride 'round the ranch, an' wuz a-restin' under his own vine an' fig-tree, like a patriarch. He received the feller very hospitibul, invited him to 'light from his buckboard, sent the team to the corral by an Injun boy, an' offered the feller a glass of whisky an' a pipe. He wuz a good deal discomfuddled when the man refused to drink, sayin' as bow 'twuz ag'in his principles. The cap'n hedn't never trotted with that kind of a critter, an' didn't know exacly bow to hit the gait. Howsumever, he concealed his umbarrassment ez well ez he could, an' guv the feller a drink of water from the olla an' axed him how he liked the scenery along the road. The chap *did* consent to smoke, jest fer 'pearances, I s'pose, which broke th' ice a leetle, an' they sot an' talked a half-hour or so. An' all the while they wuz a-talkin', the cap'n wuz a-thinkin'. He wuz pretty 'cute 'bout most things, an', from the feller's talk, he soon sized him up fer jest what he wuz—a spy sent out to do the cap'n up.

By an' by the cap'n brung the talk 'round t' Injuns an' to whisky—two subjects which very frequent goes together. Fust, he sort o' 'polgerized fer offerin' the feller a glass, sayin' thet he ought to hev knowed, if he hedn't been so tired from his ride 'round the ranch, that a nice-lookin' man like him, an' lately from Boston, wouldn't hev no use fer th' ardent. As fer him, the cap'n, he hed been brung up in a different way, 'mongst Injuns, an' cowboys, an' the hard life of the frontier. So, mebbe that might be sum excuse fer his 'casionaly comfertin' himself with a drop or two. Besides that, every man owes a duty to sassiety—the sassiety in which he lives. The cap'n's frien's wuz 'customed to see him full every day—not beastly drunk, but jest cheerfully full. If he failed to git in that condition by sundown, his frien's wuz s'prised an' worried 'bout his he'lth, an' no man bed ary right to become a source of 'noyance an' sollicitude to them thet wished him well.

As fer Injuns an' whisky, the cap'n sized the matter up 'bout him this: An Injun wuz a man, a human bein', an' hed sum of the same feelin's ez other men. W'ile we can't 'xacly take th' Injun to the buzzum of our families, yet, all the same, in so far ez we has dealin's with him we'd ought to treat him white an' do by him ez we would that he sh'd do by us. The cap'n felt dretful ornery to be enjoyin' right good whisky ev'ry day an' never offerin' none of it to the faithful servants who wuz endurin' with him the heat an' burden of the day. The cap'n 'lowed that it wuz sorter givin' down the milk of human kindness to look arter the creature comforts of his men—an' besides, a glass of likker now an' then went to accelerate their motions, an' they done their work more satisfactory.

P'raps others might not agree with him, but he hed foun' out, in the past, thet the better he treated his Injuns, the better they treated him, an' there hedn't been a more peacabul, more industrious, cheerfuller set of men in a thousan' mile than his gang of sixteen stalwart bucks. They wuz always on time in the mornin' before sun-up fer breakfast an' a glass of grog, always on hand at dinner fer 'nother glass, an' hurryin' through their work in th' afternoon fer 'nother glass. Them three glasses, with 'nother one at bed-time fer a night-cap, wuz all he ever 'lowed 'em. But now-a-days, owin' to the public sentiment ag'in it an' the laws bein' pretty strict, the cap'n hed been compelled, ag'in his own will an' judgment, to cut off the supply altogether, an' now his Injuns never got a drop unless they went off an' stole it somewhere, an' he must say thet an Injun arter whisky, wuz a tougher thing to deal with than a settin' ben, an' more on-reasonabul.

Ez a result of their bein' teetotalers, his Injuns wuz a-gittin' lazy an' quarrelsome, given to beatin' their squaws an' to fightin' 'mongst themselves. If things kep' on in this way much longer, the cap'n w'd be bankrupt an' likely bev to quit ranchin', an' his family w'd praps hev to starve fer want of bread, w'ich he boped w'd be a lesson to them misguided Prohibitioners, who wuz a-bringin' their fancifool ideas into God's kentry an' a-playin' the very devil thereby.

All the time Cap'n Jenkins wuz a-runnin' on like this, the Prohibitioner wuz a-settin' thar, with his eyes half shet, suckin' on his pipe an' sayin' nothin'. The cap'n begun to git mighty oneasy. 'Twuz a-comin' 'long nigh noon, an' th' Injuns w'd soon be in frum the fields. If they didn't git their usual glass, they'd be hot an' might make trouble. But how in the world to giv' it t' 'em without incriminatin' himself wuz a big problem, an' the cap'n rasted with it a long time afore he c'd git any light. But finally he hit upon a plan.

'Bout twelve o'clock, dinner wuz served fer the cap'n an' his guest, a big spread fer thet out-o'-the-way place—chicken, an' *frijoles*, an' corn-bread, an' canned fruits, an' coffee. The cap'n sed he c'dn't see how any man c'd eat without takin' no appetizer, but th' other feller seemed to be healthy an' stored 'way a lot of vittles. When the meal wuz finished, the cap'n riz up frum the table an' sed: "I don't hev much to do arternoons, an', lyin' 'roun' here smokin' an' snoozin', I used, onct in a very great w'ile, to take a drop too much, more'n my frien's thought thet I'd ought to take. So I hit upon a plan t' avoid this, an' ev'ry day, arter dinner, I fills up what glasses of grog I thinks I kin carry through th' arternoon, an' drinks 'em 'long frum time to time ez I feels the need. In this way I hev what I want without ever gittin' too full, an' at bed-time I'm jest comfert'ly full. 'Bout sixteen cups is my 'lowance this time of year, when the weather's warm."

So sayin', Cap'n Jenkins takes sixteen tin cups an' fills ev'ry one half full of whisky, an' puts in a leetle water an' a dash of sugar, makin' a sort of toddy. Then he sets 'em in a row on the 'dobe mantel-piece over the fire-place w'ich the cap'n hed hed built fer rainy days. All this time the China cook wuz a-makin' a lightnin' change fer th' Injuns, fer they et at the second table. He wuz a-pilin' on great heaps of bacon, an' corn bread, an' pertaters, an' *frijoles*, an' sech truck, fer the cap'n fed his help high. An' pretty soon th' Injuns cum a-whoopin' from the fields, an' fed their hosses, an' cum in fer their own dinners.

Cap'n Jenkins met 'em at the door an' told 'em in their own lingo thet they wuzn't on no 'count to tech the toddy w'ile he wuz in the room. So they all sets down to the table, quite decent an' civilized, an' the cap'n he 'scuses himself an' ses thet he must go to the corral to see if the stock hed been properly fed, an' goes out. Then them Injuns rises an' goes to the mantel-piece, an' each one takes a cupful of toddy an' swigs it off, an' smacks his lips, an' ses "Ugh! Heap good!" an' sets down ag'in an' goes to chawin', 's tho' nothin' hed happened. An' all the w'ile the Prohibitioner wuz a-settin' there watchin' 'em.

When the cap'n came back, there wuz a row of empty cups 'roun' the mantel-piece. The cap'n wuz turrible wrathy. He swore, an' stomped his feet, an' swung his arms, an' vowed thet he'd discharge the hull caboodle on 'em an' thet he'd put a head on every one on 'em, then an' there. An' them Injuns "sabad the *burro*" all right enough, an' they jest grunted an' sawed wood an' never sed a word. Then the cap'n turnd to the Prohibitioner an' sed: "Didn't I tell you thet an Injun'd steal whisky ev'ry time he gits a chance? What is a feller a-goin' to do with sech on ornery, good-fer-nothin', lyin', thiev'n set? I shell report this matter to th' Injun agent right away, an' somethin's got to be done 'bout it. I ain't a-goin' to be robbed by no sech copper-colored set of ongrateful wretches, arter all I done fer 'em. No, sir, this 'ere thing is jest a leetle too much." An' the cap'n collapsed, then an' there, an' sunk down onto a stool, like he wuz all played out.

"I w'dn't bother very much with 'em," sed the Prohibitioner, with a queer little smile. "They ain't worth it. Besides, you've got plenty of whisky left, an' them fellers will work 'nuff harder this arternoon to pay fer what leetle they drunk. An' it'll be all the better fer you not to hev them sixteen cups a-gnawin' at yer vitals. Fer at the last it biteth like a Gila monster an' stingeth like a scorpion."

Wa'al, by an' by, the Prohibitioner sed he must be a-goin', an' his hosses wuz brung 'roun'. They hed been groomed, an' looked well-fed an' happy, an' the feller guv the Injun boy a dollar fer a tip. An' then he shook han's with the cap'n an' sed, "Cap'n Jenkins, I ain't a-goin' to say a word ag'in you."

"Thet's right," sed the cap'n. "I knowed you'd be white when you come to understan' us better. Now you jest go back to Boomopolis an' tell yer folks thet we're a-gittin' 'long all right out here on the ranch."

"Thet's jest what I'm a-goin' to do," said the feller.

"I say," sed the cap'n, "it don't seem right nohow fer a nice, reasonabul, peac'bul feller like yerself to go 'way from this 'ere ranch without takin' a single drink. Now *won't* you take one drink with me, jest fer luck, afore you go?"

But the cap'n w'dn't never tell if the feller took a drink or not. Whenever us boys axed him 'bout thet, he'd shet one eye up tight an' wink th' other, w'ich wuz a way the cap'n hed sometimes.

WILLIAM M. TISDALE.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1897.

The collapse of the steel-rail pool has caused the leading roads to "fall over one another" in placing orders. The heavy cut in the price bad its effect immediately, and most of the Eastern mills will be kept in operation all the year. It is reported that one of the largest producers of rails has contracted to ship 50,000 tons at \$20 to England. In 1867, the year steel rails were first rolled in this country (wrought-iron rails having failed to sustain the increasing traffic), the total production was 2,550 tons at \$166. The increase in production was rapid, high-water mark—2,438,155 net tons—having been reached in 1882. In 1881 America distanced Great Britain in amount of product, and has kept the lead. But prices fell with increased production. It was not until 1874 that rails fell below the \$100 mark. From 1877 to 1879, they were \$45; then they shot up to \$85, but, in 1880, declined to \$45, and have been declining ever since. They were sold at \$22 in 1895, but \$26 was asked in 1896, and \$25 was the price until a few days ago, when the price went to as low as \$17 in Chicago and Pittsburgh.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Season of Heat.

With fierce noons beaming, moons of glory gleaming,
Full conduits streaming, where fair bathers lie;
With sunsets splendid, when the strong Day, ended,
Melts into languor, like a lover's sigh—
So cometh summer nigh.
And shadows black as night, laced with gold light
Where beams, flame-high, pierce courts of calm retreat;
Wan rills which warble over glistening marble;
Cold jewels, and red sandal, moist and sweet,
These for the time are meet.
Of *Suchi* springing; of the glad days bringing
Love-songs for singing which all hearts enthral;
Wine-foam that hovers at the lips of lovers,
Perfumes and pleasures in the palace-hall:
In *Suchi* these befall.
For then, their hips loose-cinctured, bosoms tinctured
With dust of neem-spray, and with pearl-strings gay;
Their new-laved hair unbound, and spreading round
Faint scents, the palace-maids in tender play
The ardent hearts allay
Of princely playmates. Through the painted gates
Their feet, with lac-dye neat and anklets ringing,
In music trip along, echoing the song
Of wild swans—all men's souls by subtle singing
To Kama's service bringing:
For who, their softly heaving breasts perceiving,
Their white pearls—weaving with the emerald stars
Girdles and anadems—their gold and gems
Linked upon waist and thigh, in Love's soft snares
Is not caught unawares?
Their silk cloths laid aside, chölis thrown wide
In the warm night-tide—their beauty cover
With woven veil too airy to conceal
Its dew-pearled smoothness: so, with youth clad over
Each finds her eager lover.
And breathings tender from the fans of chanda,
Odors that wander from those gem-bound breasts,
Voices of stream and bird, and low notes heard
From sitar-strings amid the song's unrests,
Wake passion; with light jests
And side-long glances, and slow-moving dances
Each maid enhances newly stirred delight;
Quick leaps the fire of love's divine desire
So kindled in the season when the Night
With whitest stars is dight;
Till, on the silvered terraces, the faces
Love's slumber graces, lip to fond lip lie;
And—all for sorrow there must come To-morrow—
The moon, who watches them, pales in the sky,
While the still Night doth die.

Then breaks red dawn! The whirling dust is driven
O'er earth and heaven, until the sun-scorched plain
A road scarce shows, for dazzling heat to those
Who, far from home and friends, journey in pain
Longing to rest again.
In troops returning, with muzzles dry and burning
For cool streams yearning, herds of antelope
Haste where the brassy sky, hanked black and high,
Gives clouded promise. There will he—they hope,
Water beyond the Tope!
In full glare failing, his hooded terrors veiling,
His slow coils trailing o'er the fiery dust,
The cobra glides to highest shade, and hides
His head beneath the peacock's train: he must
His direst foe-man trust!
Pea-fowls forlorn, o'er-mastered and o'erborne
By blaze of morn cower down with weary cries,
No stroke they make to slay the gliding snake
Who creeps for shelter under the eye
Of their spread jewelries!
The tiger scowling—that kingly tyrant, prowling,
For sore thirst howling, orbs a-stare and red,
Sees without fear the elephants pass near,
Lolls his lank tongue and hangs his bloody head,
His mighty forces fied,
Nor heed the elephants the tiger, plucking
Dry leaves, and sucking with their hot trunks dew,
By heat tormented still they trumpet shrill,
And, nowhere finding water, still renew
Their search—a woeful crew!
With restless snout rooting their rank food out,
Where, all about the slime, thick grasses grow,
The gray boars, grunting in dire ill-contenting,
Dig lairs to shield them from the torturing glow,
Deep—deep as they can go.
The frog, for misery of his pool, drawn dry
'Neath that flame-darting sky, and waters drained
Down to their clay—crawls croaking forth to stay
Against the black-snake's coils, where there is gained
A little shade; and, strained
To patience by the rays which flicker and blaze
From the scorched jewel on his venomous head,
That worm whose tongue—as the blast burns along—
Licks it for coolness, all discomfited
Strikes not his new friend dead!
The pool, once showing 'mid the green leaves growing,
Blue Lotus blowing, hath no lossoms more!
Its fish are dead; its fearful cranes are fled;
And crowding cattle all its flowery shore
Tramp to a miry floor.
With foam-strings roping down his jowl, and dropping
From drawn, dried lips; horns laid aback, and eyes
Mad with the drouth, and thirst-distracted moils,
Fierce-thundering from the mountain cavern fies
The bison, in wild wise,
Questing some water-channel. Bare and scranell
The palms droop where the crows sit in a row
With beaks agape. The gray baboon and ape
Climb chattering to the bush. The buffalo
Bellows. The locusts go
Choking the wells. Far over hills and dells
Roms the affrighted eye, beholding blasted
The pleasant grass, the forests' leafy mass
Withered, its glory waned, its grace exhausted,
Its creatures wasted.
Then springs to view, blood-red and fierce of hue,
As blooms sprung new on the kusumbah-tree,
The wood-fire's tongue, fanned by the winds, and flung
Furiously forth—thorns, canes, and brakes you see
Wrapped in one agony,
By ruin riven! The conflagration driven
In crimson levin, roars from jungle dells,
Hisses and blusters through the bamboo clusters,
Crackles across the curling reeds, compels
All that in woodland dwells
Headlong to fly! Dreadful those flames to espy
Coil from the cotton-tree, snakes of hot gold,
Violently break from root and trunk to take
The seething leaves and boughs in deadly hold;
Then passing, to enfold
New plunder: beasts and birds, a sight of wonder,
Through the smoke thunder—all their enmity
Lain quite aside; seeking the river wide
Which flows by sandy flats; in company
As friends, they madly fly!—*Sir Edwin Arnold.*

Fishing in the lakes of Killarney seems to have been destroyed by the recent bog slide.

PICTURESQUE PARISIANS.

Sketches of Men and Women Famous in Letters and Art—Sardou, Zola, Daudet, Yvette Guilbert, and Other Celebrities.

Stuart Henry has lived so long in Paris that "Parisian" describes him almost as well as it does the subjects of his sketches. He may be said to be part of the life he describes; and this familiarity was shown in his "Paris Days and Nights." In "Hours With Famous Parisians" the combination of the alertness of the American journalist with a graceful delicacy which is essentially French, introduces the celebrities he has chosen, with an entertaining picturesqueness that is at the same time clear and truthful. Several of the sketches have appeared in London and New York periodicals, but they have been improved by revision and a new dress. The author has arranged his subjects in the order of writers; people of the stage; painters and composers. There are twenty-two names in all; Sardou is the first to claim our attention. This is Mr. Henry's glimpse of him:

At his desk, he flings his arms at you, throws himself back in his chair, strikes unconscious attitudes, jumps up and strides excitedly back and forth across the room, lays down his arguments, one after the other, and under your nose reaches down and rubs his ankles!

M. Sardou in his study, with his black velvet skull-cap, his flowing clothes, and the two old revolutionary kettledrums under the table! An agitator, a reactionist of a violent type! In his excitement, he takes off his cap, reveals the fact that he has long, silky, iron-gray hair, through which he runs his fingers and leaves it flying in the air, rams his hands in his pockets:

"Le vais les embêter—vous allez voir!"

He defies the Third Republic. He defies the Théâtre Français. The government is rotten, and the Théâtre Français is the refinement of decay. They must both offer him a full and humble retraction and apology on a silver platter for that "Thermidor" episode.

And the Théâtre Français! What an asylum of respectable imbeciles! Its actors can not act; its managers know nothing about the stage. M. Sardou has always found his great interpreters in the theatres of the boulevards. It was Déjazet who created his early rôles and gave him his first "send-off."

"I shall never forget how I set off that June morning across the fields, with my first manuscript under my arm. I went to submit it to Déjazet. She was sixty and I twenty-six! Oh, je le crois bien—Déjazet!"

In strong contrast with this volatile Parisian is Emile Zola, of whom we are afforded this intimate glimpse:

Always at home to you after six o'clock.

A business man. No emotion, no ideals, no imagination, no poetry, in his personal intercourse. He does not try to win or entertain you. He takes no personal interest in you, and does not expect you to take any personal interest in him.

He talks frankly and freely about everything, but in a secular way. He makes life seem to you merely a commercial career. Fiction for him is editions of one hundred thousand and fifty thousand francs a year. His magisterial and magnificent panoramas of description, unequaled of their kind, are all measured off in his mind as so many rods of printed matter at so much a rod. No one can describe a forest as he can, with its colors, nooks, grandeur, repose; but to him, individually, it simply means so many thousand feet of sawed lumber with which to build emigrant vessels and dredging machines.

No personal magnetism, no sentiment, no perfume, no rose colors.

You always see him at a *vernissage*. He will be dressed like a well-to-do merchant, with his hat tipped back on his head, his fingers clutching each other behind his back, his lips moving in some prosaic conversation, his eyes seeing nothing across the crowd.

At home, after six, he is apt to wear a snug, snuff-colored sack-suit, with plenty of pockets for his hands—a close-fitting working gear. His physique is robust, with a high tendency to obesity. His voice is weak, and cracked, and pitched high. His realism finds expression in his broad nose. It is a nose constructed to root up the ground and sniff out the filth of existence.

He has a tired, overworked air. His eyes look weary, and he says "Ah!" with a sigh, when he speaks of the immense field he has rooted over and has yet to root over in his brutal manner. Life has been for him a blunt, rude, brutish thing. He has conquered merely because he has worked harder than any one else. With him, naturalistic literature succeeds only by the sweat of the brow.

And you fancy that this colossus of a novelist works fifteen or eighteen hours a day? He pretends to write only three. He begins at ten and stops at one or two in the afternoon. And his first hour amounts to little; it is only his last two hours that count.

Daudet's home life is shown in an interview from which we reproduce the following:

"Is it possible, that, as you say, foreigners in Paris complain of the *vie fermée* of Parisian households? Why, the idea had never occurred to me. I do not understand it. You see how it all is about you here" (throwing his arm in a careless gesture)—"how unpretending it is—old things. We live in modest comfort—friends, acquaintances, strangers—all are welcome—every one does as he pleases. Of course, at the same time, we lead a close family life. I was laughing just before you came in, for I heard my boy of sixteen ask his mother, 'Won't you go walking with me this afternoon?' 'I can not—I must take your little sister out—why don't you go alone?' 'Oh, I do not want to go without you.'"

"My eldest son lives in another part of town, but he comes here every day in the year to embrace me, and to inquire, 'How are you to-day, father?' 'Moi, je suis pour la famille—I believe with my heart and soul in the sanctity of marriage and the fireside. I am not in favor of the institution of divorce. Love of family and love of country—these are my two great motives. It seems to me ideal to choose one person and to say to yourself: 'That is the person whose eyes I am to close forever, or who is to close mine in the last sleep.'"

"When you visit us at Champrosay this summer, I will show you that our family life is by no means *fermée*—walled up. With us, every one makes himself at home. We get together at breakfast-time—we stroll into the park—we shout to each other—we wear our old clothes—we give a rendezvous for five o'clock tea—we talk, laugh, sing. My son has a tennis-court there. I go and sit on a bench, and watch the game. A photographer in the Avenue Victor Hugo has photographed the scene. There I am with my cane, and with a big hat drawn down over my ears. I look like a patriarch—they call me the 'old man.'"

An experience which Daudet shares with other authors who may be less frank is described in this passage:

One morning as I burst in on him, he was fumbling over some books and papers on his desk, and was ready, as usual, to talk of everything. He picked up a little volume at his right hand, and said: "Do you see that? I'll tell you what it is. It was sent me by the author—who he is I haven't the slightest idea. But see—the text is only printed in the middle of each page, so that there's a large white space above, below, and on each side of the type. I use it for writing memoranda. Look, how I've written data all over its leaves—very convenient—I use it every day for my notes. I call that book a practical example of the aesthetic spirit."

"But the author?" I hinted.

"Oh, as for the author, why, I have written him thanking him for thinking of me, and told him that his book is always on my desk—it never quits my sight."

Catulle Mendès, the laureate of *lingerie*, has a lively chapter to himself, from which we extract the following:

For nearly forty years he has been one of the most conspicuous figures of the sensational belletristic and social world in the French capital. He

was scarcely more than a boy when he impetuously joined the ranks of the young Parnassians. . . .

Early in his tempestuous campaign he established the *Revue Fantaisiste*, which ceased to exist when he was fined and imprisoned for having published within its covers a poem whose allurements offended the notice of the public censor. Then, in 1866, he married Mlle. Judith Gautier, the daughter of the poet; but they separated before very long, and reverberations of the famous incident filled the air in Paris for several years.

M. Mendès has long taken an especial interest in Wagner. Wagner was a contributor to the *Revue Fantaisiste* at the time of his unsuccessful débuts in Paris as a composer. But it was not until later that M. Mendès commenced to champion Wagner's musical cause in France. One of the merits of the rôle of M. Mendès is that he faithfully fought the Wagner fight to its finish in Paris. By pen, by word of mouth, by editorial, and by *conference*, he has all along exalted Wagner in the teeth of a hostile public. . . .

M. Mendès is of medium size. His hair and beard are of a soft, brown hue, and silky. His manners are graceful and rather showy. Occasionally you see him at the National Library, in the Rue Richelieu. When there, he engages the attendants to bring him arm-loads of books, he begins to make a few notes, friends come, and, in his quick, nervous way, he hurries off for the day, and forgets to accomplish that for which he came. At a *première*, he often appears with his hat and clothes rumpled, his beard untrimmed, as if he had been in a lost mood for a week.

Here is another characteristic glimpse of Mendès:

Time: seven o'clock in the evening.

Place: the white and gold Glacier Napolitain on the grand boulevard, opposite the Vaudeville.

People are drinking absinthe.

M. Mendès, with his hat off, and in his best Bohemian style. His audience is composed of three men and a handsome, mystic-haired young woman, who looks heatific and says nothing. M. Mendès's gestures of flow and fervor have mown a swath around him. He has energetic periods, and then soft, suave passages, wherein drips the dew and blooms the rose. His Parnassian cadences are redolent of perfume and nectar.

Mr. Henry presents this graphic portrait of Paul Verlaine, the poet of *décadence*, whose death, a few months ago, stirred the world more than did his life:

Place—Café du Soleil. Time—half-past five p. m. I have come here to get a glimpse of the greatest living French Bohemian poet (unless you care, for any reason, to except Richenin). I have brought along, as a Bohemian companion, Richenin's abominable "Le Pavé," which has been loaned to me by a Bohemian student. In the corner nearest Notre Dame is Verlaine. I sit down at a stand just opposite him—ten feet away—and pretend to be reading my book. His faithful glass of absinthe is at his right hand. He has as yet merely sipped of it. It is too early in the day for him to be drunk. He is engaged in writing, smoking an old pipe, and reading newspapers. He glances up and down the columns of the journals in a rather keen, energetic fashion, as if seriously eager to glean their contents.

A black slouch hat is drawn down over his ears. His coat-collar is turned up, for the weather is not warm. He has on a dark-blue coat, muddy-bued trousers, low shoes, and grayish socks.

His spectacles ride the end of his nose, and whenever he looks away, he looks over them. His mustache and beard are grizzled, ill-combed, dirty. To judge from his rather full face, one would say that he is in a good state of health. His eyes are small and bright. They twinkle, snap, with intelligence. Their color seems to be a bluish gray. His nose is *retrogressed*, very. The back of his neck and head, reflected in the mirror behind him, has evidently just been cared for by a barber, and presents a trimmed, oiled, and prosperous appearance.

He looks his age, about fifty. Every few moments, he lays aside his newspaper and writes several lines. Then he resumes his reading. At a stand at his left and a little in front of him—not more than four feet away from his face—are three men drinking absinthe and keeping up a quiet disturbance. Two of them are young—one a well-dressed, fine-looking fellow. The third is about fifty-five, and is a type of that Latin-quarter Bohemianism which one sees around the Place Maubert and at the Père Lunnette. He is a stale gamin who would have been a fit subject for Gavarni. The old coddler's face is unshaven and unwashed. The well-dressed young man, with playful rudeness, slaps him on the cheek and pours a glass of water on his bald pate.

Verlaine laughs at their performances. The old gamin tries to kiss Verlaine's hands in veneration—Verlaine resists—the gamin finally succeeds. He closely watches Verlaine write. He takes one of the written sheets and begins reading it. Verlaine gets up and snatches it back, exclaiming: "Laissez-moi ça!" ("Let that alone.") He continues his scribbling, but keeps an amused eye on his frolicking neighbors. At a stand at his right are four or five students and two or three *fillers* (girls) of the quarter. One of the girls is red-cheeked, pretty, and is sporting an attractive toilet. She is smoking a cigarette. She comes over to the Verlaine party. The well-dressed young man clasps her in a long and ardent embrace—lips to lips. She sits down in front of Verlaine, and orders a gum absinthe.

In fifteen minutes the Verlaine group breaks up. He lifts himself from his seat, puts his "flying sheets" in his pocket, and leaves on the table his writing equipment and his absinthe. He limps toward me with his cane, and shakes hands with a man who is writing verses at a stand just at my side. Verlaine scans him: "Trying to compose something that doesn't go?" His voice is low, soft, pleasant—that of a man of culture. He looks at me and laughs a little, as if he half understood that I, a new-comer in these haunts, was watching him. He slowly drags his diseased leg past my table with difficulty and some pain. I see his clothes near at hand—they are poor and soiled. He hobbles along, and every one in the café manifests deference and respect toward him. He remarks that he will soon be back—and moves out of the front door.

Now Yvette Guilbert ambles her angular figure out upon the stage. Here she is introduced:

You know Yvette's history. Here it is in a word. She was a salesgirl a few years ago. She was crazy to go on the stage. She had always heard of Sarah Bernhardt, and finally went one evening with her cousin (also a young woman) to see Sarah play at the Porte St. Martin. They were so excited that they plumped into their seats without buying a programme. Yvette was astonished at Sarah's poor acting. Was it possible the grand Sarah could not do better than that? Yvette began making comments of dissatisfaction and criticisms of disgust. At length her cousin procured a programme, and exclaimed: "Why, it isn't Sarah at all—there's a substitute this evening!"

Yvette was grievously disappointed, for she had to count the sou in those days, and that night her money and trouble had gone for nothing. She remained, however, and presently a gentleman next her, interested in her lively remarks about the acting, asked if she was an actress, for he said her observations were sensible and apropos. "Why, no," she replied, "but I'm dying to be on the boards, and I don't know how to go about it." "You want to go on the boards—you are alone?" "Oh, monsieur, excuse me—I live with my family—a correct life—it's an honest ambition." He wrote on his card the name of an actor at the Gymnase, and advised Yvette to see him and get his opinion and advice. The card showed that its owner was a journalist connected with a prominent Paris paper. She never saw him again. She called on the actor, took lessons, tried the theatre at a salary of two hundred francs a month, and abandoned it for the café concert.

That was in 1890. Now she is Yvette Guilbert. Now she is the Zola of the French concert-hall!

And here she talks, glibly as always. Guilbert is proud of her vocabulary. She has, also, a profound regard for the alchemy behind the pencil and press that turns words into shekels:

"In the first place, you see, I've got a good head—I'm intelligent—that's the basis of my success. I mean I'm not looking for a husband, or a chance to flirt, or trying to go on the comedy stage. I know I'm not handsome, and I attend strictly to my business—to my art."

"Then I observe the world as it is, and I put what I see in my songs just as I see it. No café singer ever did that before my time. They were all singing 'My cousin embraced me,' and such pretty nonsense. They were not true to the great, broad life as the mass of people live

it from day to day. 'Oh, hut that brutality—like the realists,' you say. Ah, pardon! no!—I save the brutality of it by my irony—it's bitter, severe, my irony, yet it gives a tang that makes one forget the dregs.

"Still, you must not only be intelligent to be a café-singer—you must have *esprit*—that's what I've always had. When I was young, my comrades were always saying: 'That Yvette—it's amazing—what *esprit*!' There are plenty of café-singers to-day who sing with intelligence, hut they have no native wit. I am able to conceive the point and plot of my songs—it's I who find the idea—and sometimes I put them into verse myself, and I nearly always compose the music. Awful hard work all that—I have to think it and live it. Imagine the task of putting a whole drama or comedy into three stanzas, making every word count!"

"And then, as I said, I have made café-singing an art. With me it is not a sport, a pastime, a means to something else—I have developed it into a serious art with laws and rules. I say to myself, 'I am in it, and I stay there.' I've worked all features of it more than any one. There's my diction! They talk about diction being a gift of nature. With me it was simply tenacious work. People have told me that no one, even at the Théâtre Français, has such a fine diction as I. And who, do you imagine, was the first to say that? Max Nordau."

"You see, too, that there are all kinds of songs in my repertoire—sad songs, dramatic songs, 'shocking' songs, chaste songs, songs of the people, of the boulevards, of the rich middle class. I can sing patriotic songs—anything. My dramatic songs—I can make an audience weep with some of them. *Tenez!* one song, I cried all the time I was learning it—three months. My 'shocking' songs—it's only the imbeciles who say that my songs are 'shocking'—they don't make a distinction—they forget the innocent songs that I sing for young girls."

We conclude our extracts with a hit from the chapter on Henner, whose wonderful studies of nude women are so happily characterized in the second paragraph quoted:

A simple, fatherly old man, with a slouch cap and a blouse as daubed with paint as a palette. His studio is in a great, gloomy apartment-house, and overlooks the Place Pigalle. He enters and emerges from his mystic den like some solitary figure in a child's story of robbers. The atelier is bathed in a Rembrandt *chiaro-oscuro*. It is widened and heightened by dark, inchoate, dust-covered perspectives of forgotten picture-frames, old reliquaries mounting loftily on each other, and similar disordered gods of a neglected household solitude.

On all sides of us here are red-haired, hair-restorative virgins iron-rusting in languor.

Now and then the lovable old master gets up, searches among his rubbish and obscurities for some ferociously graceful, iron-rusted maid. He puts her across a chair in the dimly suffusing light, retreats behind her, meekly casts his eyes down at the floor, and says at intervals, "A pretty tone, isn't it? Ah, a good color—very good!"—while our eyes caress the ferruginous *insouciance* of his wax models. He acts like an embarrassed boy showing his first attempt at drawing.

He talks of everything in the kindest way. "I like Italian girls best for models. They often have red hair, or can dye it red, at any rate. I find them right here in the Place Pigalle. Monday mornings, about ten o'clock, all the models in this part of town collect in this square. They are ready to be hired for the week. It is difficult to find good complexions. I need solid tones—a clear, pale, even color—no freckled or cut-up tints—it must be *mat*."

"It is not true that the nude has *never* been painted outdoors until to-day. Forty years ago I used to paint the nude in my little garden at Rome. I suppose people say that my pictures, in which all the light is centred on a naked figure in a dark landscape, are not true to nature. But I have seen this effect in nature. Nature's light on the flesh under such conditions is more brilliant—splendid—than you would ever imagine. I once saw a woman bathing at twilight in Corot's pond at Ville d'Avray. Every ray of luminosity was concentrated on her. She filled the whole space. She literally gleamed forth in the vague evening scene."

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A novel charitable organization exists among the Jews of Chicago. Its purpose is the lending of money without interest to less fortunate members of the race. The society was organized in October, 1895, in the heart of the Jewish section. The Jews of this section are very thrifty, and a loan of ten dollars is all that would be necessary to start one of them in business. There are three hundred contributors to the loan-fund who pledge themselves to pay five or ten cents a week each for the support of the organization. The loans made are for small amounts. The capital of the association is only fourteen hundred dollars, and with this four hundred loans have been made, the money having been used over and over again. No loan is made for a greater sum than twenty dollars, and the usual amount is ten dollars. The business is closely safeguarded and the loans are always repaid at the rate of a dollar a week. Each loan is secured by a seventy-day note guaranteed by a responsible person.

A curious row over the divorce question has arisen in a village of Brittany, the most strongly Catholic part of France. The mayor, whose duty it is to perform the civil marriage ceremony, refused to marry a couple because the man had been divorced, and sent in his resignation. The assistant-mayor and four municipal councilors were asked in turn to perform the ceremony, and rather than comply resigned one after the other. The sub-prefect of the district refuses to accept the resignations, the disappointed bridegroom has sued the recalcitrant officials for ten thousand francs damages and six francs for every day he remains unmarried, and the district attorney threatens to prosecute them in behalf of the state.

According to a decision just rendered by the supreme court of appeal at Paris, all companies incorporated for the purpose of carrying on business in France must be incorporated in France itself, according to the French company law. As there are a large number of American enterprises of one kind and another in France, this attitude on the part of the French authorities is worthy of serious consideration, all the more as it is a matter for discussion as to whether it does not constitute a violation of the stipulations of France's treaties of commerce with foreign countries.

Scotland's morality is likely to show a sudden improvement, a Glasgow court having decided that a father is bound to support his illegitimate children so long as they live. In the case of a male pauper of thirty-six, the father not only must provide maintenance for the future, but must pay back to the parish council what it has spent on his son already.

On and after April 1st next all the clocks on the railroads in Belgium will be provided with dials, marking the hours from one to twenty-four o'clock—midnight. And on May 1st, when the public will have become sufficiently accustomed to these clocks, the times of the trains will be regulated by them.

THE MYSTERIOUS OCTAGON HOUSE.

A Tale of Many Ghosts, Human and Otherwise.

About three years ago I lived at a place called Elmhurst, across the bay, and some of the children of my family had visited an old place on High Street which was reputed to be a haunted house. They repeated a wonderful tale they had heard of a murder committed by an Englishman, who, it was said, had come there in early days and built the house. The story in regard to him was that he was in the habit of taking long hunting-trips, and on returning from one of them found his wife with a house full of gay company. This made him angry, and he shot her, threw her body down the clothes-chute into the cellar, and ran away. This story aroused my curiosity to such a degree that I had a great desire to visit the place, which I saw every day as I passed on the San Leandro electric road, and the more I looked, the more I wondered what basis there might be for the tale.

Soon afterward an article in a newspaper, headed "Drinking Blood," gave another version of the tragedy, which was as follows: It stated that the Englishman who resided in this house was a hunter who often went hunting for long periods, and would then return unexpectedly. Once, upon his return from one of these trips, he found his wife absent, and he concluded that she had gone visiting. After a few days' waiting for her return, he found that the water that he was using, which came from a cistern at the back of the house, tasted bad, and upon examination he found the body of his wife floating in the cistern. She had been murdered during his absence and her body thrown into the water.

These two stories made a great impression on my mind, and I often wondered, as I passed the house in the cars, what was the truth of the matter, and whether it was possible, as had been said, that the tragedy was often reenacted on the premises. As it was the only haunted house that I had ever seen, I wished very much to know if such things were true—if ghosts did walk again and reenact their tragedies. Day after day, as I passed, this took possession of my mind, and my sympathies were aroused for the poor woman who had been so cruelly and mysteriously murdered. So I determined some day to visit the premises and, if it were possible, see the tragedy reenacted. Whether this wish had anything to do with what followed, I do not know.

A few weeks after, at about two o'clock of a bright and beautiful day, I visited the premises in company with my mother and two nephews, one a boy fourteen years of age, the other six years old. We found the house in a very dilapidated condition. It was located on a rise of ground sloping in every direction—in fact, a small hill. The house was of octagonal shape, and built of cement and plastered on the outside. A short time before, a storm had nearly demolished one side of it, and the debris was lying so high that we could scarcely get into the house. The front steps were entirely gone, with only a couple of posts to mark the foot of what had doubtless been a high staircase, as there was an English basement underneath the first story. My mother declined to enter. She waited with my younger nephew, seated on these posts, while my older nephew and I entered by the basement at the back of the house. There was not a window in place nor a door on its hinges, with the exception of the kitchen door—nothing but the floors and the walls. All the other doors were lying on the floors. The roof on one side had fallen so that it nearly touched the chamber floor. The hall in the centre of the house was circular, and winding stairs went all the way up into the cupola, so that one could stand on the parlor floor and look right up into the cupola and see everything in this open space. The hall being circular, the rooms were arranged in such manner that one could stand in the centre of it and see every room of the floor upon which he stood. We counted some twenty rooms.

The winding stairs were in a wretched condition. The supports were gone, the balustrade was missing, and the steps were hanging to the side of the hall, so that it was unsafe to go up. My nephew wished to go up, but I forbade him. But while my back was turned, he slipped up stairs, and when I found that he had ascended, I told him to go all over the floor and see what was there. He reported that there was nothing but rubbish, and that portions of the walls were falling off upon the floor. Just at that moment, I stood at the bottom of the stairs, waiting to give my hand to assist him to descend, being afraid that the stairs would give way, when my mother, from the outside, called out very excitedly: "Daughter, come out of that house!"

I looked out of the window and saw that she appeared very much frightened, and that the little boy had jumped down from his seat and run to her, and was hiding himself behind her. I knew something had happened, but as my attention was taken up with my fear for my nephew, who was descending the rickety stairs, I had not seen what passed outside. I told my nephew to hurry down, and then started to descend the basement stairs, which began almost at the foot of the winding stairs, the only place where one could get into the house easily. When I reached the basement, I entered what had been the kitchen. At the left of this was the cellar, into which it was said the wife had been thrown after being murdered.

There, standing quietly in the centre of the kitchen, was a typical Englishman, dressed in a hunting-suit. He was about five feet ten inches tall, was a blonde with blue eyes, and his face was full and covered with a beard of probably a couple of months' growth. He looked to be about thirty-two or thirty-three years old. By his side was a little dog, and in his left hand was a single-barreled, old-fashioned gun. I knew then that the sight of this man with a gun must have been the cause of my mother's fright, and I thought that he would conclude that I was frightened also, so I stepped to the door and said: "How do you do, sir?" My nephew did the same, and we passed right by him into what had been the dining-room of the house.

But he never moved, never spoke, never even smiled. When we went in there, my mother motioned me from outside, and I nodded to her to show that I understood, but wondered why the man remained there instead of walking about the premises. When I looked again, he had turned his head to the left, looking right at me. I turned away and looked about the room for some moments, when my nephew said, "Let's go, auntie." My mother also urged me from the outside to go home, so I went to the door, and when I reached it, I said, "This seems to be a very queer old place," but the man made no reply.

"Well," I said, "if you are hunting, I don't think you will find any game here."

He still remained silent, and took no notice of us whatever. Then, as I was anxious to have him speak, I thought I would be sociable, and ventured: "Could you tell me to whom this house belongs?"

He looked intently at me all the time, yet he made no answer, but stood still in the same position.

I became disgusted, and my nephew wanted to go. As I went out, I turned and said: "Well, if I were a man, I would be gentleman enough to answer a lady when she addressed me. I hope my nephew will never act like that."

"I should hope not," said my nephew.

Still the man did not answer me. The little dog beside him seemed just as unsociable as his master and did not move.

"I declare, what a pretty dog!" I said, and approached to touch it, when something made me afraid that it would bite me, and so I did not do it.

At this time my mother was at the corner of the house, where lay a tree that had been blown down. I began helping her to pick up some cones which lay upon the ground, and as I glanced toward the basement window, I saw the man, with his head turned to the right, standing in exactly the same position, looking at me through the window. I remarked to my mother that the man acted very strangely.

"Well, I don't want to have anything to do with him," she said; "I am afraid of him."

The place where she had waited for me on the outside was so situated that no one could approach without being seen, as it was on a rise of ground. However, she had not noticed his approach until he was right in front of her. He passed by her without a word and went around the corner of the house, and it was that which frightened her and caused her to call to me.

When we had finished picking up the cones, we walked back along the little path that led from the driveway by which we had entered the grounds, and just as we reached the driveway, a gun went off in the house. I looked at the kitchen window a second time, and could not see the hunter. Then we heard a terrible shriek, like the scream of a woman. It was a most heart-rending sound.

My mother and the boys were greatly frightened and began to cry, and for a few moments I was paralyzed with fear. But I rallied my courage, and said to my mother: "That was the scream of a woman. We must go back and do something for her, if she has been shot." But she would not consent to it. Neither would the boys, for they were afraid that I also would be shot. I concluded that the only thing to do was to go to the nearest place and get help. I could not leave any one suffering like that. I called back two or three times, asking if they wanted help, but not a sound came back to us.

We started toward the gate and had got a little distance down the driveway, about the length of a block from the place, when for the first time I thought of the house being haunted. I did not think that the hunter was a ghost, because he was so distinctly visible.

"This will never do," said I to my mother. "I must go back and help save the woman's life. If you will remain here with the little boy, we will go back to the house."

"No, no," she protested, "you will surely be shot."

She was so greatly frightened that I said that I would go and get assistance, and as I turned to look toward the house I saw that it was literally alive with people!

No one could have entered that house without passing by us, and no one could have entered it except by the basement steps through the back door; yet we had been there all the time. The three windows of the upper story were filled. There were a man and a woman in one window, two men in the next, and a man and a woman in another. The men were all in evening-dress of black broadcloth and wide, low-cut waistcoats, with the old-style wide shirt-fronts, and the women were also in evening-dress, with red scarfs wrapped around their shoulders. On the roof where I looked first were two men, one on each side of the cupola facing toward Oakland, and both of them were firing off pistols in quick succession. There was very little smoke from them, and the sound they made was not very loud. That was the first time it entered my head that the tragedy was being reenacted, which I now fully believe to be the case. I know that the people who appeared there certainly were never in the house, as we had gone all over it. They could not have got into the house without our seeing them, and they could not, therefore, have been real people, although they looked perfectly natural to us.

"As all those people are there to help her," I said to my mother, "the woman who screamed doesn't need me," and I began to think it was time to go.

As we turned to go toward the road, I saw a buggy at the gate, with two men in it, and I thought I would go and speak to them. The men did not look about or at the house, but remained perfectly still in the buggy. I thought this very singular, and went to the buggy to ask them if they had heard the shot and if they would go and see if anything had happened. They did not answer me, and my mother and nephews, who were not pleased at my speaking to these men, dragged me away. I left them sitting there in the same mute fashion.

After a little, I looked back in the road, and there was not a sign of the buggy about the premises.

"Mother, where did the buggy go?" I asked, in surprise. "Oh, I think they drove off," she answered.

I did not see them drive off, and could not explain it, but the men and buggy had disappeared. I was dumfounded for an instant, and when I looked again at the house, there were no people to be seen—no men, no women, no sign of life whatever.

Later, as we were sitting resting at a little station, waiting for the car that goes to Laundry Farm, we saw a little girl about ten or twelve years of age going toward the house. The ground where she was walking was very thick with weeds and grass, and instead of going up the hill by the driveway she walked in the open field. She moved rapidly—too rapidly, I thought, for any girl to have walked in that place. She could not have walked over and up that rough ground so rapidly if she had been a human being. We watched her until she got almost to the house. We could not see her after that.

This story was told me one evening by the young lady who was a spectator of the affair. The true story of the circumstances that led up to the tragedy which had taken place in this house years before, was related to me subsequently by an old resident of the neighborhood, and is as follows:

A very wealthy Englishman came out to this State and built the octagonal house, and married a young woman there. She was much younger than he. He used to go hunting and fishing, and sometimes he would stay away a week at a time. The wife would often invite her friends there to keep her company, giving dances and parties in her husband's absence, and had got acquainted with a rather fast set. There was one man with whom she had become infatuated. It happened that her husband returned while she was in the midst of one of these parties. He went into the kitchen, and from his position there saw such conduct on the part of this man and his wife as aroused his jealousy and gave certainty to his suspicions. He raised his gun and shot his wife dead, intending, some think, to shoot the man. But he did not do it, and the guests became frightened and ran for the open windows and jumped out. Two men ran up to the cupola at the top of the house and fired into the air to attract attention, in order to summon help from Oakland. They all got away as quickly as possible. The Englishman threw his wife's body into the cistern and disappeared, and he has never been heard of since. A little girl who used to bring milk to the family discovered the body of the woman floating in the cistern as she went upon her last errand there, carrying milk to the family. SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1897. A. P. STANTON.

President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, has lately been studying the origin of the various forms of fear and terror, and he suggests that the common fear of high places, which many animals exhibit and which is very acute with some human beings, may be "a vestigial trace, like the gill-slits under the skin of our necks, antedating limbs and inherited from our swimming ancestors." In reply to this, Professor Wesley Mills, of McGill University, says that while the youngest mammals and birds exhibit peculiar manifestations when placed near the edge of an elevated surface, yet a turtle will walk off any elevated support again and again, and a frog "will jump almost anywhere." These exceptions, he thinks, present a difficulty to the acceptance of President Hall's theory.

The thousand-acre menagerie farm in Merced County is putting the "glorious climate of California" to a new and interesting use. On it will be tried an experiment in the breeding of elephants, hippopotami, lions, tigers, llamas, nilgaus, kangaroos, and other tropical and exotic animals, such as are in common demand for purposes of exhibition. The design is to obtain the conditions suited to every sort of animal used for exhibition, and the proprietor thinks that he can come nearer to realizing these conditions in California than anywhere else. Natives of the various countries from which the animals come, who are accustomed to their ways, will be employed to look after them.

Ali Sherif Pasha's stud of pure Arabs has been bought by Wilfrid S. Blunt and will be taken to England. It was first brought together by Abbas the First, Viceroy of Egypt, who ransacked the whole of Arabia for horses, paying any price asked for them. At his death, in 1853, Ali Pasha, who was the richest subject in Egypt, bought the most important part of the stud, and in forty-four years allowed no outside blood to be introduced into it.

No metal is increasing in importance more rapidly throughout the world than copper. Half of the copper mined is produced in this country, the total output in the United States last year reaching 47,722,560 pounds, a little more than half of which was exported. Our copper yield is now forty per cent. larger than that of the world in 1881. The increased demand for the metal is due to electrical appliances.

Persian *papier-maché* articles are made of the Bibles sent out by British mission societies, according to Mr. Hodgetts, a recent traveler in the East. He quotes the British consul at Tabreez as saying: "You have no idea what a boon these Bibles are to the village industries of Persia."

When one falls asleep, the order of surrender to the spell is: sight, taste, smell, hearing, touch. The sense of touch is the lightest sleeper and most easily awakened, then hearing, then sight, while sluggish taste and smell awaken last.

A man will die for want of air in five minutes, for want of sleep in ten days, for want of water in a week, and for want of food at varying periods, dependent on circumstances.

SARDOU'S NEW PLAY.

The American Production of "Spiritisme" in New York—A Splendid Cast can not make a Poor Play a Success—An Erring Wife and Spirit-Rappings.

The pleasurable anticipations we all experienced over the announcement of a new play by Victorien Sardou were somewhat dampened when its name was given to the world. Spiritualism is an old song with most of us, and is suggestive of a frowsy medium in a greasy gown. In the respect that its characters are not charlatans and their dupes, "Spiritisme" does not fail to satisfy our expectations; but it is lacking in novelty of plot, and the spiritualistic element is tiresome and unconvincing.

The play was given a fortnight ago in Paris, at the Renaissance, and Sarah Bernhardt in the principal rôle scored a decided personal success. But the play itself was considered little short of a failure. I have read some of the criticisms of the Paris papers, and their general tenor is a paraphrase of what we are saying here. "This spiritualism business may do in America," they say, "but it will not go with us." And we think the rappings and apparition may amuse Paris, but it bores us.

The story is the old one of the *ménage à trois*, or, rather, *à quatre*, for the wife's cousin plays an important part in it in bringing about the reconciliation with which the play closes. The first act is laid in the home of Robert d'Aubenas, who is sadly neglecting his wife, Simone, for his various scientific studies. His fad of the moment is spiritualism, and in the opening scene there is a great deal of it. The wife, played by Virginia Harned, is in full possession of her physical health, and does not think that marriage with a man who is always in his study is all that she had imagined it would be. "I do not like my husband," she says; "when he kisses me good-night, he reminds me of a pharmacy." There is conveniently at hand, however, a young man who would willingly realize her dreams. In the French version of the play, Sardou made him a Hungarian musician—doubtless an afterthought in deference to the Chimay incident—but the American adapter has been equally up-to-date, and makes him a Cuban patriot. It should have aroused Simone's suspicions that a Cuban patriot was so far away from the Trocha, but she is a guileless young thing and yearns for sympathy and things. She has a friend, Thecla, who abets the flirtation, and under pretense of going to Thecla's country place she makes an appointment to visit the Cuban, Manoel Clavajal, at his bachelor apartment. She accordingly departs with Manoel, Thecla, and her maid, and leaves her husband to discuss spiritualism with his friends. This they do in all seriousness and at wearisome length. The length, however, has a dramatic purpose, for at the end of the discussion the party practice table-writing with the result that a spirit commands them to "Open!" They do not know whether they are to open the door, or the table, or what, but eventually the spirit indicates the window, and it is flung open. Through it a red glare is seen in the sky, and the husband, knowing at once that the railway station where his wife is to take train for Thecla's home is on fire, rushes out in search of her.

The next act takes place the following day in Manoel's apartment. The lovers are discovered; she in a *négligée*, that leaves little to the imagination, and white satin slippers. She presently changes her slippers for shoes, and Manoel—Maurice Barrymore, in a very jaundiced make-up—gallantly kneels at her feet to button them. To them enters a messenger with the morning paper. From it they learn of the burning of the railway station, with Simone's name heading the list of the missing. They are interrupted by a noise without, and Simone has just time to conceal herself in the back of the apartment, when in rushes the husband in a bedraggled and mud-stained dress-suit. He has been searching in the fire for his wife's remains, and now in despair he has come to Manoel in the hope that from him he may learn that Simone did not take the train. Manoel turns him off with an equivocal answer. The wife, who is in hiding all this time, of course hears his protestations of love for her. He departs, but the wife's cousin, Valentin Clavieres, who had accompanied him, remains behind. Clavieres has his suspicions that Manoel knows Simone's whereabouts, and after a few words he compels the woman to come forth. She now sees that to reveal to her husband that she is not dead, she must confess that she has deceived him. She is irredeemably compromised, and implores her lover to fly with her and leave the world in ignorance of the fact that she is still alive. Here the Cuban patriot's true motive is unmasked by the cousin's skillful questioning, and the miserable woman sees at last that it is her money and not herself that he desires. He wants her to have the scandal, accept divorce, and marry him, thereby putting in his hands the six millions of francs which she possesses in her own right. She drives him from her, and the scene closes with the nonchalant exit of the villain after he has been challenged to a duel by Clavieres.

In the third act we are at Robert's country place. He has been giving a bicycling-party apparently, but his heart is not in such frivolous pastimes. He is, in fact, more deeply immersed in his spiritualism than ever. In this act, Nelson Wheatcroft did some of the strongest acting he has ever shown us. The erring wife and her quixotic cousin come in and hatch up a scheme to use his fad as a means to a reconciliation. If Sardou did not impress us with the fact that the husband has worked so long over his spiritualism that his mind is a trifle unbinged, the device employed would be entirely unconvincing and perhaps ridiculous. But Robert's belief is strong, and when the very material Virginia Harned appears before him in a filmy white garment, he is quite willing to believe that she is the spirit of his departed wife. As a perturbed spirit, she confesses her guilt to him, and, as one can not well harbor ill-feelings against a ghost, he forgives the ethereal transgressor. But when she falls upon his neck and his arms close about her, he sees

that she is not a disembodied spirit, but real flesh and blood, and the curtain falls on the reunited couple.

The play is not altogether a failure. Sardou is such a master of stagecraft that he could not produce anything that would fall absolutely flat. He has been writing dramas for nearly forty years, and some of the most popular plays now on the stage are the products of his pen. "Les Pattes de Mouche," which has been a classic for years in this country under the name of "A Scrap of Paper," was one of his earliest successes, having been produced in Paris in 1860; since then he has written a long list of plays such as "Daniel Rochat," "Odette," "Divorçons," "Fedora," "Theodora," and "Gismonda," and very few of them have failed of attaining a certain degree of popularity. But I doubt very much if "Spiritisme" will live, either in Paris or in this country. Without Sarah Bernhardt in the principal rôle, I do not think it would survive a week at the Renaissance, and nothing keeps it alive here except the magnificent manner in which Messrs. Hayman and Frohman have put it on the Knickerbocker stage. The mounting is elaborate and in excellent taste, and the cast could not be excelled in New York city to-day. Just look at the list—Maurice Barrymore, Nelson Wheatcroft, J. H. Gilmour, and Virginia Harned in the principal characters, with William Owen, Charles Harbury, Fritz Williams, Olive Oliver, and Margaret Robinson, in what are little better than "thinking" parts. There are, too, half a dozen more persons of lesser reputation, who have nothing to do but stand around and make a presentable appearance, but who do this in a manner far superior to that of the sticks one generally sees in their position. Nelson Wheatcroft, by the way, who, as I said above, has scored a most emphatic success in the rôle of Robert, has been ill during the latter part of the week, and has not been on the stage since Wednesday night. He is threatened with pneumonia, and his part is being quite acceptably taken by Theodore Roberts, who is, I believe, a Californian. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, February 26, 1897.

A young cattleman of Wyoming has hit upon a remarkable scheme for exterminating wolves and coyotes. His secret is contained in a small vial of yellowish-brown liquid. His mode of extermination is to trap a wolf or coyote alive and inject three drops of the poisonous fluid beneath the skin. This operation he repeats three times in twelve hours and then releases the animal, green-eyed, with dilated pupils, frothing at the mouth, and raving mad. It lives from thirty to forty hours after being liberated, but, like a dog with hydrophobia, it bites everything it meets and every other wolf bitten becomes inoculated, and in this way the poison spreads and death follows at a rapid rate. The Big Horn Basin papers have published reports brought in from the range of the death rate among the coyotes being enormous from a new disease never before heard of, and the inventor claims it is his "mad death" wiping out the tribe.

An Italian physician who has devoted years of study to the diseases that prevail in tropical countries is of the opinion that every one of them peculiar to those regions is of parasitic origin, or, in other words, the result of bacterial attacks, and that, with the progress of sanitation and hygiene, there will soon be no reason why white men can not live as safely and as long in hot lands as in those where the temperature is varied by seasons of cold. An interesting and surprising conclusion which he has reached is that sunstroke, like malarial fevers, cholera, and the plague, is produced not by the sun's action, but by living germs; that it is an infectious disease and not an accident.

The human body is an epitome in Nature of all mechanics, all hydraulics, all architecture, all machinery of every kind. There are more than three hundred and ten mechanical movements known to mechanics to-day, and all of these are but modifications of those found in the human body. Here are found all the bars, levers, joints, pulleys, pumps, pipes, wheels and axles, hall-and-socket movements, beams, girders, trusses, buffers, arches, columns, cables, and supports known to science. At every point man's best mechanical work can be shown to be but adaptations of processes of the human body, a revelation of first principles used in Nature.

There are several species of fish, reptiles, and insects which never sleep. Among fish it is now positively known that pike, salmon, and gold-fish never sleep at all. Also that there are several others of the fish family that never sleep more than a few minutes during a month. There are dozens of species of flies which never indulge in slumber, and from three to five species of serpents which the naturalists have never yet been able to catch napping.

There are forty State colleges in the United States, some States having more than one, and the number of students in 1896 was 32,000. Minnesota educates the largest number, 3,014, at State expense, Michigan being next with 2,575, then California with 2,400, followed by Wisconsin with 1,600, Nebraska with 1,506, Iowa with 1,300, and Illinois with 1,100.

An old sea-captain of Long Island has proposed the unique scheme of equipping mortar batteries at life-saving stations from which to throw bombs filled with petroleum to calm the waters raging around a wreck. Through the resulting smooth water and surf, the rescue work would be comparatively easy.

The club of the "Cent Kilos," or Fat Men's Club, of Paris, has been made the butt of much Parisian wit; but recently one of the members was drawn in the conscription, and of course was released from military duty, and now the "Cent Kilos" think the laugh is on their side.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Stratton, the Cripple Creek millionaire, refuses to go into any money-making schemes. "What I'm trying to do," he says to promoters, "is to keep my income down within the limits of decency."

One of the daughters of the late General Logan, Mrs. Mary Logan Tucker, is soon to come into a snug fortune. She and her son, George Lemon Tucker, inherit two-fifths of the estate of the late George E. Lemon, which amounts to over three millions of dollars.

At the recent banquet in his honor, Senator Thomas C. Platt sang with great unction Julia Ward Howe's famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic." This is the senator's favorite national hymn, and at a Republican gathering in New York, about a year ago, he astonished his friends during a short speech by singing it in a loud, clear voice.

Jean Lassalle is not to return to this country next season. One of his objects in coming to the United States this year was to make certain business arrangements for the sale of the cement which he manufactures near Paris. During the year of his retirement from the stage he devoted most of his time to the management of this business, and he expects to return to it.

Prince Henri d'Orléans took with him on his Abyssinian expedition a phonograph, a cinematograph, and a large musical box. He depends upon the last named instrument to soothe the savage breasts of the natives, after which he means to amuse and astonish them with the phonograph and incidentally to get a choice stock of African jargon registered for future reproduction.

General "Joe" Shelby left a most interesting collection of relics of the Confederacy. One of his prized possessions was a daguerreotype of three boys—Shelby himself, Frank Blair, and B. Gratz Brown. It is recalled that Shelby's mother was both rich and generous, and when she sent her son to school in Philadelphia, she sent the other boys, who were poor, along with him.

The late Joseph Willard, of Washington, was supposed to have left about two millions of dollars, but his brother Henry is authority for the statement that the estate will run over ten millions of dollars. "Joe" Willard, as he was known, leaves only one heir to all his property—a son living at Fairfax, who is a member of the Virginia legislature. He is popular and wants to go to Congress, first as representative and then as senator.

"Dictionary Snyder," long known as the genius of the Latin quarter in Paris, is said to have lived through the siege of the city on fifteen francs. Olive-oil and bread mixed with water to form a soup were his main articles of diet. Snyder is credited with having sustained life for a protracted period on four cents a day, and withal maintained an outward semblance of cheerfulness and content that was edifying to his companions.

In a letter to one of his children, Guizot tells how, on his first visit to Windsor, he lost his way and opened a wrong door, and heh! for a moment a lady having her hair brushed. The next day the queen (for it was she) joked him about it, and he says: "I ended by asking her leave, if ever I wrote my memoirs, like Sully or St. Simon, to mention how, at midnight, I opened the door of the Queen of England. She laughingly gave me the desired permission."

The countenance of the Princesse de Chimay now looks out of several Broadway shop-windows. These Buda-Pesth photographs show rather a dowdy-looking woman, with carelessly dressed hair partly hidden by a lace scarf. The gown is so low-cut that scarcely a trace of it is visible. In spite of her reputation as a beauty, the heavy, swollen face looks not only much older than the woman really is, but quite without the qualities that would enable her to make any sensation in this country as a beauty.

Dr. Nansen considers England the greatest nation on earth, with the exception of Norway. He always mentions the two countries together, placing Norway first. As a lecturer the doctor is not a great success. If you wish to hear him, you must have a front seat. He speaks English well, except for twisting his verbal clauses about a bit and for calling words having "oo," such as "food" and "room" a "fod" and "rom." He shows great modesty in his speeches, yet he possesses a striking, if gentle, egotism. His scowl and peculiarly determined expression of countenance never desert him. If he were not a man who did not know the meaning of fear, a superficial observer would put him down as a *poseur*. He has already earned enough money by his lectures and writings to buy back his father's estate, which is quite as great a pleasure and triumph to him as his distinction of having been nearer to the Pole than any one else.

Marie Louise, the Duchesse de Montpensier, who died recently in Paris, was a loving mother, a most devoted wife, and a woman of irreproachable character. Every one of her ancestors for ten generations had been disreputable. Her father, Ferdinand the Seventh of Spain, when sane, was stupid, cruel, and treacherous. Her mother, Christina of Naples, had a favorite lover, a big Spanish private soldier, whom little Marie Louise must have seen in her mother's boudoir many times. It happened to be to the interest of the ruling power that Marie should not be educated. She could scarcely write her name when she was married to the duke. Afterward she studied hard and became thoroughly well informed. Through many crises she remained faithful to her husband. Otherwise she might have been Queen of Spain. She defended him when he killed Don Enrique de Bourbon in a duel and all Spain denounced him as a murderer. In her life-time she was banished both from Spain and France. Lately in Paris her name had been synonymous with sweetness and charity.

LITERARY NOTES.

Ibsen's New Play.

"John Gabriel Borkman," by Henrik Ibsen, the foremost dramatist of Norway, has been translated into English by William Archer. It is another unconventional analysis of modern life. It has the same daring originality of construction that is characteristic of Ibsen's other modern plays. His situations are psychological crises rather than what we are accustomed to call dramatic effects. He is more absorbed by the consequences of acts than with portraying the acts themselves. For this reason he often begins a play after the situations ordinarily selected by the dramatist have happened. Instead of using these situations as a climax he prefers to employ his gifts in tracing out their consequences, and he often succeeds in producing a soul-drama of great emotional intensity and naturalness.

This play has the same independent attitude toward the conventional hypocrisy of our modern life that has brought so much adverse criticism against Ibsen in the past. The motive appears to be a study of the tyrannical influence of conventional thought on the life and happiness of a woman and those around her.

John Gabriel Borkman, the chief director of a bank, has disgraced his family by misappropriation of the bank's funds in daring speculations. After spending five years in prison, he retires to voluntary solitary confinement in his own house. For eight years his wife avoids his presence. Their son is sent away to be reared by Mrs. Borkman's twin sister. With this setting the real action of the play begins. However fatal to any chance of happiness, the conventional proprieties must be observed. The name of Borkman has been sullied; it must be cleansed; and this impression has sunk so deeply into the heart of Mrs. Borkman that it has become almost a mania. Unable herself to rehabilitate her husband's honor, she puts all her hope in her son; but some have not been, under these conditions, a pleasant place for him. He does not crave the mission of removing the blot from the family escutcheon. Why should he suffer for his father's infirmities more than he has already done? Mrs. Borkman's twin sister, a deep-souled woman, comes to this unhappy family with the desire to change affairs. The struggle of the mother and foster-mother for the affections of young Erhart Borkman is a strong touch of nature. Now comes the unraveling of Ibsen's motive.

The persistent tendency of Mrs. Borkman to dwell upon her sorrows and make a fetish of her husband's error has not only made them both miserable, but it has also estranged the son, who seeks pleasure elsewhere and finds a chance for happiness in his love for a Mrs. Wilton, with whom he leaves his home without regret. In his youth, Gabriel Borkman, the father, loved his sister-in-law, Mrs. Borkman's twin-sister, but his ambition conquered his love and he sacrificed her to his insatiable desire for wealth and power.

Miserable, scorned by his wife, his love for her sister springs up afresh, and in the desperate hope that happiness is yet in store for them, they determine to flee also. A stroke of paralysis, merciful perhaps, attacks John Gabriel Borkman, and the two women become reconciled over his dead body. Mrs. Borkman sees the consequences of her folly, and the play is brought to a close with restrained and masterly intensity.

Surely this incarnation of the hard, pitiless, and unforgiving attitude of a conventional woman toward the one who has deprived her of a place in the world's esteem, with its consequences upon herself and others, has the logical sequence of masterly work.

Like many of Ibsen's plays, "John Gabriel Borkman" is calculated to arouse discussion and adverse criticism. He has the courage of his convictions. He does not care so much for literary phrasing as for matter, and his plays are perhaps better suited for the study than the stage. His climax is more one of feeling than of action. His work will be found valuable in suggestion and for starting trains of thought and discussion. The characters are real, the conversations natural. Truth, the freedom of individuality, and love seem to be the master-thoughts of Ibsen's life, the foundations of his creed.

Published by Stone & Kimball, New York; price, 75 cents.

Hans von Bülow's Youth.

"The Early Correspondence of Hans von Bülow" was published for the purpose of throwing light upon the comparatively unknown period of the master's development—the twenty-five years from his birth, in 1830, to his first substantial public recognition as a musical genius. The letters for the German book were edited by his widow, and the American edition contains selections from them chosen and translated by Constance Bache.

It is said that Bülow has been more misunderstood, more laughed at, and even sneered at, than any other musician except Wagner. Bülow had the child-like sensitiveness said to abound in the artistic make-up; he also was irritable and moody; he was easily influenced by circumstances, and was alternately soaring above the clouds or groaning in the deepest doldrums. He had a hasty tongue—and used it. It was the same with Wagner. What "Schimpf-vörnerbücher" have been published about Wagner! and about Bülow!

The chief importance of the work lies in the biographical details which the letters contain. Bülow

left but few indications as to his life. "Life is too short for reflection; *il ne faut pas remuer le passé*; it is better to utilize the time for fresh work," he would say, when urged to write memoirs. Many of the letters were to his parents, and in them he gave loose rein to his aspirations, disappointments, and confidences. The correspondence with Wagner and Liszt, his friends and preceptors, is likewise of great interest. His early studies, his determination to be a musician, his parents' desire that he should be a lawyer, his departure from them and his journey on foot to Wagner, the reconciliation, his struggles and privations, failures and successes—all are outlined to the day of his first signal success in his twenty-fifth year. The book is valuable in furnishing an excellent insight to the musical history of the period and to the astonishing standard which the musician had to attain before even recognition was assured by the intensely critical music-loving class of that time.

Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$4.50.

The New Congressional Library.

A "Handbook of the New Library of Congress" has been compiled by Herbert Small. The intention of the hand-book is to furnish such an account of the new library and building as may prove of interest to the general reader, and at the same time serve as a convenient guide for actual visitors. To that end the contents have been so arranged that the book unfolds as the visitor walks naturally through the building. Criticism has been avoided in the general description, but a brief survey of the artistic qualities of the architecture, sculpture, and painting is given by Charles Coffin in a supplementary essay, and Librarian Ainsworth R. Spofford contributes a paper on the function of a national library. The history of the library, from the burning by the British in the second war for independence to the agitation for a new building, is well told. The arrangement and construction of the working library—book-stacks, ventilation, lighting, heating, etc., are described in a chapter valuable to all interested in libraries.

Published by Curtis & Cameron, Boston.

"The Sentimental Vikings."

These tales by R. V. Risley are full of the spirit of the Viking age, and they lose nothing in the telling. We can feel the salt breeze in our faces; we can see the long, low vessel, with its great heaved prow and many rowers straining at their wave-washed oars; or the great banquet-hall, with its immense chimney full of burning logs and the merry wassailers drinking great mugs of ale while they listen to songs of Thor and Odin or legends of the tragedies of eld.

The tales are full of combat, the sinking of ships, the sufferings of those that go down to the sea and return no more, and the light of love. Over all, around the passions of these Northern folk, are woven the beauties of sea and of sky, of dawn and of moonlight, of Northern fjords and endless fields of ice.

Published by John Lane, New York.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Maurice Jokai, in 1843, when a law student of eighteen, was a dramatist of no mean powers. In 1847 he became editor of the Pesth newspaper *Elektsek*. When the Hungarian revolution came, the editor and staff dropped pens and took muskets. At the beginning of 1848, Jokai married Rosa Labarfalvy, a famous actress. With her husband she shared the privations and dangers of three hard campaigns. Within the last twenty-two years, Jokai has written no fewer than two hundred volumes of romances, besides a multitude of shorter stories, essays, etc., every line of which he has written with his own hand.

It is said that the publisher of a smart New York magazine wrote to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward asking her to write a "snappy" life of Jesus. She objected to the adjective, so the story goes, and declined.

Perhaps once only in a generation is there a man who can unite the reality of the sailor's life with the ability to describe it vividly. Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" was such a book for the times of his youth as was "Tom Cringle's Log" before him, and "On Many Seas," recently published by the Macmillan Company, takes its place beside these two as a classic of the sea.

The proprietors of the *Illustrated London News* are understood to have purchased *Pick-Me-Up*. It is not yet announced whether Clement Shorter will add this to his many present journalistic chores.

Since the middle of November last, over one hundred and twenty thousand copies of J. M. Barrie's books have been sold in England and the United States—one hundred thousand of these being "Sentimental Tommy" and "Margaret Ogilvy." It is said that the sale of the latter book in England is only restricted by the difficulty in reproducing the etched frontispiece portrait of Margaret Ogilvy, which is printed in Paris and can not be supplied quickly enough to meet the demand for the book.

Of Robert Browning, Dean Farrar says, in the *Independent*, that the poet was the most omnivorous reader he ever met. Says the dean:

"I believe that when he was writing 'Sordello' he exhausted every book in the British Museum which touched

on the little known story of the Italian poet. The accuracy with which he mastered even the most recondite allusions to his subjects before he fused them together in the crucible of his imagination, was most remarkable. His memory, too, was very retentive. He once repeated to me a great part of the poem of poor George Smart on David, which he regarded as reaching a very high poetic level; but he had read everything from Bushequius to Beddoes. This accuracy was extended to the minutest and most apparently insignificant details. In Florence it is possible to identify the very spot on which he was standing when he bought for a few pence the old paper copy of the trial of Count Guido, which suggested to him his longest and, in some respects, most remarkable poem, 'The Ring and the Book.'"

A book to be published shortly by the Macmillan Company contains selections from the first nine books of the Florentine Chronicle of Giovanni Villani, translated for the use of students of Dante and others by Rose E. Selfe, edited by Philip H. Wicksteed. The selection devotes considerable space to the struggles between the Ghibellines and Guelphs, and closes with the well-known passage referring to the poet, Dante Alighieri.

Ouida has written a book called "The Massarenes." The hero of the story emigrates to America, where he accumulates a fortune by questionable means, and returns to England to spend it. The efforts of the millionaire and his wife to buy their way into society are handled with a scathing pen.

Frank R. Stockton's new collection of short stories, "A Story Teller's Pack," will include nine tales. Some of the titles are "The Magic Egg," "The Widow's Cruise," "Love Before Breakfast," and "Captain Eli's Best Ear."

A life of Isabel, Lady Burton, is being prepared by W. H. Wilkins, editor of *The Ladies' Realm*. It may be expected to reply to the biography by Burton's niece, which was recently reviewed in these columns. Mr. Wilkins is also preparing for publication Sir Richard Burton's unpublished manuscripts.

Graduate courses, 1897-98, is the third issue of a very valuable annual which sets forth compactly, so that comparisons are easily made, the special opportunities which our different American universities offer to graduate students and specialists.

Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston is in Washington writing his reminiscences, which will presumably be published some time this year. Colonel Johnston has known all sides of the life which went on in the South before, during, and after the war, his acquaintance has been wide, and as a writer he has exceptional abilities and charm.

The Macmillan Company announces a most interesting volume under the title of "Geography of the Middle Ages," by C. Raymond Beazley. It shows how very much geography owes to the early pilgrim-travelers.

Wilson Barrett has won no critical admiration for "The Sign of the Cross," but he was paid one thousand pounds for the work, with royalties besides, and the sale of the book is becoming so great that he is likely to double the first check in a short time.

George Redway brought out, a week or so ago, the huge book by Carew Hazlitt, "Four Generations of a Literary Family." The work has raised a storm of indignant protest in the English press. It retails all sorts of wretched gossip about distinguished men of letters in England. Mr. Redway perceived that the book could only do harm, and, accordingly, he has sent around to the booksellers to get back all the unsold copies.

Julian Hawthorne has been printing some pleasant memories of Richard Grant White. Mr. Hawthorne says:

"His spirit was feminine. It had the feminine edge, refinement, wit, sensitiveness. His love of delicate details was feminine, and so was his aesthetic voluptuousness, which not only had its effect on his personal character, but, in conjunction with his clear and discriminating intellect, made him the great musical and literary critic that he was. With these traits he was masculine enough in his outward presentment, and had instinctively built up a masculine fortification round himself by dint of that very feminine tact and insight dwelling within. He was bony, well-proportioned, and athletic of build; his physical strength was as much above that of the ordinary man as were his inches more. I never sparred with him; but what a reach he would have had! There seemed to be no end to him. One night, I recollect, after a long bout at smoking and talking with me and some English cronies, White went to bed, bidding all good-night with his habitual courtesy. There had been a running-short of smoking tobacco shortly before his departure, and after he had gone we felt to scraping our pockets for, and never remnant. Then, an awesome thing happened: for the door of the study, which was on the crack, slowly and gently strained inward, yet no one appeared. But, lo! upon our strained attention broke a portent; for an arm, clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful, came over the top of the door, bearing in its hand not Excalibur, but a package of tobacco; and then the smiling visage of Richard himself, who had remembered this haglet in his trunk, after he had got his night-dress on; he was too modest to show himself in this unconventional attire, and had therefore manifested himself from on high only—and let it be understood that his face, as well as his arm, came from above, and not round the side. The hag delivered, he vanished silently, like the Snark, and was seen no more that night. We smoked a pipe to his health."

There is to be published this spring a popular edition of the costly volumes, issued in a limited edition, in which Professor Barrere and Mr. Charles Godfrey Leland published their splendid "Dictionary of Slang, Jargon, and Cant." It is a rich and comprehensive work, including English, American, and Anglo-Indian slang, pidgeon English, gypsy jargon, and much other quaint idiom.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A New Author.

The Macmillan Company is in luck with its latest books. Flora Annie Steel's novel of the Indian mutiny, "On the Face of the Waters," is already in its eighth edition, though the first appeared only six weeks ago, and it is confidently expected that a similar popularity awaits a remarkable new book, just coming from their press, with the hazy title, "On Many Seas." It is remarkable for several reasons, not the least being that it is a true and unvarnished account, and goes to prove the accuracy of the old-time adage that "truth is stranger than fiction." And yet it must be said that while one is reading one is more impressed by its record of adventure than by the fact that it is autobiography.

The author is Herbert E. Hamblen, although his name is given on the title-page as Frederick Benton Williams, and is now an engineer in the employ of New York city. He is a man of sturdy physique and of great force of character and tremendous energy. He was born at Lovell, Me., forty-seven years ago, and comes of a good New England stock. He received a fair education before he left home and took to the sea, and all his life he has been a great reader, especially of solid and serious literature.

The circumstances under which Mr. Hamblen came to write, as explained in the *Bookman*, are interesting, and explain the statement on the title-page, "Edited by his friend, William Stone Booth." Mr. Booth is librarian of the Webster Free Library, in New York, which is a resort for men of the working classes, who find relief from the toil and grime of the day in the quiet precincts of the library. Here Mr. Hamblen was in the habit of coming in the evenings, and being an old sailor and fond of spinning yarns, an intimacy sprang up between him and the librarian, which ripened into friendship. Mr. Booth made the remark to him one evening, after listening to some of his stories: "Why don't you write out some of your adventures?" Shortly afterward Mr. Hamblen handed Mr. Booth about fifty pages of closely written manuscript on foolscap paper, and written with a pencil. Mr. Booth, upon reading the manuscript, recognized at once the simplicity and charm of the narrative, and urged him to go on. This he did, and Mr. Booth is anxious to have it understood that the book as it now appears is entirely as it came from the author's hands, and that his task as editor has been confined to cutting out some yarns which, however suitable to the leisure of the fore-castle, would have taken up too much space in print. It is, as he says, a plain story of a plain man, told in his own words, but the main thing that concerns us is that he has a story to tell, and we know how "an honest tale speeds best for being plainly told."

The publishers are sanguine of its success. It may be interesting to know that most of the book was written during Mr. Hamblen's working hours, while on night shift, after he had looked to the engines. We understand that the editors of one of the magazines have commissioned him to write some stories for them.

George Meredith's "Essay on Comedy."

The sterling "Essay on Comedy," which was originally delivered by George Meredith as a lecture at the London Institution twenty years ago, is still considered a very fine example of criticism. It has just been republished by itself in a separate volume of about one hundred pages, and is very good reading. Brilliant and epigrammatic in expression and keen in thought, it illuminates an old subject with a sprightly and refreshing originality. The different forms by which comedy has manifested itself in literature and on the stage, its nature, and the atmosphere in which it flourishes are considered, and then follows a masterly review of its development in many countries and at various periods. In short, sententious, quotable sentences, Meredith expresses the essential characteristics of such great masters of comedy as Molière, Shakespeare, Congreve, Menander, and Aristophanes. He also marks the dissimilar manner by which the spirit of comedy manifests itself in various nations and discusses the different forms which it assumes, sifting the whole subject in scholarly, polished, and incisive sentences.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

The Début of a Noted Writer.

Charles A. Dana once said that the description of the chariot race in "Ben Hur" was the finest specimen of reportorial work in the English language. It would be more difficult to pick out the finest specimen of reportorial work in modern journalism, of course, but competent judges have agreed that the description of "the gas-house murder," printed several years ago in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, deserves to live as the best instance of reportorial work that ever graced a modern newspaper. The circumstances under which that wonderful story was written are interesting.

It was a red-hot night for news (says a writer in the Chicago *Times-Herald*). One after another all the star members of the staff had been sent out on assignments until the city-room was practically vacant. A rough, uncouth, queer-looking tramp sauntered in and asked for a job. The city editor told him there was nothing for him, and turned to answer the telephone. Over the wire came the information that evidences of a murder had been discovered at the city gas-works. The caller was just shuffling out of the room when the city editor hung up the receiver and called out: "Wait a minute! Go out to the city gas-works and see what's the matter there. Come back as soon as you can."

The stranger was back again within an hour. "It's a murder," he said, and went into the reporters' room. A half-hour later, when the city editor entered the room, he found the new reporter lying full length upon the top of a long table, while the blank paper was held close to his face because of an affection of the eyes which prevented the eyeballs from turning in their sockets. Picking up a few pages of the manuscript, which was beautifully written and had the fineness of copper-plate, the editor read it carefully and then laid his hand gently upon the writer's head. This instantly elicited a snarl like that of a wild beast. "It's all right," remarked the editor. "Keep your temper. You may give us all of that stuff you can write."

The stranger continued to write until long after midnight, and his matter filled three columns. It gave all the details of one of the most horrible murders in the history of modern crime—the killing of an official of the gas company by an employee, who dismembered his victim's body and cremated the fragments in a coke furnace.

The description of this crime had all the fascination of Edgar Allan Poe's gruesome tales; and the story of the "gas-house murder" became a reportorial classic. The unknown who wrote it never had been heard from before that time, though his name afterward became well known to lovers of American literature. It was the initial appearance in newspaper work of Lafcadio Hearn.

A Soldier of Fortune.

"The Last Recruit of Clares" is a collection of five short stories included under one title. They are supposed to be the recollections of Colonel Anthony Dillon, a soldier of fortune, and reflect the reckless dare-devilry and fantastic honor of the early eighteenth century, when men were as ready with the sword as with the jest.

The title-story purports to be an episode at the siege of Rayonville. A child orphaned by battle is plucked from its dead mother's breast by Mahoney, an Irish sergeant. The rough soldier adopts it as his special charge, and it soon becomes the pride of the regiment. The description of the death of the child and of Mahoney in the midst of battle is the climax. The other stories, in which are described the varied experiences of this soldier of fortune, are of even and equal merit.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

Tales of an Indian Mystic.

"Lo-To-Kah" is a collection of six short stories, each complete in itself, treating of the strange adventures of an Indian chief. There is a certain romantic charm in these tales that excites their wild improbability. They mirror the mystical temperament of the Indian, and we are led across the borderland of the real into the realm of the supernatural. Lo-To-Kah lived in the time of tribal battles, before the manhood of the redman had departed forever. The author has lived much among the Indians and has adopted their picturesque and imaginative language.

Published by the Continental Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

New Publications.

"God's Failures," by J. S. Fletcher, is a collection of fifteen powerful, pathetic, pastel-like sketches of those whose web of fate has become tangled or torn by accident, design, or untoward circumstance. Pathos, artistic quality, and a capacity for word-painting raise this volume above the average group of short stories. Each sketch is complete in itself, with the well-defined motive, good composition, color, and balance one expects from a true artist's brush or pen. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.25.

In "Make Believe," by H. D. Lowry, Doris and the Visitor were a happy pair. Doris loved a secret and the Visitor loved Doris, so these two, the man and the child, were happy in the land of Make Believe, the man because it was the land of Make Believe and the child because she was a child and the land of Make Believe is the natural country for childhood and its dreams. These tales are pervaded with a delicate beauty that is not for children alone. The illustrations by Charles Robinson are unique and artistic and of remarkable originality and merit. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

"The husband's roof, however humble, is always the temple of a wife's honor." That is the motto of a new family journal, the *Anti-Suffragist Magazine*, which has made its initial appearance in its February-March number. It is to be published monthly, in this city, by Mrs. Belle R. Spanier. An anti-suffrage periodical, edited and published by woman anti-suffragists, is something of an anomaly. The leading article, contributed by George L. Fitch, M. D., is an arraignment of the "epidemic disease"—the clamor for equal rights which unsexes woman, estranges man from her, deranges the machinery of nature, depopulates the land, and makes government and politics foolish.

CAROLS OF THE KAILYARD.

Literary Note.

The works of Ian Maclaren are being translated into French.—*New York Tribune*.

Good Lord! will wonders never cease!
This gives the mind a wrench—
What wondrous man is he who'll turn
Maclaren into French?

What marvelous command of tongue
Who'll take those terms Scotese
That have defied all English speech
And made them good Parese!

What grand invention must he have
Who nothing reckes or hoots
At finding in the Gallic tongue
The counterpart of "hoots"!

Mon Dieu! Drumsheugh et sacre bleu!
Dame! Pouf! Scott Magnifique!
Next thing we know some man will put
"Chuck" Connors into Greek!

—*Carlyle Smith in Life*.

The Scotch.

A valentine addressed to Mr. Ian Maclaren, of Drumtochty, by a sincere admirer.

You've superseded our national game,
And given to those who scoff
At national things a sport you call
The wonderful game of golf.

You've put in the place of negro tales
The tales which you say are true,
Of the dialectal queeriness of
Old Sandy MacGraw MacHugh.

You've put on the necks of our duds so brave,
All in line with your dominant plans,
Instead of the ties of the Englishmen,
The plaids of the Scottish clans.

But in all of your lives there are just two things
You Scotchmen will never do,
In spite your genius, and dialect,
And Sandy MacGraw MacHugh.

Our climate is such you never can make—
No matter how much you vex—
Us wear the hare knees of the Highland man
Or the skirts of the opposite sex.

And finally, sir, it matters no jot
How hard you Scottish men try,
You'll never succeed with all of your Scotch
In spoiling our love for Rye!

—*John Kendrick Bangs in the Bazar*.

A Tale of MacBung.

Once in an ill-omened moment, when subjects unwritten were few,
MacBung, a writer of stories, fashioned an idol quite new.
Fashioned the cult of his country; winked to himself as
he sung
Wonderful tales of his image. Read ye the tale of MacBung.

Pleased was the world with that idol; hastening to worship they ran,
Read it and praised it, then grunted, "Bide-a-wee, hoot, but it's gran!"
Scotch shall we talk in the future; newly his harp he hath strung.
Aye, it's a bonnie hraw language. Honor to Mister MacBung!

Later he pictured them Scotland, its glens and its valleys sae fair;
Pictured them bare-legged Saunders, havin' the cauld wintry air.
Pictured them Drums and Thrumtochty, canny an' dour an' content,
Reeliegious an' maist conscienshus; writing it down as he went.

Quick came the world to receive him, eager his idol should rule,
Converts from every religion, scholars from every one's school.

Read they, discussed they, till sated, presently whispered they all:
"Yes, very Scotch, very truthful; but isn't it starting to pall?"

Wroth was that maker of stories, bravely his answer he flung—
"An' ye ca' yersels scholars an' creetics? An' daur ye get tired o' MacBung?"

Meybe ye'll brek up ma eemage?" And tears stained his cheek as he fled.

And he ran to his Muse in the heather and told her his idol was dead.

And the Muse of MacBung made answer, and wise were the words she spake;
Old in the working of idols, she gently showed Mac his mistake.

"Dinna ye see, ma puir laddie," soft as a zephyr she sung;
"Ye hae bletcherd a bit ower the leemit." Heed ye the moral, MacBung!—*Thomas Bicket in Puck*.

Mr. Gladstone will bring out this year a second series of his "Gleanings." The first volume, which is likely to appear in the spring, will embrace ecclesiastical and theological essays.

THE NOVEL OF THE GREAT MUTINY. Mrs. F.A. Steel's Masterpiece.	1st edition, Jan. 20
	2d edition, Jan. 20
	3d edition, Jan. 25
	4th edition, Jan. 30
	5th edition, Feb. 8
	6th edition, Feb. 15
	7th edition, Feb. 27
8th edition in press.	

On the Face of the Waters

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It is with much contrition that one acknowledges to having had a prejudice against Fanny Rice. Why it should have existed is a mystery, unless it was her posters—the one of Miss Rice issuing from a champagne bottle was a trial to artistic sensibilities, especially when you went to take a peaceful ride on the cars and it kept flashing upon the landscape from fences and dead walls. Yet that fairness for which the dramatic critic should enjoy renown forces one to admit that there have been more egregious posters since the poster plague ravaged the land. There were those "limp-and-ling" posters of Marie Wainwright, looking on a sickly world with a pair of delectable eyes full of memories and melancholy. There were the tough, sporty-looking posters of Wilton Lackaye, like a sort of expurgated edition of Peter Dailey. There were Mr. James's late gladiator-rampant posters, which he says, with great truth, injured his season. What have we not endured from posters? That past epoch, when the landscape besought us to use somebody's sarsaparilla and some other body's baking-powder, was less impudently obtrusive, and, besides, it had a little air of taking an interest in our welfare that was pleasantly flattering.

Circumstances and the prejudice combined to prevent one seeing Miss Rice until this week. She has had "The French Ball" farce here before, and she herself seems to have been here many times. Posterless advertisements of her advent have gleamed and glowed on the fences and the dead walls for several seasons and never lured one to the theatre where she has been playing. "What is going on at such-and-such a theatre?" you asked, and then when people said "Fanny Rice, she's very funny!" you have answered, "Is she? I never saw her. I can't imagine why I never have, but the fact remains that I haven't. Some day I will." These confessions are offered in an apologetic spirit to Miss Rice. If the effect she produced had intensified the prejudice, they could not be offered. It so happens that she obliterated it. But of that anon.

The farce of the French ball hails from some foreign shore. Not knowing the genealogy of every play that has been produced here, one acknowledges boldly one's ignorance as to its birth and subsequent transmigrations. When you are young at the business of dramatic criticism, you pretend to know everything about every play that ever was written and to have seen every player since the time of Garrick. It is only when several abasing years of play-going have bowed your crested head that you begin to get ignorant. By the time you are old, you will be doubtful as to who was the author of "The School for Scandal" and take to studying Ignatius Donnelly's Bacon-Shakespeare cryptogram.

The piece sounds more German than French. People who can not read and write are only convincing in Germany or Iceland. In decanting it to some Anglo-Saxon land—it is rather difficult to tell where, as there are dukes and dollars in it, cockney accents and French *roués*—much of its brilliancy has been lost. This incongruity of so lively and sophisticated a being as Nancy Patch not knowing how to write is destructive of that consistent coherency which the most frivolous farce ought to possess. The detachment of the various scenes doesn't matter in the slightest. In this sort of piece cohesion in the plot is not of the least importance, but the broken-off scenes should be complete, and should hang together without inconsistencies. The finale of the first act, which in the original must have given an irresistibly humorous fillip to a clever climax, is so impossible in the present arrangement of the farce that it is rather detrimental to the effect than otherwise.

Nevertheless, the piece is one of the cleverest of its kind. It has not that drop in the last act which mars such adaptations as John Drew's "Masked Ball" or "The Surprises of Divorce." And though it has specialties to live in, it is really as much of a comedy as either of these. Remove the specialties and raise the tone of the players from the variety level to the French-farce level, and you will have the sort of light Gallic comedy that Drew plays to the appreciation of fashionable audiences. We take our plays queerly in this country, especially the Western side of it. This part of the land may be wild and woolly, but it has its conventions and its traditions, in front of which it bows the knee and burns a candle, even as they do in the most Eastern East. Convention has paused before Miss Rice, looked her over, and decided, for some extraordinary Western reason, that she and her play are not quite *convenable*, and she must stand in the back row of singing vaudeville artists—if that is the proper name for them—in a sort of background. Rare plays that are amusing, but not the thing for the Young Person or even her Mamma, enjoy the patronage of the unregenerate herd.

This idea of the vulgar which obtains in the West is most curious. People go to see that unspeakably common creature, Vernona Jarbeau, and do not seem to be dismayed by her astonishing vulgarity. Della Fox played at the Baldwin recently, and no one seemed to mind her superabundant, over-powering commonness. Neither of these two is redeemed by charm, beauty, or piquancy. They have not a gleam of that witching *diablerie* which makes it possible to forgive the French comic-opera singers for their coarseness. In fact, most of our comic opera and vaudeville is spoiled by the bald insipidity of it when it is first-rate and the atrocious vulgarity of it when it is second-rate. The spirit, the dash, the sparkle, and the delicacy which are the essence of true variety and vaudeville, seem to escape almost all our players. It would seem that we are too downright and direct for this sort of mummery. We have a way of stepping in where angels fear to tread, and we step with the heavy stolidity of a herd of elephants.

It was the knowledge of all this, the memory of suffering, the disagreeable recollection of past embarrassment, that gave one that prejudice against Miss Rice. She was one of this dreadful crowd of variety artists, only more so. People said it, the newspapers it, and that poster with the champagne bottle intensified the impression. She was going to be something quite awful, going to out-Della Della Fox, and—no! it would be impossible to rival Vernona Jarbeau. That was all the balm still left in Gilead. There could not be two like Vernona. She was alone on that pinnacle of fame whence she dazzles the nation. This was all the satisfaction to be extracted from the situation. So, prejudiced, we went, and, prejudiced, Miss Rice conquered us. It was a complete conquest, for until it was accomplished we did not realize how strong the prejudice had been.

A strongly individual style and an irrepressible sense of humor are Miss Rice's strong points. Considering the type of performance she plays in and the class to which she plays, the lack of vulgarity in her performance is surprising. In fact, setting aside the great stars of farce-comedy, she is the most satisfying person in this sort of rôle we have yet seen. She is always natural, and at times, in a sharp, alert, American way, piquant. The realism of her acting is so unobtrusively intense that the scene at the ball when she takes supper with the three strangers is lifted quite out of the reach of farce into that of legitimate comedy. Even the tying on of the table-napkins ceased to be hurlesque and, because of the absolute spontaneity of it and the true expression of feeling in her agitated and abashed countenance, became purely humorous. But her highest achievement was the bit of simulated intoxication during the supper. Drunken people are so numerous on the stage that we have come to regard them with horror. They are so fearfully vulgar, so desperately realistic, that we dread their advent on the scene. Miss Rice's intoxication is almost as skillfully inoffensive and quite as natural as Maude Adams's in "The Masked Ball."

It was a really artistic piece of acting. Miss Rice relied less on her own personality and more on her skill as a player than anywhere else in the farce. If she can merge herself so completely in a single scene, she ought to be able to do so in a character. That hane of good comedy, the prominent personality, ought to be quenched whenever it appears, as it has spoiled more possible comedians than critics and people have ever made. The success of Nancy Patch's assumed drunkenness was a naturalness entirely devoid of all coarseness. Her laughter, interrupted with little sighs of delighted exhaustion and sudden renewals of spluttering, gurgling rapture, was the most contagious stage laughter we have heard for many a day. It was as rich in gaiety as the laughter of a child, as deeply charged with the joy of life as the laughter of a pleasure-loving woman. It was not royal, splendid laughter, but it was mischievous, chuckling, elfish laughter, that goes with dimples and narrowed eyes full of the tears that come with a recurrence of each joyous paroxysm.

If Miss Rice had not acted down to her audiences she should have been a much better actress, though whether she would have succeeded so well is another question. The type of audience that Miss Rice plays for is not concerned about the dignity of the stage or the true inwardness of the drama. Such audiences have spoiled a good many possible artists, and helped make a good many fortunes for the artists they have spoiled. They are the people who insist on personality. They have made Miss Rice into a personality, when, if they had left her to her own devices, she would have become an artist. In consideration for their kindness, Miss Rice tries to please them. It is for them she is so extremely free in her use of slang, and sometimes in her descent to local hits. If she can act as she does in the supper scene, or in that hit of monologue in the prima-donna's parlor, it is cruel of her to lapse back into the time-honored variety style of local gags and sporty slang. When she forgot her audience and gave us such a delightful little vignette of character-acting as that in which she listens to and urges on Mary Barton's confession, we feel, with a pang for what might have been, that a real comic star has been lost to the American stage.

Meanwhile, in the place she has chosen for herself, she honestly amuses the audiences who have assisted her down off her pedestal. She has collected round her a clever company, to which Miss Michelena contributed her large pink-and-white personality, her

large and copious voice. Miss Michelena's singing drew several bunches of violets out of the old gentleman who has lately been showering the stage with these blossoms, to the extravagant number of three bunches at a throw. Among the men, Mr. Gaillard's Nighthird was the cleverest personation, but then Mr. Gaillard, being French, has his accent and sentiment all ready-made.

The dearth of women in the French colonies has seriously interfered with the permanence of many of those establishments. The *Union Coloniale* recently sent out an appeal for women who were fancy free to go out and make homes for the pioneers. The replies have been many, prompt, and significant. The majority of the applicants are girls who have been trained as school-mistresses, but who have failed to obtain places, the supply being much greater than the demand. Dressmakers' and milliners' hands are also well to the fore, and a small proportion of the volunteers describe themselves as having no trade or calling, but display the utmost zeal in the cause. Unfortunately disappointment is in store for some of the candidates, as one-third of them have been rather ungallantly pronounced to be too old to make the leap and are thus disqualified.

Since the withdrawal of the old *Oceanic*, the pioneer ship of the White Star Line, it has been given out that a new *Oceanic* will be built that will be the greatest of all ships ever constructed. She will be seven hundred and four feet long, twenty-four feet longer than the *Great Eastern*, and a greyhound for speed. The *Oceanic* will be launched from the Belfast yards next January.

Proportionately there is no great town in the civilized world that has so few morning papers as London. This is due to the large expenditure involved in starting a paper there. Any one contemplating this must be prepared to lose from one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand dollars a year for two or three years, and then perhaps to fail.

The taxable wealth of the negro population of the United States is over three hundred millions of dollars. There are twenty-three thousand four hundred and sixty-two negro church bodies, with church property valued at over twenty-six millions of dollars. There are over one thousand college-trained colored ministers.

It is the custom in the Rothschild family to purchase six pearls, each costing five hundred dollars, at the birth of each girl baby. Upon each birthday six more pearls are added to the original nest-egg, so that when the young woman makes her debut into society, a casket of magnificent gems is presented to her.

The world contains at least four mountains composed of almost solid iron ore. One is the iron mountain of Missouri, another is in Mexico, another is in India, and a fourth is in that region of Africa explored by Stanley, and there have been reports of such a mountain existing in Siberia.

It takes each year 200,000 acres of forest to supply cross ties for the railroads of the United States. It takes 15,000,000 ties to supply the demand, for which the contractors get on an average thirty-five cents apiece, making in the aggregate \$5,250,000.

As the Palais Royal in Paris has been losing its trade for some time, it is now planned to turn it into an immense hotel for the exposition of 1900.

In France the doctor's claim on the estate of a deceased patient has precedence.

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VANITY FAIR.

The position of the wife of a Cabinet officer is no sinecure. There is an unwritten law that the Cabinet shall lead in official society. It is a position accorded to it by both the Senate and Supreme Court, although these bodies take official and social precedence of the President's advisers. This the New York *Tribune* refers to the fact that there is among the members of the Cabinet an *esprit du corps*, possibly because of the smallness of its numbers, their political affiliation, and their ambition to contribute in every possible way to the success of the administration of which they are a part. Not that politics enters to any great extent into society at Washington. There are no Democratic or Republican salons, there is no diplomatic clique. There is what might be called a "smart set," which draws its members from the various elements of society. But with cliques or "sets" the Cabinet has nothing to do. In social affairs it must maintain a strict neutrality. It is a democratic body in an emphatic sense. Its doors once a week are thrown wide and hospitably open, and whoever will can enter. This privilege is sometimes abused, but the wonder is that it is so little abused. The crowds that throng the Cabinet houses on reception days—as many as a thousand cards have been received of an afternoon, which represent, at a low calculation, five hundred callers—are orderly and well-behaved. Many of the visitors go from curiosity, shake hands with the hostess, pass through her house as they would through a museum or picture gallery, and these are in the majority. The number of people actually in society is small. The calls received must all be acknowledged in some way. Formerly it was the custom to return these visits in person, but now all visits are returned by card, except those of high officials and personal friends. The Cabinet is expected to be in attendance at all social functions of an official character at the Executive Mansion, and on state occasions the women of the Cabinet assist the wife of the President in receiving. They are, too, hostesses at frequent entertainments. Members of the Senate, the House, the judiciary, and officials of their departments, must be entertained at dinner; receptions must be given for those not entitled to this consideration. Entertaining, indeed, becomes a business with them that they pursue as industriously and conscientiously as their husbands pursue their official duties. It is not always the case that women versed in social affairs are called to these positions. But there have been some women in official life whose brilliancy and tact have made their régimes memorable—Mrs. Fish, for instance, the wife of President Grant's Secretary of State, Mrs. Whitney, and Mrs. Morton.

One of the innovations in Cairo, which is now among the most popular winter resorts in the world, consists in the introduction of the bicycle for general locomotion about the city, and even where practicable for trips in the interior. It is a curious sight to see the end-of-the-century wheelwoman pedaling through the ancient city, preceded by such a native courier as always make way for European visitors and citizens of distinction through the crowded street.

Though Sibyl Sanderson's voice has proved very small for the great opera-house in St. Petersburg, her appearance and gowns have won unlimited admiration. It is even hinted by *Vogue's* Paris correspondent that they are a premonition of the coming style. They were made for her by Worth at Paris. Among the most notable are those made for "Traviata," which is costumed in the period of Louis the Thirteenth. For the opening scene she wears a gown of sumptuous brocade in rose-pink, with a long train. The bodice is cut low and has a long basque, cut up into tabs in the back. Over the shoulders there is a guipure fichu. The sleeves have brocade tops, while the lower part is of guipure and tight-fitting. Up the front of the skirt extend a row of rosettes, with diamond-button centres, which were a feature of the trimming of that period, and all around the bottom silver lace is laid on. Rosettes again appear on the shoulders, where they keep the fichu in place. For the ball-gown, a white velvet was selected, strewn with sprays of laurel, the berries being represented by diamonds. This skirt also has a long train and its low bodice is like that of the former gown, the basque being split in tabs, and the waist-belt is oddly built of white satin bows. The mode of dressing the hair in front is that of Anne of Austria, with curls on the forehead, and a white feather surmounts the coiffure.

Aprons of Bishop Doane's tirade against New York society on the matter of divorce, the New York *Sun* draws attention to an interesting change now going on in the views of the Episcopal Church on this subject. A canon of the Episcopal Church, it will be remembered, forbids divorce for any cause except violation of the seventh commandment and allows remarriage to the innocent party only; yet the society of whose doings Bishop Doane complains is made up almost wholly of Episcopalians. But the Episcopal Church practically nullifies its canonical prohibition by a supplementary law, which gives to the bishop power to go behind the record in a divorce case and to determine for himself whether the cause alleged in the civil court be the true cause or be some other collusively urged for the sake of avoiding scandal. This canonical power clothes bishops with the au-

thority to grant indulgence in accordance with their own judgment in such cases. A few years ago in a well-known case a bishop of the Episcopal Church called in a council of neighboring bishops which decided that the divorce of his daughter was really obtained on another ground than that allowed by the civil court. Accordingly she was given permission to marry again; the council's finding, however, that her marriage had been void *ab initio*, was shown by the course of events, when the divorced husband also remarried, to be without justification. There is a widespread objection to such an unwarranted extension of Episcopal authority, and a movement is now on foot looking to a change in the Episcopal canons relating to marriage and divorce.

In the course of a paper on the diversity of interests and occupations which characterize modern women of society and their husbands, Harriet Monroe draws attention to a fact which may not be without interest for some of these wives. She declares that social intercourse is impossible without common interest. Because the wife and daughters of a man of the world know nothing of affairs, have never felt that thrill which follows one's touch upon "the pulse of the machine," it often happens that he is not in touch with them. The stenographer, like her employer, has felt the fascination of business. She knows her employer on the side of his real life, appreciates his worth, and understands his slightest reference to it. Thus the woman of his family, absorbed in their own pleasures, charities, or fads, gradually become to the husband and father mere household pets and decoration, sometimes even the burdens of his life, while his stenographer becomes his confidential and helpful friend.

An aftermath of the Bradley-Martin ball was a series of *tableaux-vivants* given in aid of a charity by many of the ladies and gentlemen who appeared at the famous function at the Waldorf Hotel. The tableaux were twelve in number, and were arranged by the famous artists, Madrazo and Chartran. Miss Kate Brice appeared in the quaint costume of the Velasquez Infanta; the painting of the assassination of the Duke of Guise was reproduced with Mr. Breese, Mr. Creighton Webb, and Count Vinci in costumes copied from the original; and so on through a large number of famous pictures and historic incidents. It was the gorgeousness of the costumes, however, more than the men and women inside them, that made the tableaux interesting. It is seldom that a beautiful woman or a handsome man who is not professionally on the stage is not a disappointment in tableaux. For one thing, the arrangements for lighting are rarely as complete as they are for professional undertakings, and, furthermore, amateurs can not pose as well as professionals. In tableaux copied from pictures there is always a sentiment to be expressed or a story to be told, and this must be done by the attitude of the figure alone. It is almost impossible to teach amateurs to do this, and simply as exhibitions of loveliness tableaux are always a disappointment.

The kindliness of intercourse found among men does not characterize the attitude of woman toward woman. A man on a long journey will do his best to make himself comfortable in every way, and at its conclusion will have made an acquaintance, and perhaps even a friend, of his neighbor. But for a woman to speak to a fellow-traveler of her own sex, without the conventional introduction, is to invite a snub. Should she inform her neighbor at a dry-goods counter that she has found a certain material most satisfactory, she would probably be greeted with a haughty stare, plainly indicating the suspicion that the informer gets a percentage on the sales. Steamers to passing each other display a white flutter of handkerchiefs from the human freight aboard, but the wayfaring woman is considered a fool if she inclines to that sort of graciousness on land. And yet a woman is not necessarily either designing or disreputable simply because she speaks to another woman without introduction.

The young officers who are to be at Fort Adams, near Newport, this summer have brought up once more the question that has so often perplexed the sons of Mars: "Shall we wear our uniforms when away from the fort?" No one would deny for an instant that, socially, an army officer is the equal of any one in the country. But, unfortunately, Uncle Sam does not provide his soldiers with an income sufficient for them to rival in a sartorial way the male butterflies of Newport summer society. The favorite sons of Pluto at that resort of the rich can afford to don as many suits of clothes as there are hours in the day, and, moreover, they can get them made by the very best tailors. The young lieutenants, and even the older officers, can not afford to lay in such stores of gorgeous raiment as this, and a still further inducement to wear their uniforms lies in the fact that brass buttons and girdle have an irresistible fascination in women's eyes. The question is being warmly debated, and the outcome is fraught with interest for army men generally.

About the swellest musical organization in the world is the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, which has just given the second concert of its twenty-fifth season in London. Its three patrons are Queen

Victoria, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York, no lesser lights sharing this honor with royalty. Its council is limited to four members, one of whom is the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (who was formerly the Duke of Edinburgh), the Earl of Lathom, Sir Cnut Lindsay, Bart., and Sir Arthur Sullivan. The orchestra itself, which numbers one hundred members, while it is not drawn exclusively from the nobility and gentry, includes some very distinguished personages, the Duke of Edinburgh being one of the first violins. The membership of the society is about eight hundred, and, in addition to members of the royal family and lords and ladies innumerable, it includes a few men and women who have achieved distinction in art, among them Mme. Albani, Mme. Nordica, Mme. Marie Roze, Herr Joachim, G. Herschel, and Edward Lloyd. When the Royal Amateurs give a concert, the gathering is always a notable one, and to be present is a memorable privilege. It is not so much the excellence of the programmes presented—though the orchestra is an excellent one for an amateur organization—but the company, being attracted more by the desire to do the "smart" thing than by a love of music, is in appearance and make-up one of the most brilliant that comes together in the London season.

"The Mystery of Love, Courtship, and Marriage" is the title of a little book which, though published fifty years ago, contains much advice that is as sensible now as it was then. "Flattery," says the author, whose sex is not revealed by the title-page, and is not easy to guess from internal evidence, "is a powerful weapon in the art of making love. Never lived there yet man or woman but what in some way or other could be flattered. The great point is to know in what way to use it. A young lady will feel flattered if you get a chance, young man, to tell her mother about the good qualities of her daughter. Never fear but the daughter will hear of it." The author dwells at some length on the subtle flattery conveyed in applying what is ordinarily termed a "pet name" to the object of one's affection, and repeats with emphasis the admonition that "faint heart never woo fair lady." Then the author fits the shoe to the other foot: "There is no impropriety," he or she says, "in a lady's taking any reasonable measures to induce her beau to make his proposal, when he is either backward, slow, or bashful." The advice of old Weller to "beware of widows" is indorsed in only a half-hearted way. "In making love with a widow," our author says, "you have nothing to do but to answer her questions and to return her caresses. In making love to a widow, then, you must first be sure that you want her for a wife, as it will not be safe to trust yourself within the pale of her influence if you expect ever to get off heart-whole." She will certainly catch you in her trails, if she pleases. She, of course, does not give you much chance to exhibit those romantic proofs of attachment which young girls delight in, but will discuss the marriage ceremony and plans for the future with the same coolness and deliberation as if she were selecting her furniture and household goods. Considering all her peculiarities, the courtship of a widow is a mere formal matter of business. Any man with sufficient nerve to use his own judgment in the purchase of a horse may court a widow without trouble and without advice. Twenty ways of popping the question are advanced, and the author concludes the advice for wooers and the wooed with the following axiom: "As a general rule a gentleman need never be refused. Every woman, except a heartless coquette, can easily discourage a man that she does not intend to marry before matters come to the point of declaration. It is very true that some men are woefully blinded in this thing of love-making, and do not get their eyes open until they are 'kicked.'"

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The impatient "on-to-Richmond" people were dissatisfied with the slowness of Gideon Welles, Lincoln's Secretary of the Navy. Once, when Mr. Welles was ill with an attack of malaria, some one remarked in the presence of one of these critics that the Secretary of the Navy was down with a slow fever. "Slow!" was the comment; "you bet it's slow. That's the only kind of fever old Welles could ever catch."

One day, Gounod, on entering the room of Rossini, found him thumping the piano with all his might, but drawing the most discordant noise from the instrument. "What in the name of all that is good are you playing?" asked the Frenchman. "I am trying to play that new score of Wagner's," replied the Italian. "But the score is upside down." "That's true," was the retort; "I had it the other way up at first, but couldn't make head or tail of it, so I thought I might succeed in this way."

Mrs. Bancroft, the wife of the historian, when staying in London, went one day to an afternoon musicale in Mayfair. On the way she was attracted by a display of shawls in a Regent Street window (says the *Illustrated American*), and, stopping the cab, went into the shop and bought one, throwing it over her shoulders to wear to the social gathering. The astonished guests at the musicale were edified by the sight of the elegant Mrs. Bancroft floating through the drawing-rooms with a placard on her back bearing the words "Very Cbaste."

The late Abbé Wendling, formerly first vicar of the Paris church, La Trinité, owed his promotion in the ministry to his prowess with his fists. While he was secretary to the Bishop of Metz he was insulted by three Prussian soldiers in the street. The abbé, who was of athletic build, promptly knocked down one of the soldiers, and the other two took to their heels. When Abbé Wendling confessed his act to the bishop, the latter seemed much annoyed. "I acted but in self-defense," pleaded the abbé. "Of course," replied the bishop; "but why didn't you polish off the whole party?" To avoid trouble, Father Wendling was sent to Paris, and his elevation soon followed.

When experiments were being made with Mr. Bentham's body after his death, James Mill bad, one day, come into Mr. Peacock's room at the India House and told him that there had exuded from Mr. Bentham's head a kind of oil which was almost unfreezable, and which he conceived might be used for the oiling of chronometers which were going into high latitudes. "The less you say about that, Mill," said Peacock, "the better it will be for you; because, if the fact once becomes known, just as we see now in the newspapers advertisements to the effect that a fine bear is to be killed for his grease, we shall be having advertisements to the effect that a fine philosopher is to be killed for his oil."

A tenderfoot farmer in Arizona engaged a neighbor to plow a field that had been in alfalfa. On being engaged, the neighbor set his price at twenty dollars. "You see," he explained, "these alfalfa roots are terrible to plow. It takes six horses to pull through the roots, two men to hold the plow, and a boy to drive. It's worth at least thirty dollars, but you being a neighbor, I'll do it for twenty dollars." The native was engaged, and later the tenderfoot related to another neighbor that he had struck a bargain in getting his plowing done. "Why," was the reply, "that job is not worth ten dollars." "But it takes six horses," protested the tenderfoot. "Yes, that's so—two to pull the plow and four to pull your leg."

Carlyle was terribly bored by the persistent optimism of his friend Emerson. "I thought," he said, "that I would try to cure him, so I took him to some of the lowest parts of London and showed him all that was going on there. This done, I turned to him, saying: 'And now, man, d'ye believe in the devil now?' 'Ob, no,' he replied, 'all these people seem to me only parts of the great machine, and, on the whole, I think they are doing their work very satisfactorily!' Then," continued the sage, "I took him down to the House of Commons, where they put us under the gallery. There I showed him 'ae chiel getting up after anither and leeing and leeing.' Then turned to him and said: 'And now, man, d'ye believe in the devil now?' He made me, however, just the same answer as before, and I then gave him up in despair."

An anecdote of Disraeli is told by a writer in *Blackwood's*. Mr. Griffin and his daughter, Lady Impkinson, traveling *voiturier* and baling to rest between borses at a post-house some bours from Munich, suddenly became aware of "a most disconsolate figure, with long dark curls, leaning dejectedly against one of the pillars of the porch." It was Disraeli on his wedding tour. The sight of his friends aroused him to tell his tale of woe. He had failed to recognize the fact that he had been for some hours reaching his steps instead of proceeding to Innsbruck, as he had intended, and had reached the post-house to find no horses available for his return. The dupli-

cate mistake had been made by a couple desirous of reaching Augsburg and at that moment speeding on a return journey of their own to Innsbruck. But Disraeli's bride, it will be remembered, was a widow.

The late General Joe Shelby was morbidly sensitive about the conduct of his men. On one occasion, while they were half-starving in Arkansas, the commander one day came across a private who was carrying a sack, carefully tied and bleeding at one end. "What have you got there?" demanded Shelby. "Been bavin' my clothes wasbed," said the soldier. "You bad better get back to camp," said the general, "or your clothes will bleed to death." The soldier was put in the guard-house, and that night a quarter of fresh pork found its way to Shelby's tent. "I haven't an idea where this came from," he said, as he looked at it bunglely, "but go round to the guard-house and tell them to turn that private loose. There is no use in keeping a man shut up all of his life for a little laundry." Some time afterward, Major-General Holmes, who was in command of the Transmississippi Department of the Confederate army, sent for Shelby. "General," he said, "your men have been stealing, and it must be stopped. They are thieves." "Sir," said Shelby, "whoever told you so lies." "I believe it is true," said Holmes. "Why?" asked Shelby. "Because everybody says so." "Do you believe a thing when everybody says so?" "I do." "Do you know what everybody says about you?" "I do not. What do they say?" "They say that you are a d—d old fool," and Shelby walked out.

A PERUVIAN DESPACHO.

I was surprised and gratified to learn that I could register a letter in Peru. Ob, yes! The gentleman himself would *certifica* it for me. *Bien!* If he would have the supreme fineness to do me the infinite favor.

"How not, señor? With a thousand joys, señor. It has to write your name behind, however, as *remilente*."

"All right! There's my name."

"Pues, to see how much it imports—six pounds, señor."

"How six pounds, you aberration? It's a letter, not a quintal of sugar."

"Ah, *si!* A thousand pardons, señor! I was to say, six centímetros."

"I don't care if you make it a kilometer, or a mile and a half! What I want to know is, how much postage?"

"Pues, señor! Six-for-eleven—that is seventy-five centavos; and to *certificar* is ten centavos *mas*. That makes a dollar and twenty centavos."

"One dollar and twenty cents! Six times eleven is sixty-six, and ten is seventy-six. Give me twenty-four centavos change."

"Pero, señor! Come, then—we will say a dollar, complete."

"You'll say your prayers first. *Abur!* Write me that receipt, quickieito; for the steamer sails in an hour."

With that he goes away, and finally finds the book under the cupboard, and climbs with it to his desk. By half an hour's hard work he finds the place; but then he has to descend to hunt up the receipts. With these he remounts and accustoms his nose to his chirography. But suddenly there is a snag. He turns an injurious eye at me and comes down.

"Señor, I fear I shall have to report this to the Señor Intendente de Police. Here is the same name on the front of the letter that you wrote on the back as *remilente*—Juan Smeeth. In these times that looks very grave. What thing is this here?"

"Tbat, my noble Marquis of Malhasatualma, is 'Mrs.' Emmie, Erra, Essie—Missis. That wants to say 'señora.' It's my wife, in the States Uniteds. *Save?*"

"Pues, señor, I feel it my duty to see the Señor Intendente. How can your wife carry the same initials as yours? This seems to me a Pierolot plot, and now we can not be too careful. Come tomorrow, and then, perhaps, you can have the letter—unless the Señor Intendente thinks you should be arrested."

Here I touch a cigar to the fire in my eye; and, putting the other end in my mouth, begin to puff furiously—as always before a desperate deed.

"What a magnificent *puro*, señor! Is it of Guayaquil?"

"Naw! It's habana, you—er—say! Have one?"

"Ten thousand thanks, señor! Pues, as I was saying, this letter is very irregular, and would undoubtedly get you into trouble. But since I see you mean no ill—aye! but this is a good cigar! *Gracias!* That I will smoke later, in record of you. And as you desire to pay the whole importe—it was a dollar and a half, I think—pues, there is no remedy—I will send it. But it is most unfortunate that your wife was baptized under the same name as you—it will certainly molest you; especially in the interior, where they are very stupid. *Bien, pues.* Did we say a dollar and a half, or two dollars? Muchest thanks! Here is your receipt. Until soon, señor!" —Puck.

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LENTEN LYRICS.

The Fair Penitent.

Sackcloth, ashes,
Drooping lashes,
Penitential pose:
Aspect saintly,
Cheek but faintly
Hinting of the rose;
Prayer-book boding,
Fair hands folding
O'er her virgin breast;
Meek and lowly
Heart, and holy
Thoughts her mien expressed.
What a picture!
What a structure,
She demure, *devotee*,
Upon Fashion's
Slaves and Passion's
Fools, I musings thought.
Scorning pleasure,
All her treasure
Is laid up above;
Too exalted
(Here I halted)
Far for earthly love.
Then I took a
Better look—a
Glance her sad eyes sent;
She came nearer—
I saw clearer—
Spoke the Penitent:
"What a nuisance!
Not seen you since
That delightful hall;
Now it's Lent and
Playtime's spent, and
Conscience has the 'call.'
Now for forty
Days no naughty
Things or nice for me;
Fasting, praying,
Beads a-saying
Upon bended knee;
Lighted taper—
That's 'the eaper'—
Penitence you know
Is 'the racket';
On that tack it
Is 'our set' all go.
For a season
Joy is treason,
Pleasure's board is bare;
But for feast or
Fun when Easter
Comes, you bet I'm 'there'!"
—Texas Siftings.

Ballade of Lent.

The mortals of fashion grow faint
Ere Spring sets the bud on the tree.
Their muscles are weary and sprain,
And weak is the joint of the knee;
They've danced in the german till three
In attitudes painfully bent,
Remoaning there ever should be
The sackcloth and ashes of Lent.
Behold in their faces the taint
Of Winter's perpetual spree,
From powder, enamel, and paint
At last temporarily free;
Gay colors and rich filigree
Have vanished, and now it is meant
Our oculars only should see
The sackcloth and ashes of Lent.
Oh, this is Society's plaint:
Poor invalid idiots we!
The siner is suddenly saint;
And sings in a low, minor key;
No more at the five-o'clock tea
Are wit and dyspepsia blent,
And well with the vespers agree
The sackcloth and ashes of Lent.
ENVOI.
Aristocrat, this is your plea—
No sin will your conscience repent!
"Oh, fair, Forty Days, would we flee
The sackcloth and ashes of Lent!"
—Life.

Fashion's Litany.

Oh, thou, dear Lord, my sins forgive—
(*Humph! There comes dowdy Ditts!*)
And make me humble while I live—
(*How ill her clothing fits!*)
Oh, take from me all worldly pride—
(*A dark brown trimmed with blue!*)
And keep me ever by Thy side—
(*Her last year's bonnet, too!*)
Make me to put my trust in Thee—
(*The Ban Dervells! Such taste!*)
Protect me from all vanity—
(*Nice pattern for a waist!*)
Oh, bless me with Thy biding love—
(*Spring hat and winter wig!*)
And when I die take me above—
(*I know her hair's a wig!*)
Oh, teach me not to envy—
(*I wish I owned that silk!*)
But keep me meek as my lowly plea—
(*She looks like sour'd skim-milk!*)
Teach me forgiveness day by day—
(*Oh, how I hate that thing!*)
And lead me in the hallowed way—
(*My knees begin to sting!*)
Please cleanse my heart of wrong desire—
(*I wonder if he'll flirt!*)
With love for Thee my soul inspire—
(*I'll keep one eye alert!*)
And bode me in the narrow path
(*I think I caught his eye!*)
That I may 'scape Thy chastening wrath—
(*Could he have heard me sigh!*)
And when temptation nareth me—
(*I thought he looked again!*)
Blind Thou my eyes that I mayn't see—
(*Oh, dear! These horrid men!*)
O'erlook my faults and make me shine—
(*He's smiling surely then!*)
A power on earth, the credit Thine—
(*So brazen, too!*) Amen.—Town Topics.

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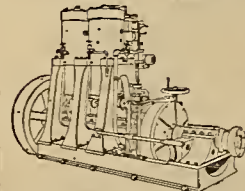
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Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1897.
Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Thursday, April 1
Gaelic. Wednesday, April 21
Doric. (Via Honolulu). Tuesday, May 11
Belgie. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, May 29
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.
D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

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Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco, for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. March 12, 17, 22, 27.
For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, March 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M. March 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, at 9 A. M. March 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, 31, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Point Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, March 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Orizaba*, 10 A. M., 25th of each month. The Company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing. Ticket-Office Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery St. GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.



S. S. Australia for Honolulu only, Tuesday, March 23, at 2 P. M. Special party rates.
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SOCIETY.

The Mardi-Gras Bal-Masqué.

The Mark Hopkins Institute of Art presented a brilliant spectacle last Tuesday evening when the Art Association gave its Mardi-Gras bal-masqué. The rooms, beautiful as they are with their rich furnishings and the many works of art that adorn the walls, were made even more attractive through the agency of artists and other decorators, who made the place appear like an enchanted bit of fairy-land.

Yellow and red were the predominating tones in the decorative effects, and this was especially noticeable in the main ball-room, or art-gallery proper. The four large panels were concealed by allegorical paintings on canvas, representing "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," and "Winter." Rich and brightly-lit Turkish rugs and tapestries hung from the rails of the dozen boxes in the gallery above, while tall tropic palms graced each corner and entrance. Flung up in the air there was suspended an immense basket of bright yellow roses, from which, to the four corners of the room, radiated cordons of the same roses, among which crimson-colored lanterns were hung, each containing an incandescent electric light. The roses continued on, and fairly ran riot over the walls all around the room, frescoing them with a remarkably pretty effect. The scene here, when the ball was at its height, when music filled the air and the merry maskers in their handsome attire were in full evidence, was one of great beauty. The ball-room was, of course, the *pièce de résistance*, but the other rooms had all received due attention, making an *ensemble* that was greatly admired.

The festivities commenced soon after nine o'clock, when the Herald, Mr. Gordon Ross, announced the arrival of the Prince of the Carnival, Mr. A. T. Hellman, his jester, Mr. Solly Walter, and his retinue. After a fantastic dance, the Prince mounted the throne and read his proclamation. Then the maskers passed in review before him and the ball commenced. Kosner's Hungarian Orchestra alternated with another orchestra in playing for the dancing, which was kept up until early morning. Mr. Edward M. Greenway, of course, acted as floor-manager, and Mr. Henry Heyman had the supervision of the music. Supper was served in the rooms down-stairs at midnight, under Ludwig's direction, and sparkling Roederer and Moët & Chandon flowed freely. Some beautiful costumes were worn by the ladies present, and a certain degree of originality was noticeable in many worn by the gentlemen. The affair altogether was an unqualified success, notwithstanding the raging storm without, and it is to be hoped that its repetition may be a possibility for Shrove Tuesday night of next year. Too much credit cannot be given to Mr. John A. Stanton, who designed and so successfully carried out the beautiful decorative effects.

A Charity Musicale and Tea.

The California State Woman's Hospital received a substantial benefit last Saturday afternoon from the proceeds of the musicale and tea given at the Crocker mansion, on California Street. Hundreds of people called, inspected the rare art treasures, listened to the musical exercises, purchased violets, and partook of refreshments, retiring well satisfied. The musical programme was as follows:

"El Capitan March," Sousa, University of California Mandolin Club; "Annie Laurie," Dudley Buck, the Angelus Quartet; flute solo, "La Perle du Brésil," David, Mr. A. Rodeman; vocal solo, Mme. Billoni-Zifferer; song, "Das Bild," Schubert, Herr Anton Schott; "Song of the Nightingale," Carl Zeller, University of California Mandolin Club; trio, Mendelssohn, Miss Alice Ames, Miss Bessie Ames, and Mr. Bruck; selection, E. Pessard, Mr. W. T.

Andrews; "Ave Maria," the Angelus Quartet; "Wunderleid," Schumann, Herr Anton Schott; violin solo, Miss Alice Ames; "Prayer of Elizabeth," Wagner, Mrs. C. O. Richards; (a) "Der Neugierige," (b) "Die Ungeheuld," Schubert, Mme. Billoni-Zifferer; "Der Starbende Trompetor," Herr Anton Schott; vocal solos, Miss Caroline Little.

Dinner to Judge McKenna.

On the eve of his departure for Washington, D. C., Judge Joseph McKenna was the guest of honor at the Pacific-Union Club, at a dinner given by a number of his fellow-members in the Country Club. There were handsome decorations, an elaborate menu, and several felicitous toasts and responses. Those present were:

Judge Joseph McKenna, Mr. Frederick R. Webster, Mr. Robert Oxnard, Mr. William Alvord, Dr. H. B. de Marville, Mr. Charles P. Eells, Mr. E. Faymonville, Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, Mr. E. J. McCutchen, Baron J. H. von Schröder, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. Daniel T. Murphy, Mr. Joseph M. Quay, Mr. Joseph Clark, and Mr. Charles Page.

"Caste" by Amateurs.

There was a large and fashionable audience at the California Theatre last Monday evening, when Tom Robertson's comedy, "Caste," was presented by a company of amateurs for the benefit of the Children's Hospital and the Armitage Orphanage. The play was very creditably presented. The ladies received a wealth of floral tributes. The cast of characters was as follows:

Hon. George d'Alroy, Dr. Frank Robinson; Captain Hautree, Mr. Selden Stuart; Eccles, Mr. Charles J. Dickman; Sam Gerridge, Mr. Frank Norris; Nixon, Mr. Charles Norris; Marquise de St. Maur, Miss May Roheson; Polly, Miss Rose Hooper; Esther, Miss Leila Burton.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Cecilia Cudahy to Mr. John B. Casserly. Miss Cudahy is the youngest daughter of Mr. Michael Cudahy, a capitalist of Chicago. Mr. Casserly is the second son of the late Eugene Casserly, and is an attorney at law by profession. He is a member of the University Club, and is well-known in society circles.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Minnie Burton to Second Lieutenant Thomas A. Pearce, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A. Miss Burton is the daughter of Colonel George H. Burton, Inspector-General of the Pacific District, with head-quarters in this city. She made her debut in society three seasons ago in Washington, D. C., and since residing here has become very popular. Lieutenant Pearce is a native of North Carolina and entered the Military Academy at West Point as a cadet in June, 1891. He was graduated in 1895, and is now on duty at Fort Logan, Colo. The wedding will probably take place next June.

Mrs. Alexander Warner and her sister, Mrs. Frank Fielding Moulton, gave a *matinée* tea recently at the home of the former, 2323 Franklin Street, and hospitably entertained many of their friends. They were assisted in receiving by Mrs. A. W. Moulton, Mrs. Henry L. Van Wyck, Mrs. Charles H. Abbott, Mrs. A. A. Martin, Mrs. Frank Bates, and Miss Buckingham.

Mrs. David Bixler gave a dinner-party at her residence, on Union Street, last Monday evening, and entertained Mr. and Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Josephine de Greayer, Mrs. Moore, Miss Ferris, Miss H. Ferris, Miss Helen Hyde, Miss M. Hyde, Colonel Young, Dr. Martin, Mr. Fahnestock, Mr. Lane, Mr. Morton Lorini, and Mr. Ferris.

Miss Alice Bachman gave a dinner-party at her home, 2323 Devisadero Street, recently. Covers were laid for twenty-four and the table was decorated with almond blossoms, pink silk ribbons, and pink candles in the candelabra. The name-cards were of hand-painted porcelain. After dinner there was a musical entertainment that made a delightful end to the evening.

In a match game of polo, played at Santa Monica last Monday between teams from the Burlingame Club and the Riverside Club, the former were victorious by a score of five to one. The Burlingame players were Mr. Walter Scott Hobart, Mr. McCreery, Mr. J. S. Tobin, and Mr. C. A. Baldwin. The Riverside Club was represented by Mr. Ward, Mr. Waring, Mr. Young, Mr. Proctor, and Mr. Mitchell. The latter was put in Mr. Ward's place after his horse slipped and fell on him. A banquet was served in the evening at the Arcadia.

The San Francisco Golf Club will have its regular monthly competition for the Liverpool Silver Medal (bandicap play), at the club's course, this afternoon, commencing at two o'clock.

A London butcher who put up the royal arms over his shop on the strength of having sold some beef to Queen Victoria, has been prosecuted by the "Incorporated Association of Her Majesty's Warrant Holders (Limited)" and fined.

This strange idea Carlyle formulated about the slave question in the United States: "There they are, cutting each other's throats because one-half of them prefer hiring their servants for life, and the other by the hour."

When a graduate of Cambridge University, England, commits a crime, the authorities of the university take his degree from him and strike his name from the rolls of the alumni.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Third Symphony Concert.

An unusually large audience was present at the Columbia Theatre last Thursday afternoon. The occasion was the third concert given by Mr. Hinrichs's orchestra under the auspices of the San Francisco Symphony Society, and as a special attraction Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli was to sing. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Carneval Romain," Berlioz; fourth symphony in E-minor, Brahms; "Non Mi Dir" from "Don Giovanni," Mozart, Mlle. Trebelli, with orchestral accompaniment; fantasia from "Hansel and Gretel," Humperdinck.

At the next concert, on March 18th, Mrs. Gertrude Auld-Thomas will be the soloist, and Mr. Hugo Mansfeld the pianist.

Mlle. Trebelli will give a concert this afternoon at Golden Gate Hall, and will be assisted by Mr. Gustave Sauvet and Miss Schoch. Her next concert will be given next Tuesday evening, when an equally interesting programme will be given, and Mlle. Trebelli will repeat her famous "Laughing Song" from "Manon Lescaut." After leaving here she will appear in Oakland, Sacramento, and various cities in Oregon, Washington, and Utah. Then she will cross the ocean to appear in Paris in July, and later on in Moscow, St. Petersburg, Berlin, and Vienna.

Mr. William H. Keith, the well-known baritone of this city, gave a concert in Paris, at the Salle Rudy, in February, which was a musical and fashionable success. Mrs. D. D. Colton and her daughter, Mrs. Crittenden Thornton, were among the many present. Mr. Keith is now at the Hotel Cecil, in London.

A charitable enterprise, the success of which deserves attention, is the Provident Loan Society, in New York, more popularly known as the charity pawn-shop. Its second annual report announces that it has prospered, is doing a good business, and is able to pay six per cent. per annum on its stock. It was started to lend money on personal effects at rates and on terms less rigorous than those of ordinary pawnbrokers. The possibility of its success was very generally doubted. It charged one per cent a month for loans, or a third of what the law allows. It began with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars. Now it has one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, and desires to increase that sum to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars so that it may start branches. Since it started it has made about sixty-three thousand loans, or an average amount of eighteen dollars and fifty cents each. Its provisions for the redemption of pledges are very liberal, and when a pledge is sold, whatever it brings in excess of the amount loaned on it is paid over to the borrower. So far ninety-eight per cent. of the pledges have been redeemed. One result of the success of this organization has been a reduction of rates by some of the other pawn-brokers in order to meet its competition. Another result that seems imminent is the establishment of similar societies in other large cities.

In France old shoes are bought up in quantities by rag-dealers and sold to factories, where the shoes are taken apart and submitted to long manipulations which turn them into paste. From this paste the material is transformed into an imitation of leather, which is used for the manufacture of wall-papers, trunk-covers, and similar articles. Another French industry is using old, dilapidated shoes in the transforming of old into new foot-wear. This is the principal occupation of the military convicts imprisoned in the fortress of Montpellier. The sweepings are sold to agriculturists in the neighborhood, who use them with great success as a fertilizer.

Miss Martha Morton, one of the most successful of American women playwrights, has a clever method of planning the positions her characters shall hold while on the stage and the points at which they shall make their entrance and exits. She uses a chess-board as a stage-ground plan, and makes the chess-men take the place of the personages and pieces of furniture. As the action of the scene demands their change of position, she moves the chess-men and formulates her directions for the actors in accordance with the movements of the pieces on the board.

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Probably no private fête has ever been discussed to the extent of the Bradley-Martin ball, and the distinction conferred upon Moët & Chandon, by the selection of their champagne, will be of lasting benefit to the wine, and stamps it with the approval of our ultra-fashionable set.—*Bonfort's Wine Circular*.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. W. F. Goad and the Misses Allen and Genevieve Goad witnessed the Mardi-Gras festivities in New Orleans this week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Robinson Whittier, *née* Carroll, will sail from New York to-day for the Mediterranean Sea to visit Turkey and Egypt.

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford arrived in Washington, D. C., last Wednesday.

Mr. Donald de V. Graham is expected to arrive here from Honolulu next Thursday.

Mrs. J. F. Foulkes and Miss Foulkes have leased their home and will pass the remainder of the winter at 1605 Scott Street. Dr. W. B. Foulkes left last Saturday for a prolonged stay abroad, where he will continue his medical studies.

Mr. and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont sailed from New York for England on the last trip of the steamship *St. Paul*, of the American Line.

Colonel W. R. Smedberg has returned from a visit to Los Angeles, Pasadena, and Santa Monica.

Mrs. George H. Roe and her sister, Miss Clara Rice, are in Washington, D. C. The latter will soon sail for London, where she will join her cousin, Mr. Julian Ralph.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bradford, *née* Badlam, are visiting Pasadena, Los Angeles, and other points of interest in Southern California.

Captain John Bermingham returned to New York from England on the last trip of the steamship *Adriatic*, of the White Star Line.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Spence arrived in New York city last Monday from Europe, where they have been for several months.

Mrs. William H. Smith is visiting Mrs. W. B. Wilshire in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Edward A. Belcher is visiting friends in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Ben. C. Truman, for a long time a resident of this city, but now of Los Angeles, is staying at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. J. L. Moody and Miss Moody are passing a few weeks at Paso Robles.

Colonel and Mrs. M. H. Hecht are en route home from the Eastern States.

Dr. Clinton Cushing will return to this city next Wednesday.

Mrs. Albert W. Scott has returned home fully restored to health, and will receive on the last Wednesday of each month at her residence, 305 Buchanan Street.

Mr. Hermann Oelrichs arrived here last Tuesday on a brief business trip, and is at the Fair mansion, 1122 Pine Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Haas, of this city, are in Paris. Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Rideout, of Marysville, are passing a few weeks at Paso Robles.

While gathering wild flowers at Belvedere recently, with her daughter, Gladys, Mrs. J. W. Dorsey fell from the Gables Cliff, breaking her left forearm and wrist, from which she will be confined to her home in Belvedere for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Hohart are passing a few weeks in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young have returned from Europe after a prolonged absence.

Mr. George E. P. Hall has returned to the city after a month's visit to the Eastern and Southern States.

Mr. J. Crowther, of Chicago, is at the California Hotel. Judge and Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet and Miss Julia Crocker passed the first of the week at the Hotel Rafael. Mr. Leonard W. Howe, of Sonora, has been passing the week at the California Hotel.

Mr. T. L. Johnson, Mrs. O. R. Johnson, and Miss Mary L. Johnson have been staying at the Hotel Rafael recently.

Colonel and Mrs. Charles F. Hanlon and Miss Blanche Loughran have been visiting Mrs. Daniel Hanlon at the Hotel Rafael during the past week.

Mr. Edgar B. Carroll will return to-day after a month's trip to New York and other Eastern cities. Mr. and Mrs. Carroll still have their cottage in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Dunne, of San Felipe, are at the California Hotel.

Among the recent arrivals at the California Hotel are Mr. W. H. Alvord, of Tulare, Mr. and Mrs. C. Kohrs, of Montana, General M. W. Muller, of Fresno, and Judge J. C. Daly, of Sacramento.

Sir William Lane Booker and Lady Booker, of England, have been visiting at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. Emil Greenbaum will leave this evening to make a tour of the Northern States, and will go as far East as New York city. He will be away about two months.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Chief Engineer George J. Burnap, U. S. N., who recently returned from China, left here last Saturday night on the Sunset Limited to visit his family who are in the Eastern States.

Lieutenant W. L. Ingalls, U. S. A., of Fort Logan, Colo., is passing a three months' leave of absence in Oakland, his former home.

Lieutenant William S. Sims, U. S. N., sailed from New York for Southampton on the last trip of the steamship *St. Paul*, of the American Line.

Captain A. S. Barker, U. S. N., who has been, for two years, Captain of the Mare Island Navy Yard, has been ordered to the command of the *Oregon*, as the relief of Captain H. L. Howison, U. S. N., who is soon to be promoted to the rank of commodore.

Colonel Edward Moale, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to join his regiment upon the expiration of his present leave of absence.

Lieutenant D. P. Menefee, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monocacy*, ordered home, and granted three months' leave of absence.

First Assistant-Engineer E. P. Wehner, U. S. R. C. S., has been detached from the *Hartley*, and ordered to the *Chandler*.

Ensign G. E. Gelm, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Alert* and ordered to the *Marion*.

Lieutenant W. C. P. Muir, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Marion* and ordered to the *Alert*.

Lieutenant C. S. Cochran, U. S. R. C. S., has been ordered to resume his duties on the *Bear*.

A son was born to Captain and Mrs. Almeric E. F. Rich on February 9th, 1897, at Gladstone House, Clarence Parade, Southsea, England. Captain Rich was formerly with the First Battalion, Lincolnshire Regiment, English Army. Mrs. Rich is a daughter of Hon. John Conness, formerly United States Senator from California, and now a resident of Mattapan, Mass.

THE DAUGHTERS OF ITALY.

How the Women of the Better Class are Wooed and Wedded—Enforced Idleness of Wives and the Consequences Thereof.

The first and only object in life of a young Italian woman of the better classes, indeed, of all classes, is to get married—a good marriage if possible, but, above all, a speedy one. And considering that school-girls of twelve often carry on a correspondence with officers, assisted usually by the servant who accompanies them to school, perhaps it is as well (writes Helen Zimmern) if they do marry early. It often surprises foreigners to see that men-servants accompany girls to school. The reason is that men-servants rarely lend themselves to abetting the clandestine delights of such juvenile intrigues. Sometimes, but not often, this philandering leads to a serious engagement. If a marriage is proposed for a girl during its existence, she leaves her grenadier or bersagliere to cast sheep's eyes at somebody else, and obediently follows the path indicated by her parents. For now, at last, has come the moment she has looked forward to from infancy, and her life may be said to have begun. From earliest babyhood, her marriage chances have been openly discussed before her. The need to save for her dowry has always been pointed out to her as a motive for economy; her trousseau has formed, even in her school-girl days, when she not seldom works at it, a topic of discussion between herself and her comrades. When the preliminaries are settled, the young lady with her family and betrothed visit the theatre, as it were, in state, which is a polite way of advertising the fact. Then, under the wing of her triumphant mamma, she goes from house to house, exhibiting her betrothed (in photograph) and her engagement-ring to her young girl friends, enjoying to the full their admiring envy. Soon comes the great day, for looq engagements are not the custom, with its double ceremony, its triple toilet—the municipal, the ceremonial, worn at church, and the traveling-dress. After a brief honeymoon she returns to her old home, or that of her husband's parents. A house of her own she seldom can aspire to, unless she marries an officer, and then she only wanders from one lodging to another.

And now, her life's aim obtained, what remains for her to do? She has no housekeeping cares. The female head of a great Italian house is as imperious and despotic as the male one. If she has children she can devote herself to them, but if she lives in the house of her mother-in-law she must submit to her perpetual interference; nor will her married sisters-in-law, who share the same palace, be backward in also tendering advice. Nothing is her own, not even her children. Her husband has his stables, with which no one interferes, but for her there is no domain. Enforced idleness is her lot. The practice of religion no longer takes up time. Religion, in the highest classes at least, is considered rather *bourgeois*. Intellectual resources she has none. Italian women rarely read, and when they do it is the flimsiest and worst of French novels. Public life is a sealed book to her; so how can she fill her time? Well, sometimes an old admirer comes along, more often she finds a new one. Innocent flirtations are a sealed book to Italians. Friendship between men and women they neither believe in nor understand. The men want to make love, and the women expect to be made love to: it is this which makes general conversation impossible and society insufferably dull. The interchange of views and sentiments, the sharpening of minds by contact with one another, is unknown. Further, too many Italian young women, especially the middle class, have minds so infinitesimally small that they are content with the smallest of small talk. Of real outdoor life they know nothing. Gymnastics are beginning to be taught in the schools. This is a move in the right direction, but outdoor games can not be made compatible with the need that the respectable young woman should be "accompanied" everywhere; nor does she naturally incline to exertion. She cares to dance, because she can dance with "him," the permitted he assigned by her parents, or better still, and more often, the forbidden he on whom she has fixed her youthful idle fancy, or because she is admired and rouses envy; but the mere pleasure in the music, in the rapid motion for its own sake, she knows not. To row would spoil her hands. To ride, she is afraid of the very shadow of a horse! She comes of a race too innately artistic, to do her justice, to care to dabble in landscape-sketching, which would take her out of doors. If any Italian lady takes up art at all, she does it by reason of real talent, and in such cases arrangements are made to enable her to study seriously. If they had the same passion for children that the men possess, the Italian women would be far happier. But their maternal instincts are not excessive, and the Italian mother is rarely to her son what the Freochwoman is to hers. Is it a wonder, then, that, devoured with *ennui*, empty-headed, empty-minded, she falls a prey to temptations, and that her life record is rarely immaculate? And has not Dr. Watts himself made her excuse in his famous line about Satan and the idle hands? The astonishing thing is that their deviations from the straight path seem to conduce to their mental development, and lead them on to a higher plane. There are some, of course, who are too hopelessly frivolous, but the mass outlive all this kind of thing and become real and intelligent human beings. How

this transformation is effected it is not quite easy to understand; but it is analogous to the mental process that turns notorious evil-doers, when wearied of ill-doing, into religious fanatics.

It is in her old age that the Italian lady comes into her kingdom and finds her true place as the Queen of Home. These great ladies, who rule their large households so wisely, who are the guiding spirits of a large circle, whose advice and opinions men seek anxiously, are, indeed, ladies in the highest sense of the term, dividers of bread. They never visit after they come to the grandmotherly age; but some of them receive every evening, some three or two evenings a week. The rest of the household go out to their own engagements, but Donna Luisa, or Elena, or Maria (she is always called by her Christian name) sits smiling and unchanging in her great chair, ready to listen to everybody, to talk to everybody, to sympathize with everybody. And on one day in the week, in the morning this time, she holds a levee for the poor, who come to her for assistance and advice. Her church knows her well, her children rise up and call her blessed, and her death has been known to throw a whole city into mourning.

The University of California announces a series of University Extension Lectures to be given at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art. On Tuesday afternoons, beginning March 9th, Professor Putzker will give five critical expository readings on Lessing and his works, and on Thursday afternoons, beginning March 11th, Mr. T. F. Sanford will deliver nine lectures on the English romantic movement. A course of lectures on the life and works of Schiller is now being given by Professor Putzker on Thursday evenings at the Young Men's Christian Association.

Professor Frank J. Polley, of Stanford University, will deliver a lecture upon "The Aborigines of the American Continent," at Metropolitan Hall on Wednesday evening, March 24th. The lecture will be given under the auspices of the Improved Order of Redmen, who will devote the entire proceeds to the relief of the unemployed in this city.

The Channing Auxiliary has received a telegram from Mr. Fenollosa, the noted lecturer on Japanese art, stating that he has been unexpectedly detained in New York. The lectures he was to have delivered here have been postponed. The dates on which they will be given will be announced later.

Within the last fifty years the rate of speed of ocean steamers has trebled and the usual horse-power increased from seven hundred to ten thousand.

A NEW DEPARTURE.

The Royal Eagle Distilleries Company's New Enterprise.

The magnificent Pabst Café, conducted by Messrs. Herbert, Sonderleiter & Rossum, which was so successfully opened last Wednesday at the corner of Powell and Ellis Streets, in the Royal Eagle Building, is a splendid evidence of the progress and prosperity of the city. Money was not spared in making it the most comfortable and satisfactory of private and public dining-halls, and its advantages and tone as a family resort are irrefragable.

On Powell Street is the family entrance which leads to the brilliant general dining-room finished in bird's-eye maple, on the street floor, and to the labyrinth of large and small private eating-rooms down-stairs. Adjoining the gentlemen's café are the roomy kitchens, scrupulously neat; also the splendid bar and lunch-room, which is entered by the lofty marble doorway on the corner. Too much can not be said about the quiet elegance of the house, its oaken finish, stained-glass effects, fine mirror decorations, excellent paintings, sparkling crystal service, and incomparable electric lighting.

The establishment is well worthy of San Francisco's liberal patronage. The building and all its appointments are the creation of the Royal Eagle Distilleries Company, who are the general agents of the Pabst Brewing Company, the largest brewing concern in the world.

The three upper floors of the Royal Eagle House will be conducted as a first-class apartment-house by Mrs. B. Becker, a lady with much experience in this business.

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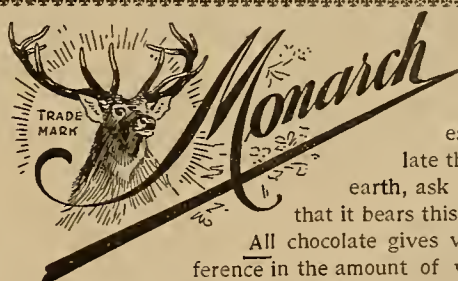
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A cottage can also be had.

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Table with 3 columns: LEAVE, From February 15, 1897, and ARRIVE. Rows list various train routes and destinations like Niles, Stockton, and Sacramento.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

Table with 3 columns: Time, Route, and Time. Rows list routes from Newark to various stations in the Santa Cruz Division.

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts)

Table with 3 columns: Time, Route, and Time. Rows list routes from San Jose to various stations in the Coast Division.

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

Table with 3 columns: Time, Route, and Time. Rows list routes from San Leandro to various stations in the Haywards Local Division.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—
7:15 9:00 11:00 A. M., 11:00 2:00 3:00 P. M.
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4:00 A. M., 11:00 1:00 12:00 3:00 14:00 5:00 P. M.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Millie—"Dicky Doolittle seems such an empty fellow!" Willie—"You wouldn't have thought so if you had seen him last night."—Pick-Me-Up.

Critic—"Where did you get the idea for that poster picture?" Painter—"Out of my head." Critic—"You must be glad it's out."—Tit-Bits.

He—"Do you believe in love at first sight?" She—"It all depends whether you mean first sight of the man or first sight of his bank-book."—To-Day.

First tramp—"I dunno as I want to live to be old." Second tramp—"Well, it must be comfortable to feel that nobody expects yer to do nothin'."—Puck.

Freshleigh, 'oo—"James, how does the button come into my salad?" James (the waiter)—"Oh! dat am pahnt ob de dressin', sah!"—Princeton Tiger.

Mr. Dyer—"Where is the bargain-counter?" The floor-walker—"There are several. What are you looking for?" Mr. Dyer—"I am looking for my wife."—Life.

Society trials: "That pawnbroker's children seem to wear a great deal of jewelry." "Yes; it nearly kills me to see his twelve-year-old boy strutting around with my watch on."—Life.

He—"I suppose your father understands that I am not going to marry the rest of the family." She (one of many sisters)—"He says that is the only thing that troubles him."—Detroit Free Press.

Michener—"Straws tell which way the wind is blowing." Oldpart (from Kansas)—"Out thar in our country, houses, trees, an' hosses tell ther same tale."—Philadelphia North American.

Miss Manchester—"Do you know that after Ellen refused Mr. Esplanade he actually committed suicide?" Miss Monterey—"Really? dead in love with her, isn't he?"—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Young man (who has married an old woman for her money)—"Well, old boy, how's your wife?" Old boy (who has married a young girl for her looks)—"Well, if it comes to that, how's yours?"—Pick-Me-Up.

"Behold," exclaimed the good fairy, "I touch thee with my wand and transform thee from beggar to prince." Subsequently, however, his beloved touched him without any wand and made him a beggar again. —Detroit Journal.

"There is no occasion for you to envy me," said the prosperous person; "I have as many troubles as you." "I allow you do, mister," admitted Dismal Dawson, "but the difficulty with me is that I ain't got nothing else."—Indianapolis Journal.

Castleton—"I ordered some flowers sent to Miss Redbud, and I'll be hanged if the fellow didn't send them C. O. D." Tutter—"Pshaw! Did she pay for them?" Castleton—"That's the trouble! She did; and now I've got to pay her."—Puck.

Mrs. Porkash (affably, having spent the whole afternoon looking at pictures without buying one)—"My dear Mr. Canver, I wonder, now, if there is anything vainer than you artists about your pictures?" Poor artist—"Our efforts to sell them, madame."—Life.

"Does it really improve whisky to send it across the water and back?" asked the person with a passion for knowledge. "I don't know, sah, about the direct benefit," said the colonel, "but it suitinly does give it a chance to age, suh, that it might not otherwise have had."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Bring me my glass," commanded the lady pirate, for there was now no field of human endeavor to which the gentler sex was not admitted, "that I may see if all is well." The faithful lieutenant brought two glasses, knowing it to be impossible to size up the back hair with one. —Detroit Journal.

Creditor—"But, my dear Sir Baron, I can't spare the time every day trying to collect this money; please fix a day on which you will pay this overdue bill." Baron—"On what day can you best get off?" Creditor—"That would be on Thursday." Baron—"Well, then, come every Thursday."—German Ex.

Flowery Fields—"Hev yer heard 'bout dis new machine, Bill, dat takes two thousand photographs up a feller in a minute?" Weary Willy—"Naw—wo't de idea?" Flowery Fields—"W'y, so's ter git every single move dat a feller makes—jess de same ez life." Weary Willy—"Jess de same ez life, eh!—well, one photograph an hour would be more'n sufficient ter take every move I make!"—Puck.

Consumption Cured.
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Table with 2 columns: Publication Name and Price. Rows list various magazines and books for sale, including The Argonaut, The Independent, and The Century.

The Argonaut.

VOL. XL. No. 1044.

SAN FRANCISCO, MARCH 15, 1897.

PRICE TEN CENTS

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From the time expended in the choice and the personality of the appointees, it is obvious that President McKinley has brought zealous care to the subject of choosing his Cabinet. We are not of those who believe that the locality of selection is a matter of supreme importance. The character and ability of the men are of vastly greater consequence. The incumbents chosen are representative of California, the Middle West, Massachusetts, New York, and Maryland. If the right man could have been found, it would indubitably have been good politics to use an appointment to stimulate the growing Republicanism and sound-money sentiment in the distinctively Southern States, among which North Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama are rapidly becoming disputable territory.

John Sherman, the new Secretary of State, is easily the preëminent figure in American politics. To write his biography is to indite the political history of the United States

during the last forty-two years. As a member of both Houses of Congress and Secretary of the Treasury, he has continually filled high posts in public life. If he completes the term of his present office, he will be practically an octogenarian, but he is said to be in vigorous mental and physical health. He began his congressional career as a member of the House Committee on Foreign Relations, has been chairman of the same Senate committee in the last Congress, and will consequently be no tyro in the place he is called to fill.

The Treasury is placed in charge of Lyman J. Gage, of Illinois—a man of sterling character and a reputation for especial aptitude in matters of finance. From the age of twenty he has been continuously connected with banking. Beginning as a bank-clerk in Oneida, N. Y., he soon became paying-teller and subsequently assistant-cashier of the Merchants' Savings, Loan, and Trust Co., of Chicago. Later he accepted the position of cashier in the First National Bank of Chicago, and steadily rose to be a director and finally president of the same institution—a bank with a capital of \$3,000,000 and deposits aggregating \$30,000,000. He was one of a few men who signed the \$10,000,000 guarantee which secured the World's Fair to Chicago.

General Alger, of the War Department, entered the Civil War a private from Michigan. He left it a brigadier-general and brevet major-general of volunteers. In the campaigns of the Southwest, at Gettysburg, in Maryland and Virginia with the Army of the Potomac, and lastly under Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley, he gave proof of the qualities which have made him famous among the soldiers of the war. He has always been active in politics, and more than once was prominently considered as a Presidential candidate.

John D. Long, of Massachusetts, intrusted with the Navy Department, is a Boston lawyer—a man of long and varied public service, strong and progressive views, and valuable personal traits, among which not the least noticeable is a remarkable tact. His experience in public life includes several terms in the Massachusetts legislature, three terms as governor of that State, and membership of the House of Representatives in the Forty-Ninth and Fiftieth Congresses.

Apparently with some difficulty, Cornelius N. Bliss, of New York, was induced to accept the Secretaryship of the Interior. This is explained by the nature of the man. Prominent in politics as he has been for many years, it has always been on the common floor of citizenship. If he had desired office, he would not have declined the Treasury portfolio when urged upon him by President Arthur, nor would he have twice refused, as he did, the nomination for governor of his own State. Though absorbed in his extensive private business, he has found time for ardent service in the purification of the municipal government of New York, and notably as a prominent member of that Committee of Seventy which compassed the overthrow of Tammany Hall in 1894.

James Wilson is a practical husbandman, engaged in tilling one of the finest farms of Iowa, a gifted writer on farm cultivation, and professor of agriculture in the State college. He has filled three terms in Congress, where he was chairman of the Committee on Agriculture.

James A. Gary, Postmaster-General, as a boy entered his father's manufacturing firm, and upon his death, succeeded to his place as its head. For twenty-five years he has been an influential Republican in a hopelessly Democratic State. As nominee for governor, he chivalrously led the forlorn hope in the campaigns of 1870 and 1879. He has represented his State in every national convention of his party since 1872, and since 1880 has served as a member of the National Committee.

The appointment of Judge McKenna as Attorney-General is received with general satisfaction. California appreciates the distinction of being at last represented in a Presidential Cabinet. Judge McKenna is a product of California. Born in Philadelphia, he came here with his parents when only twelve years of age. Admitted to the bar at an early age, he soon became district attorney of Solano

County. He has served as a State legislator and four terms in Congress, and was appointed a judge of the United States Circuit Court in 1892, which office he held when called to the Cabinet.

The political perturbation which culminated in the inauguration of McKinley related particularly to propositions vitally affecting business interests. Business men gained the victory at the polls. It is entirely apposite that business men should be the mentors of the President. The Attorney-Generalship demands a professional man. The Secretary of State must be an experienced statesman. Apart from these, the departments require only good administrative ability. Legal talent is always at their command. It is noteworthy that five out of six of these appointees are distinctively business men. Mr. Gage is a banker, General Alger a lumberman, Mr. Bliss the head of a great dry-goods house, Mr. Wilson a farmer on a large scale, and Mr. Gary the largest manufacturer of cotton duck in the country. What the country wants is a business administration, and the outlook for it is most promising.

Some years ago the Reform Club in New York started an agitation in favor of the ballot system then in force in Australia. A pamphlet was issued and some magazine articles were written that attracted attention. At that time very little was known in this country about the system, save among the few who had made a special study of the subject. Yet, within a few years, it swept throughout the country, until now there are only four States that have not adopted it. Later, another reform began to be advocated, borrowed again from Australia, a country which has certainly been prominent in accepting and giving trial to new ideas in legislation. This reform, known as the Torrens land system, has not been pushed with the force that the ballot system was, and so, though its adoption has been urged for six or seven years, it has been accepted in only one or two States. The merits of the system, however, have impressed themselves upon those who have investigated it, and it is cause for congratulation that a bill putting the system in force in this State is now in the hands of the governor with every prospect of becoming a law. The bill itself is long and filled with administrative details, but the object, briefly stated, is to make the transfer of land as simple and inexpensive as that of any other class of property. The artificial barriers, so foreign to the spirit of this country, and inherited from the English law of real property, have one by one been swept away, and this last move is the one step necessary to complete the emancipation.

The bill provides that any person owning land may have that land registered by filing a petition in the superior court. This petition must set forth, besides his name, occupation, and address, the description of the land and the estate claimed therein, the names, addresses, and estates claimed by any other persons interested in the land, and the names and addresses of adjoining owners. An abstract of title is also furnished and referred to an attorney of at least three years' standing in the court. Upon an unfavorable report by the referee, the judge may order the action dismissed, or he may proceed with the hearing. Upon the day set, the persons mentioned in the petition appear in court and evidence is presented, upon which the judge enters a decree declaring in whom the fee simple title stands and the holders of lesser estates, including all liens or incumbrances. This decree is filed in the office of the county recorder, who is made registrar of titles by the act, and he issues, in duplicate, a certificate of title, setting forth the facts of the decree. The duplicate certificate is issued to the owner of the land, and certified copies may be issued to the holders of lesser estates. The original is retained by the registrar, and upon it he enters all subsequent changes of less than the whole title. Persons acquiring any interest in the property, whether by mortgage lien, tax sale, or tax deed, must register it against the title, and thus a complete record of the status of the property is kept at all times. When the

est is under a tax sale, notices are sent to all persons interested in the land, and tax deeds do not pass title until after a decree of the court, notice of the hearing having been sent to all those registered as owning any estate in the property involved. The person to whom a certificate of title is issued is deemed conclusively to be the owner of the property, unless it can be proved that he has been guilty of fraud, and no interest in the property against his can be obtained by adverse possession, however long continued. If the certificate of title is lost or destroyed in any way, a duplicate can be issued by the registrar, upon order of the court after full hearing.

The property being thus registered, practically all difficulties of transfer are removed. The title may be passed to another by a simple indorsement upon the certificate of title, or a deed and the certificate may be filed with the registrar, whereupon a new certificate, in duplicate, is issued in the name of the purchaser, and the original and duplicate in the name of the seller are marked "canceled." Where only a portion of the property is transferred, two certificates may be issued; and, where only an interest is transferred, the fact may be noted on the original and duplicate certificates of the owner.

There are many other provisions in the act, relating to the special conditions of trustees, executors, and similar relationships, but they are of greater interest to the lawyer than to the layman. It is sufficient to say to the latter that the certificate of title to land is treated like a certificate of stock in a corporation, and can be as easily transferred.

Recent years have witnessed a progress in medicine and surgery which approaches the marvelous, when one compares present knowledge and methods with those of only a score of years ago. The additions to knowledge in the curative art are necessarily slowly and painfully made, confronted as the work is with the very mysteries of life and the fact that all results must be obtained at the expense of exhaustive study and a long array of empirical demonstrations. It is only a few years since surgeons dared to explore the abdominal cavity. Now there is no part of it inaccessible to their instruments, and affected organs within it are treated, repaired, improved, and rearranged as freely as a mechanic handles the parts of a machine. The old surgeon was a believer in "pus," and considered copious discharges from a healing wound to be Nature's manner of recuperation. He now knows that pus is an evidence of blood-poisoning from uncleanly treatment, and that with antiseptic methods and careful cleansing, a wound will heal in a fraction of the time without a symptom of inflammation.

Less than two years ago physicians were working in the dark when treating osseous diseases and probing for foreign substances in the internal tissues. The Röntgen ray has lighted the surgeon's pathway through the whole human system. Chloroform and ether have been reinforced by cocaine. The two former relieved the pain of surgical operations by producing unconsciousness. With the latter, the area of numbness may be confined to the locality of the trouble, and the patient may in wondering comfort note the progress of the dreaded knife. Brain surgery has proven that the brain is a mass of nerve centres, each of which controls its separate system in the functions of the body. So perfectly is this understood that the location of a blood-clot on the brain can be determined by noting the portion of the body affected.

The greatest credit is due to the bacteriologists. They have led the way of progress, and both medicine and surgery have followed in the pathway they have beaten. When the microbe theory of disease was mooted, these savants gave to micro-organisms incalculable study and experiment. By cultivating them under microscopes they learned to know and isolate many species of disease germs, and in many instances to discover the agencies that effectually destroy or resist them. At first the bacillus was believed to be the direct cause of the irritation which resulted in disease, but investigation has shown that the poison is a chemical product excreted by the microbe. This poison is called toxin, which explains the name given to the new "anti-toxin treatment." The method of producing the serum of anti-toxin is a curious adaptation of the old maxim, *similia similibus curantur*. Dr. George F. Shady, writing in the *Forum*, describes the production of the diphtheria anti-toxin, for example, in these words:

"The first step is to obtain the poison from the membrane by means of a sterilized platinum rod, and to transfer it to what is known as a cultivating medium. In the latter the microbes propagate. Subsequently, by filtration, the real toxin is obtained, and is then used for the inoculation of an animal—the horse being in the present case the chosen one. Repeated inoculations are made at given intervals until the animal no longer reacts to the effects of a progressively increasing dose. Then the condition of so-called 'immunity' is reached, which consists in the impossibility of making the subject of the experiment sick by any amount of similar poison that can be introduced into his circulation. The watery element of the blood of the animal is then used for the human patient, who, through its protective power, is in

turn rendered 'immune,' or, in other words, is guaranteed against the poisonous influences of the disease. The horse does not suffer; and the human patient is in the end saved."

By this treatment diphtheria is practically conquered. We are informed that already the mortality from this dreadful disease has been reduced fully fifty per cent.

Pharmacy has kept pace with medicine in rendering palatable the nauseous drugs which in former days made remedies worse than diseases. Pellets, pills, tablets, capsules, and sugar-coated compounds, condensed and concentrated, have largely displaced castor oil, senna, and quinine in all the old forms that were an abomination to the taste and a terror to the stomach. Universal health may never be attained, disease may never again be imprisoned in Pandora's box, but science stands on guard at the portal of life more competent than ever to assuage the ills that flesh is heir to.

The maxim of the late P. T. Barnum that "the public likes being fooled" was never better illustrated than it is just now. The particular public that the old showman referred to is being fooled right and left by the astute manager and the shrewd performer. Just at present the foreigner is fooling it more impudently, than it ever has been fooled before. In New York, Anna Held, a French song-and-dance performer, cleverly advertised on the most audacious modern methods, has been drawing a salary of one thousand dollars a week. Albert Chevalier, the composer and singer of the coster songs, has been receiving for less than an hour's work daily two thousand dollars a week. May Yohe, a woman who, when in this country managed to make a living as a singer in comic opera, has returned from London and, on the strength of her marriage to an English peer, has been receiving seventeen hundred and fifty dollars a week at a metropolitan music-hall. Even Yvette Guilbert, who has the distinction of being an artist, has been quietly and profitably fooling the public, who does not understand a word of what she sings and goes to hear her just because she fools it so cleverly.

No one blames the foreigners. *Il faut vivre*, and the player goes where he is going to make the most money. It used to be Russia, but now it is the United States. There are now in New York two thousand players sick and out of employment, subsisting on the charity of their fellows. Yet Anna Held gets one thousand dollars a week for exhibiting her beauty, and May Yohe, for warbling a few hoarse notes, draws two hundred and fifty dollars a night. And the public goes on paying and being fooled. It never seems to realize how badly its own players have fared at the hands of these same foreigners whose fortunes it is making. The French and English actors come here and go away laden with the spoils of the barbarians. Even before the days of Irving and the Kendals, the foreign star had realized that the dollars were thick upon the ground in America. Then the stampede was inaugurated as a national custom. What European star has failed in this country? Mrs. Bernard Beere made a real fiasco, but she is said to have tarried until she was too hopelessly antiquated for even a patient and well-trained American audience to stand. Mounet-Sully also played a poor season in the East. Outside these two cases of failure, the imported actor has had a profitable, happy time here among the barbarians. When the barbarians, however, undertook to return the visit, the boot was found to be upon the other leg. The failures of Jefferson, Crane, Goodwin, Mursiel, Julia Marlowe, the Daly company in Paris, even Booth, are not offset by such isolated cases of success as Ada Rehan and Mary Anderson.

To the credit of the West be it said, this toadying to foreign importations is almost entirely confined to the East, especially to New York. The New Yorker has been so long swept by the tides from foreign shores that his native coloring is about entirely washed off. He is hardly an American. His restless appreciation of anything that represents novelty, especially novelty from across the water, is the result of the foreign influences and ideals that surround his existence. Further back in the country the feeling of reverence against this invasion of imported talent—a feeling narrow and provincial, but stimulating to native endeavor—grows continually stronger and deeper. From these must come that encouragement to native ability which will rouse it from its spiritless acquiescence in defeat. The conquering foreigner, drawing his two thousand dollars a week, has forced the crestfallen native back into the seclusion that awaits failure. There are a hundred women on the stage in this country as handsome as Anna Held, who could take as many milk-baths and sing as disreputable songs if this were allowed, but no one offers to pay them, so the stage loses the ornament of their beauty and the country loses the one thousand dollars a week. It is a significant fact that neither Anna Held nor Yvette Guilbert was brought further west than Chicago. Are the managers learning that New York does not dictate the taste of the whole United

States? Is the public in the West beginning to feel a vague resentment at the assumption that it, too, is going to be perpetually fooled?

There is no question of more vital importance to the fruit-growers of this State than that of securing an enlarged market for their product. As has been pointed out in these columns heretofore, there is certain to be a largely increased supply of fruit seeking a market within the next two years, owing to the fact that the number of trees in bearing will be almost doubled within that time. Last year, in spite of the development of the shipments to the Eastern States, there was a surplus, and the prices received were far below what they should have been.

Shipments to Europe have been made for a number of years, but it must be confessed that the results have been decidedly unsatisfactory. The first shipment last year was one of 4,000 boxes of plums and pears from Sacramento. Complaint was made that some of the boxes were damaged and that the fruit was too small, and the prices obtained were low. The average price obtained for the pears, which were Bartlett's, was from \$1.32 to \$1.92 for a fifty-pound box; the plums brought \$1.80 a crate. Two weeks later a consignment of 10,000 half-cases of peaches, pears, and plums arrived. They were of good size and quality and in fine condition. But the peaches were sold at from 84 cents to \$1.56; the plums from 72 cents to \$1.94; William pears from 72 to 84 cents; Hardys, \$1.44. The prices were depressed on account of the large supplies of French and English fruit in the market. The next consignment brought 78 cents to \$1.32 for pears, \$1.08 to \$1.68 for peaches, and \$1.26 to \$1.40 for plums. A week later another lot arrived and brought 72 cents to \$1.24 for peaches, 48 to 84 cents for pears, and 48 cents to \$2.04 for a very superior quality of plums. In September, the prices obtained were: peaches, \$1.08 to \$1.32; pears, 90 cents to \$1.32; and plums, \$1.74.

It is evident that these prices are not sufficient to justify large shipments of California fruit to the London market, when the cost of freight, insurance, and risk are considered. Yet, under favorable circumstances, there should be a large demand there for the fruit from this State. Some of the fruit sold last year was purchased by German and Russian buyers, and this market could be considerably increased. The trouble has arisen from the fact that, owing to the long time the fruit is in transit, much of it has arrived in London in poor condition, and English buyers are suspicious and unwilling to take the risk of having it spoil on their hands. Again, the fruit must be sold immediately upon arrival, and in many cases it arrives in London when the market is overstocked with cheaper fruit from other countries. It is shipped to consignees, who have no interest in the matter, save to secure their commission and charges, and, if the price obtained is not sufficient to cover these, they have only to draw a draft on the shipper here to cover the deficiency.

The remedy lies in a readjustment of the method of conducting the business. None but the very best quality of selected fruit should be sent, and it should be packed with special reference to the dangers of the long transit and the frequent handlings. Moreover, resident agents should be appointed in the principal cities of the East and Europe, who would be thoroughly familiar with California fruits and should be paid regular salaries instead of commissions. These agents, upon being advised of a shipment of fruit, with full information as to its condition and quality, would immediately set inquiries on foot as to the demand, not only in the cities where they are located, but in adjacent towns and neighboring localities, and make agreements for the sale of the fruit, conditioned upon its being according to representations. They could keep the shippers here posted at all times regarding the conditions and prospects of the markets.

In this way the fruit would be placed to the best advantage and at the highest prices, the market for California fruits would be enlarged until it covered the whole of this country and a large part of Europe, and the danger of shipping to an overstocked market would be reduced to a minimum. There is, of course, the objection that the season for fruit shipments covers only a part of the year, while the expense of keeping up these establishments would be continued throughout the twelve months. But this loss could be reduced by including canned and dried fruits, including raisins, among the commodities to be handled by the agents.

Some weeks ago the proposed boulevard to connect Santa Cruz and ultimately Monterey was described in these columns. Since that time, many boulevard projects have sprung up throughout the State, and the legislature has under consideration, or has considered, more bills concerning roads than on any other subject. The boulevard projects prove how general is the interest in roads among the people at

BOULEVARDS
AND THE
UNEMPLOYED.

large, and, further, that the new highway bureau, when it gets to work, will receive cordial support.

The proposed boulevard connecting Golden Gate Park with the county line is naturally the one of greatest interest to the people of this city, and there is every reason to believe that it will be pushed through. The water company has expressed its willingness to donate the right of way over its land, and ex-mayor Sutro is similarly disposed toward it.

The actual work of construction is to be paid for from the funds that the people of this city are periodically called upon to contribute to relieve the distress of the unemployed. There is no form of giving that is more justifiable or that produces better results than this. Giving in charity without asking any return destroys the self-respect of the recipient, and is to those who become discouraged in the struggle for existence a continual temptation to give up and join the ranks of the unemployed. The employment of such labor on public works does not interfere with the workmen already employed, beautifies and renders more attractive the city, and increases the civic pride and public spirit of the citizens.

It is strange that a bill introduced in the legislature to make this a part of the regular governmental work, with a reasonable fund provided for the purpose instead of being dependent upon voluntary contributions, should have met with instant opposition. The objections were that labor was to be degraded because less than the regular rate of wages was to be paid and because vagrants were to be compelled to work on the roads. It must be remembered, however, that the measure was intended to provide temporary relief and not permanent employment, and that regular wages would attract so many of the unemployed that the funds would soon be exhausted and the purpose defeated. The tramps were to be distinguished and separated from the voluntary laborers, and, with the provision for compulsory work, their number would soon decrease.

In Los Angeles a similar plan to that in this city is proposed. The project is to build a boulevard joining Elysian and Griffith Parks, the money being raised partly by voluntary subscriptions and partly by an appropriation. In Marin County the boulevard proposed extends from Sausalito to San Rafael, and thence to Tiburon. The latter part of the road is now being constructed under the direction of the board of State Prison directors, some sixty convicts being at work on it, and the road-bed has now been completed from San Rafael to Greenbrae, a distance of three miles. From this point an extensive fill, about a mile in length, will have to be made, and this work is about to be entered upon. It is proposed to raise the funds for the construction of the section from Sausalito to San Rafael by the issue of bonds. There is no place around the bay where a good road is more needed, and it is surprising, considering the energetic character of the people along the proposed line, that its construction has been so long delayed.

It is probable that parts of these boulevards will be included in the proposed system of State highways when that system is laid out, and, therefore, it is a pity that the specifications of those highways have not been published, in order that the constructors of the boulevards may conform to them in width and general methods of construction. The new bureau, however, is not likely to be appointed until next month, and the present commissioners—even if they are to be appointed to succeed themselves, which all advocates of the movement favor—can not dictate the specifications at the present time.

Whether from a lack of opportunity to realize the power of money, a feminine fear of risk, or a higher sense of honor, women are more trustworthy than men in the handling of money.

This is a recognized fact in Europe, where in many businesses the woman holds the purse-strings. The position of cashier is one of those most constantly intrusted to female clerks. The situation, however, in which their lack of thieving propensities is most clearly shown is as domestics. The temptations offered them to steal money, jewels, lace, and other articles of stable value are continual and enticing, as few housewives take any precaution against dishonest servants. The ornaments and valuables most tempting to women, not to mention money, are left about with a carelessness that is a convincing commentary on the trustworthiness of the servant. Indeed, detectives say that when a servant-girl steals from her employers, it is almost always at the instigation of some man on the outside.

Why women should enjoy this imperviousness to a temptation before which so many men fall, is a question to which there are several answers. Money, for itself, is not so highly valued by women as by men. When they do steal, it is to gain possession of some coveted article, while, with the other sex, it is the money, or the pleasure to be indirectly gained from it, which prompts the theft. Women, moreover, have few temptations to pastimes which call for money. Outside their love of personal adornment, they are seldom swayed

by desires and ambitions the gratification of which requires wealth. The great world of outside pleasure which invites a man does not exist for them, and that absorbing love of dress and jewelry which is supposed to lead so many weak spirits to frivolity and sin is much less strong than is generally believed.

The temptation of business ventures, of daring speculations and hazardous chances, is one to which women are singularly indifferent. Their ambitions are small. When they can gain a living salary, their dreams are generally realized. The hopes of wealth and luxury which haunt the imaginings of an ordinarily ambitious man are far beyond the modest desire for affluence of the most energetic and enterprising woman. If a woman is not rich by inheritance or marriage, she sets aside the dream of riches as one never to be accomplished. To achieve wealth by her own endeavors, honorable or otherwise, is so perilous and formidable an undertaking that she no more contemplates it than she would seek to gain glory by Arctic or African exploration.

While some measures relating to this city and county that should have become laws have failed of passage and others that should have been defeated have received favorable action, the people of San Francisco will hardly be justified in breathing the usual sigh of relief when the legislature adjourns. At too many previous sessions there has been a spirit of conflict between the city and country members; the latter looked upon the San Francisco delegation with suspicion—and often justly so—and really meritorious measures intended for the relief of the city were denied passage because of the discredit of the city's representatives. The present San Francisco delegation is not above the average of previous delegations in intelligence. Very few notable measures originated from it, although it includes one-fourth of the membership of the legislature, and the measures of greatest importance were introduced by country members.

But this year a different spirit is manifested in the legislature. There is an inclination to treat this city with fairness, and to consider carefully all measures affecting it that are presented. Some undesirable measures, increasing the expenses of the city government, have been favorably regarded, for some members had political debts to pay out of the city treasury and all their energies were directed to that end. But other almost equally objectionable legislation has been defeated, the latest instances being the killing of the bill providing clerks in justices' courts in this city, which which would have created a wholly unnecessary expense, and what is known as Bulla's "five-block bill." The defeat of the latter leaves the law as it stands at present, permitting competing lines of street-cars to use the same track for not more than five consecutive blocks. Mayor Phelan's proposed amendment, allowing the common use of ten blocks, would have been a better provision for this city, since it would break the monopoly of the Market Street system, but as the legislature refused to adopt his suggestion, the law is better as it is than as it would have been under the Bulla bill. The new law placing the fire department of this city under the direction of the board of supervisors, with power to appoint employees and fix salaries, has a tendency to simplify to that extent the complicated, patchwork character of the city government, and is therefore to be commended.

The invitation extended to Mayor Phelan to visit Sacramento and discuss with the legislators the proposed legislation affecting San Francisco was an innovation, particularly graceful in the spirit it implied, and one that could well be carried out in other directions. Such personal conferences tend to remove misunderstandings and are productive only of good. Mayor Phelan, as was natural, paid more attention to the condemnation of pernicious measures than to the advocacy of those that were good, and his influence certainly helped to defeat several objectionable bills. Since then he has kept up a running fire of correspondence with the legislature, advocating or pointing out the defects in measures under discussion, and has given many valuable suggestions. Two measures that he has proposed, however, will, if adopted, render such work unnecessary to his successor. These are the constitutional amendment exempting this city from the operation of the county-government act and the bill reducing the expenses of charter elections.

The decision of the supreme court declaring that one part of the government of this city is municipal and the other part county, probably interpreted the law correctly, in which case the framers of the statute are to blame, but it certainly left this city in a most absurd and embarrassing position. Serious legal questions are likely to arise at any time which would stop the whole machinery of government and cause the greatest confusion and expense.

The bill regulating charter elections is simply intended to reduce the expense for special freeholder or charter elections. Under the proposed bill, the election commissioners divide the city into special election precincts, by consolidating not

more than six of the precincts at the last general election into one. This would be possible, because at such special elections far less than one-sixth of the number of voters who take part in a general election will vote. This provision in itself will greatly reduce the expense of the election, since a far smaller number of voting booths and election boards will be required, not to mention the saving in minor expenses. The next direction in which a saving is to be effected is in reducing the membership of the election boards that remain. The conflict of parties, so prominent in general elections and so productive of fraud when opportunity presents, is absent in charter elections. There is but one question at issue, and, when the two sides of that question are represented, all parties are represented. The bill therefore proposes to reduce the membership to four—two judges and two clerks—and only one poll-list and one register to be used.

These are the principal changes proposed in the bill. The election is conducted in the same manner as any other election. The precinct registers of the several precincts that have been consolidated, together with a supplement showing recent changes, are used in the special precincts. For the purpose of permitting registration in these supplements, the office of the registrar is to be opened thirty days before any special election and to remain open fifteen days. The bill was prepared by Garret McEnerney, the attorney for the registrar of voters, and his familiarity with the election laws is a guarantee of its legal accuracy. As this city is likely to have, within the next two years, two elections—one to select freeholders and the other to vote on the charter—this bill should become a law, and all credit is due to the alacrity with which the legislature has pushed it so far.

The superabundance of English fiction in American magazines is a sight that must take the spirit out of native authors. Last year and the season before, all the large periodicals were running stories by English writers—"Trilby" and "Jude the Obscure" in *Harper's*, "Sir George Tressady" in the *Century*, and "Sentimental Tommy" in *Scribner's*, following on "The Amazing Marriage." There is an improvement this season. The *Century* is publishing two novels by native writers, and *Scribner's* is running Richard Harding Davis's first long story. To offset these, *Harper's* has the last Du Maurier novel; the *Cosmopolitan*, Conan Doyle's "Uncle Bernac"; *McClure's*, Kipling's yarn of "Captains Courageous"; and Stevenson's "St. Ives"; *Munsey's*, a story by Hall Caine; and *Harper's Weekly*, a serial by Crockett.

The cry for the American author and the great American novel is becoming rather faint, in view of these annual importations from the other side. The leisure class that was to make a national literature has come, but wrought no change. The international copyright law was passed and the foreign author reaped a harvest from it, but its fostering care has fanned no native genius into flame. The great magazines, which are said to be the finest in the world, go on publishing English work, the people read it, the foreign author grows rich, while the American takes to the stock exchange, or the bar, or the daily press, to make a living for his family. To these same magazines many attribute the poverty of our literature. Not only is their determined patronage of British authors discouraging and blighting to domestic effort, but their strict adherence to the *convenances* in literature is stifling to original ability. Native work bearing the slightest suggestion of unconventionality is frowned down with an austerity worthy of the early Puritans. Such distinctive American talent as that of Hamlin Garland's first essays had to seek its market in out-of-the-way places; a purely poetic spirit like that of Joaquin Miller reaches the public through the medium of obscure publications and unknown publishers.

Another hindering cause to the growth of a national literature is the incompetence of criticism. The critic of books has much to do with the encouragement of literature. The criticism of the bludgeon has had a depressing effect upon the domestic author, who objects to having his head thumped with a club every time he attempts to raise it. The savage articles of the *Quarterly Review* fired the blood of Byron and broke the heart of Keats, but those days of regarding a writer as a sort of a hanger-on of society, not quite a gentleman and not entirely a charlatan, are over. The sneering book-notices in which the unregenerate mass delight are largely responsible for the meagreness of our literary efforts. Authors, unless upheld by a belief in their own genius, are only too apt to be discouraged by a biting sarcastic review. In this country criticism varies from the brutal to the sickeningly adulatory styles. Its real function is to lead, to assist, to advise. The critic should stand between the author and his public, to the former giving advisory comment, suggestions, justifiable censure, honest praise; to the latter the explanation of the new talent, the introduction to the fresh young mind, the key to its merits, the clew to its of distinction.

THE BRIDE OF POKER FLAT.

A Tale of California in the Early Days and Now.

Denison Parker was but twelve years old when he fell in love with Prudence Hubbard, nine years of age.

It made the people of the little New England village where they lived smile to see Denison, with his old-fashioned manners, escort Prudence to and from the village school. The old people shook their heads and said, "Denison will have a half-dozen sweethearts before he is old enough to marry," but they thought it a good thing for a boy to be in love with some girl, as it refined his nature and gave him a sense of responsibility.

The love scenes between a boy and a girl would not have been noticed and commented upon were it not for the fact that Denison was the son of a poor rope-maker, and Prudence, the daughter of the richest man in the village and the justice of peace as well. Squire Hubbard, as he was styled, was the leading man of the town; he presided at public meetings and was always consulted first in regard to every contemplated undertaking in the village. He was a proud man, bluff in manner, yet beloved by every one in the community.

When spoken to about the attention that Denison was paying his daughter, he smiled. "It will not last," he said; "but if it does, he will have to be as rich as I am before he gets my consent." But as time passed, it was observed that it was always upon Denison's sled that Prudence rode down hill, and when skating on the pond was in order, it was Denison who pushed her sled before him and did escort duty to the deprivation of the rest of the village beaux.

At the annual husking-bees which were held at the farms near the village, Denison attended Miss Prudence, and if she found a red ear among the corn, she did not hide it, but passed it slyly to Denison, and he, believing in the supremacy of law, exacted its full penalty upon her rosy lips. Thus their lives passed, and to these two lovers was full of pleasure and of promise; their love, instead of abating, grew stronger, and the prophecies of the old people seemed far from fulfillment. When Denison was eighteen years of age, his father bound him out to a cooper. He served his time, and at twenty-one began work as a journeyman; and after three years of working and saving, he thought he was able to maintain a wife. But upon consulting Prudence, he found her views did not coincide with his. He had only a few hundred dollars, and Prudence, true to her name, counseled waiting until he was financially better off. But Denison did not wish to wait. He had already served longer than Jacob did for Sarah, and so he went to Squire Hubbard and asked his consent to marry his daughter. He told him how much he had saved, and stated that he could earn one dollar a day at his trade, which was quite a large sum at that time. The squire looked at Denison over his spectacles as he was pleading his case, and replied that he had but one objection to him as a son-in-law, viz., that he was poor. But he said he knew that Prudence loved him, and he knew that she would not be happy unless she had the hope of eventually marrying him. The squire, however, advised him to wait until he could surround his wife with the comforts she had been accustomed to in her father's home. When he was able to do that, the squire added, he should have his full consent and blessing.

This was all the encouragement that Denison got from the squire. He knew that the few dollars he could save from his earnings would never make him a rich man, and both Prudence and Denison were very much disheartened by this decision.

In the summer of 1848 the first news of the finding of gold in California reached the village, and every one who took a paper was sought after that he might give the news of the new gold-fields. Squire Hubbard was the only one in the town who took a New York daily paper. In this paper Denison read the glowing reports of the fortunes which were being made in California in a short time, and this decided him to make one of a large company which was forming within a short distance of his neighborhood. Indeed, this new El Dorado seemed to open the only way whereby he could make a fortune; this made, he could return and marry the girl whom poverty would otherwise deprive him of. Prudence encouraged him in his project, and so, with the seal of her approval, he joined a company which was fitting out in the village for the voyage.

One of the companies going from his neighborhood co-operated in buying a ship, and fitted it out for a voyage around Cape Horn, and Denison was invited to join it. But when he learned that it would take from six months to a year to make this voyage, he declined, as it was not quick enough to suit our impatient lover.

It was reported at this time that from the Pacific Coast back to the mountains there was one continuous gold-field, and that a man with a few years' labor could make a fortune to carry back to his Eastern home, for no one even dreamed then of remaining permanently in California. All this fired Denison's ambition, and he bade good-by to Prudence, with the promise that he would return in two years if he retained his life and health, so hopeful was he that he could make a fortune and so fired by the glowing reports given by the newspapers. From his native village, Denison went to New York and took passage on one of the mail steamers to Panama, and thence to San Francisco, arriving on May 8, 1849. Here he found that he was yet hundreds of miles from the gold diggings. He started to Sacramento, and thence he traveled to Hangtown, where he had his first mining experience; but it was not a successful one. From there he wandered to other camps, but with no better success, making very little more than a bare living. In his wanderings he visited Mormon Island, and here he realized quite a goodly sum; but in later attempts he expended what he had gained there.

At this time Denison formed a partnership with two men, both from New England, and they had the habit of playing

poker evenings in their camp. It was for amusement merely, for neither of them had money, and they played with beans instead of coin. Each man carried his capital of beans in his pocket, and often while waiting at the trading-post for the mail, they would start a poker game, and so came to be known as the "bean-poker boys."

The months rolled slowly along, or so it seemed to Denison, who began to think he was far as ever from his fortune. But in all this time he had never missed writing a monthly letter to Prudence, and postage then was twenty-five and fifty cents a letter. Many a meal had he gone without in order to save the amount required for postage.

In the spring of 1856 Denison and his partners moved from Mormon Island over to the middle fork of the American River and there took up a claim, naming it "Poker Flat." At first sight it did not look very promising. It was a bight of the river, filled with sand. Other miners had followed the course of the river in their wanderings and had passed this by. The bight was filled bank high with sand, and upon making a surface "prospect" it did not seem to warrant any further attention, as the "color" taken in a pan was scarcely distinguishable.

Here Denison and his partners put in sluice-boxes and sixty feet of riffles below their claim. They took water from the river through a flume to wash the sand in the sluice, then sank a shaft through the sand to bed-rock and tunneled from there, hauling the sand up by buckets. Very soon they employed extra men on the claim, as well as men to cut the scrub-oaks off the bluff to use in timbering the tunnel. Every day at noon they cleaned up the first twelve feet of riffles, as they caught so much gold they would not hold any more. At this clean-up they usually took out seventy-two ounces, and at night they took out six times that quantity.

The entire output for the season was one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, clear of all expense. Denison had made the long-looked-for "strike." The first rain in the autumn filled the mine with water, and work had to be suspended until spring. The company then planned to go up the river half a mile and dam it at a narrow gorge, and thus carry the water in a flume to the claim and sufficiently high to "hydraulic" the entire hill of sand. This could be done without extra help, thus making their expenses much less.

A little village had sprung up about the claim, which was called Poker Flat, after the claim, and it had a hotel named the "Bean Hotel."

Denison was now a rich man, at least quite as wealthy as Squire Hubbard, and he felt that the squire could no longer object on the score of poverty to their marriage. So he wrote a letter to Prudence, inclosing a draft for a good amount and describing in detail the plans which he and his partners had made for the next year, and told her that the claim in which he was interested was so rich that he did not want to leave it until it was worked out, which would be in the ensuing summer, and therefore he would return home one year from the date of his letter. But, he wrote, if Prudence was willing, he would like her to come out to California and be married there. His plan was for them to remain at the claim until it was worked out, then to spend the winter in traveling through the State, and to go back East in the following spring.

To this letter Prudence wrote that she liked his plan, but could not follow it, as her mother had died since Denison had left home, and her father, now old and feeble, required her constant care. She felt it her duty to remain with him.

This was a sore disappointment to Denison. It seemed to him that he was never to realize his long-deferred desires. But, swallowing the bitter cup, he went resolutely forward in his plans, and, after the rainy season was over, he put in the dam as projected, and when the summer heat melted the snow in the mountains, it raised the water so that the flume gave the requisite hydraulic power. Denison was in the midst of this work, when he received a letter from Prudence stating that her father had died, that she was preparing to join him at Poker Flat, and that by the next steamer after the one hearing her letter she would arrive at San Francisco. In due time the steamer arrived, bringing the bride-to-be. From San Francisco she traveled to Sacramento, and there took stage for Poker Flat. Meantime, great preparations were in progress to give the lady a fitting reception. The hotel was trimmed with native decorations—with redwood boughs, with manzanita and madrone, with cones from the evergreens, and with the lovely wild flowers of the mountains. An itinerant Methodist minister was engaged to tie the knot. The miners washed up, and as many as had them put on "hired shirts." Every camp had one or more men who could play the violin, and a grand hall was to be one of the features of the wedding festivities, as well as a fine supper to which all the miners had been invited. Everything was in readiness, awaiting only the coming of the bride, who was expected on the evening stage. On going out on his trip, the driver of the stage had taken with him the tin horn which the hotel manager was wont to blow to summon his guests to their meals. He took this with him in order to blow a blast at the top of the hill leading into the camp to announce his coming.

At the first blast all the miners were to gather at the hotel to welcome the girl who had come so far to join her own true love. As the stage came over the brow of the hill which led to the camp, and which was a mile down-grade, the driver, with Prudence in the seat of honor by his side, blew a warning blast and immediately put the horses on a run in order to arrive at the hotel with a flourish. Just here the road made a slight bend. At the inside of the road was a shelving rock, and the stage, running too close, turned over on its side, throwing Prudence over the bank down a deep ravine. The driver held on to his reins as he fell and was dragged under the stage and crushed to death. Denison hurried with a number of the miners down the ravine to assist Prudence, but she, poor girl, was beyond help, for her neck had been broken by the fall. They carried her lifeless body to the hotel, and there laid her down, surrounded by the

decorations which were to have served at her wedding festivities.

This was a fearful blow to Denison, and he was so shocked that it was with the greatest difficulty that he could attend the funeral of Prudence, which took place the next day. To this sad rite came the miners from miles up and down the river.

This shocking tragedy so wrought upon the feelings of Denison as to change his entire nature. From being a very social and agreeable companion, he became silent and morose. From being a warm-hearted man, he kept aloof as much as possible from his former associates, and took no notice of them as they passed. His entire time outside of his working hours he devoted to his books, showing to his partners that he cared not even for their company, and they finally gave up all attempts at sociability.

The work on the claim continued until the final clean-up in the following October. All the miners were paid off, and the three partners divided the proceeds equally. Denison took his share, which was a large one, and with the body of Prudence he started for his Eastern home, and there laid her beside her father and mother in the village grave-yard. After a short visit at his home, he went to Europe and studied medicine, for which he had always had a taste. Here he had all the advantages in the pursuit of his chosen profession which money could procure. In 1872 he finished his studies and returned to San Francisco, and, opening an office, commenced the practice of medicine. He built up a large practice, principally among the poor, from whom he exacted little and often nothing. He was always ready to respond to the call of the poor and needy. His large fortune enabled him to be to them what he really was—a friend in need.

In the winter of 1873-74 the great wave of spiritualism struck San Francisco. Some of the ablest speakers on this subject were invited from the East, and meetings were held on Sundays in Mercantile Library Hall, Charter Oak Hall, and at Washington Hall. Private *séances* were being held all over the city. The public was treated to both light and dark *séances*. Nearly every block in the business part of town had its public medium.

In the course of his practice, Denison became acquainted with many leading spiritualists, and, led on by some interesting "tests" which purported to come from the spirits of deceased friends, he began a very searching investigation of this new cult, spending his money freely in visits to all the mediums he heard of. He seemed completely wrapped up in the subject. After two years of almost constant and thorough study of this subject, he became discouraged at the unsatisfactory results attained, and was about to abandon any further investigation, when an event occurred which made him change his mind and turned the current of his life into an entirely different channel.

One stormy evening, Denison was sitting in his office about midnight, thinking over the few facts of spiritualism which he had gleaned from among the many fraudulent so-called "tests." He could not pronounce it all a fraud, for he knew that there was a force in nature that was often exhibited by some of the mediums which could not be accounted for by any known law. But, even with all this knowledge established, he had decided to abandon any further quest in this direction. With this decision firmly fixed in his mind, he was about to retire. The house was quiet, and no sound reached his ear except the gentle patter of the rain upon the window-pane without. All at once he heard a voice in the well-remembered tones of Prudence, apparently at his side.

"My beloved," she said in a low tone, which sounded afar off, "why are you so discouraged? The truth is within your reach, but you can not find it in its perfection among the crowded haunts of men, nor in the public meetings. These are not the places in which you can gain the highest truths in regard to spiritual life. Every thought of ours sends forth a wave motion, and in a public hall, how many thousand thoughts are sending out their forces? What clashing of opposing thoughts these numberless waves are making as they meet! To the gross senses of man these atmospheric battles are soundless; but to us, with more attenuated senses, it is like the meeting of great storm centres in the physical atmosphere. You must get above this into the purer atmosphere of the mountains, where you may commune in freedom with Nature. There I can come and stand by your side, as I do now. There your higher senses will be refined so that you may see and hear me. I know how strong your love for me is, and, although your physical environment is a barrier to the higher spiritual communion, we may meet and be happy on this terrestrial plane. Go then to the mountains! Build a home where we may meet and where higher spiritual truths may flow into your soul!" Then the voice ceased, and all was still.

From that moment, Denison knew that Prudence was ever present by his side, though he could not see her. But he decided to follow her advice and gave up his practice in the city, and he spent some months in traveling over the mountains around the bay of San Francisco. At last he found the place he wanted in the Santa Cruz Mountains—a farm containing fifty acres. Upon the farm was a plateau of five acres cleared of the underbrush. The rest was as wild as Nature had made it. On this plateau, two thousand feet above the sea-level, and commanding a view of the Pacific, Denison built his temple devoted to spiritual love.

When his building was finished, he moved all his belongings from the city to his mountain retreat. His home was a square cottage, with a porch all around it. On the north side of the house he erected another building to be used as a kitchen and dining-room. In these rooms his Chinese servant attended to his physical wants. After the furniture was placed in the main building, no person ever stepped over its threshold except Denison.

The few neighbors think him unsocial, as he always receives their visits on the porch. They do not say that he is unneighborly, but he never visits them nor does he invite visitors, but he will, at the call of sickness, go out day or

night to relieve the suffering. For those who are able to pay he remains until they can send for their own physician, but if poor, he will devote his entire time until they have no further need of his services.

Last autumn I met Denison on a mountain trail while on his way home from one of his charitable visits. I asked him if Prudence had done for him all she promised.

"Yes," he said, "I am perfectly content. I have passed threescore years and ten, and it will be but a little while before I pass through that change which you call death, but which I know is a new birth into a fuller and grander spiritual existence."

A. P. STANTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1897.

It is established by the unpleasant class of people who deal in figures that the current accepted New-Year's Day should have been January 1, A. D. 1901. This is worked out on the basis, now accepted by chronologists, that an error has been made in the date of Christ's birth, so that in what is accepted as the first year of our Lord, Christ was four years old. The proof lies in two main facts. One is the death of Herod the Great, which is known to have occurred thirty-seven years after he had been declared king by the Romans. This declaration took place in A. U. C. 714. The initials A. U. C. stand for "anno urbis condite," the year of the building of Rome, which was the epoch whence the Romans computed time. Add thirty-seven to 714 and you get A. U. C. 751, which corresponds with B. C. 4. Herod could not have died four years before Christ. Further, we know that there was an eclipse of the moon on March 12, B. C. 4, on which night Herod ordered some Jewish rabbis to be burned for urging their pupils to destroy his golden eagle, and that he was dead before the Passover, which took place on April 12, B. C. 4. Christ must therefore have been born before February B. C. 4. The twenty-fifth of December, B. C. 5, would fulfill all historical requirements.

America can show many geographical names taken from novels. California comes from the name of a fairy kingdom in a Spanish romance of the early sixteenth century. The Antilles take their name from Antiglia, an imaginary island figuring in Italian legends connected with the wanderings of Saint Brendan, and marked in the latitude of the Sargasso Sea on Catalan and Genoese Portulani of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Montreal is by some said to take its name from a legendary castle mentioned in French romances of a very early date. The island of Barataria, lineally descended from Sancho Panza's imaginary governorship, also figures on the maps of Louisiana; while it is a moot question whether the Strait of Juan de Fuca does not take its name from a historical geographical romance, *à la* Rider Haggard, devised by a Greek sailor of Queen Elizabeth's day for the benefit of her majesty's resident at Venice and his own pocket. "I Brazil" is found in early Irish legend as an island in the Atlantic; and it is a moot question whether the empire of Brazil derives its name from this creation of the Celtic fancy, or from wood from which a dye resembling in color burning cinders was made.

At the next meeting of the French Chamber, a deputy will offer a proposition for the application of the decimal system to the division of time and the consequent re-arrangement of the present clocks as decimal timepieces. The discovery and the elaboration of the great advantages of the decimal clock now under consideration, and the demonstration thereof by actual working specimens, diagrams, and tables, are original with and the work of a citizen of Philadelphia. By this system of computation, the day is divided into 10 hours, the hour into 100 minutes, and the minute into 100 seconds, making 1,000 minutes, or 100,000 seconds per day. It provides a standard time for the entire globe. It is proposed to divide the terrestrial globe into 1,000 degrees of longitude, corresponding with the 1,000 minutes of the day, and, by grouping them into twenty sections of 50 degrees each, to establish a standard time for the whole world.

Miss Elise Brown, a dressmaker, recently sued Rev. Frederick Hetling, vicar of Christ Church, London, for the recovery of a sovereign which she had put into the collection-box while in a fit of temporary aberration. Occasionally such lapses came over her, she said. For two years she did not go to church, but at length she decided to attend Mr. Hetling's early communion service, and it was there that the aberration of judgment fell on her and led her to put into the plate a sovereign, which she now wished to recover, as she had changed her views on ecclesiastical polity. The lady told the judge that she did not believe she would have given the sovereign had she been in her right mind. The judge said that what was given for charity or for church purposes could not be recovered, and he accordingly gave judgment for the defendant.

An attempt is being made to introduce the bagpipe into a French infantry battalion. Commandant Dumas, of the Nineteenth Chasseurs-à-pied, procured a chanter and a bagpipe "tutor" from Edinburgh. His bandsmen have made satisfactory progress. He has also made inquiries as to the price of "good claymores." It is asserted that as the Gaelic dress is not infrequently described as the "garb of old Gaul," the modern Gaul should, if he pleases, rig himself out in full Highland paraphernalia.

The greatest of all luxuries in Central Africa is salt. The long-continued use of vegetable food in that country creates so painful a longing for salt that natives deprived of it for a long period often show symptoms of insanity.

For 375 vacancies in the corps of Paris street-sweepers, there are 21,562 candidates.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Sextons' Supper.

(AFTER HOLBEIN.)

The Plague, his black hand lifted,
Was floating down the Rhine,
His bark a soft-lined coffin
(On each side grew the vine);
He struck the miller at his wheel,
The woodman by his tree;
Before him rose the prayer and hymn,
Behind, the *Dirige*.

He found them spinning wedding-ropes,
He left them digging graves;
High over faces pale and wrung
The earth heaped up its waves.
He struck the baron at his gate,
The peasant at the plow,
And from his sable banner shook
Darkness on every brow.

At this time in a belfry-room
Five sextons drained the wine,
Red from the toll that brought the fee
And made their old eyes shine.
Their seats were cedar coffin-planks,
All velvet-trimmed and soft;
The chalice-cups by them defiled,
Were filled and emptied oft.

They drank "A long reign to King Plague!"
"A wet year and a foul!"
As screaming through the open loops
Flew in and out the owl.
Their shirts were made of dead men's vests
(Dead men are meek and dumb),
And each one wore a dead knight's ring
Upon his thievish thumb.

Down from the boarded floor above
The heavy bell-ropes swung.
It coils around the bowls and flasks,
The cups and drinking things.
The cresset throws a gloom of black
Upon the red-tiled floor—
Three faces dark—on two the lights
Their golden lustres pour.

Beside the table sink the steps
That lead into a vault—
A treasure-house no thieves but five
Dared ever yet assault.
And through the darkness to the left
Winds up the belfry stair—
Up to the old bell-chamber—
Up to the cooler air.

The wall was hung with coffin-plates,
The dates rubbed duly out
(Dead men are very dull and slow
In finding these things out).
They toast "The Doctors of Cologne,
Who keep the church-spades bright!"
Such toasts as these, such feast as that,
Were fit for such a night.

Far, far above among the bells
The wind blew devil fierce,
The sleet upon the beggar fell,
And stabbed him carle and tierce.
There was a pother in the roofs,
And such a clab of tiles,
That dying creatures' sobs and groans
Were heard around for miles.

They drink to "Peter and to Paul!"
And "All men underground!"
Then with a laugh, and wink, and nudge,
The passing-bell they sound.
They drink to the tree that gives the plank,
And the tree that guards the dead—
The coal-black tree with the blood-drop fruit,
So poisonous, soft, and red.

Is God, then, sleeping? No! See there,
How one tears at his throat,
And baring neck and shoulder,
Bids all his fellows note.
A plague-spot, blue and swollen,
Shows ghastly on the skin,
And on his knees he prays to Christ
To yet forgive his sin.

Dead! And the eldest, tolling
The rope that o'er them hung,
Called, with a curse, "Lads, fill your cups,
Let another song be sung!"
Then reels—his white face sickens,
And as he staggers down
Another drags at the heavy bell
Stamped with the cross and crown.

So every time a toper fell
Another rose to toll,
And all the rest screamed out a dirge
For the sinner's passing soul.
And round they stirred the gallon jug,
And high they flung the cup;
With half a song and half a prayer
They tossed it, filling up.

Now but one left, and be, though faint,
Staggered towards the rope,
And tolls—first draining cup and bowl.
Half dead, without a hope—
Tolls, till the old tower rocks again—
Tolls, with a band of lead—
Then falls upon the wine-drenched floor
Upon his fellows—dead!—Walter Thornbury.

The New York fire department recently tested, with pronounced success, a smoke-proof mask, an aluminum helmet, and an electric lantern. In a smoke-filled building, the smoke-proof masks were found exceedingly useful. They are made of leather, and have openings for the eyes, mouth, and nostrils. The fireman wearing the mask can hear plainly and can see distinctly, the aperture for the eyes being covered with mica. Previous to the adjustment of the mask to the head of the wearer, a sponge saturated with some exhilarating liquid is fixed firmly in the opening for the mouth and nostrils, thus permitting the wearer to breathe freely, yet excluding the smoke. The lantern does not differ in appearance from the lanterns which have heretofore been in use. It contains, however, a powerful incandescent lamp, which is operated by a small but powerful storage battery in the base of the lantern. The helmet is made of aluminum, and, while exceedingly light, is very durable, and thus is much appreciated by the fire-fighters.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Queen of Greece is an accomplished yachtswoman, holds a master's certificate, and is honorary admiral in the Russian navy.

Frau Materna, the great Wagner singer, has determined to devote herself hereafter to training pupils for the operatic stage, especially for Wagnerian rôles.

Blondin never used a netting to save himself from a tight-rope, and, after having devoted his entire career to the most perilous feats of rope-walking, he died peacefully in his bed.

The novelty of Mrs. August Belmont becoming her husband's partner in the Belmont racing-stables is attracting some attention here, though, in England, women interested in racing-stables are plentiful.

Lee Merriwether, one of the candidates for the mayoralty in St. Louis, came into notice a few years ago by a lively little book telling how he saw Europe on fifty cents a day. He holds advanced views on social questions.

Nansen as an artist has rather surprised the English. Studies of ice-floes, of northern lights, of Arctic nights, and other polar subjects done by the explorer in pastel and water-colors showed him the possessor of a fine sense of color and the artistic touch.

Ex-Secretary Olney has declined the invitation of President Eliot of Harvard to become professor of international law. The letter of President Eliot carried with it the offer of a large salary, but Mr. Olney proposes returning actively to the practice of law.

The Boulangist play which is about to be produced in Paris is the work of General Boulanger's last surviving confidant, M. Pierre Denis. Denis is now nearly sixty years old, and leads the life of a recluse, eating the simplest food and patching his own boots and clothes.

Frederick Martini, the inventor of the Martini rifle, died recently at his home in Frauenfeld in the canton of Thurgau, at the age of sixty-four. He was an officer in the Italian army in 1859. He afterward removed to Switzerland and established himself in business as an engineer. His rifle was adopted by the British Government in 1871, in combination with the Henri barrel.

Apropos of the gossip about Queen Victoria's ill health, Elwin Barron repeats in the *Chicago Times-Herald* the rumor that the Prince of Wales will never ascend the British throne. Albert Edward lacks ambition and energy, and many think he has by the conduct of his life forfeited the right to succeed a sovereign of such noble character as Victoria. On the other hand, the Duke of York is very popular, and it is predicted that Victoria will abdicate this year and he will become King George the Fifth of England.

Secretary Sherman's autograph has been in great demand recently. Every morning, before the Senate convened, he signed about a half-hundred autograph-books for the Senate page-boys, who were always waiting for him. One day a little fellow had three autograph-books and fifteen or twenty cards which he wanted signed by the Ohio senator. Mr. Sherman took the popularity as a matter of course until the boy with the fifteen cards came up. Then he said, smilingly, "Look here; what do you boys do with my name?" "Oh," replied the little fellow, "we sell it to autograph-collectors."

George Curzon, under-secretary to the British minister for foreign affairs, and the man who married the beautiful Miss Leiter, of Chicago and Washington, represents his department in the debates in the House of Commons. He has, up to the present session, been regarded as a man of the highest promise, but of late he is steadily losing ground on account of his inordinately long and tedious verbosity of speech. The House of Commons will not stand a bore under any circumstances, and it may be, after all, that the beautiful young American girl has not really married as brilliantly as she might have done at home.

The hero of the hour is undoubtedly Prince George of Greece. He is the second son of King George and Queen Olga, a Hercules in strength, stature, and courage, and has always been the most democratic scion of royalty in Europe, as well as the most popular member of the royal family among the Grecian subjects. He is larger and handsomer than his brother, the Crown Prince Constantine. Unaccompanied, he elbows his way through the Grecian crowd, or alone, with his rifle slung over his shoulder, hunts on the mountains, lately, if not now, infested with brigands. Prince George is a good sailor and well skilled in the science of war. He loves his classic land, and now the people stand patriotically behind him. Should he bring about the annexation of the island, he will probably be made Prince of Crete, as his brother is Prince of Sparta.

Close upon the decision of the Duchess of Aosta, who was the beautiful Helen of Orleans, that she will no longer live with her husband, comes a royal elopement that throws the succession of a second European throne into doubt. Princess Helen did not love the Duke of Aosta, and so soon as his brother married the Princess Helen of Montenegro, she declared there was no dynastic reason for her longer to endure a loveless union. The second princess who throws away the chance of becoming a royal mother is Princess Louise of Coburg. She is the eldest daughter of the King of Belgium, who has no son; the succession, in fact, lies between the king's infirm brother, the Duke of Flanders, and his single nephew, who is a wreck from dissipation and utterly distasteful to the people in the bargain. A choice of an heir was, therefore, to be made between Princess Louise's two sons, but she has eloped with an army officer, and the scandal has made them ineligible. The companion of her flight, by the way, has already deserted her.

THE FUTURE OF HOTEL DEL MONTE.

Switzerland is the play-ground of Europe. When the empires of that continent have doubled their populations, Switzerland will remain the play-ground of these vast aggregations of human life. This is so because the scenic features of Switzerland can not be changed or modified by the action of man. The middle and higher altitudes of the Alps defy the effacing vandalism of the human race and successfully resist the unpoetic encroachments of utility. Even the lower altitudes of the Alps permit only that degree of conquest which adds picturesqueness and confers upon the region a human interest.

The one inexhaustible resource of wealth in Switzerland is the poetic beauty of its foot-hills, the grandeur of its middle altitudes, and the awe-inspiring sublimity of its Alpine summits. For ages travelers have paid it adoration in the way of golden offerings, and for ages to come these tributary offerings will be continued.

California is the play-ground of the world. It has an unlimited resource in the unsurpassed sublimity of its mountain scenery, the ever unexplained miracle of its climate, and the marvelous beauty of its sea coast. It has regions vastly greater than those of Switzerland endowed by nature's indestructible beauty.

The populations of the world increase with astounding rapidity. Men scarcely past the meridian of life remember when as school-boys they recited in the geographical lesson: "The population of the United States is twenty millions." In one of the latest speeches of John Quincy Adams, he eloquently referred to the United States as "a grand nation of seventeen millions of human beings, who, having achieved their political liberty, had made the liberty of the world the corner-stone of their institutions." To-day the population of the United States is seventy-two millions. This is equal to four "grand nations of seventeen millions of human beings" apostrophized by Adams.

With the growth of civilization wealth increases, and with the increase of wealth the ranks of the pleasure-seekers are constantly augmented. The orange and lemon-groves of Southern California, however profitable to the individual owners and cultivators, confer upon the commonwealth an inexhaustible resource arising out of the opulence and beauty of cultivation they confer upon the landscape scenery of the State.

Yosemite, as a source of wealth to the people of California, has not made the incipient beginnings of its wealth-conferring power. It is by far the most sublime, awe-inspiring natural object in all the earth. No Alpine scenery approaches it in the attribute of grandeur. No cultivated landscape can compare with its unwritten meanings. Its El Capitan is the sentiment of awe made visible to the mind in adamant. Its Bridal Veil Fall forever wears the symbol of the wedding of poetry with sublimity.

"Tis the land of the morn-bright mountains
With the purple vales at their feet;
Of the clear, swift-flowing fountains
And rivers of waters so sweet;
Of the deep wood bowers entwining,
Of the cataract's sounding roar,
Of lakes in splendor shining,
And the pine-trees whispering o'er."

But Yosemite is but one of a thousand greater or lesser Yosemite of attractiveness. In the towering Sierra Nevadas; the less aspiring Coast Range; the wonder-provoking beauty and fertility of broad and cultivated valleys; or the romantic intro-action of sea and land along its ocean-washed sea coast, California has a resource of wealth which is scarcely in the beginning of its development.

Hotel del Monte, with its one hundred and twenty acres of forest park, the sunlit verdure of its greensward, and the perennial bloom of its flower-gardens, is the first and only adequate embellishment of the natural attractiveness of mountain, plain, sea, and climate.

There is an old legend of a long since forgotten kingdom, ruled by a great king. Before him stood the commander of the armies, whose victories had confirmed his power and established his throne firmly in the respect of nations and the affections of his people. The commander stood forth. "Brave commander," said the king, "thy victories have brought peace by war, repose by conflict, and honor through great achievement. What shall be thy reward? Make thy wish known, and the coronet of nobility, or the endowment of great wealth, shall be thine." The commander, answering, said: "I ask neither title nor riches. Give me hut land." Then the king, answering, said: "There is no land in all the kingdom save the forest, the jungle, the desert, and the morass, occupied by ravenous beasts and shunned by man." The commander, bowing low, said: "Give me hut the forest, the morass, and the desert, and my reward will be complete." Then the king bestowed upon his faithful servitor the unbroken forest, the unreclaimed, sedgy marshes, and the sterile desert wastes of the

kingdom. The years went by and tidings of the marvels wrought by the faithful commander reached the ears of the king. He visited the late waste places, when, lo! a miracle burst upon his vision. Industry and intelligence had converted the forests into stately parks and the marshes and sterile places into gardens of riches and fertility, all bejeweled with happy homes, surrounded with floral beauty, embowered by roof-trees, and crowned with the opulence of peace and contentment. Then the king said unto the commander: "No coronet of nobility could so have ennobled your life; no marvel of wealth could have so enriched your memory; nor could even my crown and sceptre have added one ray of lustre to the exaltation of thine eminence."

The political history of California begins at Monterey. Here the enthusiast, Junipero Serra, landed in 1771 to found a religious monastery for the spread of the gospel. Here arose the low, white wall of the adobe residence of the early Spanish occupants. No sound of busy industry or hum of commerce disturbed the droning repose of the sleepy air. Northward from the town and far under its view lay the broad, deep-blue expanse of Monterey Bay, innocent of the white sails which disturbed the dream of its beauty or added the charm of human interest to its sunlit serenity. Westward extended Cypress Point, like the prow of a ship meeting the swells of the ocean; the gentle slopes of the "mountain of the king," from the summit to the very surf of the sea, covered with stately pines. Southward arose "Monterey," and eastward lay a sandy plain, terminating in an unbroken forest of stately pines and ancient oaks.

Here was an assemblage of the features of ocean, mountain, forest, and plain. Wealth, directed by taste and genius, touched these features with a magic wand. The ancient forest became a park, surpassing in grandeur three centuries of cultivated growth. The open glades became verdant lawns; the sandy wastes, blooming gardens. And amid this blending of poetry and sublimity there arose, as if by the touch of a magic wand, a palace of comfort, elegance, and luxury. Everywhere else art appears to have marred the beauty and simplicity of nature; but here art, following the suggestions of nature, has intensified her meanings, interpreted the poetic beauty of all her seemings, and exalted her loveliness by dressing her in appropriate adornment.

California will become more and more the play-ground of the world. Her mountains, forests, plains, and seas will forever exert the attraction inseparable from romantic sentiment; and Del Monte, in virtue of its peerless environment of all these pleasure-inspiring features in rare combination, will forever maintain an undisputed supremacy. It is endowed with an ever increasing profit to itself and the State.

Whatever sense of sublimity the scenery of our State may awaken; whatever of tropical bloom its cultivated landscapes may express; whatever of pleasing aspiration of poetry and romance its forests or its seas may inspire, Del Monte and its environment will remain the best illustration and exponent of California's exalted loveliness.

THE RESCUE OF JIMMY.

A Story of a Hard Man with a Soft Spot.

Captain Mahem was a hard man with a soft spot. That soft spot was his friendship for little Jimmy Gregg, and dated from the winter when the child was lost in the Nevada sagebrush.

According to the point of view, the captain was the best man or the worst whoever bossed a railroad construction camp. Ask the leading contractors, and they would tell you that he was an A1 man who could get more work out of his gang than any foreman on the line. Leave it to the men who did the work, and you would learn that he was the meanest and most abusive old hustler who ever gave a man his time for laying down his shovel to light a pipe. There were ugly stories told about his practice of eye-gouging in a fight, and his reputation was sufficient to keep his camp the quietest of them all.

In December the camp contained about forty men and teams, one woman, and two children. The inventory is not complete without including one old raw-boned horse, a sort of camp follower who subsisted on the leavings of the work-mules. He was owned by Gregg, the boarding-master, who with his wife ministered beef, bacon, beans, potatoes, bread, and coffee thrice a day to the forty hungry men.

"I wonder," said the captain one day, as he was disciplining this pachyderm for sneaking into the feed-corral, "why God Almighty ever made a horse when a mule is so much better every way. Now a horse will break down if he don't have the best of feed, or go lame just when you want to rusb the work. But you can rely on a mule. Hard work and hard fare exactly suits them. They'll pull a scraper all day and be fresh enough at night to kick a driver. With a chance to roll over a couple of times when they quit work, and plenty of water to drink, they will never wear out. I never saw a man that ever saw a mule die."

At this time camp was ten miles from water, upon a dry plain carrying no vegetation but sparse sagebrush and greasewood. Water was hauled in tank-wagons, and the old horse, not getting all he needed in camp, had learned to follow the teams to the spring.

One morning, after the gang had breakfasted and gone to work on the grade, and the tank-wagons could be dimly seen through their own dust on the road to the spring, Gregg's little three-year-old son came out of the mess-tent and crossed over to the corral, where he often played. The old horse was there, nosing through the mangers, and the child presently climbed upon its back as it stood rubbing against a wagon. The horse paid no heed to his little rider, and soon ambled off up the road after the water-wagons. The child held on tightly, at first laughing, then crying, until he had been carried several miles, when he fell off and wandered away from the road through the brush.

Jimmy was not missed until the men came in from the grade for dinner. Then there was a hurried and unavailing search through the camp. After dinner Mahem laid off ten teams and sent the drivers out to make a general search. By mid-afternoon they returned and reported failure. Meanwhile Mrs. Gregg, who said she was perfectly sure Jimmy would not leave camp, had been through every tent and overhauled every bed-roll, believing that some man for a joke had hidden the boy. Mahem now took the whole force of forty men and joined in the quest. Under his direction the camp was circled twice, at a distance of one mile, and every yard of the way carefully examined for footprints. None were found, and Mahem said to his men: "Now your work is cut out for you. Before dark you've got to look under every brush inside of this line and you're bound to find him, for he could not get outside without making tracks."

This search also was of course fruitless. Some men came to camp at nightfall, others kept moving about the plain all night, hoping to hear the child cry.

At daybreak the captain was in the saddle, mounted on his favorite mule. He still believed the boy must be inside the circle, if that had been properly made; to clear up that doubt, he meant to make the entire round alone and outside of the line made by the men. To reach the starting point, he rode out up the road toward the spring, his eyes on the ground, his mind on the problem of how Jimmie could get out of camp and leave no trail.

"By God, I've got it!" said he suddenly, jabbing both spurs into the mule, which responded with a gallant attempt to pitch him into a cactus-bed. "That boy rode out on a water-wagon. His mother is off wrong in thinking he was in the tent when the wagons pulled out. He must have hung on to the tail of the last wagon, and he lay low for fear the driver would see him and send him back. After a while he got sleepy and fell off, and I shall find his tracks somewhere in this road. Damnation, why couldn't I think of that yesterday?"

The captain confidently urged his mule along as fast as a scraper-mule could be made to travel. And his confidence was justified by soon picking up the boy's trail at the point where he fell from the horse.

Abandoning now his mule, Mahem on foot followed the tortuous trail as rapidly as he could locate it. At times this was quick work; again on hard ground it was a slow and difficult task. Toward noon he entirely lost it on a rocky hill and was delayed some hours, so that it was near night when at last found the boy curled up beside a bush.

Jimmie was very much alive, but too cold to walk or talk. Mahem wrapped him in some of his own clothing and put a few drops of whisky in his mouth. Whisky straight was too strong a beverage for the child, and he choked. "Milk, milk," he cried faintly.

Mahem had brought no food with him and had nothing to offer but whisky.

"Milk," said Jimmie again.

"All right," said Mahem, drawing a clasp-knife, "you sball have milk," and he tapped a vein in his own arm, caught the flood in the cap of his whisky-flask, added a little Bourbon, and gave the starving child a liberal draught. Jimmie was much strengthened by this potion, and by midnight was safely home again and transferred from Mahem's to his mother's arms.

The boy was able next day to tell something about his adventure, but the captain then and always disputed the boy's story that he went out of camp on the back of old Barney.

"A horse is low-down enough to do a trick like that," said he; "but a horse didn't do it this time. I tell you I know he went out on a wagon, and I found the spot where he fell off." And that settled it.

"What does Jimmie mean by milk?" asked Mrs. Gregg.

"He says that when you found him you gave him milk."

"He meant whisky," said Mahem, shortly.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1897. G. B. DUNHAM.

Sixty-five new graves were filled in the Suicides' Cemetery at Monaco last winter. The cemetery is in barren, uncultivated land, and within it are buried any who have taken their lives through losses at the Casino. Four blank walls inclose the square of earth; at the head of the grave of each unfortunate there is only a plain, unpainted piece of wood, with a number on it. Under several of these mounds is the original of "the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo." Nobody ever did, of course, "break the bank." Each table starts with a certain amount of money, and when that is exhausted the play is stepped only until a fresh supply can be taken from the strong room. The actual reserve of the bank, ready for emergency, is one and a half million dollars. Recently, Monte Carlo obtained a new lease, one which will insure it the gambling privilege until 1913. Monaco is a small principality under the rule of Albert Charles Honoré, Sovereign Prince of Monaco, and he it is who lets out the privilege of running a gambling-house at Monte Carlo. He charges five hundred thousand dollars a year for that privilege.

Islington, England, refuses to have a public library, even when it can have one for nothing. The parish has rejected, by a large majority, an offer of fifty thousand dollars for such a library.

A TALE OF THE MUTINY.

Mrs. Steel's "On the Face of the Waters"—An Englishman's Adventures Disguised as a Native—How he Learned and Used the Art of the Many-Faced.

One of the most notable hooks published this year is "On the Face of the Waters," by Mrs. Flora Annie Steel. It is a story of the Indian mutiny, and, as the author has authenticated all her statements of historical events, it is as valuable as a popular history of that remarkable war as it is interesting to the novel-reader. Those who have read Mrs. Steel's "Tales from the Punjab" will recall her intimate and sympathetic knowledge of the East Indian character. It has won for her a place beside Rudyard Kipling as an interpreter of the Oriental, and to this new hook it gives an added charm and value.

The story does not cover the entire period and action of the war, but it fills a large canvas. It is impossible in the space at our disposal here to follow the personal interest of the novel, but we shall quote a few passages from which our readers may get an idea of the story's strong local coloring.

The hero of the story is one Jim Douglas, who had been cashiered from the army because he refused to make certain explanations that would have compromised a woman. Shortly before the mutiny broke out, he became a spy of the government and went about among the natives disguised as one of themselves—as Sir Richard Burton and others have done in real life. One day at some native fair he comes upon a couple of native players, Tiddu and his assistant, Jhungi, from whom he learns the secret of the Many-Faced:

"The Huzoor must surely have heard of the Many-Faced tribe of Bunjharas? I am of them."

"Lie not, Jhungi!" interrupted Tiddu calmly, "he is but my apprentice, Huzoor, but I—" he paused, caught up a cloth, gave it one dexterous twirl round him, squatted down, and there he was, to the life, a veiled woman watching the stranger with furtive, modest eye. "But I" came a round feminine voice full of feminine inflections, "am of the thousand-faced people who wander to a thousand places. A new place, a new face. It makes a large world, Huzoor, a strange world." There was a melancholy cadence in his voice, which added interest to the sheer amazement which Jim Douglas was feeling. He had heard the legend of the Many-Faced Tribe, had even seen clever actors claiming to belong to it, and knew how the Strangers deceived their victims, but anything like this he had never credited, much less seen. He himself, though he knew to the contrary, could scarcely combat the conviction, which seemed to come to him from that one furtive eye, that a woman sat within those folds.

"But how?" he began in perplexity. "I thought the Baharupas [Lit. many-faced] never went in caravans."

Tiddu resumed the cracked voice and let the smile become visible, and as if by magic, the illusion disappeared. "The Huzoor is right. We are wanderers. But in my youth a woman tied me to one place, one face; women have the trick, Huzoor, even if they are wanderers themselves. This one was, but I loved her; so after we had burned her and her fellow-wanderer together hand-in-hand, according to the custom, so that they might wander elsewhere but not in the tribe, I lingered on. He was the father of Jhungi, and the boy being left destitute I taught him to play; for it needs two in the play as in life. The man and the woman, or folks care not for it. So I taught Jhungi. He plays well, and hath beguiled an old rascal with thin legs and a fat face like mine into playing with him." As he spoke he angled out a hand impudently for an alms with the beggars' cry of "Alakkh," to point his meaning.

It was echoed by Jhungi, who, envious of Tiddu's holding the boards, as it were, had in sheer devilry and desire not to be outdone, taken up the disguise of a mendicant. It was a most creditable performance, but Tiddu dismissed it with a waive of the hand.

"Bullah!" he said, contemptuously, "'tis the refuge of fools. There is not one true beggar in fifty, so the forty-and-nine false ones go free of detention as the potter's donkey. Even the Huzoor could do better—had I the teaching of him."

He leaned forward, dropping his voice slightly, and Jim Douglas narrowed his eyes as men do when some unbidden idea claims admittance to the brain.

"You?" he echoed; "what could you teach me?"

Tiddu rose, let fall the veil to decent dignified drapery, and fixed his eyes full on the questioner. They were luminous eyes, differing from Jhungi's beady ones as the fire-opal differs from the diamond.

"What could I teach?" he retorted, and his tone, monotonously distinct to Jim Douglas, was inaudible to others, judging by Jhungi's impassive face. "Many things. For one, that the Baharupas are not mimics only. They have the Great Art. What is it? God knows. But what they will folk to see, that is seen. That and no more."

Jim Douglas laughed derisively. Animal magnetism and mesmerism were one thing; this was another.

"The Huzoor thinks I lie; but he must have heard of the doctor sahib in Calcutta who made suffering forget to suffer."

"You mean Dr. Easdale. Did you know him? Was he a pupil of yours?" came the cynical question.

Tiddu's face became expressive for the first time. The Baharupas have it not always; though the father's hoard goes oftener to the son. "Now, if by chance, the Huzoor had the gift and could use it, there would be no need for policemen to salute as he passes; no need for the drug-smokers to cease babbling when he enters. So the Huzoor could find out what he wants to find out."

How he employs this art is shown in the following paragraph—he had almost been detected while in an inn, and is glad to escape under cover of some disturbance in the street:

The next instant he was half-way down the dark stairs, tearing off cap, turban, beard, and pausing at the darkest corner to roll his baggy northern drawers out of sight and turn his woolen green shawl inside out, thus disclosing a cotton lining of ascetic ochre tint. It was the work of a second, for Jim Douglas had been an apt pupil. So, with a smear of ashes from one pocket, a dab of turmeric and vermilion from another—put on as he finished the stairs—he emerged into the street disguised as a mendicant; the refuge of fools, as Tiddu had called it. The easiest, however, to assume at an instant's notice; and in this case the best for the procession Jim Douglas meant to join. Careless and hurried though his get-up was, he set the very thought of detection from him as he edged his way among the streaming crowd. For in that, so he told himself, lay the Mysterious Gift. To be, even in your inmost thoughts, the personality you assumed was the secret. Somehow or another it impressed those around you, and even if a challenge came, there was no danger if the challenger could be isolated—brought close, as it were, to your own certainty. To this, so it seemed to him—the many-faced one vehemently protesting—came all Tiddu's mysterious instructions, which nevertheless he followed religiously. For, be they what they might, they had never failed him during the six months, save once, when, watching a horse-race, he had lost or rather recovered himself in the keen interest it awakened. Then his neighbors had edged from him and stared, and he had been forced into slipping away and changing his personality; for it was one of Tiddu's maxims that you should always carry that with you which made such change possible. To be many-faced, he said, made all faces more secure by taking from any the right of permanence.

The discontent with English rule extended pretty much throughout the country; the strange secret method of sending the war-like message abroad among the villages is thus described:

He was the village watchman. As his father had been before him, as his son, please God, would be after him. He carried a short spear hung with jingles as his badge of office, and he leaned upon it lazily as he looked out into the gray dawn. Then he wrapped his blanket closer round him, and walked leisurely to meet the solitary figure coming toward him, threading its way by an invisible path through the dew-hung sea of wheat.

"Ari, brother," he called muddily, when he reached ear-shot, "is it well?"

"It is well," came the answer. So he waited, leaning on his spear, until the new-comer stood beside him, his bare legs glistening and the folds of his drooping blanket frosted with the dew. In one hand he also, held a watchman's spear; in the other, one of those unleavened cakes, round and flat like a pancake, which form the daily bread alike of rich and poor. This he held out, saying briefly:

"For the elders. From the South to the North. From the East to the West."

"Wherefore?" The brief reply held vague curiosity; no more. The cake had already changed hands, unchallenged.

"God knows. It came to us from Golowallah with the message as I gave it. Thy folk will pass it on?"

"Likely; when the day's work is done. How go the crops thy way? Here, as thou seest, 'tis God's dew on God's grain."

"With us also. There will be marriages galore this May."

"Ay! if this bring naught." The speaker nodded toward the cake which now lay on the ground between them, for they had inevitably squatted down to take alternate pulls at a pipe. "What can it bring?"

"God knows," replied the host in his turn.

So the unleavened cake stayed in the village all day long, and when the slant shadows brought leisure, the headman's wife baked two cakes, one for the north, the other for the west, and Dittu the old watchman, and the embryo watchman, his son, set off with them to the next village west and north, since that was the old custom. So much must be done because their fathers had done it; for the rest, who could tell?

Tiddu, the mimic, comes upon Douglas, as he is riding through the country one night, and shows him another method of the anti-English propaganda:

A breathless shadow was at his stirrup, and he fancied he saw a shadow or two further behind.

"The Huzoor has mistaken the road," came Tiddu's familiar creak. "Meerut lies to the north."

Breathless as he was, there was the pompous mystery in his voice which always prefaced an attempt to extort money. And Jim Douglas, having no further use for the old scoundrel, did not intend to give him any, so he simulated an utter lack of surprise.

"Hello, Tiddu!" he said. "I had an idea it might be you. So you recognized my voice?"

The old man laughed. "The Huzoor is mighty clever. He knows old Tiddu has eyes. They saw the Huzoor's horse—a bay Wazeerie with a white star none too small, and all the luck-marks—waiting at the fifteenth milestone, by Begum-a-bad. But the Huzoor, being so clever, is not going to ride the Wazeerie to-night. He's going to ride the Belooch, he is on back to Meerut, though the star on her forehead is too small for safety; my thumb could cover it."

"It's a bit too late to teach me the luck-marks, Tiddu," said Jim Douglas, coolly. "You want money, you ruffian; so I suppose you have something to sell. What is it? If it is worth anything, you can trust me to pay, surely."

Tiddu looked round furtively. The other shadow, Jhungi, had melted away into the darkness. He and Tiddu were alone. The old man, even so, reached up to whisper:

"'Tis the yellow fakir, Huzoor! He has come."

"The yellow fakir!" echoed his hearer; "who the devil is he? And why shouldn't he come, if he likes?"

Tiddu paused, as if in sheer amazement, for a second: "The Huzoor has not heard of the yellow fakir? The dumb fakir who brings the speech that brings more than speech. *Wah!*"

"Speech that is more than speech," echoed Jim Douglas, angrily. Tiddu's hand went out to the Belooch's rein; his voice lost its creak and took a soft sing-song to which the mare seemed to come round of her own accord.

"Yea! Speech that is more than speech, though he is dumb. Whence he comes none know, not even I, the Many-Faced. But I can see him when he comes, Huzoor! The others, not unless he wills to be seen. I saw him to-night. He passed me on a white horse not half an hour ago, going Meerutward. Did not the Huzoor see him? That is because he has learned from old Tiddu to make others see, but not to see himself. But the old man will teach him this also if he is in Meerut by dawn. If he is there by dawn he will see the yellow fakir who brings the speech that brings more than speech."

The Englishman slipped from his horse without a word, and was about to pull the reins over her head so as to lead her, when Tiddu stopped short.

"Jhungi will take her to the rest-house, Huzoor, or Bhungi. It will be safer so. I have a clean cotton quilt in the bundle, and the Huzoor can have my shoes and rub his legs in the dust. That will do till dawn."

He gave a jackal's cry, which was echoed from the darkness.

"Leave her so, Huzoor! She is safe," said Tiddu; and Jim Douglas, as he obeyed, heard the mare whinny softly, as if to a foal, as a shadow came out of the bushes. Jhungi or Bhungi, no doubt.

Five minutes after, with a certain unaccountable pleasure, he found himself walking beside a laden bullock, one arm resting on its broad back, his feet keeping step with the remittent clang of its bell. . . . He was so absorbed in watching the yellow light grow to those clouds no bigger than a man's hand; so lost in the strange companionship with the laden beast bound to the wheel of Life and Death as he was, yet asking no question of the future, that Tiddu's hand and voice startled him.

"Huzoor!" he said. "The yellow fakir!"

They were close on the city of Meerut. The road, dipping down to cross a depression, left a bank of yellow dust on either side. And on the eastern one, outlined against the yellow sunrise, sat a motionless figure. It was naked, and painted from head to foot a bright yellow color. The closed eyes were daubed over so as to hide them utterly, and on the forehead, as it is in the image of Siva, was painted perpendicularly a gigantic eye, wide, set, stony. Before it in the dust lay the beggar's bowl for alms.

"The roads part here, Huzoor," said Tiddu. "This to the city; that to the cantonments."

As he spoke, a handsome young fellow came swaggering down the latter, on his way evidently to riotous living in the bazaar. Suddenly he paused, his hand went up to his eyes as if the rising sun were in them. Then he stepped across the road and dropped a coin into the beggar's bowl. Tiddu nodded his head gravely.

"That man is wanted, Huzoor. That is why he saw. Mayhap he is to give the word."

"The word?" echoed Jim Douglas. "You said he was dumb?"

"I meant the trooper, Huzoor. The fakir wanted him. To give the word, mayhap. Some one must always give it."

He is a very ordinary *yogi*, I should say," Douglas remarked, looking toward the yellow sunrise, but the figure was gone. He turned to Tiddu again, with real annoyance. "Well! Whoever he is, he can not want me. And I certainly saw him."

"I willed the Huzoor to see!" replied Tiddu with calm effrontery.

The following passage describes the receipt by the octogenarian King of Delhi and his ambitious queen, Zeenut Maihl, of the news that the native regiments at Meerut had revolted:

Their shouts of "The king! The king! Help for the martyrs! Help for the Holy War!" dumfounded the court muzzeen, who was going late to his prayers in the Pearl Mosque; the reckless hoofs sent a squatting bronze image of a gardener, threading jasmine chaplets for his gods peacefully in the pathway, flying into a rose-bush.

"The king! The king! Help! Help!"

The women woke with the cry, confused, alarmed, surprised; save one or two, creeping to the queen's room, found her awake, excited, calling for her maids.

"Too soon!" she echoed contemptuously. "Can a good thing come too soon? Quick, woman—I must see the king at once—nay, I will go as I am if it come to that."

"The physician, Ahsan-Oolah, hath arrived as usual for the dawn pulse-taking," protested the shocked tirewoman.

"All the more need for hurry," retorted Zeenut Maihl. "Quick! Slippers and a veil! Thine will do, Fatma; sure what makes thee decent—" She gave a spiteful laugh as she snatched it from the woman's head and passed to the door; but there she paused a second. "See if Hafzan be below. I bid her come early, so she should be. Tell her to write word to Hussan Askuri to dream as he never dreamed before! And see," her voice grew shriller, keener, "the rest of you have leave. Go! cozen every man you know, every man you meet. I care not how. Make their blood flow! I care not wherefore, so that it leaps, and bounds, and would spill other blood that checked it." She clenched her hands as she passed on, muttering to herself. "Ah! if he were a man—if his blood were not chilled with age—if I had some one—"

She broke off into smiles, for in the ante-room she entered was, man or no man, the representative of the Great Moghul.

"Ah, Zeenut!" he cried, in tones of relief. "I would have sought thee." The trembling, shrunken figure in its wadded silk dressing-gown paused and gave a backward glance at Ahsan-Oolah, whose shrewd face was full of alarm.

"Believe nothing my liege!" he protested eagerly. "These rioters are boasters. Are there not two thousand British soldiers in Meerut? Their tale is not possible. They are cowards fled from defeat; liars, hoping to be saved at your expense. The thing is impossible."

The queen turned on him passionately: "Are not all things possible with God, and is not his majesty the defender of the faith?"

"But not defender of five runaway rioters," sneered the physician. "My liege! Remember your pension."

Zeenut Maihl glared at his cunning; it was an argument needing all her art to combat.

"Five!" she echoed, passing to the lattice quickly. "Then miracles are about—the five have grown to fifty. Look, my lord, look! Hark! How they call on the defender of the faith!"

With reckless hand, she set the lattice wide, so becoming visible for an instant, and a shout of "The queen! The queen!" mingled with that of "The faith! The faith! Lead us, oh! Ghazee-o-din-Bahadur-shah, to die for the faith!"

Pale as he was with age, the cry stirred the blood in the king's veins and sent it to his face.

"Stand back," he cried, in sudden dignity, waving both counselors aside with trembling, outstretched hands. "I will speak mine own words."

But the sight of him, rousing a fresh burst of enthusiasm, left him no possibility of speech for a time. The Lord had been on their side, they cried. They had killed every hell-doomed infidel in Meerut! They would do so in Delhi if he would help! They were but an advance guard of an army coming from every cantonment in India to swear allegiance to the Padishah. Long live the king! and the queen!

In the dim room behind, Zeenut Maihl and the physician listened to the wild, almost incredible, tale which drifted in with the scented air from the garden, and watched each other silently. Each found in it fresh cause for obstinacy. If this were true, what need to be fool-hardy? time would show, the thing came of itself without risk. If this were true, decisive action should be taken at once; and would be taken.

But the king, assailed, molested by that rude interrupting loyalty, above all by that cry of the queen, felt the Turk stir in him also. "Who were these intruders in the sacred precincts, infringing the seclusion of the Great Moghul's women? Trembling with impotent passion, inherited from passions that had not been impotent, he turned to Ahsan-Oolah, ignoring the queen, who, he felt, was mostly to blame for this outrage on her modesty. Why had she come there? Why had she dared to be seen?"

"Your majesty should send for the captain of the Palace Guards and bid him disperse the rioters, and force them into respect for your royal person," suggested the physician, carefully avoiding all but the immediate present, "and your majesty should pass to the Hall of Audience. The king can scarce receive the captain-sahib here in presence of the consort." He did not add "in her present costume"—but his tone implied it, and the king, with an angry, mortified glance toward his favorite, took the physician's arm. If looks could kill, Ahsan-Oolah would not, he knew, have supported those tottering steps far; but it was no time to stick at trifles.

When they had passed from the anteroom, Zeenut Maihl still stood as if half stupefied by the insult. Then she dashed to the open lattice again, scornful and defiant; dignified into positive beauty for the moment by her recklessness.

"For the Faith!" she cried, in her shrill, woman's voice; "if ye are men, as I would be, to be loved of woman, as I am, strike for the Faith!"

A sort of shiver ran through the clustering crowd of men below; the shiver of anticipation, of the marvelous, the unexpected. The queen had spoken to them as men; of herself as woman. Inconceivable!—improper, of course—yet exciting. Their blood thrilled, the instinct of the man to fight for the woman rose at once.

The chief interest of the story centres in the experiences of a Mrs. Erlton, who remained concealed in Delhi throughout the siege, one of two Christian women there who escaped massacre. She escapes the general massacre through Douglas's action, he being disguised in native costume:

"Mrs. Erlton! quick, please!"

Jim Douglas's voice, calling to her from outside, roused her from a sort of apathy into sudden desire for life; she was out in the veranda in a second.

"The game's up," he said, scarcely able to speak from breathlessness, and his horse was in a white lather. "I had to see to the Seymours first, and now there's only one chance I can think of—desperate at that. Quick, your foot on mine—so—from the step—Now your hand. One! two! three! That's right." He had her on the saddle before him and was off through the gardens cityward at a gallop. "The Fifty-Fourth came down from the cantonments all right," he went on rapidly, "but shot their officers at the church—the city scoundrels are killing and looting all about, but the main-guard is closed and safe as yet. I got Mrs. Seymour there. I'll get you if I can. I'm going to ride through the thick of the devils now with you as my prisoner. Do you see—there at the turn. I'll hark back down the road—it's the only chance of getting through. Slip down a bit across the saddle-bow. Don't be afraid. I'll hold as long as I can. Now scream—scream like the devil. No! let your arms slack as if you'd fainted—people won't look so much—that's better—that's capital—now—ready!"

He swerved his horse with a dig of the spur and made for the crowd which lay between him and safety. The words describing the rape of the Sabine women, over the construing of which he remembered being birched at school, recurred to him, as such idle thoughts will at such times, as he hitched his hand tighter on Kate's dress and scattered the first group with a coarse jest or two. Thank Heaven! She would not understand these, his only weapons; since cold steel could not be used, till it had to be used to *prevent* understanding. Thank Heaven, she could be used both weapons fairly. So he dug in the spurs again and answered the crowd in its own kind, recklessly. A laugh, an oath, once or twice a blow with the flat of his sword. And Kate, with slack arms and closed eyes, lay and listened—listened to a sharper, angrier voice, a quick clash of steel, a shout of half-doubtful, half-pleased derision from those near, a jest provoking a roar of merriment for one who meant to hold his own in love and war. Then a sudden dodging of the horse; a faint slackening of that iron grip on her waist-belt. The worst of the stream was past; another moment and they were in a quiet street, another and they had turned at right-angles down a secluded alley where Jim Douglas paused to pass his right hand, still holding his sword, under Kate's head and bid her lean against him more comfortably. The rest was easy. He would take her out by the Moore gate—the alleys to it would be almost deserted—so, outside the walls, to the rear of the Cashmere gate. They were already twisting and turning through the narrow lanes as he told her this. Then, with a rush and a whoop, he made for the gate, and the next moment they had the open country, the world, before them.

With these few brief glimpses we leave the work. It is the hook that every one is reading, and has already gone through a large number of editions.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

\$1.50.

LITERARY NOTES.

A New Novel by Henry James.

For the reader who appreciates delicate analysis and artistic workmanship in fiction, and who does not seek diversion for tired nerves, "The Spoils of Poynton" will prove an intellectual diversion. It is an Ibsen-like study of types and motives.

Mrs. Gereth, a worshiper of beautiful things, collects at Poynton a rare treasury of art objects. A love of the exquisite is the ruling passion of her life, and Poynton stands the crowning masterpiece of long years of search, of economy, and of endless bargaining in the curio-shops of Europe, from the Neva to the Thames. Her husband, however, fails to hequeath this shrine of beauty to his wife, and, dying, leaves it to his son Owen, a rather weak fellow; so Mrs. Gereth is obliged to content herself with a modest villa—a monstrosity of architecture that is very agonizing to her delicate sensibilities. Guided by a good impulse, Owen is disposed to be equitable with his mother and leave her in the enjoyment of Poynton. His *fiancée*, however, a grasping young woman who knows and cares nothing about hall-marks or rare old tapestries but admires the magnificence of the collection, covets it, and it becomes a bone of contention.

The mother-in-law elect assumes a defensive attitude. The spoils of Poynton must be preserved in their pristine harmony. Mona Brigstock, the *fiancée*, makes the full possession of Poynton the condition of her marriage, and poor Owen hesitates between Scylla and Charybdis. Mrs. Gereth can not bear to part with her beloved works of art, and, with incredible energy, removes them clandestinely from Poynton.

An envoy in this family campaign is Fleda Vetch, a kindred spirit with Mrs. Gereth. Owen, disgusted with his *fiancée's* obstinacy and a little disillusioned, gives Fleda Vetch to understand that he will sever his previous engagement and marry her. Mrs. Gereth is delighted. With such a guardian, Poynton's beauty will not be desecrated, and under this impression she returns everything to its original place. But, alas! the Brigstocks weave their wiles again about this vacillating and unsophisticated youth, who marries Mona, and Poynton is lost forever. Providence intervenes, however, and a defective flue prevents these treasures from falling into vandal hands.

The characters are carefully individualized, motives are well contrasted, and there is good word-fencing, but no effort to produce picturesqueness or effect.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

A Physician on Long Life.

"How to Live Longer and Why We Do Not Live Longer," is the lengthy title of an interesting little book written by J. R. Hayes, M. D., a physician and surgeon of long standing, at present medical examiner for the pension bureau. Dr. Hayes quotes a German philosopher of two hundred years ago, who wrote that: "Our natural life-time has been shortened since the advent of civilization. The invention of beverages of every imaginable description, hot and unwholesome table dishes, premature marriages, indoor life and sedentary occupations, high-pressure schools of learning, sleepless nights, and the fight, fret, worry, and dirt of our daily lives are the cause of it."

Dr. Hayes thinks that by proper living many can overcome all those conditions, which are true of life to-day, and live to the natural age of man, from one hundred to one hundred and twenty years, and die ripe and vigorous rather than of the "infirmities of age."

The book treats such topics as inherited diseases, sanitary marriages and homiculture, the organs and their functions, the bath, sleep and rest, various "mental cures," and the importance of health in the women of the race.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

A Strong Story.

"Weighed in the Balance," by Harry Lander, is a powerful record of a strong soul gone wrong. It is the history of an evil life written by a father for his illegitimate son.

In his youth the father was capable of every noble and generous aspiration. He possessed strong principles that he sought to carry into effect at the expense of his own personal interests. Enthusiastic in the cause of humanity, he endeavored, aided by his inherited wealth, to become a centre of good influences. He was soon merely a cats-paw for unscrupulous people who had an axe to grind.

He comes to the conclusion that a man with principles only handicaps himself. The illusions of his youth vanish. His airy visions crumble at contact with life, and this Yorkshire village lad becomes a man of the world. The rich philanthropic enthusiast develops into a hard-headed, rapacious man of affairs. While he falls from his ideals of right and wrong he still acknowledges them, although he fails to allow them to stand between him and success.

When placed under degenerative influences, this character, strong for good or evil, begins to disintegrate, and it is here that the story gains in cumulative interest and dramatic quality. He becomes callous, hard, bitter, and revengeful. The rupture of his marriage and other sorrows turn his nature to the likeness of a fiend's. Infidel and cynic, he holds

the cup of pleasure and vice to his lips, and drinks deeply and recklessly, indifferent to the shame and misery he leaves behind him. His substance is wasted and he comes to want, but not for long. "Where now was the young man who had gone forth in his pride and strength to fight the battle of the poor, the lover who wooed by the moonlit river, and the proud young husband with principles? Ah! gone, all gone. High above the weak moanings of memory swelled the fierce, wild desires of the man, strong because he was unscrupulous and pitiless, fearing not man or myth." From "gutter-snipe" to gambler, from waiter to brakeman, he "roughs it" until he becomes a librarian. Love sheds its regenerative influence over him for a while, but the Nemesis of his past interposes, and the fiend in the man rules triumphant. He grasps wealth but never happiness.

The value of the story is not in the creed of right and wrong so earnestly urged, but in the passionate portrayal of the moral decline of James Norton and the dust and ashes of an ill-spent life.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The letters sent to London from this country by G. W. Stevens during the recent campaign have been collected into a volume, which has just come out. One lesson Mr. Stevens has learned. In spite of Mr. Bayard he comes to the following conclusion: "We may call this country daughter, but it does not call us mother."

At the dinner of the Authors' Society in London, recently, the honor of replying to the toast of the evening—that of "The Incorporated Society of Authors"—was assigned to Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, whose novel of Indian life, published by the Macmillan Company, is reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

Bret Harte has just written a new poem of the "Truthful James" order, entitled "Free Silver at Angel's."

Messrs. Daniel Appleton & Co. have found it more convenient to become incorporated as a company, under the title of "D. Appleton and Company." This involves no change in the management or the ownership of the business. As in the case of the Macmillan Company, of London, and Messrs. Harper & Brothers, the change is simply a formal one.

The recent facts which the Jameson raid brought to light have stirred Olive Schreiner to write a story, much as Mrs. Stowe was moved in her day to write "Uncle Tom's Cabin" by the atrocities inflicted on the African in America. The *Bookman* says of it:

"It is entitled 'Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland,' and describes the humanizing of a gross, brutal English trooper who is won by the quiet sympathy and reasoning of a Jew to change his old life and to see in the oppressed native a brother man. His whole attitude toward the natives is changed, and finally he sacrifices his life to save one of them. It is written with strong emotion and passionate earnestness, recalling the qualities which made 'The Story of an African Farm' so vigorous and powerful an appeal to the human heart. Not the least remarkable thing about the book is the writer's changed attitude toward Christ and Christianity. It will be remembered that in 'The Story of an African Farm' the writer's position was that of agnosticism, that she seemed to be groping for light."

Richard Watson Gilder is soon to bring out a new volume of poems. It will be called "For the Country," and will be especially patriotic in its contents, embracing poems on Washington, Lincoln, Sheridan, Sherman, and other heroic themes.

Teachers of the comparatively new science of "Sociology" will welcome the announcement by the Macmillan Company that Professor Franklin H. Giddings, of Columbia University, has in press a pamphlet Syllabus of Sociological Principles for the use of college and university classes. It is entitled "The Theory of Socialization," and contains references to the third edition of "The Principles of Sociology" by the same author.

Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago, are issuing a magazine of reform, under the title, *New Occasions*. It is edited by Frederick Upham Adams, and will open its columns only to articles bearing upon political and social questions, or to fiction of the same character.

"A Pinchbeck Goddess" is the title of a novel by Miss Alice Kipling, sister of Rudyard. Anglo-Indian life at Simla furnishes the setting of the story. Miss Kipling, it is explained, has long been really Mrs. Fleming, the wife of an English officer. By using her maiden name in her literary venture, she adds a third Kipling to the record of English letters. The American edition of the book will be published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

William George Jordan, for several years editor of *Current Literature*, has left New York for Philadelphia, to assume the editorship of the *Ladies' Home Journal* under Mr. Bok.

Charles Reade once gave a recipe for writing novels to a young novelist now well known. It ran thus: "Make 'em laugh; make 'em cry; make 'em wait."

Another book announced for publication by the Macmillan Company is entitled, "Book Sales of the Year of 1896." The author is Temple Scott, and the volume contains a detailed description of all the most important books sold at auction, with the names of

the purchasers and the prices realized, with complete indexes of names and subjects, a general introduction, and notes. A similar volume was published last year.

The London *Studio* is presently to be issued in a special edition here under the title of the *International Studio*. This is, by all odds, the best miscellaneous periodical on artistic subjects published in English. The whole field of decorative and architectural as well as pictorial and plastic art is covered; the latest movement, whether in the binding of books or the designing of posters, is invariably treated with admirable illustrations in its pages.

The Macmillan Company announces the addition to its long list of technical publications of "An Introductory Course of Quantitative Chemical Analysis, with Explanatory Notes and Stoichiometrical Problems," by Henry P. Talbot, Ph. D., Associate Professor of Analytical Chemistry in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Rudyard Kipling's new book of poems, "The Seven Seas" (D. Appleton & Co.), published only a couple of months ago, has already had a sale of thirteen or fourteen thousand copies, a phenomenal record.

The Dean of Canterbury relates in the *Temple Magazine* the following anecdote of Robert Browning:

"He said that when one of his earlier volumes came out—I think 'Bells and Pomegranates'—a copy fell into the hands of Mr. John Stuart Mill, who was then at the zenith of his fame and whose literary opinion was accepted as oracular. Mr. J. S. Mill expressed his admiration of the poems and of the originality of the lessons they contained; and he wrote to the editor of *Tait's Magazine*, then one of the leading literary journals, asking if he might review them in the forthcoming number. The editor wrote back to say that he should always esteem it an honor and an advantage to receive a review from the pen of Mr. J. S. Mill, but unfortunately he could not insert a review of 'Bells and Pomegranates,' as it had been reviewed in the last number. Mr. Browning had the curiosity to look at the last number of the magazine, and there read the so-called review. It was as follows: 'Bells and Pomegranates,' by Robert Browning: *Balderdash*. 'It depended, you see,' said Mr. Browning, 'on what looked like the merest accident, whether the work of a new or as yet almost unknown writer should receive a eulogistic review from the pen of the first literary and philosophic critic of his day—a review which would have rendered him most powerful help, exactly at the time when it was most needed—or whether he should only receive one insolent epithet from some nameless nobody. I consider,' he added, 'that this so-called "review" retarded any recognition of me by twenty years' delay.'

Among forthcoming works of scientific importance the Macmillan Company announces "The Development of the Frog's Egg; an Introduction to Experimental Embryology," by Thomas Hunt Morgan, Ph. D., B. S., M. S., Professor of Biology at Bryn Mawr College, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Andrew Lang contributes to the February number of *Good Words* an article on Victorian Literature. Browning and Tennyson he pronounces the glories of the Victorian Age. Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, and Charlotte Brontë are put in the front rank, and Charles Reade and Anthony Trollope in the second. Lytton, Trollope, Reade, and Kingsley are pronounced lacking the touch of immortality, and even about George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë the critic hesitates. Mr. Lang declines to say anything about living authors.

The Duchesse de Reggio, wife of Marshal Oudinot, was much with her husband in the field, accompanying him, for instance, on the retreat from Moscow. She prepared some notes and descriptions, which the Appletons are about to publish as "Memoirs of Marshal Oudinot." She draws vivid pictures of all that stirring epoch. The book takes in the Revolution, the Directory, Napoleon's ascendancy, the Restoration, and comes up to about 1830.

Frank Doubleday will, on the first of April, become the business-manager of *McClure's Monthly*. Mr. Doubleday has been for many years the business-manager of *Scribner's Magazine*.

The Macmillan Company, having caught the attention of the "The Jolly Sailor Man" and all who love the sea, by publishing "On Many Seas," the best sea-story published for many a year past, or, we fear, to come, chooses this favorable moment to issue a book of short stories, entitled "The Port of Missing Ships and Other Stories of the Sea."

Among the books which D. Appleton & Co. will publish shortly are:

"Memoirs of Marshal Oudinot, Duc de Reggio," compiled from the souvenirs of the Duchesse de Reggio; "Pioneers of Evolution," from Thales to Huxley, by Edward Clodd; "The Aurora Borealis," by Alfred Angot; "The Beautiful Miss Brooke," by "Z. Z."; "Tatterley, the Story of a Dead Man," by T. Gallon; "A Pinchbeck Goddess," by Mrs. Fleming (Alice M. Kipling); "A Spotless Reputation," by D. Gerard; and "Perfection City," a story of Kansas, by Mrs. Orpen, together with new editions of "Dynamic Sociology," by Lester F. Ward; "Sight," by Professor Joseph Le Conte; "History of Bimetallism in the United States," by Professor J. L. Laughlin; and "Actual Africa," by Frank Vincent.

Richard Le Gallienne was married the other day in England. His friends were surprised, as, in accordance with a peculiar habit, he had always made a point of calling attention once every year to his own distress and loneliness since the death of his wife. Whenever the anniversary came around, he would send notices to his friends, calling attention to the day and its significance to him.

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Memoirs of Marshal Oudinot.

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The marshal's wife was much with her husband in the field, accompanying him, for instance, during the retreat from Moscow. Of that she gives a very graphic description; and, indeed, she draws vivid pictures of all that stirring epoch. The book takes in the Revolution, the Directory, Napoleon's ascendancy, the Restoration, and comes up to about 1830. It has photographs of the marshal and his wife, who in the end, of course, threw in their lot with the Bourbons.

A Pinchbeck Goddess.

By MRS. J. M. FLEMING (Alice M. Kipling). No. 211, Town and Country Library. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

In this entertaining story of social life in India the author has developed a novel idea which is worked out with much humor and ingenuity, and in a thoroughly sympathetic manner. The story is bright and interesting, and full of local color and happy characterization. This book introduces a new writer, who will make her place without any indebtedness to her distinguished brother.

The Story of the Birds.

By JAMES NEWTON BASKETT, M. A., Associate Member of the American Ornithologists' Union. The first volume in "Appletons' Home-Reading Books" Series. 12mo. Cloth, illustrated, 65 cents, net.

The aim of this book is to present in a rather unusual yet popular way "The Story of the Birds," with the more striking scientific features of their probable development. In interesting rather than instructing, in guiding the observation of the inexperienced into proper channels, in suggesting slightly to the student what to look for among the birds, and what to do with a fact when found, is its proper mission.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Stories for Girls.

"In the Old Herrick House," by Ellen Douglas Deland, is a collection of three short stories for girls. The title-story is the best. Little Elizabeth Herrick lived alone with two maiden aunts, typical Philadelphians, who had an inherent taste for exclusiveness and ancestor-worship. It was naturally a dull life for the child. She was inquisitive, and realizing the presence of a skeleton in the family, determined to unveil it. She received no encouragement from her relatives, but ultimately succeeded in her purpose, and incidentally brought about a family reconciliation. Elizabeth's artlessness while delving into family secrets is humorously portrayed, and the incidents of the story, notably the clandestine party for the Brady children, who dwell in the back alley, are bright and amusing.

The other stories are also good and sure to interest young girls. They are wholesome and above the standard set by the average writer for young people.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

A "Tip-Top" Novel.

Grant Allen's characters have revolted. They are misanthropic. They are insurgent. They have expressed their views in "The Barbarous Brits," a "Tip-Top" novel by H. D. Traill. "The Barbarous Brits" is a bright and amusing satire, or parody, on Grant Allen's problem novel, "The British Barbarians," which followed "The Woman Who Did" in the series of iconoclastic "sex-studies" called "Hill-Top Novels." Why were they called "Hill-Top" novels? One associates purity, and freshness, and breadth of view with hill-tops, not grime, and filth, and desecrated hearths besmirched by desire that reck not the law or religion. Genuine humor, quaint pleasantries, sallies of wit, and wagish fun sparkle above the wholesome underlying purpose of this whimsical skit. It deserves a good circulation.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, 50 cents.

How to Write a Short Story.

There is an interesting symposium on this subject in the March *Bookman*, to which Robert Barr, Harold Frederic, Arthur Morrison, and Jane Barlow contribute. Mr. Barr—who is an American, we believe, though he has lived in England for several years, writing short stories and editing English publications—describes the conditions to which a short-story writer must conform in England in order to satisfy editors and the British public, rather than discusses the question from an ideal point of view. He says that, up to a few short years ago, the English story-teller was outdistanced by his brother of France or America. From the times of Irving and Poe to those of Howells, Aldrich, and Henry James, America has been particularly notable in her short stories. Three tales which he instances as difficult to equal are "Marjorie Daw," by T. B. Aldrich; "The Lady of the Tiger," by Frank Stockton; and "A Man Without a Country," by the Rev. E. E. Hale. England, Mr. Barr declares, has been hampered by tradition, while France and America have not. Up to a recent date, a story of less than six thousand words was hardly marketable in England. The tradition is now sadly crippled, but it is not yet dead. Mr. Barr relates one or two anecdotes of his own experiences with the English editor. One to whom he sent a story of twenty-four hundred words wrote that he was pleased with the story, and would accept it if Mr. Barr would expand it to six thousand words. Mr. Barr replied that this was a twenty-four hundred-word idea and not a six thousand-word idea. Another magazine editor sent him a note asking him to write for him a five thousand-word story. Mr. Barr replied that he would do so as soon as a five thousand-word idea came to him. The editor wrote frequently for that story for three years, but for two years Mr. Barr has heard from him.

Another point which Mr. Barr explains to those who would write for the British public is that "the English reader of short stories wants all the goods in the shop-window ticketed with the price in plain figures." Mr. Barr even says that, as the editor of a popular English magazine, he has frequently been reluctantly compelled to refuse his own stories because certain points in them were hinted at rather than fully expressed, and he knew the British public would stand no nonsense of that sort.

For those who write for the world at large, Mr. Barr thinks that the short-story writer should, metaphorically, put his idea for a story into one cup of a pair of balances, then into the other he should deal out his words—five hundred, a thousand, three thousand, as the case may be—and when the number of words thus paid in causes the beam to rise on which his idea hangs, then is his story finished. If he puts a word more or less he is doing false work. Mr. Barr further declares that in writing a series of stories, told without a superfluous word, which were published in a recent book, he had as a model "Euclid, whose justly celebrated book of short stories, entitled, 'The Elements of Geometry,' will live when most of us who are scribbling to-day are forgotten. Euclid lays down his plot, sets instantly to work at its development, letting no incident creep in that does not bear relation to the climax, using no unnecessary word, always keeping his one end in

view, and the moment he reaches the culmination he stops."

Harold Frederic evidently misconceives Mr. Barr's meaning, for in a good half of his space he takes issue with the first writer on the point of the length of the short story. He says:

"The term 'short story' is used now to cover indiscriminately the small novel of fifteen thousand words and the yarn of twenty-five hundred. Somewhere in this wide range, after hunting about a good deal, the individual writer finds the sort of thing that he is most effective and at home in. As he develops and crystallizes his knowledge of his powers, he gets to have convictions as to what he can do best, and gradually ceases to experiment outside his chosen line of work."

Mr. Frederic says that for a number of years he has declined to accept any commission for a short story under five thousand words. "I can not turn myself round inside narrower limits," he says, and, in extenuation of the latitude he gives the definition of the short story, he instances Turgeneff's "Virgin Soil," which contains one hundred and fifteen thousand words and yet produces the effect of a short story.

Miss Jane Barlow, the author of "Irish Idylls," declares that the art of writing a short story is the process of selection, of elimination, and that the Scylla and Charybdis are epitomizing a "three-decker" and amplifying an anecdote. She also cites Mrs. Ewing, who made it a rule never to use two words when one would do, and concludes with the pertinent reflections that "unless the requisite brevity lies in the matter rather than the manner, we shall probably have not so much a story as a *pretext*," and that "the mystery, if mystery there be, should lie more in the manner than the matter, else the story becomes a conundrum."

The technique of the short story is thus epitomized by Arthur Morrison, the author of "Tales of Mean Street":

"Of things that may be cultivated, the command of form is the first; indeed, I think it is all. Let the pupil take a story by a writer distinguished by the perfection of his workmanship—none could he better than Guy de Maupassant—and let him consider that story apart from the book, as something happening before his eyes. Let him review mentally everything that happens—the things that are not written in the story as well as those that are—and let him review them, not necessarily in the order in which the story presents them, but in that in which they would come before an observer in real life. In short, from the fiction let him construct ordinary, natural, detailed, unselected, unarranged fact; making notes, if necessary, as he goes. Then let him compare his raw fact with the words of the master. He will see where the unessential is rejected; he will observe how everything receives its just proportion in the design; he will perceive that every incident, every sentence, and every word, has its value, its meaning, and its part in the whole. He will see the machinery, and in time he may learn to apply it to himself. But only by experience, inspired by natural gift, will he learn this, and will thus achieve the instinctive eye for the essential and that severe command of material that will admit nothing else. Then, it may be, his critics will complain of his 'sketchiness,' and cry aloud for a 'finished picture,' meaning the industrious transcript of the incapable. But he will know that he has done well, and he will judge them at their worst."

Mr. Morrison concludes with a hearty indorsement of Mr. Barr's proposition that "every story has its length—to a word. It is the aim of the artist to determine that length, and the first lesson is to reject."

New Publications.

"In the Crucible," by Grace Denio Litchfield, has been published in paper covers by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Middle Period, 1817-1858," by Professor John W. Burgess, of Columbia University, is the fourth of the American History Series published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.75.

"A Shropshire Lad" is the title of a modest volume of poems that have been well received in England and are now republished in this country. They are by A. E. Housman. While they are not very ambitious, there are in them several strong passages, much variety of metre, and a lack of affectation that accords well with simple themes. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.25.

In gay metre, careless and bubbling, anon tender and sentimental, then martial and spirited, with the tramp, tramp of the regiment, Robert W. Chambers sings in "With the Band" for the soldier-boy. Tommy Atkins recites his joys, his sorrows, and his sins in his own vernacular, and his dashing, light-hearted good-humor makes one quite willing to march "with the band." Published by Stone & Kimball, New York; price, \$1.25.

"Casell's Complete Pocket-Guide to Europe," after its annual revision and enlargement, has been issued for use during the new year. As heretofore, the book was planned and edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and compiled by Edward King. It gives details of routes, points of interest, fares, hotels, currency, etc., and good maps. It is a neat, compact work, invaluable to all tourists. Published by the Casell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Guesses at the Riddle of Existence," and other essays on kindred subjects, by the celebrated Canadian, Goldwin Smith, is a carefully revised collection of his recent contributions to the *Forum* and other publications. The five subjects he discusses are "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence," "The Church and the Old Testament," "Is There Another Life?" "The Miraculous Element in Christianity," and "Morality and Theism." Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

SONGS OF THE TIMES.

The Prayer of the English in India.

Lord Christ, who fed the multitude
In by-gone days on earth,
Look down upon Thy people here
Oppressed by drouth and dearth.
The earth is iron underfoot,
The sky is brass o'erhead,
The water dwindles in the wells,
The grass is burnt and dead.

The pestilence in darkness walks,
A terror threatened, vague,
An arrow in the noonday flies;
The plague, dear Lord, the plague!
Grant in Thy mercy, we beseech,
This scourge may pass us by;
If not, then let Thy power teach
Our weakness how to die.

O God of Mercy, Goodness, Love,
Who savest man and beast,
Send rain upon the barren land,
Show glory in the East!
Grant unto us, who cry to Thee,—
For when was prayer in vain?—
The miracle of mighty clouds,
The manna of the rain!

So shall the seed be prosperous,
The earth give her increase,
The dew from heaven plenteous.
And death and terror cease.
Have mercy, and avert from us
The turning, flaming sword:
From famine, plague, and pestilence
Deliver us, good Lord.

—Mrs. Alice (Kipling) Fleming in *Allahabad Pioneer*.

Hettas, Hail!

Little land so great of heart,
Midst a world so abject grown,—
Must thou play thy glorious part,
Hellas, gloriously alone?
Shame on Europe's arms, if she
Leave her noblest work to thee!
While she slept her sleep of death,
Thou hast dared and thou hast done;
Faced the Shape whose dragon breath
Fouls the splendor of the sun,
Thine to show the world a way,
Thine the only deed to-day.

Thou, in this thy starry hour,
Sittest throned all thrones above.
Thou art more than pomp and power,
Thou art liberty and love.
Doubts and fears in dust be trod:
On, thou mandatory of God!

Who are these would hind thy hands?
Knives and dastards, none beside.
All the just in all the lands
Hail thee blest and sanctified,—
Curs't who would thy triumph mar,
Be he Kaiser, be he Czar.

Breathing hatred, plotting strife,
Rending beauty, blasting joy,
Loathsome round the tree of life
Coils the Worm we must destroy.
Whoso smites yon Thing Abhorred,
Holy, holy is his sword.

Foul with slough of all things ill,
Turkey lies full sick, men say.
Not so sick but she hath still
Strength to torture, spoil, and slay!
O that ere this hour he past,
She were prone in death at last!

Kings, like lackeys, at her call
Raise her, lest in mire she reel.
Only through her final fall
Comes the hope of human weal.
Slowly, by such deeds as thine,
Breaks afar the light divine.

Not since first thy wine-dark wave
Laughed in multitudinous mirth,
Hath a deed more pure and brave
Flushed the wintry cheek of Earth.
There is heard no melody
Like thy footsteps on the sea.

Fiercely sweet as stormy Springs,
Mighty hopes are blowing wide;
Passionate prefigurings
Of a world revived;
Dawning thoughts that, ere they set,
Shall possess the ages yet.

Oh! that she were with thee ranged
Who for all her faults can still,
In her heart of hearts unchanged,
Feel the old heroic thrill;
She, my land, my loved, mine own—
Yet thou art not left alone.

All the Powers that soon or late
Gain for Man some sacred goal,
Are co-partners in thy fate,
Are companions of thy soul.
Unto thee all Earth shall bow:
These are Heaven, and these are thou.

—William Watson in *London Chronicle*.

Envelopes lined with tinfoil will possibly be a "fad" in the near future, if experiments with the Röntgen ray continue. It has already been demonstrated that the contents of a sealed letter, inclosed in the ordinary envelope, may be photographed. The *Gaulois*, a French paper, has photographed such private matter in fifteen seconds. By using envelopes lined with tinfoil, we could defy the X-rays in the hands of the inquisitive.

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GOLDWIN SMITH, D. C. L.,

Author of "The United States: An Outline of Political History," etc., etc.

A Series of Essays upon the profoundest religious problems written by one "whose master-light," says *The Outlook*, "is science, inspired by a love of truth."

The "Guesses" of which he writes critically in the first essay are three, those recently put forth by Professor Drummond, Mr. Kidd, and Mr. Balfour. The remaining essays are: *The Church and the Old Testament*, *Is There Another Life?* *The Miraculous Element in Christianity*, *Morality and Theism*.

The qualities of Prof. Goldwin Smith's writings are well known. *The Nation* refers to this book as "clear in thought, felicitous in expression. With a sureness of touch and lucidity of statement which it would be well for professed philosophers to imitate, he exposes the hollowness of the current nostrums intended for the cure of our spiritual ailments."

The *Chicago Tribune* characterizes it as "incisive in thought, fearless and honest in spirit," and many other papers refer to it as "written with that clearness and force characteristic of the author" or "with the marvelous charm of style which has given him a high place among authors." *The Daily Mail and Empire* adds, "We have already recorded our belief that Prof. Goldwin Smith is one of three remaining men who write the English language with distinction."

These Essays so cogently expressed are "the views of a cultivated intellect and a matured judgment," the work of "a strong thinker whose book must necessarily have weight with thoughtful men," a book written, as one of the Boston papers says, "with rare acumen and scholarship, by a man who is a sincere hater of shams and a lover of the truth."

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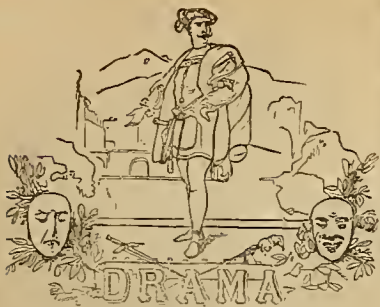
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Some years ago the opera company that introduced Nordica and Tamagno to San Francisco gave "L'Africaine" in the old Grand Opera House. It struck one then as being a bore, through Nordica died on the high D and Tamagno was celebrated as Vasco di Gama. On Wednesday night the old impression was renewed, only it seemed more of a bore than it did the first time.

Why is "L'Africaine" not a more interesting opera? The story is excellent, and, musicians may say what they like, the plot of an opera, the action, the whole dramatic side of the performance, is of vital importance. Operas that live are dramatically as well as musically excellent. All of the Wagner music and dramas could hold the stage as plays. "Faust," "Mignon," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "The Huguenots," even "Trovatore," are built on well-constructed stories. The plot of "L'Africaine," with its picturesque background and its romantic imbrogio of the slave's love for her captor, is the best sort of play material. Even the gorgeous impracticability of part of it, the seizing of the ship, the removal to the tropical island where Selika is queen, was proper and fitting in the majestic sphere of grand opera.

Yet it remains a bore, nevertheless. It is a bore right through, from the opening in the council-chamber, where that tedious council ranges itself into two camps that sing lugubriously against each other, to that supreme moment when Selika sings her swan-song under the mancinella-tree. Selika is the least tiresome person in it. When she has the stage, an element of picturesque interest stays there with her, and if she did not remind one of that other dusky captive, Aida, so much more pathetic in her desolation, so much more human in her unhappy love, she would be a memory that possessed the mind, a figure irradiated by the halo of romance. But Verdi's imprisoned princess has pushed poor Selika back into the shade where the marionettes that are worn-out and old-fashioned lie on the shelf.

"L'Africaine" itself is old-fashioned. This is one of the things that is the matter with it. To say a grand opera, the great work of a great master, is out of the mode is a sort of heresy, like saying "In Memoriam" and "The Idyls of the King" are old style. Yet this is the case. Music, like poetry, has its fashions. Only the greatest bridge the chasms that yawn between each new generation and its changing taste. The young generation is already finding Tennyson a voice from the past, and Meyerbeer, through all the glamour and the glitter of his oriental imaginings, comes to us to-day with something of an upholstered and affected antiquity.

Realism has crept into the opera and created the music-drama. Mascagni and Leoncavallo have given not only their genius but their youth to the public. The fret and restraint under the old order, the old forms, found expression in their mocking revolt against tradition. They showed us how our tastes were inclining, and, to our cry for the new and the modern, gave us all the color and force of their splendid freshness. The old order changes, giving place to new, and having seen the new, the old seems even older than it really is. Perhaps if so many comic operas and poems had not been written about tropical islands and Amazon queens and dusky nymphs, "L'Africaine" would not have seemed so antiquated. But when Selika came on with those feathers in her head, and the Amazon Queen, with her gold shield and her broad, complacent smile, entered at the head of a battalion of four Amazons, it was too much. One wondered if that was the sort of thing that the Reinhard expedition was going to find on St. John's Island.

The company is much in sympathy with the Old-World spirit of the opera. Experience has made one mistrustful of companies that come up from the South—especially when you get far South, to the realm of the Creole and the Mexican. What they do down there to the singers and players no one knows, but when they come up to the North again, they appear to have gone back about a century. Progress is not so rapid as it might be in the land where the wild orange grows. Things could stand still down there and no one complain, but that they should retrograde is an unnecessary affliction. The French opera troupe has been singing some time in New Orleans, and if it had not left there, it would soon have reached the period of miracle plays. Fortunately, twenty well-known citizens of San Francisco rescued it from its doom. Whether the citizens have benefited San Francisco is a question not to be decided until the end of the season, that they saved the French Opera Company from an untimely fate ought to be enough reward for them.

With some fine voices in the company, a general

standard of excellence much higher than one usually finds with these troupes that confine their tours to the South and West, the old-fashioned style of the French organization is very marked. It is much superior to the Tavery Company, its members having voices and being able to use them. But their methods are those of that operatic epoch where the tenor, having completed his song, would rush to the back of the stage and stare into the right and left wings, as if he expected a messenger bearing news of life and death; then, when the music called him back, rush to the front again, and, after a few preparatory roulades, shriek out a high C. The French people practice these prehistoric manners with great complacency. The prima donnas raise their shoulders, clutch their hearts, look sideways out of their eyes, and, when they get on the upper register, stand on their toes. The tenor does nothing but draw himself up before the footlights, and expand his chest, and sing his notes with dignified indifference. It is the oldest style of operatic singing. When Inez came on, in a blue velvet, tight-fitting robe, with a gold girdle outlining her basque and a turban with a feather on her head, you felt quite bewildered and wondered if you had not strayed back into one your past incarnations about the period when Mabhran and Catalini were singing.

The vocal side of their performance was surprisingly good. Not that it was so good when viewed alone by itself, but in contrast with the absurdities of their costuming and style. They can all sing—that is, they do not flat and they do not give out before the end of the evening. And this latter is saying a good deal, for the evening did not end till the morning had begun. In fact, people who patronized the cars had to tear themselves away before Selika died under the mancinella-tree, or they feared they might have had to walk home. At exactly what hour Selika did die, one does not know. At midnight she was alive in the enjoyment of good health, the curtain descending upon her at twelve o'clock, folded in the arms of Vasco di Gama, both of them singing harmoniously and happily. As the entr'acts were a half an hour long, and as there were four acts and six tableaux, it is probable that Selika did not die much before one P. M. The opera began at eight, and the participants all sang conscientiously and continuously. Whatever other fault may be brought against them, no one can say that their voices are worn. They were as fresh at the end as at the beginning of the evening. Indeed, the audience was the only thing that showed signs of fatigue, and they did not begin to wilt till about midnight. But when you are accustomed to plays that end at eleven, and at twelve find yourself still sitting in a dress-circle seat, with the heroine still to be killed and the hero still to be married to the other girl, you do get rather impatient at the processional slowness of the lively Gaul. In New Orleans, half the night spent at the theatre may be the custom. But we are a hard-working people here, and we have to get up in the morning.

The most pleasing impression of the evening was the Selika of Mme. Feodor. Mme. Feodor has a full, soft voice, smooth and rich in the lower register and touched with a vibration of feeling. She sings with the ease that is essential to true singing and which so many operatic stars disdain. Some singers seem to think the more agony they show in the production of their notes, the more highly their performance will be valued. But no matter how sweet the sound, the sight of the singer in the throes of vocal production is destructive to that pleasure with which music is said to soothe the savage breast. Mme. Feodor also gave evidence of the capacity of the true artist to triumph over a most trying costume. Selika wore the customary brown undershirt and window-drapes, but she intensified the effect by adding gloves and a feathered head-dress which made her look like the paintings of Pocahontas in the Capitol at Washington. The last touch was a sort of corset worn on the outside, and then Selika was complete. It may have been the right style for a savage, but it was not pretty, and with only a little exercise of taste it might be made a beautiful dress.

The voices of M. Massart, the tenor, and Mme. Berthet, the soprano, were true and fresh, but lacking in sweetness and feeling. Massart is a wooden actor of the old Italian school, but having a good presence and complete control of his voice, he makes a reliable and not unpleasant Vasco. His adherence to the oldest operatic traditions is unfortunate, as he appears to be quite a young man, and though his voice is one of those hard, throaty, over-pitched baritone tones which are now called tenors, it is quite capable of coping with a heroic rôle in grand opera. Mme. Berthet is traditional by training and temperament, and was cast to fill a part which belonged to the epoch of the confidant in white linen. Inez had a confidant who helped her open the opera in the true old Lucia di Lammermoor style. It was all very antiquated, even to the confidant's costume.

In the third act the ballet came on and enlivened the tedium of Selika's tropical island. It was a fairly good ballet, and, if it had not been for the Queen of the Amazons, would have passed off without a hitch. When the queen led on her Amazons and came down to the footlights, in her little red petticoat and gold bodice, holding a shield between herself and the gaze of the audience, the solemnity of the situation was lost. Then, leading her four Amazons on to victory, she greeted the audience with a broad, slow, complacent smile, and that put an

end to all pretense of gravity. The queen was evidently much puzzled as to the cause of mirth, and her own furtive surveys of her costume were even more humorous than her smile. She could not understand matters at all, and surreptitiously consulted the *première danseuse*, who seemed by a few scornful gestures to be rather exasperated at the unseemly levity. Then the queen gave it up and contented herself by looking over the spectators as at the occupants of a large and interesting menagerie.

The signs by which a person's chances for longevity may be judged are thus stated by an eminent New York authority: The head should be square or round and wide behind and over the ears. The eyes should be round and wide, not oblong and narrow, for such eyes denote degeneracy and weakness. The brow should be ample and slope back slightly from an absolute perpendicular. The mouth should be full and well set—a small mouth is a bad sign—and the chin should be square and firm. This last is important as showing that the proper balance exists between the intellectual and the animal functions. A man or woman with a nose that is wide and full through its whole length and has open, easily dilating nostrils, probably has good lungs and a good heart, and will get far more out of life and live longer than a person whose nose is pinched and whose nostrils are narrow. The long, slender hand indicates a degeneration from strength, and its owner is not apt to reach an advanced age. Narrow-headed people usually have narrow hands. The hand that gives promise of a long life is the one with a square, broad palm, with large joints and short fingers. Another characteristic of long-lived persons is the presence of large bones.

A Kansas legislator has introduced a bill putting the decalogue on the statute-books and exacting the following penalties for violating its laws:

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The Second Week of Opera.

The performances of the French Opera Company at the California Theatre during the present week will end with the presentation of two operas to-day. "Faust" will be given this afternoon, with the ballet features which are so generally omitted, and in the evening the company will show its *comique* ability in Audran's "Miss Helyett."

Of the four bills announced for next week, two of the operas are entirely new to us. "Sigurd," which is to be given on Tuesday night, is Reyer's masterpiece, and has been the great success this season in New Orleans. "Noces de Jeannette," which is to be given in a double bill with Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" on Thursday night, has also been very well received in the Crescent city. On Saturday afternoon, Halévy's grand opera, "La Juive," will be given, and Saturday night's performance will be devoted to "Le Voyage de Suzette." Probably the most interesting performance of the third week will be the production of "La Navarraise," by Massenet, who has a special interest for San Franciscans in view of the fact that it was in his operas "Esclarmonde" and "Thais" that Sibyl Sanderson made her greatest successes in Paris. "La Navarraise" will be given as part of a double bill with "Les Dragons de Villars."

Fanny Davenport in "Gismonda."

Fanny Davenport's return to the Baldwin Theatre, next Monday evening, will be a notable theatrical event. It will be the first opportunity we shall have of seeing "Gismonda," a strong, almost brutal play in Sardou's best manner. It is much in the style of "La Tosca," and two of the strongest scenes reveal a mother's frenzy when her child is in danger and her joy when he is saved, and a woman's art in cajoling a simple man of strong passions. Melbourne Macdowell is, of course, the leading man of the company, which is a strong one throughout.

This is the last occasion we shall have of seeing Miss Davenport in her Sardou repertoire. She will present also "Fedora" and "La Tosca." "Fedora" being given its only representation on Saturday night, March 20th. The occasion will be made a gala one, and Davenport-Sardou silver souvenirs will be presented to every lady in the lower portion of the house.

Cissy Fitzgerald and her Wink.

The Columbia Theatre will have a strong attraction next week in Cissy Fitzgerald, who will be seen in "The Foundling." This young woman came to America with one of George Edwardes's London "Gaiety Girl" companies, and made a greater success in this country than she had in England. She is a very clever dancer, and her wink has become famous. A lightning calculator has recorded three hundred and sixty-seven of them in a single performance of "The Foundling." The play in which she appears is by William Leacock, the author of "Jane," and E. M. Robson, and it has to its credit a record of nearly two hundred nights at Hoyt's Theatre, New York. The company, which is under the direction of Charles Frohman, is the same that supported the comedienne in the metropolis.

The performance will be preceded by a one-act piece, "Chums," as a curtain-raiser.

"Pinafore" to be Continued.

The revival of "Pinafore" at the Tivoli was greeted with a large audience on Monday night, and its popularity has increased rather than waned as the week went by. It is a very creditable production. Ferris Hartman is the Sir Joseph Porter; Raffael sings very effectively the excellent numbers that fall to Captain Corcoran; Rhys Thomas is the Ralph Rackstraw; W. H. West, the Dick Deadeye; W. H. Tooker, the Boatswain; and Master Jack Robertson makes a sprightly little Midshipmite. Among the women, the principals are Elvia Crox-Seabrooke as Josephine, Josie Intropidi as Hebe, and Bernice Holmes as Little Buttercup. The choruses are prettily gowned and excellently trained. The overture to "William Tell" is given between the acts by an enlarged orchestra under the direction of Carl Martens.

The long deferred revival of Nicolaï's *opera comique*, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," will be given on Monday, March 22d. The occasion will be further notable because of the re-appearance of Laura Millard. "The Merry Wives" will be followed by another extravaganza, "Don Juan ad Lib," written up to date and presented with new songs, scenery, and costumes.

Notes.

The first week in May is the date set for the presentation of Corinne's new burlesque, "Excelsior, Jr.," at the California.

De Wolf Hopper is enjoying a very successful return engagement, in "El Capitan," in New York. He will soon start for this city.

One of the features of "A Run on the Bank," which is coming to the Columbia shortly, is a clown comedian. He is a remarkably agile gymnast and a clever actor and singer as well.

The Lenten season is no longer the terror it used to be to theatrical managers. That neither fashion or religion keeps people away was evidenced Wednesday

night at the California, when the house was packed to the doors with some of the most notable people, in a social way, in the city.

Alice Nielson, who left the Tivoli stock company to join the Bostonians when they were last here, has made a hit in "The Serenade," which had its initial production recently in Chicago.

The reception accorded Sibyl Sanderson and Van Dyck in St. Petersburg has been rather cold. The reason is given that their voices are not strong enough to fill the Imperial Theatre.

When Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theatre Company comes to the Baldwin in the summer it will bring us three new plays. "The Prisoner of Zenda" will also be in the repertoire.

Mrs. Russ Whtal, who is to appear at the Columbia week after next in "For Fair Virginia," is a Southern woman, and the beauty of her speaking voice has been very generally commented on.

A ticket speculator who started in to peddle opera tickets in front of the California Theatre last Wednesday night was promptly arrested by License Collector Callunden for selling tickets without a license.

George Wilson, who will be one of the leading comedians in Primrose & West's minstrel show, soon to be seen at the Baldwin, is one of the highest-salaried and most popular men in his profession.

Miss Dorothy Hôte will make her debut as a professional actress at the California Theatre on Friday evening, April 2d. The play chosen for the occasion is Tom Taylor's "An Unequal Match."

Marie Van Zandt, the singer, has received the unusual honor of being nominated by the French Government as an officer of the French Academy. This is not, however, the academy of the "forty immortals."

Laura Millard is to resume her place as prima donna at the Tivoli in a fortnight. She is under a six-months' contract. During her absence, she made a very successful turn in mining stocks, and is now financially "on velvet."

Sir Henry Irving made his re-appearance as Richard the Third at the Lyceum Theatre in London, two weeks ago to-night. He showed no sign of his recent accident, and received an extraordinary ovation, receiving five calls after each act.

Messrs. Friedlander, Gottlob & Co. received a cablegram from T. Daniel Frawley yesterday announcing his arrival in London. During his stay in the British metropolis he expects to procure some plays that have never been seen in America.

Robert Edeson, of the Empire Theatre Company, has been definitely decided upon to be Maude Adams's leading man during her coming starring season. He has recently shown equal facility in playing romantic lovers and eccentric characters.

A burlesque which is to be put on at Koster & Bial's, New York, will draw some notable new recruits to the vaudeville stage. Among them are Harry Dixey, Robert Graham, Fred Hallen and Mollie Fuller, R. A. Roberts, and Nettie Lyford.

There is a good deal of singing in "Gismonda," which Fanny Davenport is to produce at the Baldwin next week, and a specially selected choir of church singers has been engaged for it. They will sing "The Falconer's Chorus," "Ave Maria," "The Angelus," "Harvesters' Chorus," "Regina Cœli," a "Gloria," and other songs specially composed by W. W. Furst.

Paul Cazeneuve is an aspirant for the place left vacant by the death of Alexander Salvini. He has started in by playing D'Artagnan in "The Three Guardsmen" at the Murray Hill Theatre, New York, and as he has grace and fire, youth, a slender figure, and an attractive personality, and can fence as well as be woos, there is a fair prospect of his ambition being gratified.

An enterprising Parisian playwright seized upon the recently published correspondence of George Sands and Alfred de Musset, which has created such a scandal in Paris, as a pretext for writing a play with the famous couple as the leading characters. It was called "A Night in Venice," and was all ready for production when the police, instigated by the descendants of the two literary celebrities, prohibited the performance.

"Miss Helyett," which is to be given by the French opera company at the California Theatre to-night, had a wonderful run in Paris. It ran more than fifteen hundred nights and has had half a dozen successful revivals. It has also been played with success in many European cities and also in this country. It will be remembered that it was "Miss Helyett" that Lottie Collins first brought her "Ta-ra-ra-Boom" to San Francisco.

"The Nancy Hanks," which will be seen at the Columbia next month, has nothing to do with race-horses, but is a comedy in which a "salted" gold mine furnishes the motive. It will be presented by the Martinetti-Tannehill Company, which includes Ignacio Martinetti, an acrobatic comedian on the Francis Wilson plan, Frank Tannehill, Jr., Anna Boyd, who was the original widow in "A Trip to Chinatown," and a dozen others who are not so well known here.

THE STAGE LORD

And the Real One.

During my stay in England last summer (writes James L. Ford), I made several studies, at both short and long range, of English nobility, for the purpose of comparing that exalted and widely imitated class with its counterpart as we find it on the American stage to-day.

The English nobleman whom we view from the top of an omnibus as he sits in his club window in Piccadilly or bows through the street in his handsome cab, is not to be compared for an instant with the nobleman who steps out of the Thames cottage on the stage of the Empire Theatre and says to the menial, "You may tell her ladyship I am waiting."

This nobleman presents a far more imposing appearance than one of the old-fashioned British variety. To begin with, he is much better dressed, and the creases in his trousers have been ground to a much finer edge than any to be seen in the damp air of London. In the second place, he is—thanks to his knowledge of stage artifice—a much handsomer man, and, finally, he wears that unmistakable air of haughty distinction that we find only in an actor who plays nearly the whole of the season on Broadway.

I love to think of the many stage nobleman who have flitted across my range of vision during a long period of play-going. Even at this day I can evoke from the innermost caverns of memory the figure of Lord Dundreary, who impressed my childish mind with the belief that the House of Lords was composed entirely of "haw-haw" and whiskers. Dundreary still lives in our national literature and drama, and I have seen him repeated in both, times without number, and with a degree of exaggerated absurdity that would not find favor at the present day with what is known as the "better element" of society. For the American stage nobleman has advanced with the changing times in personal dignity and in the popular esteem as well.

For example, there is the self-sacrificing nobleman in "Hazel Kirke," who is rejected by the fair daughter of the blind reminiscence miller—a misfortune which would never befall him in real English life. For unassuming piety, benevolence of aspect, and general "high-tonedness" I will back that gentleman, whose name I have unfortunately forgotten, against a whole club window full of veritable English peers. Then there is Lord Drelincourt—I think that's his name—the grandfather of that now babbly obsolete brat, Lord Fauntleroy. When shall I forget the solemn majesty of his appearance as he entered the drawing-room of his ancestral halls in the Harlem Opera House and proceeded to shoot his cuffs in the inimitable fashion that told the tale of generations of refinement and high breeding? The finest specimen of earliness that England of to-day can produce looks and behaves like a mere clod-hopper in comparison with this splendid example of American stage workmanship. Not even on the moors of Scotland is there any such cuff-shooting to be seen as in the fancy exhibitions that our own Lord Drelincourt was wont to give us.

On the whole, I am sure that the American stage nobleman can teach his English prototype so much in the way of integrity, dignity of demeanor, the creasing of trousers, and the shooting of cuffs, that I am sure a visit to this country would well repay the baughtiest peer that ever sat in the upper house.

Hiram S. Maxim's new machine-gun is the first fully automatic gun above one and one-half inches which had been an unqualified success. With this new terror a gunner who knows his business can deal out four nine-pound shots in a shade under three seconds without even so much as taking his eye off the object to be attended to or his finger off the trigger. The danger of death to the gunner by the explosion of a cartridge while the breech is open has been rendered impossible by the application of a simple device which prevents the gun being opened until the charge has been fired.

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VANITY FAIR.

With the coming of Lent, roller-skating clubs have taken the place of dancing-classes in the routine of girls' life in New York. There was such an institution in San Francisco, the Festina Lente Club, three or four years ago, but at present the San Francisco girl has no Lenten diversion and must regard her New York sisters with envy. There the same clubs which existed last year are formed again for this. One meets on Thursday evening and the other on Saturday evening, every week during Lent. There is music at every meeting, and the girls make up parties to go sometimes weeks beforehand, often returning home to supper. They have all agreed this season (says the *Basar*) to wear their golf or bicycle suits to skate in. Lace frills, silk skirts, and chiffon bodices are not in keeping with a roller-skating rink. Many girls will wear bicycle-skirts and jackets, and under the jacket a thin shirt-waist of some cotton material or India silk; the rink is so hot, and the exercise of skating heats one to such an extent, that it is advisable to wear as cool a costume as possible. The men all wear their bicycle-suits, knickerbockers and all, and look very "smart." A great many girls belong to the club who do not skate at all. They go just to have an excuse, perhaps, to meet their friends. The balcony is a great place for the non-skaters, who sit up there all the evening, looking over the railing, criticising the lovers of the sport, and trying their best to talk, which, with the music of the band and the roar of the skaters as they roll by, is nearly an impossibility. The skating-clubs will both finish up the season during Easter week with a dance. Some say they will be fancy-dress dances, some say *bals poudrés*, but the committee has not yet told what surprise it has in store.

The tea-drinking habit, which, only a few years ago, was supposed to be an infallible sign of an old maid, now numbers among its votaries many men. Nearly every big club in New York, according to the *Sun*, counts its tea-drinkers by the score, and votaries of the amber liquid are not unknown in the clubs of San Francisco. They order tea when others around them order whisky. Five o'clock is the tea-drinkers' time, and in support of their habit they say that it does not interfere with their appetite for dinner and is as pleasant an aid to a social chat as whisky or beer.

Defining a millionaire as a man who has a million sterling, invested so that it gives him an income of \$250,000 a year, Arnold White in a recent English magazine gives this summary of the millionaire's budget: To poor relations he gives \$2,500; the allowances to his sons and daughters amount to \$25,000; the rent of his town-house, which he uses four months in the year, is \$16,000; and his country-house, where he lives five months and employs 28 gardeners and 30 indoor servants, stands him in \$70,000. The keeping up of his town-house costs \$17,500, and to this must be added \$15,000 for his stable and \$7,000 for his wine-cellar. On travel and amusement he spends \$15,000, and on his steam-yacht, which is kept in commission three months, \$29,250. It is curious to note that, while Mr. White's millionaire spends only \$500 a year on clothes, his tobacco costs him \$3,000. Under the head of philanthropy are grouped expenses amounting to \$10,000, and the balance, which includes the expenses of politics, religion, insurance, art, literature, racing, betting, wedding presents, and crossing-sweepers, is set down at nearly \$40,000. It is amusing to note that Mr. White says philanthropy is now obligatory upon the rich "not merely because it is the cheapest form of advertisement, but because a non-subscribing millionaire would soon find the ladies of his acquaintance looking at him coldly."

An Italian court hall is deliciously simple, and on that account, perhaps, more enjoyable. The queen, like any ordinary hostess, walks about among her guests, speaking a few words to every lady she knows. Sometimes she invites a lady to sit by her side, and they have a longer talk. The queen dances only in the court quadrille now; but she was once very fond of waltzing, and Fanni, the best dancer in Rome, was her favorite partner. While the queen is dancing, the king speaks with his ministers and a few court ladies who do not dance. All the ladies are allowed to sit when the queen sits; but at a recent court ball, as she was nearly always standing, all the ladies stood until the court retired at a little past one o'clock. Then the supper-rooms were opened, and there was, as usual, a disgraceful rush. Three rooms are opened simultaneously, one of which is reserved for ladies accompanied by a gentleman. Of course, every one rushes toward this room, which contains only twenty tables at the most. When twenty ladies and twenty men, therefore, have managed to fight their way into it, the doors are shut; but the footmen who are placed *en sentinelle* without have the greatest difficulty in keeping back the hungry crowd. Such a scene is not witnessed in any other European court, and numbers of ladies who know from experience what these scenes are like leave the ball before the supper rooms are opened, to escape the rush and save their dresses. Exceptions are not even made for state ministers or ambassadors. Even the Marquis Visconti-Venosta, who was escorting the German ambassador, and the American ambassador and his wife had to wait half an hour for their

supper. Some ladies almost fainted in the crush, and two Swedish ladies of wondrous beauty, who watched the scene from afar, looked perfectly bewildered at the sight, which would have disgraced a railway buffet.

The proposition now comes from Washington to put the servants of the White House in livery. It is said that visitors to the Executive Mansion mistake other visitors for servants and much confusion arises because the doorkeepers and ushers are in citizens clothes. It remains to be seen if President McKinley will have the courage to do what no other President dared. The tradition of republican simplicity, and citizen unostentation has from the first to last been rigidly preserved in the *attachés* of the White House. The claim is not candidly put forth that we have outgrown that primitive notion, but the plea is made that it is stupidity to adhere to a custom that has only a sentiment to recommend it and a great deal of discomfort to condemn it. There is no good utilitarian reason why in time the President should not ride in a gilded coach of state, with a guard of household troops. The only plausible objection to it is that other citizens would rather see him do without it. President McKinley, it must be said, is a plain, unaffected gentleman, not given to foolish exhibitions, and he will probably stave off the innovation for four years.

"One of the peculiarities of men's dress in America is the rapidity with which styles are taken up by the cheaper manufacturers," said a traveling agent for a London firm, who is now in New York city, to a *Sun* reporter, "and in that way put within the reach of everybody. The latest fashions designed by expensive bootmakers, tailors, or hatters are soon copied so closely that a person with very slight outlay is able to buy a very good imitation of a much more expensive article. Two years ago the tan-leather shoes with very heavy soles had just begun to be fashionable, and they were made by only the most expensive shoemakers. They cost from fourteen to sixteen dollars, and they were not to be had at any but the most expensive shops. But after a while the manufacturers were turning them out with the same heavy soles and nearly as good in shape. Of course the shape of a last is the principal thing that a man pays for when he buys expensive shoes. But the general public is not so particular, and the effect is lost on them. The same thing is true of all other articles. They are now made at prices within the means of the majority, and a fashion here spreads much more rapidly than it does in other countries. It lasts a shorter time, too, for it is used up here more quickly than in any other place. Sometimes it has a revival and is a new style again, while men over in London have never ceased wearing it. One striking instance of this was the case of the double-breasted waistcoats. They were sent over here from England, and became the style. They got into very general use, and after a while the men who had their clothes made in this country stopped wearing double-breasted waistcoats. Then the stores stopped making them. All this time, however, the English tailors kept sending over these waistcoats, and never changed the style of them, because they had continued the fashion in London. Now the style has started in again, and double-breasted waistcoats are revived. The fashion which the New Yorkers took up twice kept right on in London, and probably will be the style long enough for it to be given up and revived here several times more."

Veils are largely responsible for poor complexions. Probably no fashion more deleterious to the complexion could have been devised than the close-mesh veils worn close to the face. This fine lace mask—for it is nothing else—hinders the circulation to some extent, but does far more injury by keeping the face heated. Thus when the dust from the street blows in, the open pores receive it. Without the veil, a friendly breeze would very likely carry away most of these dust particles. The dye used in the manufacture of veils adds its portion of deleterious matter, and the veil retains so much of the dust that each time it is put on it has a deposit to add to the face. If you doubt the truth of this statement, take any veil that has been worn for a few days and put it in water. The muddiness which is produced in the water is the same that is helping to give a muddy complexion. If a veil must be worn occasionally when high winds prevail, in order to keep the hair from becoming disarranged, let it be of the most delicate of open mesh; a veil of real lace and white in color is the least harmful, as it can be frequently washed. Always wear it so loose as not to impede a free circulation of air.

The court of appeals of New York has won the gratitude of men and excited the indignation of women by deciding that a man may pay unbounded attention to a woman, may flirt with her, make desperate love to her, and even say serious things to her about future wedded bliss, without rendering himself liable to damages for breach of promise of marriage, unless he has distinctly, formally, and definitely declared his intention to make her his wife. In the particular case cited, William R. Curtiss, of Norwich, N. Y., "paid attention" to Miss Nellie E. Yale, of the same place. On one occasion, he said to her: "I long to make you happy. If I live, I will make you happy." He protested that he was true to her, and about a proposed trip to Europe he said:

"Husband and wife are party enough if I go." After the falling out, Miss Yale sued him for breach of promise, and got a verdict which the general term affirmed, but the court of appeals decided in the man's favor, declaring that because he had not distinctly enough expressed his intention of making her his wife he was not bound to marry her. In other words, flirtation is not actionable. To quote the decision of the court: "In the absence of fraud and deception there must be a contract; no form of words is required. A formal offer and acceptance are not necessary, but there must be an offer and an acceptance sufficiently disclosed or expressed to fix the fact that they were to marry as clearly as if put in formal words. The language used must be such as to show that the minds of the parties met. If the conduct and declarations of the parties clearly indicate that they regard themselves as engaged, it is sufficient, otherwise not. Mere courtship, or even an intention to marry, is not sufficient to constitute a contract. Thorough acquaintance with character, habits, and disposition is essential in order to make an intelligent contract. The parties, therefore, may form such an acquaintance without having the inferences of a contract attached."

There are two Morlands which provoke discussion in England. The pictures represent two handsome young women. One is washing lace in a basin, the other is ironing. Are they or are they not laundry-maids, or young women of "quality"? There seems to be strong and positive evidence that the washer and the ironer were two of "the beautiful Miss Gunnings." Why, asks the *New York Times*, should the lady of to-day insist on being painted with the stereotyped simper, tricked out in her best, or as gazing with great determination at nothing in particular? What additional scope and variety might not a clever artist find in painting a woman engaged in her domestic duties! Would a woman look any the worse if she had a bandana handkerchief on her head and a duster in her hand? What nice effects could be produced in the "portrait of a lady with the chafing-dish"! What a graceful pose would be indicated in the "young lady beating up a soufflé"! We are entirely too conventional in such things—too stuck up and narrow in our limitations. Women do not always gasp in "nocturnes" or languish in "symphonies of color." We want some emancipation in art, or at least in the special art of portraiture.

The second annual ladies' day of the Metropolitan Club in New York took place on Washington's Birthday. Many of the members spent the greater part of the day at the club-house, and their guests began to arrive early in the afternoon. Between four and six o'clock the immense house was crowded with well-known people. Between six and seven there was a lull, and then the members and guests returned until, by eight o'clock, every table in the beautiful dining-room was crowded. The ladies for the most part were in evening-dress, and the scene in the dining-room for over two hours was a brilliant one. After dinner the crowd descended the marble staircase, strolled through the rooms, and took their coffee and liqueurs in groups here and there. The affair was a tremendous success, and will doubtless become a permanent feature of the club's year.

A Scotch weekly paper, named *Saint Mungo*, tells of the costume of some of the gentry who may be seen walking upon the fashionable streets of Edinburgh. One citizen is described as follows: "Mr. Theodore Napier is a well-known figure in Edinburgh. He walks along Princes Street in a kilt of royal Stewart or Lennox tartan, and usually has a red coat with a dark vest, over the front of which he wears an embroidered belt of scarlet silk instead of plain leather. He is gorgeous with dirks, skene dhus, sporrans, and other ornaments, and he lets his hair fall to his shoulders under a bonnet that is a cross between Glegary and Balmoral, and trimmed with feathers." The burgher who strides along Princes Street, bearing these accoutrements, is not a crank; he is a level-headed, well-composed, thoughtful, and wealthy gentleman, standing high in Edinburgh society. Suppose that a man thus appareled and caparisoned were to walk along Market Street, what a time there would be! Within the past few years, or since the introduction of bicycling, golfing, and other funny sports, some of the men and women in American cities wear costumes the like of which were not to be seen in the old times; but, for all that, we doubt whether Mr. Theodore Napier, of Edinburgh, would greatly enjoy life in this country if he appeared in the public street in the fixtures described by *Saint Mungo*.

Over the Precipice

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson to a friend, commenting upon a widower who remarried, though his wedded life had been unhappy, "it is the triumph of hope over experience."

A clerk in a Chicago book-store was surprised, not long ago, when a young lady came into the store and said to him: "I want to buy a present of a book for a young man." "Yes, miss," said he; "what kind of a book do you want?" "Why, a book for a young man." "Well—but what kind of a young man?" "Oh, he's tall and has light hair, and he always wears blue neckties!"

Of Matthew Arnold as a school examiner, a tale is told by a fellow-inspector of a class of girl pupil-teachers that he asked Arnold to examine for him. Arnold gave them all the excellent mark. "But," said the other inspector, "surely they are not all as good as they can be; some must be better than others." "Perhaps that is so," replied Arnold; "but then, you see, they are all such very nice girls."

It was related of one of the members of Grant's first Cabinet, a former college professor of the "know-it-all" variety, that he was on one occasion discoursing on the subject of the Druses, when an auditor interrupted him with the remark that the cyclopedia did not agree with him. "Oh!" was the reply, "I know a great deal more about the Druses than I did when I wrote that article in the cyclopedia."

Senator Voorhees once had succeeded in delivering an appeal which had brought tears to the eyes of several jurymen. Then arose the prosecuting attorney, a gruff old man, with a piping voice and nasal twang. "Gentlemen," said he, deliberately, "you might as well understand from the beginning that I am not boring for water." This proved so effectual a wet blanket to the emotions excited by Mr. Voorhees that he realized the futility of his own "boring."

After the expulsion of Louis Philippe in 1848, Louis Napoleon led several months go by before offering himself as a candidate for the chamber. He was elected and presented himself while the law decreeing his exile was still in force. One of the deputies protested against his taking his seat. Louis Napoleon arose, hesitated, bungled, and sat down without having been able to address the assembly. "After that," said the objecting deputy, "I withdraw my objection."

General Thaddeus H. Stanton, the paymaster-general of the army, called at old Fort Brydger, in Wyoming, about twenty years ago, to see an old friend named Hastings, who was one of the custodians of the abandoned post. He met a man named Williams, and inquired for Hastings. "Oh, Hastings is dead," said Williams. "Dead!" said Stanton, in surprise; "what did he die of?" "Committed suicide," said Williams. "The devil you say!" responded Stanton; "how did he commit suicide?" "He called me a liar," answered Williams.

Maurice Barrymore was once in London with a new piece which he was anxious to have produced. He had read it to a manager and it had been decided that he was to play the leading rôle. About a week after it was supposed to have been definitely settled, "Barry" received a note from the manager asking him to call. Barrymore called and the manager said: "I like the piece, old fellow, but I don't see how I can use you in the cast. Your beastly American dialect won't do at all, you know. They won't have it." "Well, that's strange," said Barrymore; "they told me on the other side that they wouldn't have me on account of my beastly English dialect. What am I to do; give recitations on the transatlantic steamers?"

An Oakland bootblack, an honest man who would not deceive his patrons, when he first went into business, six years ago, put up a sign which read: "Joe Garibaldi, bootblack. Has two small children." Each succeeding year found him deservingly of more sympathy, for he kept amending the sign until it read, eight small children. A few days ago Joe's stand was locked for a whole day, and when he returned the next morning, he confided to the butcher's boy that his baby had died. His first work was to amend the sign so that it might not mislead the public, and it then read, "Joe Garibaldi, bootblack. Has seven small children." Then, to avoid being placed in a false position before the public, he added with his finger and shoe-blackening, "One he die."

A devoted couple who, apparently, had been long separated were thrust suddenly into each other's company (says the Boston Evening Record) at a largely attended reception. A lady who tells the story was present, in company with an educated deaf girl. The happy reunited pair displayed fully the thoughts that were in their hearts by the beam upon their countenances. Suddenly the young man drew near to the one whom he adored and said in a low tone, inaudible to those about him, a few seemingly affectionate words. The deaf girl watched the proceedings with intensest interest, and suddenly broke

into a broad grin. Her companion inquired what it was that amused her. She turned about so that the couple could not see her and replied: "That man said, 'If all these people were not here, I'd kiss you. If they don't get out of the way pretty soon, I shall have to before them.' The girl replied, 'Then I shall scream.' The deaf girl understood their words by the motion of their lips."

An English man of letters of James Payn's acquaintance was slightly Bohemian, and popular with his own sex, but modest and retiring in the presence of the other, whom, nevertheless, he greatly respected. He wrote for several periodicals, among them an American magazine. He had been connected with it for years, and though they had no personal acquaintance with one another, the editor and he had become friends. Independently of his contributions, he often corresponded with him, telling him the latest anecdotes of the club smoking-room, all harmless enough, but some of them certainly not suitable for publication. On one occasion he sent him a very amusing story, which has since become a classic, but, it must be confessed, not a drawing-room classic. Then he got a letter from the publishers of the magazine which almost cost him his life: "DEAR MR. SO-AND-SO: We think it right to inform you, with respect to any private communications you may have in future to make to our editor, that she is a lady." This was all through indicating her Christian name by an initial only. She had been compelled to appeal to her proprietors for protection against the most modest man in London.

A New Yorker who has spent time and money in developing carrier pigeons, and may be called Jones for short (says the Sun), was boasting at his club one night of the great flights that his pigeons had made, when Brown said: "I'll bet you the best dinner the club can furnish for every one present that you haven't got a pigeon that can fly from Philadelphia to New York." "It will be simply robbery," said Jones, "but I'll take your bet." Brown stipulated that he should carry the pigeon to Philadelphia himself, and he did. Before releasing the bird he clipped his wings, and then he returned to New York by a slow train. "Well, I released your pigeon in Philadelphia this morning," he said to Jones that night at the club; "has he returned yet?" "Not yet," said Jones. The next day Brown again asked Jones about the bird, and, when Jones admitted that his pigeon had not come back, claimed the bet. The owner of the pigeon said that he wouldn't admit defeat. The pigeon didn't show up on the second day; but on the third day, when Brown asked jeeringly: "Isn't it about time for that supper? I don't suppose your pigeon has returned," Jones replied promptly: "Yes, he has; but—er—well, his feet are very sore." Brown paid the bet.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

His Terrible Write.

A Gotham editor heard a tough Say "Sullivan slings a pretty fist." Of course that statement was enough, And he made John L. a journalist.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

Bobbie Burns in Georgia.

"And would some power the giftie gie us,
To see our creditors before they see us."

—La Grange Reporter.

A Roar from the West.

From the wild and woolly Westward
Rolls a wondrous, thunderous sound;
It reverberates and rumbles
O'er each intervening mound;
Down the cañons of Nevada,
Swift across the prairies wide,
Ever rolls that stream of language,
That vocabulistic tide.
All the great inauguration
Preparations now in gloom
Must be shrouded while the welkin
Imitates the crack of doom.
In eclipse is B. McKinley;
Silenced are the war-like Greeks;
India's plague is never mentioned,
For those awe-inspiring shrieks
Rise above such paltry trifles,
And thro' never-ending space
Jim and Fitz with words plethoric
Do a loud linguistic chase.
Ever fierce, and ever spreading
Havoc thro' the worked-up West,
Rages now the wordy warfare
On Nevada's snow-capped crest.
Arm in arm turmoil and terror
Swiftly thro' the nation stalk,
While Jim shouts and Fitz echoes:
"I can lick him in a walk!"

—Baltimore News.

Too Much Art.

There was a ballet-dancer and she had a wooden leg,
Nothing in the nature of employment could she beg.
The wood of which her limb was made, remember, had
been sawn

Up in the form of saw-dust; but still the crowd was on.

—Puck.

In thanksgiving for the long life of their parents, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone are about to erect a memorial window in Hawarden church, and have accepted the design of Burne Jones.

THE RISE OF AN ARTIST.

Showing the Possibilities of Calves.

A farmer owned a calf that was very sick. Feeling sure that it would die, and wishing to have a reputation for generosity, he gave the calf to a neighbor, a poor artist.

The artist's wife, looking at it with a ready sympathy, said:

"Poor thing! What an expression of perfect resignation. She seems willing to go. And how beautifully she poses. Paint it, Reuben."

Reuben painted the calf life-size, and sent the picture to the Spring Exhibition, putting on an impossible price.

"Confound 'em!" he said. "I'll make 'em stare at the catalogue, even if they don't look at the picture!"

Through a blunder of the committee the work was accepted, and by reason of criminal carelessness in a workman, it was hung on the line. A wealthy lady saw it the first day, and went into raptures over it.

"The Dying Calf. Number 84." How perfectly lovely!" she exclaimed.

"So sadly sweet, and yet so sweetly sad; and you can count every hair! Buy it, Augustus."

Augustus counted the hairs, and bought the picture, paying one dollar a hair.

The artist had a roast-turkey dinner, and bought himself a pair of suspenders, while his wife had a new gown and a trip to Niagara. They had a bushel of money left.

Realizing that their future was bound up in that calf, they nursed it back to life with kindness and bran mash. It was a brown calf, with white spots and a joyous nature, and Reuben studied its idiosyncrasies.

The next year he painted it, high in air, jumping over a gate into a garden. The price was out of sight.

The critics claimed that the left ear was out of drawing, but they all agreed that the foreshortening of the tail reminded one of Fortuny at his best.

A noted actress saw the picture, and was enchanted with it.

"The Frisky Calf. No. 32." Why, how fantastically funny!" she exclaimed. "The twinkle of its little tail is like a wink. It is a dear little joke, and you can count every hair. Buy it, Adolphus."

Adolphus bought the picture, paying five dollars a hair. He agreed with Mrs. Adolphus that it was a dear little joke. The Reubens left their flat and moved into apartments. They kept a "buttons" and two nurse-maids, and had oceans of money left.

Reuben's artistic nature was roused to the highest pitch by his success. He wanted to paint a great herd of Andalusian bulls, rushing down a rocky pass, heads up and tails a-rising. His wife, who had great good sense, dissuaded him. "The public," she said, "will be looking for your calves. Don't disappoint the public. And it would be too great a strain on the calf to pose for all those bulls. Besides, it isn't that kind of a calf, any way."

So Reuben stuck to the calf. All this happened several years ago. Reuben is an A. G. A. now and his banker bows to him on the street. He has written a book on "The Aesthetic Uses of Calves," which has a tremendous sale among art-students and coryphees.

He has never painted his great picture, but how few of us, alas! ever do realize our loftiest ambitions. His painting for the next exhibition is nearly finished. It is a two-figure composition, and is called "Maternal Affection."

It is the same brown calf (now grown, and a mother), licking her young son, and is worth ten dollars a hair.—Puck.

—EGYPTIAN HENNA. SAFE, SURE, PLEASANT. A vegetable hair dye for restoring gray hair to its original color. Immediate effect. Free from all objectionable qualities. At all druggists and hair-dressers, Langley & Michaels Co., agents.

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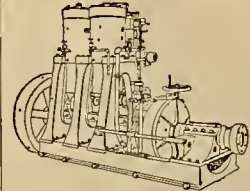
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Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1897.
Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Thursday, April 1
Gaelic. Wednesday, April 21
Doric. (Via Honolulu). Tuesday, May 11
Belgie. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, May 29

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Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M. March 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29,
and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los An-
geles, and all way ports, at 9 A. M. March 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27,
31, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stop-
ping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Point Los An-
geles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, March 9, 13,
17, 21, 25, 29, at 11 A. M., and every fourth day thereafter.
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Saloon rates, \$60 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin rates, \$42.50 and \$47.50. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,
29 Broadway, New York

SOCIETY.

The Dutton Lunch-Party.

Mrs. W. J. Dutton gave a delightful lunch-party last Tuesday in the private dining-room at the Hotel Bella Vista. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Charles Merrill, who is here from the East on a visit to her sister, Mrs. John F. Merrill. The room was beautifully decorated with buttercups, daffodils, blackberry vines, and ferns. The afternoon was made a most agreeable one. Those present were:

Mrs. W. J. Dutton, Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. Charles Merrill, Mrs. Winsor L. Brown, Mrs. W. B. Harrington, Mrs. A. P. Redding, Mrs. G. W. Spencer, Mrs. Josephine de Greayer, Mrs. L. L. Dunbar, Mrs. Van Wyck, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. George Bowers, Mrs. John H. Dickinson, and Mrs. Grayson Dutton.

The Goewey Lunch-Party.

Mrs. James Monroe Goewey gave a lunch-party last Monday at her residence, corner of Page and Laguna Streets, as a farewell compliment to Mrs. William J. Younger, prior to her departure for Chicago. The table was beautifully decorated, and the afternoon was delightfully passed. Mrs. Goewey invited the following ladies to meet Mrs. Younger:

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. John H. Jewett, Mrs. F. G. Sanborn, Mrs. Winsor L. Brown, Mrs. Henry Gibbons, Mrs. Josephine de Greayer, Mrs. Richard Bayne, and Miss Gertrude Goewey.

Sorosio Honors Mrs. Younger.

The members of Sorosis gave a matinee tea last Saturday, in their club-rooms on Pine Street, in honor of Mrs. William J. Younger, who left for Chicago last Wednesday. The honored guest is one of the charter members of the club. The guests were received by the president, Mrs. William B. Carr, Mrs. Younger, Mrs. F. G. Sanborn, Mrs. George G. Carr, Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. George Law Smith, Mrs. Josephine de Greayer, and the Misses Younger. Beautiful flowers graced the rooms, light refreshments were served, and an orchestra played concert selections, all of which tended to make the affair cheerful and enjoyable.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary Louise Ward to Mr. H. E. Keyes. Miss Ward is the daughter of Captain G. S. Luttrell Ward, U. S. A., retired. Mr. Keyes is a son of the late General E. D. Keyes, of this city.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Helen Suto to Mr. Samuel Schwartz. Miss Suto is the daughter of the late Gustav Suto, the banker. Mr. Schwartz is associated in business with Mr. A. M. Easton, and also has large interests in Central America.

Mrs. S. B. Johnson gave a lunch-party last Tuesday at The Colonial to celebrate the anniversary of the birth of her daughter, Mrs. John G. Barker. Pink was the color-tone of the table decorations, pretty effects being produced with almond-blossoms. Those present to meet Mrs. Barker were Mrs. Arthur House, Mrs. C. D. Salfeld, Mrs. Walter Parker Treat, Mrs. Ralph B. Hooker, Mrs. C. J. McKenzie, and Miss Mary D. Bates.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Neil Reis gave a theatre-party at the California last Wednesday evening to witness the first performance of the French Opera Company. Among their guests were Miss Brooks, Miss McNutt, Mr. E. A. Wiltsee, and Mr. L. S. Adams.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Jackson, Jr., gave a Mardi-Gras entertainment recently at their residence in Los Angeles. Keno was the feature of the evening, and some handsome prizes were awarded. Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, formerly of this city, were among the guests.

Miss Phelan, who is passing the winter in Los Angeles, gave a lunch-party at her residence there recently in honor of her sister, Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan, of this city.

The Ladies Auxiliary of the Mercantile Library Association will give a reception at the library rooms next Saturday evening, at which Miss Emelle Melville will read scenes from Shakespeare and Schiller, and Mr. Alfred Wilkie and Miss Dorothy Goodsell will sing old English ballads, Mrs. Edith Johnson-Batchelder accompanying. This is the first reception under Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton as president.

Mr. Rudolph Spreckels has purchased from Colonel George F. Hooper the Sobre Vista Ranch in Sonoma County. The price named is seventy-five thousand dollars. The ranch is about eight hundred and ten acres in area, containing a vineyard, orchard, olive grove, and a fine residence, and also has all of the necessary buildings for wine-making and the handling of fruit.

One of the English bishops is also a geologist. Being asked to say grace at a swell private dinner, he stood up and performed that function, but went straight on, while on his feet, with a geological disquisition which he had been pouring into the ear of his neighbor when interrupted by the summons.

The New Woman has evidently reached Pueblo, Colo., for the *Daily Chieftain* has an advertisement reading thus: "WANTED—By competent woman, a place to work for her husband's board."

MUSICAL NOTES.

Trebelli Song Recitals.

Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli gave her two final song recitals at Golden Gate Hall last Saturday afternoon and last Tuesday evening. On both occasions she was greeted by large and fashionable audiences, who were most liberal in their applause. The programme presented on Saturday afternoon was as follows:

Violin solo, "Ballade et Polonoise," Vieuxtemps, Miss Schorch; Solvejg's Lied from Ibsen's "Peer Gynt," Grieg (by request), Mlle. Trebelli; (a) Bohemian air, "Thou Only Dear One," Dvorak, (b) Swedish polka, "Lonely Wandering," Danstroem, Mlle. Trebelli; pianoforte solo, (a) valse E-flat, Chopin, (b) "La Belle Americaine," G. Sauvlet, G. Sauvlet; bolero, from "Vepres Siciliennes," Verdi, Mlle. Trebelli; romance, "Oh! quand je dors," Liszt, Mlle. Trebelli; violin solo, (a) "Albumblatt," Richard Wagner, (b) "Mazourka," Wieniawski, Miss Schorch; (a) Lied, "Oh, Fair and Sweet and Holy," Rubinstein, (b) "Si j'étais jardiniere," Chaminade, Mlle. Trebelli; song, "The Nightingale's Trill," Ganz, Mlle. Trebelli.

On Tuesday evening the programme was as follows:

Pianoforte duet, grand fantasia sur "Les Huguenots" (Meyerbeer), De Kontski (for two pianos), Miss Van der Naillen and Mr. G. Sauvlet; "Arioso," Delibes, Mlle. Trebelli; duet for violin and piano, allegretto, allegro, sonate in G-major, opus 13, Grieg, Misses Jean M. Hush and Florence Hush; "Tarantelle," from "La Tonelli," Ambroise Thomas, Mlle. Trebelli; pianoforte solo, (a) second mazourka, Godard, (b) menuet, Paderewski, (c) first gavotte, Sauvlet, Mr. G. Sauvlet; song, "Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark," Bishop (with flute obligato by Herr Rodemann), Mlle. Trebelli; chanson Arabe, "L'Adieu de l'Hôteesse Arabe," Bizet, Mlle. Trebelli; violin solo, "Sérénade Andalouse," Godard, Miss Jean M. Hush; Irish song, "The Last Rose of Summer," Mlle. Trebelli.

Wagnerian Musical Lectures.

The Sorosis club-rooms contained a large and fashionable audience last Tuesday afternoon when the second of the series of Wagnerian musical lectures was given by Mr. and Mrs. Henri Fairweather. The subject was "Tannhäuser," and its treatment was both brilliant and profound. Mrs. Fairweather, as the lecturer, pleased her audience highly, and the musical illustrations by Mr. Fairweather, of various songs in the opera, won for him a goodly share of the generous applause bestowed upon his wife. There will be four more lectures at the club.

The San Francisco Symphony Society will give its fourth concert at the Columbia Theatre at half-past three o'clock next Thursday afternoon. Promptness in attendance is earnestly requested. The soloists will be Mrs. Gertrude Auld-Thomas, soprano, and Mr. Hugo Mansfeld, pianist, both of whom are well known in the world of music. Mr. August Hinrichs, director of the orchestra, has selected for the orchestral numbers the overture to Schumann's only opera, "Genoveva," the "Norwegian Artists' Carnival," by Svendsen, and Massenet's greatest orchestral work, the suite "Les Erinnyes." This programme should certainly attract a very large audience.

Miss Anna Miller Wood, who is well known in musical circles here, recently gave two concerts in Providence, R. I., and the critics there gave her contralto voice high praise. Miss Wood is occupying the position of contralto in one of the leading churches in Boston, and does much other singing at concerts and recitals.

"Mariposas" is the title of a waltz that has just been composed and published by Miss Gertrude P. Wheeler, a sister of Mr. W. R. Wheeler, the attorney at law of this city. There is a graceful movement and much melody in the waltz, and it should become very popular.

Some of the famous treasure-ships which lie at the bottom of the seas include *L'Orient*, sunk by Nelson at the Battle of the Nile, with \$3,000,000 aboard; the *Latune*, sunk in the Zuyder Zee with \$7,000,000 in her hold; the *De Brake*, lost off Delaware Bay with Spanish bullion, and the ship *Golden Gate*, which went down off Cape Hatteras while returning from California in the fifties loaded with gold. Official statistics show that 2,000 vessels are sunk annually, the vessels and cargoes being valued at \$100,000,000. The Atlantic and Pacific coasts are strewn with old and new wrecks, many laden with valuable cargoes.

Mr. Fred Yates, the artist, places on exhibition at Vickery's this week three new portraits that he recently painted. The subjects are Captain Barker, U. S. N., Dr. Woods, U. S. N., and Judge R. Y. Hayne. Mr. Yates will soon place on exhibition four other portraits of prominent citizens. It is his intention to remain in this city until April 11th, when he will sail for Japan.

At the hal masqué given at the Art Association on the evening of Shrove Tuesday, the celebrated G. H. Mumm Extra Dry was the champagne that was used almost exclusively, and many favorable comments were made upon the excellence and superiority of the new vintage.

An Englishwoman, expert in palmistry, who is highly esteemed in London, says that Americans are among her best customers. She does not consider Americans more superstitious than other persons on this account; she credits it to their vanity.

A Carol of Cocaine.

"Cocaine inebriety is largely on the increase."—*British Medical Journal*.

The present-day Anacreon

Must find it very far from easy
To write a modern drinking-song.
Or turn an up-to-date brindisi.
Nor is there now encouragement
For even an Horatius Flaccus
To gush about Falernian wine
And publish sparkling odes to Bacchus.

For now Society, good sooth,
Or those who are the most in fashion,
For very unpoetic drinks
Develop an increasing passion.
Pray, how can poets hope to write
In compositions blithely choral
About the graduated glass
My lady fills each night with chloral?

The brimming wine-cup's oft inspired
The very gayest of reflections,
But how can any bard indite
A stave on morphia injections?
Sonnets addressed to sulphonal
Would be but worthless if created;
And who ambrosial song can link
With spirits—when they're methylated?

Nor does the ladies' latest craze—
Reported in a doctors' journal—
Supply the poet with a chance
Of penning stanzas more supernal;
The very dearest minor bard,
Though eager to be sympathetic,
Can scarcely scarcely hope to find
Concoctions of cocaine poetic!

They may, and very likely do,
Affect the sight and hearing sadly;
Their "neuro-muscular" effect
May handicap the drinker badly;
But even such results as these,
Combined with "local anesthesia,"
Can not be said to make the task
Of up-to-date Anacreons easier.

—London Truth.

A submarine locomotive and a train of freight-cars, to be used for wrecking purposes, are about to be constructed at Baltimore. The inventor proposes to find sunken vessels, remove the cargoes, and raise the hulls. The craft is to perform all kinds of submarine work, such as laying foundations for piers, light-houses, bridges, docks, and breakwaters. The boat is to be able to descend to a depth of three hundred feet, and to sink or rise at the will of the operator.

The Missouri supreme court has declared that the law against opium-smoking and opium-joints is unconstitutional, because it interferes with the right of men to smoke whatever they choose.

After waiting nineteen hundred years, the town of Venosa, the ancient Venusium, where Horace was born, has decided to erect a monument to him.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy sailed on March 5th for Honolulu, on the Oceanic steamship *Alameda*, and will be away about six weeks. On the same steamer were Miss Bernice Landers and Miss Ida Belle Palmer, who also went away on a pleasure trip.

Mr. Russell J. Wilson arrived in New York city last Monday.

Mrs. Isaac Hecht, Mrs. Helen Hecht, and Miss Elsie S. Hecht, who have been enjoying several weeks in Egypt, including the Nile trip, were on the Riviera attending the carnival festivities at Nice during Mardi-Gras.

Dr. Clinton Cushing has returned from his Eastern trip. Sir Bache Cunard, Mr. and Mrs. James M. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. James Elverson, Jr., and Mr. Joseph D. Redding arrived here from the East last Sunday on a brief visit, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Captain John Birmingham has returned from a prolonged visit to the Eastern States and Europe.

Mr. Emil Greenbaum left last Saturday for New York city, and will be away about two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Rothchild left for New York city last Tuesday evening, and will probably be away about two months.

Mr. Henry Abhey, Mr. J. J. Van Alen, Miss Van Alen, and Miss S. Van Alen, of New York city, were among the passengers on the last trip of the steamship *New York*, of the American Line, to England.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Bauer have returned from Europe after a prolonged absence, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Edgar B. Carroll returned to his home in Sausalito last Saturday after a month's visit to the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Alston Williams and their three children sailed for Sydney, New South Wales, March 5th on the Oceanic steamship *Alameda*. They will make Sydney their permanent home.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease left for New York last Monday, and expect to be away several weeks. Mr. George W. Pease returned with them.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Elwyn Lester returned this week from a visit to Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith are expected to arrive in New York next Saturday after a prolonged absence in Europe. They will probably remain East a couple of months before returning to Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden, Mrs. A. N. Towne, and Master Nelson Towne Shaw have been passing several days at the Hotel Rafael.

After spending several weeks in Paris, Dr. and Mrs. K. Fisch arrived in New York on the steamer *Aller*, and are expected home within a few days.

Mrs. B. W. Paulsen, accompanied by Miss C. Lehnhardt and the Misses Tay, left New York March 6th, on the steamer *Werra*, bound for the Mediterranean.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding and Miss Redding have been staying at the Hotel Rafael recently.

Miss Turnbull will leave this evening on the Sunset Limited to visit Mrs. W. H. Bertsch, wife of Lieutenant Bertsch, U. S. A., at Fort Bayard, N. M.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Valentine, of San José, are at the California Hotel.

Mr. H. E. Coleman, of Toledo, O., is at the California Hotel.

Miss Lella Owen Ellis, of this city, recently visited General and Mrs. Ordway, U. S. A., at their home in Washington, D. C., for a fortnight, and also attended the inaugural ball. She has since returned to New York city, and will soon give a couple of dramatic readings with her mother, Mrs. Lella Ellis.

Mr. H. S. Crocker is at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. C. Douglas Fox, of London, is at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Greer Harrison and family are making a brief stay at the California Hotel prior to their departure for the East.

Mr. John J. Crooks left last Monday for Chicago to meet his wife, who has been visiting relatives there. They will return early in April.

Mr. Daniel M. Hanlon will leave for Carson City next Monday and will return next Thursday.

Major W. H. Snedaker returned last Thursday from a visit to Salt Lake City.

Mr. Edgar A. Mizner left last Thursday for Unalakleet to enter the employ of the Alaska Commercial Company.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Commander Nichols, U. S. N., has been ordered abroad. The Nichols cottage in Oakland will be rented, and Mrs. Nichols, who was Miss Julia Fish, will accompany her husband.

Captain William E. Dougherty, U. S. A., Acting Indian Agent at the Hoopa Valley Agency, arrived here last Monday on the *Pomona*, and is at the Occidental Hotel. He is here on official business.

Lieutenant Louis P. Brant, First Infantry, U. S. A., has passed a successful examination for promotion, attaining the rank of captain.

Lieutenant J. Franklin Bell, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., aid-de-camp to Brigadier-General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A., has been sent to Washington, D. C., on special duty.

Lieutenant John W. Hinkley, Jr., Third Artillery, U. S. A., of the Presidio, has been assigned to duty at Fort Hamilton, N. Y.

Mrs. W. H. Bertsch, née Tripler, wife of Lieutenant Bertsch, U. S. A., will return to her home at Fort Bayard, N. M., this evening, on the Sunset Limited, after a three months' visit here to her mother, Mrs. Emeline Tripler.

Many people have an idea that a country has only one national flag. This is wrong. For example, Great Britain and her colonies and dependencies own a hundred and eighteen—an easy first; Russia coming next with thirty-two, and the German Empire third with twenty-five. The German emperor, who is so fond of trappings, should see to this. The United States is content with seventeen, Spain with five, Turkey with three, and Uruguay with two.

It is said that a Missouri dealer who recently shipped several hundred mules to Johannesburg, South Africa, realized two hundred and fifty to three hundred dollars each on them.

"Don't you have to state any cause for divorce in Dakota?" "Just state that you couldn't get one in the East."—Puck.

IN FULL CRY.

An Urban Love-Chase Up Fifth Avenue.

"To-morrow on the *Paris*?" cried Carter, dropping his cane on the pavement with a resounding thud.

"Yes, to-morrow," said I, gazing with astonishment on my friend, for my commonplace gossip had apparently perturbed him greatly. "The whole family are going to sail and they will be away for a year. It's very sudden."

"Sudden—I should say so!" he exclaimed. He looked thoughtfully up the avenue for a moment, then stammered: "Miss Margaret, too?"

"Yes."

Thereupon he hailed a passing cab, and, before I could get another word with him, dived into the vehicle and quickly disappeared with it.

Carter is not a bad fellow. He is exceedingly modest. This is a most unusual characteristic for a young man who is spending a fortune gathered by another's talents, but to so great a degree does he possess it that it seemed to him impossible that Margaret Walcott should look upon him with other than indifference or even repugnance.

"Why, Vandergust," he said to me one Sunday afternoon, when he had dropped in on his way to her house, "it's ridiculous to suppose that a bright girl like that could care for a fellow like me—a fellow who doesn't know anything, who has not a striking point except money, when there are so many men with brains about."

But, acting on my advice, he actually started to propose that very afternoon.

"Miss Walcott," he began, as they sat by the fireplace in the drawing-room, talking commonplaces, "I'm in love."

"Really! How interesting!" cried the girl, calmly leaning toward him and gazing at him, awaiting the rest of his revelations.

There was a long silence, during which Carter carefully drew his left glove on his right hand. Having recovered his courage, he continued, naively, "I know who it's with! Do you know who it's with?"

"Yourself," she cried, clapping her hands as though she had made a wonderful discovery.

"Oh, dear, no! Never!" he stammered. "Positively not. You really don't think so, do you?"

"I was just guessing," she replied, soothingly.

"Guess again," said he, quickly.

"With Livia Vandergust," ventured Miss Walcott, after she had given the matter due consideration, gazing meditatively into the fire, thus unconsciously showing to Carter the fine profile of her face, which glowed in the red light of the coals.

"Don't accuse me of it," cried my friend in a deprecating tone that was most uncomplimentary to my charming cousin. "Guess somebody nearer home."

Aod the foolish fellow kept her guessing the name of every girl in town but the right one until the maid brought in Denby's card.

Was it a wonder that, knowing these facts, I smiled when I saw Carter dash away in a cab after I had imparted to him the news. It was sufficient to send him up the steps of the Walcott house in three bounds when his cab drew up there. Miss Walcott was out. "At teas?" he ventured to inquire of the maid. "Yes." Here arose a predicament. He knew of no less than five that afternoon. But he had heard that she was to be at the Trumpetons' dinner that night, and his sole chance of seeing her lay in finding her that very afternoon or following her over Europe.

So he started in at Mrs. J. Anderson Oglesby's, and most perfunctorily paid his respects to that energetic woman and her extremely plain daughter. Then he searched every corner of the crowded drawing-rooms, and even took a surreptitious glance into the butler's pantry.

"Isn't that Miss Walcott yonder?" he said to the young girl who was pouring tea, indicating a mass of black hair that was conspicuous in the crush.

"Why, no," she cried, gazing at him in astonishment. "She has light hair. And, besides, she left hours ago. I should think—"

The rest of the remark was lost on my friend, who dashed from the room and the house, and was off in his cab once more.

He searched in vain for her at the Partridges', the Joneses', and the Van Blunders', and at length reached the house of my aunt, who was on that afternoon performing the arduous physical labor of introducing her daughter to society. Great, indeed, was my cousin's astonishment when Bennington Carter was announced, for she knew that he abhorred teas. But greater still was her amazement when he let fall the band she held out to him, turned suddenly, craned his neck so as to see over the knot of women about the door, and dashed madly from the room.

Carter had seen her at last, but it was only a glimpse as the door closed upon her. He rushed up the stairs to the dressing-room; bounded down again to his cab.

"Which way did Miss Walcott's carriage go?" he cried to the man who called his conveyance for him.

"Up Fifth Avenue, sir," replied that astonished man.

"After it!" exclaimed Carter, jumping in and slamming the door.

The bewildered Jehu swung his vehicle around the corner and dashed up the avenue, crowded with carriages. Eight blocks, however, told on the beast,

and the driver found it expedient to draw up at the kerb and hold a colloquy with his fare.

"So you have lost it, eh?" cried Carter angrily.

"Yes, sir," replied the cabby. He tipped his hat most respectfully in the hope of mollifying the angry man.

Carter threw himself moodily back in the seat and for a time was silent. It was already dark; the pavement was filled with people hurrying home after the day's work. He had visited every place where he could have hoped to find her, yet lost her. Of a sudden he leaned through the window and to the cabby said: "Do you see any awnings about here?"

The man pierced the gloom with his eyes, and at length pointed meaningly with his whip down a side street to a residence in front of which a score of carriages were gathered and an awning stretched from kerb to kerb.

"At it!" cried the fare.

Carter quickly ascended the steps of the strange house, boldly passed the servants in the hall, left his coat and hat upstairs, and returned to the drawing-room.

"Carter—Carter—Carter?" muttered the overdressed but kindly looking woman who greeted him there, tapping him on the arm with her fan and giving him a hearty shake of the hand. "I'm delighted to see you, Mr. Carter."

"It was awfully kind of you to come," said the slender young girl at her side as he formally greeted her. And when he passed on she whispered to her mother: "I'm sure I didn't send him cards. Why, it's Bennington Carter!"

My friend forced his way through a crowd of people he did not know, and muttered imprecations on himself for wasting precious time at such a place. She would never be here. He would slip out at once. What! Could he believe his eyes? Yonder she sat in a cozy corner of the dining-room, a tall young man bending over her.

"Why, Mr. Carter!" she cried, as he rushed breathlessly up to her.

"How in the world did you happen to come here?" he exclaimed.

"S—sh!" The young man moved away, and she whispered apologetically: "Close business friends of my father's. But pray what brought you here?"

"I followed you."

"Shadowed me! That was very polite of you."

"But I wanted you to guess some more," he stammered.

"Oh!" the girl blushed deeply and fixed her eyes on the carpet.

"Be quick," he said.

"Ethel Van Blunder," said she, in a scarcely audible voice. She half arose from her chair.

Carter glanced behind him and saw Denby pushing his way through the crush about the tea-table. "Oh, hurry," he blurted; "you must guess before you sail or I'll never be happy—"

"I've guessed," she said, demurely. "I'm very glad to see you, Mr. Denby."

"I've followed you all over town," exclaimed Denby, totally oblivious of the presence of his despised rival. "But at last—"

"I'm so sorry," she said, moving toward the drawing-room. "I'm so late now that really I must be going. But, Mr. Carter, I really forgot, let me remind you that we expect you to dinner at seven; you can tell me all about it then."—*New York Evening Sun.*

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He—"I love you better than my life." She—"Considering the life you lead, I can not say that I am surprised."—Indianapolis Journal.

Brown—"Why do they call the bicycle 'the silent steed'?" Smith—"I don't know, exactly. The horse isn't saying a word, is he?"—Puck.

"While Miss Fitz was away, George took her parrot." "Anything happen?" "I don't know; she keeps the parrot down cellar now, and the engagement is off."—Life.

The governess—"I know French and German—" Mrs. Uptodate—"That is not sufficient. I want some one who can teach my children Scotch."—Brooklyn Life.

"How did Nell Glynn look in her new hall-dress?" she asked. "I don't know," he replied; "but the large majority of her that was out of it looked stunning."—Cleveland Leader.

He—"Do you think your father would offer me personal violence if I were to ask him for you?" She—"No, but I think he will if you don't pretty soon."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She—"Did you have any trouble in getting papa to listen to you?" He—"Not a bit. I began by telling him I knew of a plan whereby he could save money."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Getting acquainted: "Are you the new girl?" asked Mr. Wheeler, coming down to breakfast. "Yes, sir," replied the maid. "What make of wheel do you ride?"—Yonkers Statesman.

"It's a shame," cried the young wife; "not a thing in the house fit to eat. I'm going right home to papa!" "If you don't mind, dear," said the husband, reaching for his hat, "I'll go with you."—Yonkers Statesman.

"There was a strange man here to see you to-day, papa," said little Ethel, who met her father in the hall as he came home on Wednesday night. "Did he have a hill?" "No, papa. He had just a plain nose."—Newark Call.

Walker—"They say that Napoleon was so self-possessed that not even the sound of a pistol fired close to his ear could make him start." Wheeler—"He wouldn't have stood much show in a bicycle race."—Indianapolis Journal.

"From state to state the spirit walks," quoted Mrs. Ticoenter; "now, I wonder what Tennyson meant by that?" "I suppose," said Mr. Ticoenter, "that he referred to Hamlet's father's ghost walking in from Fargo."—Puck.

"So you want to marry Fred, do you?" said the father. "Yes, papa," replied the daughter, with her arms about his neck. "And go away and leave me all alone?" "Why, no, papa! I know Fred will be willing to leave mamma with you!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Mr. Esplanade—"I miss one topic from the programme of the Mothers' Congress which I fully expected to see discussed." Mr. Monterey—"What is that?" Mr. Esplanade—"How to Manage a Husband," by Miss Soanso."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"What's the most noticeable thing in connection with the practice of your profession, doctor?" "Thousands of able-bodied men have suddenly discovered that they require the air of Nevada, and are arranging to be there about the middle of March."—Detroit Free Press.

Arizona Al—"Wal, what do you think of that? Here's Jim goin' an' gitting married!" Chloride Charley—"Wal, that's the way of the world!" Arizona Al—"Right enough; but look at this: 'No Cards.' That's what comes of marryin' inter a pious family."—Puck.

The whale spouted in triumph. "Never you mind!" shouted Jonah, vindictively; "you've given me a good deal of trouble, I'll admit, but you just wait till the latter-day theologians tackle you!" With a hoarse chuckle, he struck out over the sand-dunes toward Nineveh.—New York Press.

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Stormington Barnes, tragedian, "to interfere with your conception of the part, but in our next performance of 'Hamlet' you will have to omit the beard from your make-up as Polonius." "But, sir—" "There is no use in protesting. We are, as you may know, about to play in a territory where there is an intense Populistic sentiment. The last time I produced 'Hamlet' there, they mistook Polonius for the star, and I am not taking any more chances."—Washington Star.

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In allusion by President McKinley, in his inaugural address, to the awkward custom of convening a new Congress thirteen months after its members have been chosen, has again brought up the subject of making a change. The suggestion is by no means a new one. It has been brought forward occasionally and cursorily ventilated by the press for many years without result, and, indeed, without any perceptible effort being made toward a definite adjustment. The remedy is within the scope of congressional powers. We do not remember that any one has ever seriously controverted the idea that a change of undoubted value could be made. Such opinions as have been publicly expressed appear to be unanimous in its favor. Not being a partisan question may have caused Congress to overlook it. Possibly we have grown too conservative to alter lightly what has become a custom. Whatever the cause of omission, the question deserves attention. Representative Shafroth, of Colorado, has given the pro-

positional most exhaustive treatment in a recent magazine article. In his dissertation he favors a change for four reasons: First, because Congress should convene at the earliest practicable moment and give legislative sanction to the principles of the majority party as expressed at the polls. Second, because the prevailing method permits a session of Congress to be held which may not be in harmony with the people. Third, because members not returned for a succeeding term, either through loss of interest or from pique, become, in many cases, neither valuable nor reliable legislators. Fourth, because, under the existing system, contested elections are rarely settled until the term is half completed, which often obliges the government to pay double salaries. All of these reasons are valid and pertinent. The only justification for the present method has passed away. It was adopted at a time when a journey from the more remote States to the capital was a long and arduous undertaking. Now the most distant member of Congress resides within a four-days' ride of Washington.

The discussion of what change would be most advisable may, perhaps, develop some differences of opinion. Mr. Shafroth proposes that the first session shall convene on the first Monday after the fourth day of March of the year next succeeding the election of representatives, and that the second session shall assemble on the first Monday after the first day of January of the following year. These dates may be susceptible of improvement. If it is unwise to delay thirteen months before convoking the newly elected body, it is proportionately injudicious to wait five months. Again, there is seldom necessity for Congress to be in session immediately after the inauguration of an administration, and such a contingency can always be met by an extraordinary session. Two comparatively short, business-like sessions are preferable to one short one and one indefinitely protracted. The fall and winter seasons are unquestionably the best for the meetings. An indefinite session commencing in March is sure to last through the hot season, subduing the energies of the members through the enervating influences of summer. Meeting in December, Congress scarcely gets organized before the holidays interfere with its deliberations.

Why would not all the advantages be gained if Congress should be convened fresh from the people, on the third Monday of November for the long session, and on the first Monday of December in the following year for the short session, which would close on March 4th, coincident with the expiration of an administration? The constitution requires only that members of the House of Representatives shall be "chosen every second year" and that "Congress shall assemble at least once in every year, on the first Monday of December, unless they shall by law appoint a different day." No amendment to the constitution would therefore be required. The only remaining difficulty to be met is that of having a double Congress in existence during the first year of the change. This could easily be surmounted by providing that the first session of the first Congress under the new dispensation should meet on the third Monday of November and adjourn within a week. Extremely short sessions are not without precedent. A regular session of the Fifth Continental Congress assembled at Lancaster, Pa., and adjourned *sine die* after one day. Business was much expedited that year by the proximity of a British army which occupied Philadelphia. A similar coercive force is not just now available, but it is possible that the Fifty-Fifth Congress will be of a character sufficiently representative to enact the wishes of the people in response to their own good common sense. It could be accomplished by the present extra session if that meeting is not confined to particular legislation.

One of the most effective aids to modern industrial development, as it is one of the most significant illustrations of the commercial spirit of the age, is the international exhibition. It was only after years of discussion and hesitation that the Crystal Palace exhibition of 1851 in London was under-

taken, but its success led to the inauguration of a similar enterprise in Paris four years later. During the next twenty-one years four more were held—one in London, one in Paris, one in Vienna, and finally the Centennial exposition in this country. Now such displays have become common, and hardly a year passes without some country sending invitations to the manufacturers of others to send their goods to be exhibited. Even Guatemala, with a population little larger than that of California, has just opened an exhibit of the products of all countries and invited the world to compete.

But, though industrial expositions have become thus general throughout the world, the latest announcement comes in the nature of a surprise. China, which for uncounted centuries has shut herself within her wall, self-satisfied and confident of the superiority of her civilization, is about to hold an international industrial exposition, and has invited the heretofore despised outside nations to exhibit their wares. It is not, of course, intended to be an exposition on the lavish and extensive scale of those of the western nations, but it is to show to the Chinese at their own doors the labor-saving mechanical contrivances by which America and Europe have made such rapid strides in material development.

The surprise with which the announcement is at first received is natural, yet this move is in keeping with the more modern tendency of China. It is barely ten years since willingness to accept outside ideas or to allow communication between the natives and outsiders, beyond what was absolutely necessary and forced upon China, has developed, yet in that brief period much progress has been made. The difficulties to be overcome in introducing these innovations are enormous—how much so it is difficult for those unfamiliar with the conditions to appreciate. The government is overburdened with a complicated and corrupt bureaucracy, which is necessarily conservative, since change may curtail the illicit revenue of the office-holders; the people are fanatically suspicious of foreign influences; and the cohesion of the different parts of the empire is so weak that revolutions are almost continuous. The building of railways encounters these obstacles, and there are, besides, the engineering difficulty of constructing bridges over great rivers and viaducts over net-works of canals; the economic difficulty arising from the fact that the new method of transportation will compete seriously with the business of the large proportion of the natives engaged in water transportation, and will reduce the revenue of the mandarins from tolls on the canals and roads; and the even more serious ethnic difficulty resulting from the worship of ancestors, which holds it as sacrilege to disturb or remove the graves which dot the whole face of the land.

Despite these obstacles, some railways have already been built and others are in contemplation. The first line constructed was in 1876, connecting Shanghai and Woosung, its port. The next year, however, in deference to popular prejudice, it was purchased by the government and torn up. A short railroad from the Kaiping mines to the Penung River had been in operation for some years for the transportation of coal. In 1888 it was continued down the river to Taku, and thence up the Peiho River to Tientsin, giving a total length of eighty-five miles, and in October of that year it was opened to general traffic. During the next few years this road was continued north along the Gulf of Pechili, until it now has a total length of about two hundred miles. It is being pushed along the same line, and is intended ultimately to join with the Chinese extension of the Trans-Caspian Railway. Another road is projected south along the coast to Shanghai. In 1889 a royal edict was issued sanctioning a railroad from Peking to Hankow, a distance of about eight hundred miles, but financial difficulties have, as yet, delayed its construction.

The progress in railways has been significant of the inclination of those in authority rather than on account of what has been accomplished. The progress with the telegraph system has been more marked. The difficulty experienced in communicating with the distant parts of the empire in 1880, during the Russian war scare, opened the eyes of

Chinese and gave an impetus to telegraph construction. The system of lines now connect Peking with the seaports and all the principal cities of the interior joins with the Russian system at its Amoor termination and with the British system at Port Arthur, in Burmah, and British India. It has a network of ten thousand miles. In other directions, too, the adoption of Western methods is seen. Chinese capitalists are learning and following the methods of Western finance as applied to industry; joint-stock companies have been organized for the manufacture of such articles as silk, cotton, wool, glass, and iron; two large and well-equipped steel plants on the Bessemer and Siemens-Martin methods have been established at Hankow; and the first bonded warehouse was opened at Sbanghai in 1888.

The convention recently entered into with Russia, granting railway and even military privileges to that country on Chinese territory and making mutual concessions intended to extend the trade relations between the two countries, offers further evidence of this general awakening, and a treaty with France, entered into a few years earlier, grants similar though not so extensive privileges in the south-east. Much of this work had been done before the war with Japan, but the experiences of that conflict will increase rather than curb the tendency.

The Fifty-Fifth Congress, which met on Monday last in extraordinary session, is perhaps the only Congress which has been specially called with such apparent and general approval from all parties and sections of the country. Infrequent as extra sessions have been, they are generally regarded with disfavor by the people. In the present instance scarce a whisper of hostile criticism is heard. For many months the people have been eagerly anticipating the changes which must herald an era of prosperity. They agree that revenues must be increased and currency questions settled, and that the sooner these are done, the sooner beneficial results will follow. The extra session is the vehicle of public hope.

Notwithstanding that the President's message recommends only the passage of a tariff bill, the outlook does not promise speedy adjournment. Congress, once convoked, is the arbiter of its own time and performance. Beside the tariff bill, it will be obliged to take up the unsigned appropriation bills of the last Congress. These may be rapidly passed as they are, or they may be considered *de novo*. The latter course would be most business-like perhaps, but the former would be satisfactory and save time. In addition to these two principal items of business, there have already been introduced in the Senate about four hundred and fifty bills and resolutions, covering nearly every branch of public business. It is evident that the suggestion to "pass a tariff bill and go home" will not be followed. The Pacific cable, immigration, bankruptcy, and Nicaragua Canal bills and the arbitration treaty with Great Britain have all been re-introduced and committed. Guided by Speaker Reed, the sentiment in the House appears to be in favor of the rapid dispatch of the most urgent measures and an early adjournment. The complexion of the new House may affect this. While still safely Republican, the percentage of new members is unusually large, and the names of Jerry Simpson, Bland, and Holman are provokingly reminiscent of earlier Congresses.

The progress of business in the Upper House will be viewed with the most apprehension. The difficulties of organization have been shrewdly avoided, but there still remain the lack of a clear party majority and the fatuous Senate customs to be reckoned with. Hitherto speech in senatorial debate has been unfettered. Under the rules no limit can be fixed, except upon unanimous consent. The abuse of this "courtesy" of debate has transformed it in the hands of demagogues into an instrument to prevent a vote and defeat a majority by "talking a measure to death." Vice-President Hobart struck the tonic key of reform when, on taking the oath of office, he said: "To obstruct the regular course of wise and prudent legislative action, after the fullest and freest discussion, is not consistent with true senatorial courtesy, conducive to the welfare of the people, or in compliance with their just expectations."

That some senatorial breasts are responsive to the chord, one notable circumstance evinces. As late as 1890, Senator Hoar expressed himself in the press to the effect that unlimited freedom of debate in the Senate is of immense importance to perfect legislation, to the dignity of the Senate, and to the preservation of civil liberty itself. He has celebrated a radical change of opinion by introducing two amendments to the rules. The first is a cloture rule, providing that any senator may at any time demand that debate shall close and, if a majority concur, a vote on the measure under discussion must follow and can not be deterred by any other motion, except for adjournment. The other amendment purposes to abolish filibustering tactics in the

form of demanding repeated roll-calls to show the absence of a quorum. The country demands an end of the obstructive methods which have made the Senate worse than a useless limb on the body politic. Much depends on the steadfastness with which Mr. Hobart follows up his inaugural suggestion. He has an opportunity to give to his office an importance with which it has never been clothed. He can not make rules, but he can strictly enforce those already made. He can insist on members speaking to the question. If he is tactful, as well as strong and resolute, he can exert a valuable influence on the adoption of improved rules, without arraying the hide-bound conservatism of the Senate against him. The occasion is propitious. The object-lesson of the last session is still fresh. The aspirations of the administration are harmonious and incentive to the achievement of a patriotic duty. Mr. Hoar's action proclaims that a leaven of common sense is working in the minds of the old senators. Strong new members are already seated whose opportunities for good will be great if utilized before they succumb to the bacillus of false senatorial dignity. With the rules amended, with the cooperation of all branches of government, and under the pressure of an aroused public opinion, the extraordinary session would compass a distinguished success.

Senator Ellsworth's bill prohibiting the publication of cartoons, portraits, and caricatures without the consent of the person represented, ought to have received the support of New York society, beaded by the Bradley-Martins. For years the helles and beaux of American society have suffered at the hands of the newspaper artist. But a recent portrait, purporting to be Mrs. Bradley-Martin in the full regalia of tiara, rivière, and the rest of the jewel-box which we know so intimately, is calculated to convert the most ardent adherent of the New Journalism. Mrs. Martin is represented as she appeared at the ball, decorated in all her diamonds and with the fixed smile of a society leader taking the field. Underneath is a legend setting forth who she is and how seldom she has her portrait taken. The picture is a marvel of ugliness and bad taste. No woman in San Francisco society has ever been so beld up to public mockery. But the local papers are not without sin. Probably the worst shock the newspaper artist ever gave society here was a couple of years ago, when an enterprising *Examiner* man calmly copied the figures in a lot of cigarette pictures representing girls in bathing-costumes, put on each a face bearing a colorable resemblance to some society girl, labeling each with her name, and printed the group as "Bathing Styles Affected by San Francisco Belles."

Though the world is inclined to regard Senator Ellsworth's measure with amused surprise, the revolt against the insolent intrusiveness of the New Journalism is not a joke. The pendulum has begun to swing back. The quietly well-to-do, the cultured, and the tranquilly unostentatious have awakened to the fact that the reporter is within their gates and the camera fiend perching on the back fence. The paragraphing of celebrities, the caricaturing of public figures, the photographing of footlight favorites and professional beauties, was a legitimate length to which enterprise might go. But the line had to be drawn somewhere, and it was drawn about the home, which stood in its dignity, secure from intrusion. Now, however, it has had to defend itself from newspaper invasion, as a mediæval castle protected itself against marauders. The door must be fast and the windows curtained to keep out the prying gaze of journalistic enterprise. The skeleton has to be removed to a darker and more distant closet. The joys of success, the bitterness of domestic tragedies, are shared with a reporter on the hearth and exploited by a camera for the delectation of Tehama Street at breakfast and the suburbs at night. The guardians of the home have realized with a start that the privacy and sanctity of their realm is menaced; that the heart is about to be plucked from their mystery by a coarse, intruding hand.

The publishing of portraits without the consent of the person represented is a side-issue in the campaign. The majority of people whose pictures appear in papers either like to have them there or submit to it as a vulgar but effective form of advertising. Public men endure it as part of their publicity. Professionals and artists are not displeased when they see a black smudge bearing their name published in the morning paper, for they know the value of free advertising. Aspirants for fashionable renown regard it as a feature in the plan of campaign. Where the sin of the portrait reproduction comes in is in the style of the portrait reproduced. Mrs. Bradley-Martin has to realize that, if she will become so prominent a figure, the butcher, baker, and grocer will want to see what she looks like. Uneasy lies the head that wears a tiara like Mrs. Martin's, for the "great dailies" will print her picture whether

they happen to have it by them or not, and should the latter be the case, any one else's picture will do, rather than disappoint an eager public. The society leaders, the heiresses, the beauties, are gradually pushing themselves up into the position of a sort of republican royal family whose pictures the common herd delight to view. The people whose portraits are reproduced seem to protest only when—as in Mrs. Martin's case—their published faces bear more resemblance to a bath-bun than to the human countenance. To a likeness that resembles or flatters, the victim has little objection. If Mr. Ellsworth's bill should pass, it would be interesting to note if there would be any diminution in the number of portraits printed.

It has been truly said that the constitution of this State is something more than that bald declaration of the outline of the machinery of government, dividing the functions among the various officials and defining and limiting the powers of those officials, which was once held to constitute the full scope of such an instrument. True, it is this, but it is more. It is developing into a codification of those laws which, instead of being submitted to the governor for his approval or disapproval, are referred to the body of the voters, under a modification of the referendum. Each session of the legislature brings forth a goodly crop of these laws, under the name of amendments—this year eighty-five have been proposed, each house being responsible for nearly one-half—and it is to be noted that the proportion of these measures which receive the approval of the people is larger than the proportion of the bills that the governor signs. Whether this movement is an improvement on the old order or not, it certainly brings the legislation nearer to the people and enforces their attention upon what is being done.

In the same direction is the tendency toward granting a larger measure of independence to local communities. It was largely to prevent the pernicious practice of legislatures interfering with local matters that the prohibition against special legislation was introduced; but this purpose has been defeated by the systems of classification adopted, which, in effect, limit the action of laws, general in form but special in application, to particular communities. The general municipal law, enacted shortly after the constitution went into effect, has been confessedly a failure, and this failure led to the amendment which extended to all cities of ten thousand or more inhabitants the privilege of framing their own charters, which privilege had theretofore been confined to San Francisco.

One of the amendments proposed in the legislature at the present session contemplates granting similar powers to the counties of the State. The utter impossibility of any general law meeting the varying requirements of all the fifty-seven counties is apparent when it is recalled that one-third of the voluminous "general" law now in force is, in effect, special legislation, and, in spite of this, every two years the legislature is called upon to devote several days of the session to amending and readjusting it. Apart from this waste of time, it is absurd that the affairs of a certain locality should be regulated by those who are non-residents of that locality and have none but an abstract interest in its welfare. Such a condition necessarily fosters a system of coercion of the representatives of that locality by other legislators and log-rolling on the part of those representatives to secure for their constituents that which they are entitled to. It is a weapon in the hands of the self-seeking law-maker, who has nothing to lose and everything to gain; it is a source of weakness to the honest representative.

To the community itself the amendment would be more than a release from the danger of attacks from without. Local legislation is the best school for political training that has yet been devised. The individual voter follows only such actions of Congress as he is particularly interested in, and even then he follows only the holder outlines and not the detail. He comes closer to the legislature because he is more directly interested in a greater proportion of the legislative acts. But, in either case, he does not follow closely enough to see clearly the relation of cause and effect. He can not trace with certainty the results of the mistakes that are made. But in local affairs it is different. He can more easily discern the motives of those who are under his eye; he follows the details of what is done and he sees the results. He discovers the mistakes and throws his influence and his energies to correcting them.

The rapid progress that Japan has achieved of late years has astonished the world. When, in 1869, the Daimios, or feudal chiefs, met and voluntarily relinquished the privileges which made them practically independent, in order that the powers of the government might be centralized in the emperor, it was expected that an imperial parliament would be established. But this was not immediately done. With a wisdom that, under the circumstances, was surprising, local assemblies were established, and here the people

learned how to handle the machinery of government and how to legislate before the affairs of the empire should be intrusted to their hands. It was not until 1890 that the parliament was established.

In the same manner, the local assemblies were the schools of political education in this country. It was from the towns-meetings that the leaders of the revolutionary period were graduated. Later there has been a drifting away from these institutions, and authority over them has been concentrated in the legislatures. The ebb-tide has now set in, and it is an indication of the closer and more intelligent study that is being given to political problems. It is a movement that should be fostered and encouraged by all who appreciate the importance of wise action throughout public affairs.

One year ago there was considerable discussion of a desultory kind on the proposition of constructing a broad and level highway around the southern part of the bay, extending from San Francisco to Oakland by way of San José. Some of the more imaginative pictured a magnificent boulevard, fringed with shade-trees on either side, their branches intertwining with those of trees planted along the centre of the highway and the road-bed substantially paved with bituminous rock or asphalt throughout its entire extent. The picture was, perhaps, rather highly colored for this generation, but, nevertheless, the time seems ripe for the construction in the near future of a boulevard that will be practically, if not esthetically as good.

The weak points in the project at that time were at the two ends of the proposed road. The practicable exits from this county were over what is known as the bay road and the Mission Road. The former is the more picturesque, as it skirts along the shore of the bay for some distance, but both are impracticable, or at least undesirable, for such a purpose on account of the grades. The new boulevard being constructed by the unemployed offers, however, a solution of the problem that could not be bettered. It would give an entrance to the "Century Boulevard" from Golden Gate Park and, from there to the southern boundary of the county, a highway one hundred feet in width and almost level throughout its entire length. The present plan, we believe, does not contemplate an extension of the driveway beyond Ingleside, but a short addition would carry it to the county line, and a willingness to grant the right of way has already been expressed. It would be a pity, therefore, not to complete it while the work is being done on the first part.

Through San Mateo County but little of the road would need to be constructed. A short piece would join the end of the boulevard with the roads already in use in that county. Some improvements should be made at the northern end of the county, but beyond this the present road-bed, properly improved in places, would serve. It is, of course, not to be expected that the full width of one hundred feet would be continued throughout. In Santa Clara County the road is also constructed already throughout the greater part of the way, and but little would have to be done. In both counties there are places where the pernicious system of turnpiking, so common here in California, has been adopted. By this system, the earth on each side of the road is plowed up and the dirt thrown upon the ridge in the middle. The roadway is thus reduced to a width sufficient for only one vehicle to pass upon, while upon each side a ditch two or three feet deep is left. The roadway is covered with gravel, which makes an excellent surface, but it is so narrow that the wheels, continually running in the same tracks, cut deep ruts. Then the ditches on either side are used by vehicles, and, when the winter rains come, the whole roadway is soon in a deplorable condition. This is a defect easily remedied, however, and when this is done an almost perfect driveway would be secured from this city to San José. The expense in either county would not be great, and both counties have already expressed a willingness to do the work.

In Alameda County the problem is more difficult. At one time that county was justly celebrated for the excellent condition of its roads and the beauty of its drives. To-day it is very different in some parts of the county, and nowhere are really good roads found extending for any considerable distance. Coming from San José, a choice of two routes would be open between Irvington and San Leandro. The upper one, by way of Niles and Haywards, presents less difficulties in the way of maintenance after it is once properly constructed; the lower one, by way of Centerville and Alvarado, offers better grades. The lower road passes through a stretch of swamp land extending from a short distance beyond Centerville to Mount Eden. This is always in bad condition, because it has never been properly constructed, and the expense of constructing it properly would probably be heavier than on any other equal distance on the whole proposed boulevard. The upper road is free from this difficulty, but between Niles and Haywards it presents a striking illustration of one of the great defects in California

road-building. It rolls up and down-hill throughout nearly the whole distance, because it has been constructed skirting the foothills. Had it been located a few hundred yards to the west, an absolutely level road could have been obtained. These are the problems presented by the boulevard through Alameda County, and they are not difficult to overcome. When Oakland is reached, however, the worst piece of road on the whole proposed route is found. None of the country roads can compare with Twelfth and Fourteenth Streets in the city of Oakland. But strong efforts have been made during the last two years to remedy this condition, and should an active move be made toward constructing the boulevard, these efforts would probably be successful.

The time seems ripe, therefore, for an active and united effort toward bringing this project to an early consummation, and those who appreciate the benefits that would flow from it should bend their efforts to the accomplishment of this object at the present time.

One of the most important and fruitful directions in which scientific activity has lately been turned is in the prevention of disease, rather than in waiting until maladies have obtained a foothold and then trying to cure them. The reduction in the rate of "filth" or zymotic diseases in recent years proves how much can be accomplished in this direction and to how great an extent the sufferings of humanity may be relieved by the proper observance of sanitary regulations. The recent activity of the board of health in detecting and punishing those who adulterate food products, or offer such products for sale, is an effort in this direction that will command the hearty approval of all who appreciate to how great an extent this abuse has developed.

The early efforts to provide for an inspection of the milk supply of the city and the condemnation of that which is impure have already been crowned with success, the reduction of infant mortality by one-half in five years being the most impressive illustration of how important the work is. Two years ago the legislature enacted a law prohibiting the manufacture or sale of adulterated food, the penalty for a violation of the law being a fine ranging from twenty-five to one hundred dollars or imprisonment in the county jail for from thirty to one hundred days, or both such fine and imprisonment. The adulteration of food is defined under this law as existing in any of the following seven cases: (1) when substances are mixed with it so as injuriously to affect its quality, strength, or purity; (2) when inferior substances are substituted in whole or in part; (3) when any valuable or necessary ingredient has been wholly or in part abstracted from it; (4) when an imitation is sold under the name of the genuine article; (5) when it consists in whole or in part of a diseased or tainted substance; (6) when by coloring or other means it is made to appear of greater value than it is; and (7) when it contains any substance which is poisonous or injurious to health. It is apparent that all of these cases of adulteration may be classed under two heads—those where a simple fraud is committed and those where there is a menace to public health, and, of these, the latter is by far the more dangerous.

The board of health has now entered actively upon the prosecution of this class of cases, and, though the investigations have not, as yet, been carried far, the results obtained are certainly startling. Of thirty-three samples of currant jelly offered for sale, for instance, the analyzing chemist has discovered only nine that were pure. Samples of catsup and other articles of common use have been found to be adulterated with substances injurious to health, and the inference is that, when such a large percentage is found among articles thus taken at haphazard, an immense field for the activity of the board of health will be discovered as the investigation proceeds. The adulterations are found, not in the stores of the smaller and more obscure grocers alone, but also in those of the most prominent and leading firms in the city.

In these imitation jellies the most prominent substance used for purposes of adulteration is glucose, which, being far less expensive than sugar, reduces the cost of production and increases the profit, while the selling price is cheapened. Glucose, though popularly supposed to be harmless, is one of the most injurious articles of adulteration. It is formed by boiling corn starch with sulphuric acid and mixing the product with lime. It would be difficult to imagine a more pernicious compound, even when taken in infinitesimal doses. The importations of glucose increased tenfold during the two years from 1875 to 1877, and the rate of increase has been discontinued merely because the process of production is a simple one and extensive establishments for its manufacture have been started in the Western States.

There is hardly an article of general consumption that may not be adulterated to a greater or less extent, and the profits of adulteration are sufficient to attract the cupidity of large numbers of manufacturers who look only to the profits they may make in their business. In the manu-

facture of baking-powders, alum, costing three cents a pound, may be substituted for cream of tartar, costing thirty or more cents, and, without chemical analysis, the substitution can not be discovered save by the dyspepsia, colic, and heartburn with which the victims are afflicted. Teas are artificially colored with poisonous substances, and coffees are adulterated with chicory, which in turn is adulterated with injurious materials.

The movement toward suppressing these abuses has been extended this week. The pure-food committee of the Merchants' Association has met with the board of health, and the Manufacturers' and Producers' Association has taken steps toward holding a pure-food congress in this city next month. These moves are in the right direction and will tend to uphold the board of health in the good work they have undertaken.

Students of human nature have long marveled over the curious problem offered in the unreasonable-ness of women. Higher education, independence, self-reliance, do not seem to have obliterated all traces of a past of childish irresponsibility which mars the character of the creature who is the companion and helpmeet of man. The type of woman who, secure in the shelter of her sex, is brutal, or shrewish, or domineering, is said to be disappearing before the advance of civilization and the elevating influences of education. The freedom that the key of the fields has given the modern woman may have robbed her of some of her attractive dependence, but it has given her a broader sympathy for humanity, a deep comprehension of life, a nobler toleration of weakness, than she had when she lived among the lilies in her queen's garden and only heard the noises of the outside world over the high walls. The virago, the scold, and the nagger are growing beautifully less in the land, and in a remote and glorified future they will be extinct as the dodo. It is said that nagging women are responsible for more unhappy homes, wretched husbands, and nervous children than the world has any idea of, and when we get rid of the nagger, who is perceptibly diminishing before civilization, we may expect to enter upon a golden age, when the suffrage question can be amicably discussed in the home circle and the man and the woman can disagree without divorcing.

But in what might be called their unreasonable aspect, women still show signs of the ugly-duckling stage of evolution. Habits of the old time, when their master did all the leading and the directing, crop up in their conduct, especially in unguarded moments, when they forget themselves and "throw back" to the irresponsible and dominated past. It is the innate instinct of a creature accustomed to be driven which makes women block public thoroughfares and crowd in the doors of theatres. In the prehistoric ages, when their lord was an openly polygamous animal and his better half was divided up into a good many fractions, he directed her composite steps and she struggled along behind him in an obedient crowd. When he was not there to lead her, she blocked in doors and obstructed the public highways, and no one blamed her, for the wifely herd was only trained to follow. So, to-day, when we see her doing the same sort of thing, we must be tolerant and remember that the branch grows as it is bent, and it takes a great deal of environment to get the best of heredity. Even the most highly civilized natives will now and then revert to aboriginal habits.

It is the same with those instinctive duplicities, those characteristic ruses which are charged up so heavily in the woman's account. The skillful deceptions practiced by the human female in gaining her ends have long been ground of complaint, especially by those who have suffered at her hands. But who can blame her, knowing that, from the day Eve saw how mean and underhand Adam could be in trying to throw all the blame on her, she realized she must be able to fight her own way. The tendency to rule and advance and succeed by dissimulation and policy is instinctive in the woman. It is found in all classes, and reaches great perfection. The most independent, sincere, downright woman can deceive the most suspicious, alert, and wary man. When a creature is trained up to gain her ends by manoeuvre, to make her life successful by dexterous manipulation of those about her, one can hardly blame her if she grows up a past-mistress of the arts of strategy and dissimulation. It was when the man ceased to be polygamous and she realized that she was no longer to be taken *en masse* that she developed the powers of artifice and diplomacy. She saw that the supply of her was going to exceed the demand, that under the new order there was more than enough of her to go round, and that unless she was clever and sharp her life would be a failure. So the man should be tolerant and gentle toward her, remembering the time when he was polygamous and fed and clothed her by the gross, and when he was monogamous and, to get fed and clothed at all, she had to spread her snare for him and bait it with all the wiles she knew.

THE NEWSBOY.

A Story of a Native Son of the Golden West.

Charles Belden was one day selling newspapers on the corner of Sutter and Montgomery Streets, watching also for the regular customers whom he served. Not until he had given each one his paper would he go home. He saw one of his customers approaching, and ran across the street to serve him.

"Paper, sir?" said he to President Burr, of the Clay Street Savings and Loan Society.

"Yes, sonny," said he. "How is business this evening?"

"Very fair, sir," Charles replied.

"My hoy, what do you do with all the money you make?"

"I give it to my mother for her to buy my clothes with, and the rest she puts into the little iron bank she keeps for me."

"Why do you not put it in a savings bank, where it will earn money all the time you are sleeping and grow so fast that it will surprise you?"

"I am only a little boy," Charles replied. "Can I have money in the bank that can not be taken away from me?"

"Yes, my hoy, you can, and no one can touch it without your written order."

Charles went home that evening and told his mother what Mr. Burr had said to him, and she thought it a good plan, provided he had enough money for the first deposit; and when Charles told his mother that all that was required for this purpose was five dollars, she said: "You have many times that sum saved." So the iron bank was taken from its hiding-place and the savings counted, and they amounted to eighty dollars. Charles went with his mother to the bank next day and deposited the money, and he received a bank-book of record certifying that Charles Belden had eighty dollars in the Savings and Loan Society. He was a proud boy, and as they passed out of the bank, Charles looked up at his mother and said: "I will be a rich man some day, if I live and have my health."

"My son," said his mother, smiling fondly upon him, "if you are good, and honest, and rich, I shall be proud of you, but if you get wealth dishonestly, I would rather see you the poorest hoy in town."

Charles was attending a public school, and when he was promoted to the first grade, he was obliged to give up the sale of papers, as he could not leave school early enough for the afternoon trade. So he drew out some of his little store from the bank and purchased a route on the *Alta California*.

He used to be at the press-room at four o'clock in the morning to get his papers, and by six o'clock had served them. He then went home to breakfast and to his studies, of which he was very fond. In due time he graduated with honor, and then applied to Attorney Jarboe—whose friendship he had gained while selling newspapers—for advice. Mr. Jarboe, recognizing his keenness and industry, was willing to take him into his office if he wished to read law.

But there were so many young men who were willing to attend to clerical duties in a lawyer's office without pay, in return for an opportunity to study law, that Charles declined this offer, saying that he wished to earn all he could with the knowledge at his command. Mr. Jarboe then procured him a position as clerk in an insurance office, and the pay he received there and the amount which he obtained from his newspaper route caused his savings in the bank to increase very rapidly, much to Charles's satisfaction.

One day, Charles was sent to the office of James C. Flood to obtain a description of property for some insurance policies which were being written by the company that employed him. Mr. Flood recognized in this bright, business-like young man the hoy of whom he had been a regular customer for several years, and he asked him if, now that he was a clerk, he had given up his newspaper route.

"Oh, no, sir," replied Charles; "I hope to serve the *Alta* at your house for many years yet."

Mr. Flood looked at him with surprise. "I thought," he said, "that one occupation at a time was sufficient for a California boy."

"Not for me, sir," answered Charles, "for I hope some day to be a rich man, besides getting the education that I desire."

"I admire your ambition," said Mr. Flood, "and if I should give you a 'pointer' to help you, how soon would it be known on the streets?"

"Not at all from me, sir," said Charles.

"Well, I will give you one, and if you make good use of it, you can make by the deal an amount which it would take you a life-time at your present occupation to gain," said Mr. Flood. "Now listen to me. Con. Virginia is now selling for fifty dollars per share. The 'bears,' with Ralston and Sharon, are going to knock the market out of sight on Con. Virginia when they 'hear' it to thirty dollars. Now you take in all that you can carry until it touches six hundred dollars. Then sell out."

Charles, acting on this advice, saw a broker known on the street as "Jim" Keene, and asked him if he would buy Con. Virginia for him.

"Why, yes, sonny," said he; "how much do you want?"

Charles showed him his bank-book, which attested that he had thirty-two hundred dollars on deposit, the savings of twelve years, and he wished Mr. Keene to take the full amount and put it into Con. Virginia stock at thirty dollars per share.

"But, sonny," said Keene, "it's fifty dollars a share."

"Well, sir," said Charles, "I wish you to take my order and fill it when you can at thirty dollars."

Mr. Keene wrote the order in his note-book: "Take in one hundred and six shares of Con. Virginia for Charles Belden, at thirty dollars."

A few days later, Charles received a note from Mr.

Keene, stating that the stock was purchased subject to his order. Charles paid for the stock, and asked Mr. Keene if he would keep it for him and let him buy on a margin, using this stock as security.

"Oh, yes, sonny, I will do that for you, for I see that you have an old head on your shoulders, or else you are 'coppering' some one's trick. What is your order?"

"Buy for me five hundred shares for thirty-one dollars, the market price to-day," replied Charles.

The order was filled, and at the end of thirty days it had risen to ninety-eight dollars, less the thirty-one paid for it. The stock fluctuated up and down until it sold at one thousand dollars per share, but Charles sold his out at eight hundred and made a clean-up amounting to half a million of dollars. He then sought his old friend, Mr. Jarboe, and by his advice he bought business property that would bring him a good income, and the remainder he invested in outside property on Washington and Jackson Streets.

Charles now sold his newspaper route, resigned his clerkship, and went to a preparatory school at Berkeley. When prepared, he went from there to the State University, from which he was graduated the first in his class.

Charles now planned to see something of the world, and determined to travel over his own country before going abroad. He had relatives in the Western States, and he decided to visit them first. Accordingly he started for Cincinnati, where lived his mother's sister and a number of cousins. While paying a visit to his aunt at this place, one of his cousins invited him to attend an entertainment given by the young ladies of the seminary which she attended as a day scholar. The form of entertainment chosen for the occasion was dramatic. There were to be recitations and a play in three acts, followed by dancing.

One of the young ladies of the seminary, Miss Nina Pemberton, took the principal character and also gave representations of both French and Irish characters. Her talent in mimicry and her power of imitating the dialect of these characters won for her unbounded applause, and her great beauty and charming manners, added to her undeniable dramatic talent, played havoc with the heart of Charles Belden, which had never before been touched by the fire of love. He sought an introduction to Miss Pemberton, and, at the dance that concluded the evening's festivities, Charles almost monopolized the attentions of Miss Nina, although she was the acknowledged belle of the occasion.

The fame of Miss Pemberton's dramatic efforts was not confined to her social circle, but were so highly appreciated that the morning newspapers devoted great space to a description of her beauty and her talent, and predicted that if she were to adopt the stage as a profession, her triumph would be unequalled.

Charles followed up his acquaintance with Miss Nina by paying her most constant attentions. In this he was aided by his cousin Julia, who was Nina's most intimate friend. He learned that she was a most accomplished scholar, speaking French and Spanish perfectly, that her family resided in St. Louis, and that they were wealthy and influential. Charles forgot all about his travels, and remained in Cincinnati and laid earnest siege to Miss Nina's heart. In this he was successful, but when he pressed her to name an early day for their marriage, she replied that she was willing to accede to his request provided that her parents would give their consent. Upon this, Charles went to St. Louis to see her father, and stated his circumstances, education, family, etc. To this Mr. Pemberton replied that neither he nor his wife thought Nina old enough to decide so grave a question, as she was only seventeen, but that if they both continued of the same mind when she arrived at twenty years of age, they would then interpose no objection.

Nina at the same time received a letter from her mother, stating that she was willing she should remain engaged and that, if she still felt that Charles was essential to her happiness, she would consent to her marriage on her twentieth birthday. Now Nina was a true daughter of the Sunny South, and was quite as ardent in her love as Charles himself, and so she confided to him a plan she had formed by which she thought to emancipate herself from parental control and become independent and maintain herself by the exercise of her undeniably great dramatic talent. She told Charles that, unless her parents consented to her immediate marriage, she had resolved to go to New York and join A. M. Palmer's theatrical company, as, after her performance at the seminary, she had received a most flattering offer from Mr. Palmer, who had heard of her beauty and talent through one of the spectators at that entertainment.

Charles begged her to wait until he could go to St. Louis again and see her parents and try to get them to give their consent to an early marriage. He went to St. Louis, and after an interview with them, in which they learned that Nina was most determined in her resolution, they at last gave a reluctant consent to the marriage, for her parents said that they would rather see their daughter in her grave than allow her to disgrace her family by going upon the stage professionally.

Mr. and Mrs. Pemberton were both descended from aristocratic Huguenot families who had fled from France in consequence of the persecution of their sect and settled in the Mississippi Valley, and they were imbued with all the conservative ideas of their order in regard to women on the stage; and, fearing some rash act on Nina's part, her mother returned with Charles to Cincinnati and took her daughter to New York with her in order to prepare her wedding trousseau. This strategic move took all thoughts of the stage from Nina's mind, and as the marriage was announced to take place at an early date, Miss Nina was kept busily employed looking after the numberless details in connection with that happy event.

As soon as the announcement of the coming marriage was made in the newspapers, the young couple were the recipients of many social attentions, and presents and congratulations innumerable began to pour in upon them.

Among the presents received by Nina was one which seemed a most singular article to send to a prospective

bride. It was a gold dagger such as was formerly worn by the Spanish cavaliers; accompanying it was the card of Armand Choteau, a gentleman who had formerly aspired to the hand of Nina, but to whom she had given no encouragement. Yet he, with all the ardor of his Creole blood firing his jealous soul, had made a vow that if Nina would not marry him, she should not live to be the bride of another, and rumors of his threats having come to her knowledge, caused Nina great uneasiness. But her lover and her parents professed to regard them lightly and as only the silly threats of a mind half distraught with an unrequited passion.

However, preparations for the marriage went on, and one lovely day in May at high noon the ceremony was performed in Grace Cathedral by the bishop of the diocese. Radiantly beautiful looked Nina as, dressed in an elegant robe of white satin, with filmy clouds of lace for its ornamentation, she stood surrounded by her bridesmaids before the altar, with the beloved of her heart in all his manly beauty by her side. The ceremony had proceeded to that part of the ritual where the bishop asked: "Wilt thou take this man to be thy wedded husband?" when the report of a pistol rang out upon the air and caused a great commotion among the assembled people. So accurate had been the aim of the would-be assassin that the hall was afterward found embedded in the chancel rail. The bride, who had been very nervous on account of the threats made by Armand Choteau, fainted, and the ceremony was delayed until she recovered consciousness, when it was proceeded with and Charles and Nina were pronounced man and wife.

Now, although Nina's father had affected to make light of the threats of young Choteau, he had been warned by some of Choteau's friends that his mind was unhinged and that he was scarcely responsible for what he did. Acting upon this information, he had conferred with the chief of police, who had sent a number of his officers in citizens' attire to mingle with the crowd at the cathedral, with orders that if Choteau made his appearance to keep him out, or, if he gained entrance, to get him quietly out of the way.

As soon as the bridal party arrived at the residence of the bride, she retired to her room. So overwrought was she by the attempted tragedy that she was unable to partake of the wedding breakfast, to which all of the *élite* of St. Louis had been bidden.

During the confusion which reigned at the cathedral after the shooting, the police discovered young Choteau at the back of the edifice, hidden behind one of the pillars. He was taken quietly to the office of the chief of police and searched, but no weapon was found upon him, and they were obliged to let him go free. It appeared that he had gained admittance by coming early, and, unknown to the sexton, had taken a secluded position behind the pillar where he was found.

Meantime, Nina, who was as yet unaware of these proceedings, became violently agitated and to such an extent that it was deemed best for her to leave the city at once, in order to prevent serious consequences to her health. Accordingly, she, with her husband and maid, took the evening express for San Francisco, without making public announcement of their destination. The wisdom of this move was soon seen in its results upon the mind of Nina. As the distance from St. Louis increased, her spirits rose, and by the time San Francisco was reached, she had fully recovered her accustomed tone and was perfectly happy in the devoted love and attentions of her husband.

Upon reaching San Francisco, they went to the Palace Hotel and remained there to rest a few days, and then visited the Hotel del Monte and stayed there three weeks. From there they went to Santa Cruz. While there, they visited the big trees at Felton and the Cliff drive, and wandered by moonlight along the beach, listening to the soft murmur of the sea and basking in its placid waters. To Nina, with her poetic nature, this place seemed an ideal spot—a veritable paradise. And so these wedded lovers lingered long in this place, visiting the mountains and other places of interest. After a month passed here they returned to San Francisco to the Palace Hotel, there to remain until Charles's mother had finished the furnishing and decorating of a fine mansion which he had bought for her and which she intended to open with a grand reception to her son and his beautiful bride.

One day, soon after their return to the city, Charles was surprised at meeting on the street young Choteau, who told him he was with a party of friends on their way to Japan. He congratulated Charles on his marriage and seemed so sincere that he was completely disarmed. Choteau spoke of the trouble that had occurred at the wedding, and he protested his innocence in such strong terms, and appeared to sympathize with Charles so sincerely that the latter concluded that Choteau had been the victim of ungrounded suspicion, and when he asked him to convey to his bride his congratulations and best wishes and asked permission to call, Charles immediately gave his cordial assent.

Choteau told Charles that, as he should leave in a few days for Japan, he would call the next afternoon. Accordingly, the next day, as Charles and his wife were seated in their parlor, Choteau was announced. Nina, who had heard of the conversation her husband had had with the Creole, gave him a cordial reception. Choteau was a most accomplished musician, and at Nina's invitation he seated himself at the piano and improvised what he termed his farewell to Nina and her husband.

While thus engaged, Charles remembered an appointment he had made, and, looking at his watch, saw that the time had arrived. Accordingly he excused himself and went out. His wife went with him to the door to give him a farewell kiss. She turned and saw Choteau at her side, with a pistol in his hand. Before she could move or call, he fired, and the ball struck her, glancing across her forehead without penetrating the skull. Nina, although dazed by this unexpected attack, screamed loudly, and her maid, who was in an adjoining room, ran to the corridor and made the air ring with her cries for assistance. Charles

was standing at the elevator, waiting to do down. He immediately ran to his wife's help, and with the assistance of a porter, who fortunately happened to be near, seized the maniac, for such he proved to be, and took him to the office, where he was turned over to the police.

Meantime, the maid had sent for a physician, who, seeing the blood upon Nina's face, relieved her dead, as she had fallen into a swoon and lay quite still upon the floor. Dr. Whitney, who lived at the hotel, responded to the summons and dressed the wound, which he pronounced merely superficial, adding, that after it was healed it could be concealed by dressing the hair skillfully.

Young Chateau was taken to the City Hall and was there examined by a physician, who pronounced him insane, and two days after the shooting he died a raving maniac.

Charles took his bride and started for Europe, and there they have lived ever since.

A. P. STANTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1897.

A SAILORMAN'S YARNS.

Tales and Experiences from "On Many Seas"—A Brush with Chinese Pirates—Among the Icebergs—A Whole-sale Jail Delivery.

A hook that is exciting a good deal of interest is "On Many Seas: The Life and Exploits of a Yankee Sailor." It purports to be "by Frederick Benton Williams, edited by his friend, William Stone Booth," but the real name of the author is Herbert E. Hamhlen. He is a New England sailor whose experience on the sea covers a period of nearly thirty years. Of late he has been employed as an engineer by the city government of New York, and has spent much of his time in the library of the East Side settlement, where he became acquainted with the librarian, Mr. Booth. In the course of their acquaintance, the sailor told many yarns of the sea which were so interesting that, on his friend's advice, he wrote them out and submitted them to a publisher. As they now appear in hook-form, they are practically unchanged from the original draft.

The yarns cover a wide range of experiences on sea and land. To give an idea of their character we make a few extracts. The first describes a brush with Chinese pirates:

As we approached the coast, Captain Hulbert, who was an old China trader, kept a lookout aloft all day; and in the last dog-watch we used to play at single-sticks, as the practice of cutlass drill is called. You don't do it with real cutlasses, but with sticks—broom-sticks in our case; for the old man knew that there were opium-smugglers in those seas who would not throw away a good chance to do a little in the way of piracy. At dawn of the last morning at sea, the lookout quietly hailed the deck and reported a junk's sail visible above the fog, which lay in an impenetrable blanket on the surface of the ocean about as high as the mainyard. Instantly all was bustle on board. The watch was called, not with the usual racket and hullabaloo, but each man was quietly awakened with a shake and told of the junk's appearance, and they tumbled up mighty lively, too.

The old man went aloft himself and took a look, and when he came down again, he told Mr. Davis to get the two quarter-boats into the water as quietly as possible and for the mates to take charge of them, each with a thoroughly armed crew from his own watch, while he would lay the ship alongside the junk, trusting to the fog and suddenness of our appearance to surprise them into a panic. Mr. Oliver told me to get into his boat and bear her off from the ship's side as she was lowered and unhook the tackle; for it was almost a calm, and the sea was quite smooth, which enabled us to lower the boats equally well from both sides. I jumped in and did as ordered. After making fast the end of the maintop sail brace, which was thrown me from the deck, I unhooked first the after and then the forward tackle, and sat in the bow, bearing off. Pretty soon down came a small box, fast to a line. This was the boat's compass, for, being foggy, we would be obliged to steer by compass; and, anyway, a boat is never allowed to leave a well-regulated ship, no matter how fine the weather or how short the trip, without bread, water, and compass; for at sea you never know what contingencies may arise, nor how suddenly. Next down came a bunch of cutlasses, ground and oil-stoned to a razor edge; then the crew, six of them, and the second mate, each with two Colt's revolvers strapped about him. They took their places quietly, and each proceeded to muffle his oar with something he had brought along for the purpose; for we had rehearsed this act also, and each man knew just what to do and how to do it. Then we waited.

By and by the captain stuck his head over the rail and asked, "Are you ready?" "Yes, sir," said Mr. Oliver. "Very well; steer northeast by east, half east, and you'll come up under her weather quarter. Keep out of sight until you bear Mr. Davis's revolver, and then board with a rush, but on the dead quiet; for he will be on the lee bow and his firing will naturally attract their attention that way, and give you a chance to get aboard and get control of the helm, and so assist me in bringing the two vessels alongside each other. Now go."

"Ay, ay, sir," said I, pulling the boat up to the chains and get out," said he. "All right, sir," said I, but instead I let go the end of the brace and she dropped rapidly astern. Mr. Oliver glared at me, muttered something between his teeth, and he gave me one of the big six-shooters and told me that I was in the tightest box that I had ever been in yet, and that I could thank my stars if ever I got back to the old *Tanjore* alive.

I began to think that after all perhaps I hadn't done such an awfully smart trick in letting go the end of that topsail brace; but there was no more time to talk, and not much to think, for just then the junk loomed up in the fog, apparently as big as a mountain, and we were heading just exactly as we wanted to—right for the lowest part of her waist.

We stopped rowing immediately, for the boat had way enough on her to gain a little on the junk in the light wind that was blowing. The men had fairly raised their oars clear of the water when, crack! we heard the faint report of the mate's revolver, followed by three hearty cheers and the sound of oars in the rowlocks, as Mr. Davis led the attack on the lee bow. Without waiting for an order, Old Ned, who pulled stroke-oar in our boat, dipped his oar noiselessly in the water, followed by the others, and three or four stout strokes sent her alongside. I jumped to the bow to fend off, and as she glided smoothly alongside I grabbed the painter and, standing upon the gunwale, I could just reach what you might call the junk's rail, and grasping it with both hands was about to spring on board, when I looked into the eyes of a big, swarthy, ferocious-looking Malay who, with uplifted creese, was in the very act of parting my hair for good. I am not sure, but I think I yelled; anyway Mr. Oliver saw what was going on.

The men had just shipped their oars and were preparing to board, when, as I mechanically dodged my head below the rail, in mortal terror, Mr. Oliver, with a lucky shot, drilled a hole clean through the head of my Malay, who dropped in a heap as dead as Pharoah; but the force with which he swung his creese brought it down on my left band, with which I still clasped the rail, cutting off my forefinger and the end of my thumb and nearly taking my middle finger off, too. I dropped back into the boat, and Johnson, a German ordinary seaman, took the painter from me and with the rest boarded her.

You are to understand that all this time pandemonium reigned on the junk's lee bow, where Mr. Davis had met with a hot reception; for his shot and the cheer of his crew having warned the Chinamen of his approach, they were there to receive him; but as his crew were armed with six-shooters, "John" soon found it advisable to keep his head below the rail, and contented himself with throwing, or rather pitching,

such heavy articles as he could lay hands on into the boat, evidently in hopes of sinking her, which came near happening; for a heavy pole-axe, which was hurled from behind the junk's rail, came flying through the air, and the spike or pole went through the bottom of the boat, making a hole which kept the crew working hard to keep her afloat.

In the meantime, our boat's crew had hoarded without any further resistance than that afforded by the Malay who chopped my fingers off. Old Ned went to the tiller, chasing overboard the Chinaman who had charge of it and, as he said, giving him a couple of leaden pellets by way of ballast as he went. The other five, led by Mr. Oliver, charged, yelling, on the rear of the fellows who were trying to sink Mr. Davis's boat from behind their own bulwarks. The boys pumped about half a pound of lead apiece, out of their revolvers, into the crowd as they came forward on the run, and, drawing their cutlasses, they went for them. This diversion gave Mr. Davis a chance to get round on the weather bow and board. At almost the same instant the *Tanjore* ranged alongside, Captain Hulbert and the few men he had kept to handle the ship yelling and firing revolvers. The poor Chinamen, seeing themselves apparently surrounded, and thinking probably that we were an English man-of-war, and having already lost eight killed, as the count afterward showed, broke and fled, some below and some overboard, and of those who went overboard I saw several deliberately throw up their hands and go down, while some who tried to keep afloat became targets for our fellows to practice on with their revolvers, until not a pigtail was left afloat. And those who took refuge below were brought up one at a time, and ironed and sent aboard the *Tanjore*—eleven as villainous-looking heathens as ever cut a throat.

We tied them up about the decks, and on arriving in Hong Kong the next day, handed them over to the British man-of-war *Bellerophon*. They had a fearful trial, at which our captain and officers swore to I know not what; and the day following, at eight o'clock in the morning, as the "blood and innards" of old England went to the *Bellerophon's* peak, eleven Chinese smugglers, and more than half-suspected pirates, took a short flight heavenward, each at the end of a special gant-line which the boatswain had rove to the fore and maintop sail and top-gallant yard-arms.

He told Mr. Davis afterward he was sorry we had broken the set, for, having only eleven, he was one short for his foretopgallant yard.

Of the workings of a gang of elephants in an Indian lumber-yard the author gives this interesting account:

Once we got as far west as Mouline, in India, and here I saw trained elephants doing laborers' work. They were employed in piling heavy timber. Four elephants, and another who acts as foreman, comprise a gang. The foreman marches with a quick, lively, swinging gait at the head of his gang to the timber to be moved; they then all face round and, placing their trunks under it, raise it about a foot from the ground and march off with it. As they go, the timber swings in time with their step, as if it hung in the bights of four big cables, and, in piling it, they first lay small logs crossways, so that their trunks may not be jammed when they lay the timber down and also so that at any future time they can reach under it and pick it up. As they always take this precaution, they can handle it without any trouble, and in order to pile it high up, they make their piles in the shape of steps; and it is indeed a strange sight to see these huge beasts walk up these timber stairs, like soldiers, carrying their heavy burden to a height of perhaps twenty-five or thirty feet, when, having arrived at the top, they lay it carefully and accurately down, building their pile quite true and plumb; then, each turning in his own length, they march down again all together. The foreman carries a short piece of chain, with which he does not hesitate to correct any member of his gang who shirks or does anything contrary to the rules.

There was a steam saw-mill where we were, and it was amusing to see them when the whistle blew for twelve o'clock. If they had a timber in their trunks, they wouldn't dare to drop it, for if they did they couldn't pick it up again, as it would lie flat on the ground; so they would start on a clumsy-looking but mighty swift run for the nearest pile, and dropping it wherever there were cross-pieces to lay it on, gallop away to dinner; nor would they come out either in the morning or afternoon until the whistle blew.

An ingenious device of the whaling captain to secure additional raw hands for his cruise is described as follows:

When a whaler is fitted out from home, she takes her officers, boat-swain, and a few foremost hands and steers for the Western Islands. (Azores.) Arrived there, a boat is lowered and a box of new boots put in it. The crew pull ashore into some convenient little bay surrounded by woods, and, landing, they open the box of boots and stand them all along in a row. Then one man begins at one end of the row and pulls all the boots on and off again, one after the other. They then hoard their boat and pull off around the point out of sight, and the natives, who have been watching them from the woods, come down and try the boots on. When the officer in charge of the boat thinks they have had time enough to be fitted, he comes back, and the poor "Gees, being unable to run with the boots on, are easily captured and carried off whaling. I know this to be a fact; for the whalers told me of it themselves.

While making the passage round Cape Horn, our author had an exciting experience with icebergs, which he thus describes:

An excited chorus came from forward: "Ice! Ice! Ice on the starboard bow! Ice on the port bow!"

At the very first alarm, Mr. Oliver yelled "Ice!" down the after-companion as loud as he could. This brought up the captain and all the after guards. He then hurried forward to see what could be done to avoid collision; for, as ice had been reported on both bows, and yet nobody had reported ice dead ahead, I suppose he thought he might find a way through the difficulty, if he got where he could see. Well, it was not a very encouraging prospect. Away on the starboard bow there seemed to be a huge floe, or ice island, reaching far out of sight to the southward, its northern extremity ending in an immense bluff, standing up apparently three hundred feet out of the water and almost directly in our path, while on our port bow a great berg, nearly half as high as Staten Island and many feet higher than the other, made it absolutely necessary for us to go between them; for, with the gale which was blowing and the mountainous seas which were running, and considering the rate at which the old rig was flying before it, any attempt to haul her up to weather the berg when first seen would have almost certainly resulted in foundering, and every second of time since had made it more sure, so that, as I have said, it was absolutely necessary for us to pass between them *if we could*, for it having stopped snowing and being broad daylight, we could see with dismay that the apparently ample space which we had at first noted between them was fast narrowing, showing that the berg was closing in on the floe; so that it was merely a question of time whether there would be room for us to pass when we got there; if not, the old *Tanjore* and I would end our rambles there together.

The old man had jumped out in response to Mr. Oliver's call and ordered the watch called at once, so that now all hands were on deck, even including the cook and steward and the latter's wife, who was stewardess. Mr. Davis went forward and kept the captain posted as to the situation, while Mr. Oliver stood near the cross-jack, jack-pin ready, to execute any orders the captain had to give. The men were about equally divided at the braces, so that in case of a hurried order there would be somebody to begin pulling at once. When Mr. Davis reported that the passage between the ice was closing up, the old man gave orders to loose the foresail. Half a dozen men sprang aloft and threw off the gaskets. Both sheets were taken to the main capstan, and I don't believe a foresail was ever set under more trying circumstances. The old man now called to his wife to come on deck, and I knew then that he thought our chances were slim. I saw her when she first stepped out of the companion-way; she looked up in his face and asked him something, to which he merely nodded in reply, and, old sailor as she was, I could see from where I stood, under the weather bulwarks, that her face became pale as death. The captain led her to the lee side of the mizzenmast, passed the bight of a spanker rail about her, inclined his head suspiciously to hers for an instant, and then, remembering himself, strode back to the weather-deck, and was once more the alert commander.

"Starboard! Steady!" came from Mr. Davis on the forecastle, repeated by the captain to the men at the wheel, and now we were into it. The ice mountains towered up on each side of us, almost, it seemed, out of sight.

"Port!" came the word from forward, and before she could answer to her helm the mainyard scraped against the side of the berg, and for

an instant it seemed as if all the top hamper would be down about our ears. But as she felt her helm she sheered off and cleared herself, only to give another but lighter rub on the other side before the helmsman could meet her, so narrow had the channel already become. The foresail gave an ominous flap, showing that we had got under the lee of the ice and were becoming becalmed and not yet through the rapidly narrowing channel, which was shutting in on us like a mammoth vise. Once more came the word from forward.

"Starboard! Steady!" and with the little way remaining on her the old ship glided into open water, and, looking back, we saw, not five minutes after clearing the berg, the most grand and awful sight it has ever been my fortune to witness. Drawn irresistibly together by the same force of attraction that causes ships to approach each other in a calm, these two great ice islands collided, not with a rapid onrush, to be sure, but with a slow, dignified, hardly perceptible motion that was the very ideal of majestic power. Being now becalmed under their lee, we were unable to get out of the way, and, as the great ice monsters began to grind and tear each other, our position was not much more enviable than it had been; for in the general destruction taking place so close to us, we were liable to come to grief yet.

As they came in contact, the smaller but higher berg seemed to rise several feet out of water and, slowly rolling itself backwards, it gave a forward lurch as if to annihilate its opponent with one grand rush. In vain; the larger island was too solid and too extensive to be affected in any way; but the smaller, amid the thundering crash of collision, must have broken off a considerable portion of itself under water; for, on recovering from the shock of the first onset, it took a heavy roll to the westward, and we began to fear that on the return roll it would crush us out of existence, or at least dismast us; but it never rolled back, it went clean over, "turned turtle" completely, and as that part which had been submerged came to the surface, it rose right alongside, barely missing us, and although I dare say that to any one at a distance of a couple of miles it would have presented the appearance of a slow and stately somersault, to us, within a few feet of it, it seemed as if that huge mass swept up out of the depths of the sea with meteoric swiftness. It raised with it tons and tons of salt water, which came down on us, drenching every living thing on board, and filling our deck to the monkey rails.

A pathetic incident of the sailor's life is narrated in the following extract:

Among our new crew was an old man not less than sixty years of age, who was sick with the same disease that I had. Of course he was unable to work and had to report himself sick at once. When the mate found out what was the matter with him, he jawed him and asked him if he thought this was a hospital-ship. The poor old man said he wanted to go home; he was afraid he would die if he stayed out in India any longer.

The mate said he had no business to saddle himself onto a ship's crew, when he knew he was unable to do duty.

"Excuse me, sir," said the old man, "but perhaps I won't be in the way so very long"; and the next afternoon he was seen to climb painfully upon the forecastle and drop quietly off the cathead. A man who was at work on the foretop-sail-yard sang out "Man overboard!" The red-headed Scotch captain went to the lee rail, looked at the man floating by, and without a word resumed his walk on the weather side of the poop.

The roll was called, and the name to which nobody answered was presumed to be his. His chest was brought aft, and the mate auctioned off the few poor things that he had. I myself bought the empty chest; and *finis* was written across the last page of the log-book of a British seaman.

One of Mr. Hamhlen's experiences was in the Chilean navy, which he thus describes:

I was sent at once on board the flagship *Esmeralda*, an old wooden corvette, which for all I know may be hanging on to the ring of her anchor in Valparaiso yet; for during all my time in the navy she never had it off the bottom, and I don't know how long she had been there before I saw her. Arrived on board, I found the crew a queer medley. There was a large sprinkling of natives, who knew as much about seamanship as a goat knows about cutlass drill. Nevertheless, they swagged about, and when half or wholly full of *aguardiente*, remarked in dramatic tones and with a blow on the breast, "Soy marinero, carrajo!" ("I am a sailor, d— you!") and turned up their noses in supreme contempt at the Gringos, who were the only real sailors aboard.

We had representatives of nearly all the maritime nations of Europe in our crew; for it was a lazy life, with plenty of good fresh grub and, for several days after pay-day, plenty to drink. The officers were natives, and shared with the native element of the crew the national contempt for Gringos.

We had very little active duty, except to keep the ship clean, and pull the boat to and from shore, and wait for pay-day, which arrived somewhere about once a month, but with no regularity whatever. Sometimes, when it was delayed longer than usual, a committee of the "ladies" from Main Top Hill would surround the naval officers ashore and make a "demonstration." Whether their interest in our behalf—and their own—had any effect or not, I can not say; but certain it is that it would be invariably followed at no great distance of time by a visit from the paymaster. Probably he was about ready to come, anyway; but be that as it may, they certainly took great credit to themselves for burying him up, and they knew, too, when we were to be paid before we did. The first notice we would get of the proximity of that very important event would be the approach of a whole fleet of shore boats, "bumboats," loaded with fruit, tobacco pipes, and all sorts of contrivances for smuggling *anaisado* and *aguardiente*; visitors' boats containing Jack's wives and sweethearts, who remember him on this day of all days, even though they had been flirting with the soldiers and vigilantes during the entire month past. There was great rivalry to see who should be first alongside and send up for the dear boy to come down in the boat of his own Dolores or Juanita, and if her unlucky star was in the ascendant to such an extent that she found him already appropriated by some other charmer, why, what harm? The world is wide, and there's room for all. It was only necessary to nod and smile to the first blue-capped head that appeared above the rail; for, with all Jack's faults, he never slighted the ladies. And, oh, my! what a drunken crew that would be before night.

One of his extraordinary experiences while in the Chilean navy was a wholesale jail delivery, which is described in the following passage:

The Valparaiso calaboose, a wooden structure, stood quite near to the edge of the cliff which surrounds the rear of the city, the city itself being built between this cliff and the beach. Probably the cliff at this place was a hundred feet or more in height. All hands, with the exception of the boatswain's mate and his committee, gathered silently in the quiet streets at the foot of the cliff, while the others went up above, passed an end of each coil of ratline around the jail, and made it fast. Then came the deep voice of the boatswain's mate, "Guarda abajo!" ("Look out below!") and the answer from below, "Larga!" and down tumbled the two coils among us. We stretched the two ends down two parallel streets, and, dividing ourselves as nearly as possible into two equal gangs, manned them both.

We took a strain on them, and then came a voice from above: "Estan listos abajo?" and the answer, "Todos listos." Then the pipe rang out merrily from the cliff, "Walk away," and we walked away. At the same instant the full moon broke through a cloud, as if to shed light on our dark deed, and, looking back, we could see the two parts of the rope, stretched like harpstrings through the air and the silhouette of the big boatswain's mate on the edge of the cliff, with his pipe to his lips, giving us the music. There were nearly two hundred sturdy Jacks on each end of the line, and something would have to come pretty soon.

Finally all bands, with one accord, shouted out, "Ahora, ahora, de la guasca, carrajo," and, stamping along, the jail could be seen to rise slowly off the ground on the far side, bilge, and as there was no bottom or floor of any kind, the imprisoned inmates were all out of doors. I don't believe there was ever such another jail delivery before or since.

The pipe sang out "belay." We tied our ropes to convenient trees, and, sending up a shout of victory, went up to welcome the martyrs back to their homes and firesides. Oh! there was fun in Valparaiso in those days.

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AN ADVENTURE IN A CAB.

Being the Midnight Experience of a Dutiful Parisian Husband.

I will wager my chances for the throne of France against a box of cigars that there never was a marquis so diffident, so timid, so irresponsible, as the Marquis Suétone Amentor de Longuerne. My hero possesses a heroine, that is to say, a legitimate heroine, a twenty-four-year-old heroine, as beautiful as you might wish and as unmusical as you can imagine. From the rising of the sun till the last flicker of the night-lamp, she was constantly at the piano. She strummed with such untiring zeal that it was impossible to keep servants in the house. There were times when the marquis, surfeited with Schumann, tortured by Mendelssohn, and dead weary of Saint-Saëns, even envied the good fortune of his servants, who could escape the instrument of torture.

"Will the marquis please settle my account?"

"Are you going to leave us?"

"Yes, sir, on account of—"

"The piano? I know—you have had enough of it."

"If it were only enough, I could stand it, but it's too much; it is driving me crazy."

"I understand."

"You are not angry, then?"

"The deuce, no! But how can I replace you?"

"I know a man who would suit the place—he is quite deaf."

"Lucky dog!"

Even the neighbors were driven to rebellion. Petitions and threatening letters poured in daily, until at last the poor marquis determined to move to some isolated quarter near the barracks, where the cornetists and drummers were sent to practice scales.

It is scarcely to be credited, but the marquis deeply deplored the absence of a better rival in his wife's affection than the piano. He hated it with a deadly hatred, and it is not surprising that he seized the opportunity to escape when the misguided *virtuosa* said to him:

"Can I count upon your escort Monday evening, dear? I have promised to play a fantasia from 'Henry VIII.' at Mme. la Maréchale's. Are you fond of 'Henry VIII.'?"

"Yes—since I've learned to feel for him."

The intended sarcasm passed unnoticed, as his wife thought he alluded to the hold harmonies of the modern school.

The marchioness, however, was obliged to go unattended to Mme. la Maréchale's. Monday evening, at ten o'clock, she dropped her husband at his club, and, extending the soft little hand that was so soon to torture poor "Henry VIII.," she said to him:

"Will you call for me? I play at half-past eleven. No applause would give me so much pleasure as yours."

The marquis bent his head over the extended hand, and disappeared without a word.

He played at the club and lost, so heavily, in fact, that he soon found himself wishing he had gone to the reception, thinking that even "Henry VIII." would be preferable to this. From "Henry VIII." to thinking of his wife was but a short step, and he determined to go after her. For you will remember that Elizabeth Alida Marcelline de Longuerne, away from a piano, was a very charming little woman.

Hardly conscious of what he was doing, the marquis allowed himself to be driven to the house of Mme. la Maréchale. Not caring to enter at once, he remained outside, listening to the hideous fantasia being performed by his wife. "It is half-past eleven," he thought to himself. "It is she playing—those discords are unmistakable. Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard are at last avenged. Henry the Eighth, go thou to thine execution!"

The noise of a passing cab momentarily drowned the sound of the piano, and the marquis forgot his wife's musical shortcomings in mental contemplation of her shoulder, her arms, her eyes, her luxuriant hair, and her other perfections. This vision appealed to his æsthetic side. He felt that he had been too exacting in the face of so many alluring charms.

"By Apollo! if a piece of ill luck should come my way, I'd get no more than I richly deserve. What if her heart is wrapped up in those little black hieroglyphics with the long necks! She loves me with a constancy that is really touching. I can put up with a little music; at any rate, I shall not care the less for her on account of it. Poor woman, how abominably she plays! But they applaud her. And I—I have played the coward. I will wait outside here for her, if it takes an hour, to make up for it."

But his ardor was doomed to be dampened by a fine, cold rain that now began to fall. Suétone Amentor grew impatient and was conscious that he was getting tired. He had waited a full half-hour. Just then he noticed a coupé come out of the court-yard and draw up near the kerb behind a line of carriages. "This rain will not last long," he said to himself; "in all probability, the last guest to arrive will be the last to go. I shall wait in her coupé and rest."

Taking advantage of the absence of the coachman, who had sought shelter in a neighboring doorway, he entered the coupé. It was a *bijou* little conveyance, upholstered in blue silk and exhaling an aroma of youth and elegance. The marquis settled back in the corner, which was still warm, and availed himself of a wrap that had been left behind, and in that blissful state of comfort he soon fell asleep. How long he slumbered I can not say, but he suddenly awoke as the coupé drew up in Mme. la Maréchale's court-yard.

The door was thrown open and a young woman of extraordinary beauty approached. When she saw that the coupé was not empty, she suppressed an exclamation, and, hastily divesting herself of her wrap, threw it in upon the astonished occupant.

"Are you mad, to throw off your cloak here in the court!" exclaimed the young man, who had escorted her to the carriage. "The air is freezing."

"I am suffocating," she replied; and, stepping hastily into the coupé, she closed the door with a bang.

"If you care to drop in at mother's, I will go with you."

"No, no; I have changed my mind. I am tired. Good-night. I am going directly home."

The coupé rolled rapidly away. The marquis did not stir. Not a word was spoken until they reached a dark street, when the lady withdrew her mantle.

"Gaston!" she exclaimed, "what recklessness! You might have been my ruin!"

As the marquis was about to reply, she laid a little hand on his lips.

"No—not a word. I know what foolish excuses you will make. I will not, I dare not listen. My mind is made up. He is breaking my heart, but what is the difference? First take back this ring. I have no right to keep it."

The marquis was conscious that a ring was being slipped on his finger.

"And now kiss me, sweetheart—you deserve that much for your silence and devotion."

The marquis spent five ecstatic minutes, which, however, neither you nor I need dwell upon.

"And now leave me. In another moment I shall be home. Make haste—make haste!"

She let down the right-hand window and addressed a few words to the coachman, to divert his attention from the supposed Gaston, who alighted on the other side and disappeared, filled with regrets that he had not been able to follow up to the end this unexpected and delightful adventure.

The coupé drove off straight ahead, and was soon lost in the darkness.

A clock was striking two as our hero reached home. The marchioness was just alighting at the door. The marquis passed her without seeing her.

"Why, my dear, have you been asleep in the vestibule? You must help me upstairs whether you want to or not. They improvised a cotillion, and I'm simply exhausted."

As he offered her his arm, she noticed the ring he had forgotten to remove from his finger.

"What a beautiful ring!" she cried. "Is it for me? I'm sure it was meant for a surprise."

The confusion of the marquis was only equaled by his wife's delight.

"Yes, it is a—surprise. I shall tell you about it in the morning."

For the next three days the young wife was in the most affable of moods in expectation of the diamond. She didn't open the piano once.

While the jeweler was making a fac-simile of the ring, the marquis endeavored to find his charming unknown.

"I'm a thief," he said to himself. "I'm a thief, and here's the ring to prove it. What will Gaston—the real Gaston—say to her? Poor thing, what a beautiful trinket she lost. Poor fellow, what kisses he lost. The recollection of them makes my head swim."

This little adventure cost my friend just eight thousand francs, and to help him out of his embarrassment, I am sending the following notice to the newspapers:

LOST, Monday, 8th, in a coupé with blue livery, a diamond ring worth eight thousand francs. A liberal reward offered to the owner.

—Translated for the Argonaut by Grace Thorne.

In order to understand the extraordinary attitude of the European powers in connection with the conflict between Greece and Turkey, it must be remembered that whereas most of the enormous national debt of the Ottoman Empire is in the hands of French, English, and Austrian bondholders, well-nigh the entire state liabilities of Greece are held by German investors. Inasmuch as a war between Turkey and Greece would tend still further to embarrass the finances of these two heavily indebted countries, and thus compromise the interests of their foreign bondholders, the great powers have decided that under no circumstances would they permit any conflict to take place.

In Kansas a law has been proposed which meets with favor and which promises to employ convicts without displeasing the representatives of organized labor. This law would divide the convicts into three classes, one of which would be employed in digging irrigating ditches, another in road-building, and another in raising farm products for the State institutions—the most vicious alone to be kept at the State Prison, where they would be engaged in breaking rock to be used in building State macadamized roads.

The unspeakable Turk has a curious method of dealing with drunkards. The punishment for the first, second, and third offenses is the bastinado in varying doses. After that stage is reached, however, the offender becomes a privileged character, as it were, and is entitled to be tenderly helped home by a policeman when he is found in an over-stimulated condition. The rush to get through the preparatory schools to the honor grade can be imagined.

The number of horses consumed in France each year is now about 120,000, and of this number 24,000 are sent to Paris. In 1863 only 2,500 horses made their final appearance in the guise of beef. Of the 120,000 now consumed it is, of course, impossible to say how many are eaten in ignorance of the fact that they have probably once been between the shafts.

Liliuokalani objects to being called "Mrs. Dominis." As a name, it is fully as ugly as the "Mrs. Wetta," which certain radicals claim is all the title to which Victoria has any right. Sorrow was added to the last days of Marie Antoinette that she was referred to only as "the Widow Capet."

Morocco's Sultan has engaged an Aberdeen man to play the bagpipes at his court.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Prize-Fight.

Hammer and tongs! What have we here?

Let us approach, but not too near.
Two men standing breast to breast,
Head erect and arched chest;
Shoulders square and bands hard clenched,
And both their faces a trifle blenched.
Their lips are set in a smile so grim,
And sturdily set each muscular limb.
Round them circles a ring of rope,
Over them bangs the heavens' blue cope.
Why do they glare at each other so?
What! you really then don't know?
This is a prize-fight, gentle sir!
This is what makes the papers stir.
Talk of your ocean telegraph!
'Tisn't so great an event by half,
As when two young men, lusty and tall,
With nothing between them of bate or wrongs,
Come together to batter and maul,
Come to fight till one shall fall—
Hammer and tongs!

Round about is a bestial crowd,
Heavily jawed and beetle-browed;
Concave faces, trampled in
As if with the iron hoof of sin:
Blasphemies dripping from off their lips,
Pistols bulging behind their hips;
Hands accustomed to deal the cards
Or strike with the cowardly knuckle-guards.
Who are these ruffianly fellows, you say,
That bat the breath of this autumn day?
These are "the Fancy," gentle sir.
The Fancy? What are they to her?
Oh, 'tis their fancy to look at a fight,
To see men struggle, and gouge, and bite.
Bloody noses and bunged-up eyes—
These are the things the Fancy prize.
And so they get men, lusty and tall,
With nothing between them of hate or wrongs,
To come together to batter and maul,
To come and fight till one shall fall—
Hammer and tongs!

Grandly the autumn forests shine,
Red as the gold in an Indian mine!
A dreamy mist, a vapory smoke,
Hangs round the patches of evergreen oak.
Over the broad lake shines the sun—
The lake that Perry battled upon—
Striking the upland fields of maze
That glow through the soft October baze.
Nature is tracing with languid hand
Lessons of peace over lake and land.
Aye! yet this is the tranquil spot
Chosen by bully, assassin, and sot
To pit two young men, lusty and tall,
With nothing between them of bate or wrongs,
One with the other, to batter and maul,
To tussle and fight till one shall fall—
Hammer and tongs!

Their faces are rich with a healthy hue,
Their eyes are clear, and bright, and blue;
Every muscle is clean and fine,
And their blood is pure as the purest wine.
It is a pleasure their limbs to scan—
Splendid types of the animal man,
Splendid types of that human grace.
The noblest that God has willed to trace,
Brought to this by science and art;
Trained, and nourished, and kept apart;
Cunningly fed on the wholesomest food,
Carefully watched in every mood;
Brought to this state, so noble and proud,
To savagely tussle before a crowd—
To dim the light of the eyes so clear,
To maul the face to a bloody smear,
To maim, deface, and kill, if they can,
The glory of all creation—Man!
This the task of those, lusty and tall,
With nothing between them of bate or wrongs—
To bruise and wrestle, and batter and maul,
And fight till one or the other shall fall—
Hammer and tongs!

With feet firm planted upon the sand,
Face to face at "the scratch" they stand.
Feinting first—a blow—a guard!
Then some biting, heavy and hard.
The round fist falls with a horrible thud;
Wherever it falls comes a spout of blood!
Blow after blow, fall after fall,
For twenty minutes they tussle and maul.
The lips of the one are a gory gash,
The other's are knocked to eternal smash!
The bold, bright eyes are bloody and dim,
And, staggering, shivers each stalwart limb.
Faces glowing with stupid wrath,
Hard breaths breathed through a bloody froth;
Blind and faint, they rain their blows
On cheeks like jelly and shapeless nose;
While the concave faces around the rope
Darken with panic or light with hope.
Till one fierce brute, with a terrible blow,
Lays the other poor animal low.
Are these the forms so noble and proud
That, king-like, towered above the crowd?
Where are the faces so healthy and fresh?
There! those illegible masses of flesh!
Thus we see men lusty and tall,
Who, with nothing between them of bate or wrongs,
Will bruise and batter, and tussle and maul,
And fight till one or the other shall fall—
Hammer and tongs!

Trainers, backers, and bettors all—
Who teach young men to tussle and maul,
And spend their muscle, and blood, and life,
Given for good, in a leathome strife—
I know what the Devil will do for you,
You pistoling, bullying, cowardly crew!
Hell light up his furnaces red and blue,
And treat you all to a roast and stew;
Oh, be'll do you up, and he'll do you brown,
On pitchforks cleft into mighty prongs,
While chuckling fiends your agonies crown
By stirring you up and keeping you down
With hammer and tongs!—Fitz-James O'Brien.

The clever forgery of notes of the Bank of England has created a sensation from the fact that the bank's own paper, with the proper water-mark, was reproduced. This had never before been done. The forged notes were absolutely perfect, excepting that the secret cipher marks were lacking. About ten thousand pounds of the forged notes have turned up so far. The police have been unable to trace the counterfeiters.

HUTTON'S DEATH-MASKS.

The Growsome Collection the Literary Man has Given to Princeton University—How he Came to Take Up the Fad—Stories of Some Famous Masks.

The announcement, a few days ago, that Laurence Hutton, the well-known literary man, had given his famous collection of death-masks to Princeton University came as a decided surprise to his friends. We have all known that Hutton was a sincere friend of Princeton and that he had often lectured there, and, as he has laughingly remarked, the honor the university conferred upon him in making him a master of arts makes him feel like a Princeton man and gives him the right to wear the well-known Princeton colors and yell the Princeton yell. But his collection of death-masks was the apple of his eye, and nobody supposed that he would part with it under any circumstances until his death. It has hitherto been kept in his study on the second floor of his residence in West Thirty-Fourth Street, and has proved of rare interest to the friends who have been privileged to inspect them. But Mr. Hutton has found that it takes up too much room in his house, and so, not long ago, he submitted to the Princeton authorities a proposition to give them the collection if they would provide a suitable room for it in the new library. His proposition was immediately accepted, and the collection will go to the university as soon as the room is ready for its reception.

The gathering of this collection has been Mr. Hutton's recreation and pleasure during nearly forty years. Though it cost him in actual money not much more than three hundred dollars, it is said that he could at any time sell it to the Royal Society of London for thirty thousand dollars. The first half-dozen specimens in the collection were fished out of a dust-bin in an old house near Tompkins Square. Mr. Hutton was in a bookshop one day, when a lad came in, and, producing a death-mask for the proprietor's inspection, offered to dispose of it for half a dollar. Mr. Hutton recognized it as a mask of Benjamin Franklin, and was about to buy it, but the shop-keeper got ahead of him. From the boy, however, he learned that the mask had been found in a dust-bin in an old house near Tompkins Square, and that there were a few others still there. Hastening to the house, Mr. Hutton soon became the possessor of them. Whom they had belonged to he could not discover, but they were unmistakably death-masks of Franklin, Scott, Wordsworth, and Cromwell, and casts from the skulls of Robert Bruce and Burns. They had evidently been part of a collection brought to this country by a well-known phrenologist half a century ago.

From this nucleus Mr. Hutton built up his collection. He has come across his treasures in the most out-of-the-way places, and with the acquiring of each one an interesting story is connected. It would take a volume to hold the anecdotes that Mr. Hutton tells of them, and his wife can tell tales of them, too. One she tells is of an experience she had with Mr. Hutton several years ago in Rome. They were to dine one night at the house of the American consul, and as it was in the early spring they drove thither in an open carriage from their hotel. Suddenly Mr. Hutton's attention was attracted by something in a shop window.

"There's Cavour!" he exclaimed, starting up in his seat. "Where?" asked Mrs. Hutton, not understanding what her husband was talking about. "I don't see him."

But Mr. Hutton was already out of his carriage and quickly disappeared into the shop. In a few moments he re-appeared, carrying a huge package, and in response to Mrs. Hutton's inquiries as to what on earth he had there, he triumphantly explained that he had "Cavour, Pope Pius the Ninth, and Dante, my dear." This extraordinary jumble of historical personages revealed to Mrs. Hutton the character of her husband's purchase. She wondered that he could not have waited until the next day to buy the masks and so avoid carrying an unsightly bundle to the house where he was to dine. But, with the enthusiasm of the true collector, Mr. Hutton explained that the shop might have burned down over night.

There are between sixty and seventy masks in the collection, and they range from those of Dante and Tasso, of the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries, to that of Lawrence Barrett. Of Shakespeare there are two, one taken from the hust at the church at Stratford—it was taken surreptitiously at night by a young plasterer, for the authorities will on no account allow the original to be touched—and the Kesselstadt mask, which was carried to Germany by a member of the embassy to Elizabeth's court, and has since been handed down for many years in the family. It bears on its back the name "William Shakespeare," and the date "1616." There are many other theatrical people represented, including David Garrick, Edmund Kean, Dion Boucicault, Lawrence Barrett, and Malibran, the singer. This last is one of the only two feminine heads in the collection. "A pair of queens," Mr. Hutton calls them—"a queen of Prussia and a queen of song." The Queen of Prussia is Louise, the mother of the first Emperor William of Germany. The cast shows her to be a far more beautiful woman than Malibran, whose features are of a slightly African type, her father, Garcia, having been of Spanish-Moorish descent.

The cast of Schiller, which was taken by Klauer, recalls the curious story of his body's wandering before it found its final resting-place. He died, it will be remembered, in abject poverty, and his body was buried in a public vault. Twenty-one years later the vault was opened, and from the twenty-three skeletons it contained, one skull was selected as his because it "differed enormously from all the rest in size and shape." This skull compared so perfectly with the Klauer mask that it was accepted as Schiller's, and was accordingly deposited in the pedestal of the colossal hust in the grand ducal library in Weimar. Later the bones were fitted to it and were given a resting-place in the library, and finally, in 1827, the head and trunk were reunited and were given proper and, it is to be hoped, permanent sepulture.

Three prominent actors in the French Revolution are represented—Mirabeau, Robespierre, and Marat. The face of Mirabeau wears a most self-satisfied smirk, and plainly reveals the marks of small-pox. It recalls his words, that "pure physical beauty in man could only exist in a face which was pitted with small-pox." The flattened nose of Thackeray's mask recalls a *mot* of another kind—Douglas Jerrold's, when he was informed that Thackeray was to stand godfather to a friend's child. "Lord, Thackeray!" he exclaimed, "I hope you won't present the child with your own mug."

Richard Brinsley Sheridan's mask is one of the most growsome of them all, and gives denial to the boast, made shortly before his death, that his eye "would look up as brightly at the coffin lid as ever." It shows him wasted, worn, and wracked by pain. The sheriff's officers were after him when he died, and it was all his friends could do to keep them from carrying off the corpse to a sponging-house. His country gave him, as it has in reward to so many other great men, "Westminster and a funeral."

Of a different kind is the cast of Dr. Johnson, which shows the full head and bust. The great tea-drinker looks less like a maker of dictionaries than a prize-fighter. There is, by the way, an exponent of the manly art represented in the collection. He is Ben Caunt, for several years champion of England. He made an exhibition tour of this country in 1840, but fought no battles, and, returning to England, settled down, as do so many retired champions of the P. R., to keeping a tavern. For years he was the proprietor of the Coach and Horse, in St. Martin's Lane, and he died in 1861, universally respected. His face seems to express benevolence more than any other characteristic, and resembles not a little that of John Bright.

The cast of Dean Swift Mr. Hutton came across one day as he was poking about in an old curiosity-shop in London. Dragging it to the light, he asked the proprietor if he knew what it was supposed to be. The shop-keeper knew nothing of its purpose, its value, or how he came to get it, and he readily disposed of it to Mr. Hutton for two shillings. It was stolen from Trinity College, Dublin, and is absolutely unique, the only death-mask of Swift ever taken. Mr. Hutton has verified it absolutely by careful study of contemporary documents. It is not impossible that, now that they know where the mask is, the Trinity authorities may take steps for its recovery.

The most valuable mask in the collection, that of Sir Isaac Newton, is one of the only two in existence. The original, by Roubilliac, is in the possession of the Royal Society in London, and they had no idea of the existence of a duplicate until two or three years ago, when Mr. Hutton exhibited to the society's curator a photograph of his copy. The discovery of a duplicate created a tremendous sensation among the bigwigs of the society, and finally Mr. Hutton was prevailed upon to come before the society, which was then in session, and tell the story of his mask. It seems that the man who made the mask for the society made two copies, instead of one, and at his death a clause in his will drew attention to the fact that he had made a duplicate. It was from the son, who still carried on the father's business, that Mr. Hutton bought his copy.

NEW YORK, March 12, 1897.

FLANEUR.

The railroad which the Russian Government is building across Siberia, from the Ural Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, will be thirty-six hundred miles long when completed. It will be the longest single line of railroad in the world. Connecting with trans-Russian railways, it will form a continuous track, from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok on the Pacific, of seventy-five hundred miles. It is now possible, if close connections are made, to go around the world in sixty-six days. The approximate time-table is as follows:

	Days.
New York to Southampton (steamer).....	6
Southampton to Brindisi, Italy, via Paris (steamer and rail).....	3 1/2
Brindisi to Yokohama, via Suez, Red Sea, etc.....	42
Yokohama to San Francisco (steamer).....	10
San Francisco to New York (rail).....	4 1/2

Total..... 66

After the opening of the Siberian railway, the long journey by rail from Paris to Brindisi and by steamer from Brindisi by way of Suez and the Red Sea to Yokohama, now requiring forty-two days, will be unnecessary. The new rail and steamer route around the world will be as follows:

	Days.
New York to Bremen (steamer).....	7 1/2
Bremen to St. Petersburg (rail).....	10
St. Petersburg to Vladivostok (rail, thirty miles an hour).....	10
Vladivostok to San Francisco.....	10
San Francisco to New York.....	4 1/2

Total..... 33

A single type dropped from one of the forms of a Pittsburg paper a few days ago, and it cost the paper just four hundred and five dollars. A dry-goods firm there advertised a special sale of ladies' wrappers at ninety-eight cents. It was the figure nine that dropped out while the forms were being handled. A tremendous crowd of women were at the story early the next morning, some coming shortly after day-break, to get these wonderfully cheap eight-cent wrappers. The firm realized that a serious error was made, but it kept faith with its patrons. Every wrapper in the house was sold at a big loss, and a bill for four hundred and five dollars was then sent to the newspaper. It paid it without protest.

The Oklahoma senate has agreed upon the absolute separate school measure as it passed the house, providing for separate school districts, separate school hoards, and separate funds for white and colored children.

Queen Victoria's team of eight cream-colored horses, which are to draw her state carriage at the celebration next June, are now being exercised in the streets so as to accustom them to the traffic.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lester Ralph, the son of Julian Ralph, the well-known newspaper man, is studying art in Paris.

John B. Duke, the millionaire cigarette-maker, recently stated before the Lexow Committee in New York that he had never smoked a cigarette in his life.

One of the daughters of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll has found it necessary to write to the papers denying the recent statement of an Atlanta minister that she is a Presbyterian.

The Grand Duke Paul of Russia is so tall that no hotel bed is long enough to hold him comfortable. He has had one built in sections which he carries with him and has set up whenever he travels.

Count Cassini, the Russian minister at the court of Peking, has a niece who, though only fifteen years of age, speaks German, English, French, and Chinese perfectly and acts as interpreter for her uncle.

It is said that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has never used wine or other intoxicants, confining her beverages mostly to milk and water, and that she attributes largely to this the remarkable preservation of her powers.

Among the ancestors of Dr. Nansen was a Hans Nansen, born in 1598, who explored the White Sea, spent many years in the Iceland trade, and wrote a geography which described Arctic routes so well that a copy of the book was in use as late as 1841.

The late Czar of Russia had a deep affection for Prince George of Greece. They used to compete in trials of strength, and once when his nephew succeeded where he himself had failed, the Czar remarked, sadly, "Well, George, I am not so young as I was. At your age it would have been another matter."

The death of General Guadalupe Lopez, who died of pneumonia a few days ago, removes one of Mexico's greatest generals. He was a full-blooded Indian and was considered a great Indian fighter, coping with the savages with their own tactics. His universal kindness had won for him throughout the republic the title of "Uncle Lupe."

Congressman Sulloway, of New Hampshire, expressed his opinion of Speaker Reed rather forcibly, the other day. To one of his constituents, who wrote about a pension bill, Mr. Sulloway replied: "Only two obstacles stand in the way of passing your bill—Jehovah and Tom Reed. I think I can manage Jehovah, if you will look after Reed."

According to *Leslie's Weekly*, the man who wrote the "Him" articles in *Vogue*, and the author of "The Complete Bachelor," is Walter G. Robinson, long a recognized dictator in *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazar* of masculine taste in attire. Mr. Robinson is about thirty-three years old, well fed and well groomed, a newspaper writer of experience, a clubman, and a good fellow.

It is said that within the last few months the widow of the late Baron Hirsch has distributed twelve millions of francs among various charities in France, England, and Austria. She has given two millions of francs for a laboratory for the Pasteur Institute; one million francs for a hospital in London; and two millions of francs for the pension fund of the Oriental railroads, in which her husband made his first strike.

The King of Greece, now in his fifty-second year, is a tall, well-built man, slender and graceful, with the appearance of a cavalry officer; he is a hard worker and very popular with his people, for whom he is always approachable. His consort, Queen Olga, is handsome after the Polish type, though she is the daughter of a Russian grand duke, and is beloved for her charity by the Greeks, who call her the "Queen of the Poor."

The Swedish Government has notified the Government of Canada that M. Andrée will start from Stockholm in June for Spitzbergen, whence he will start on his balloon voyage for the North Pole, and requests that Canadian officers in the North-West report the progress of the balloon, if sighted. M. Andrée will carry food supplies for four months, in addition to a boat, his sledges, and other equipments. He says that a favorable wind would carry him into the neighborhood of the pole within two days after the start.

A curious tale is told of how Barney Barnato, the diamond millionaire, came to be married. The foundation-stone of his fortune was a prudent purchase of diamonds, which he deposited with a certain barmaid in Kimberley. After a time he asked for the diamonds, saying that he was off to Europe and that they would be married when he returned. "I think we'll be married first," she replied, and those were the only terms on which he could get back the diamonds. This astute young lady is the present Mrs. Barnato, and their baby astonishes the sight-seers at Brighton with its silver perambulator.

Signor Arturo Nuttini is a blind pianist who is not a freak, but a player of remarkable ability. He was born in Florence thirty-three years ago, and became totally blind in his first year, but he now plays the most difficult rhapsodies of Liszt, sonatas of Beethoven, and other classical compositions with wonderful technique and expression. While Paderewski and his contemporaries play Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsodie, No. 6, one of the most difficult of compositions, in a transposed key, Signor Nuttini plays it in the original key, six sharps. The way Signor Nuttini learns his pieces is curious. He has a little machine, consisting of a flat metal board, in which there are tiny grooves, over which he fits a sheet of thick paper, and, with the aid of a little ruler and awl, perforates all his music in a peculiar manner as his interpreter reads it from the regular staff. No music is too intricate for him to copy, and often after once copying the composition, he can play it without first running his sensitive fingers over the perforations.

LITERARY NOTES.

Warring with the World.

There is a restrained intensity of passion in "The Descendant" that gives one the impression that it is the product of an emphatic personality, combining a fine mentality with emotional force. The novel has unusual constructive strength and symmetry.

Michael Ackersham spends an unhappy boyhood in an obscure village where he is constantly reminded of his illegitimate birth. In a paroxysm of passionate revolt, he leaves forever the place where his mother sleeps, "an outcast from among the righteous dead." Arriving in New York, he finds it impossible to secure work. At last he obtains a position upon a socialistic paper and develops into a zealous, rabid, and brilliant writer whose command of epithet and stinging invective against society, marriage, and civilization gains for him a conspicuous position in the journalistic world.

He is unhappy, however, until he meets Rachel Gavin, an art-student, with whom he forms a bond of friendship that makes her his mistress in the eyes of the world. This is the dominating note of the story, the belief of the man, who is socially ostracized by his birth, that all social laws are wrong, and his life proves not only his inability to keep to this belief, but the inability of any one to live contrary to the social laws of his time.

He becomes weary of Rachel, or, rather, meets another woman whom he seeks to marry, thus proclaiming his unfaithfulness to his advanced socialistic principles, and also to the woman who, in her blind devotion, has sacrificed everything for him.

While in a fit of passion, he is upbraided by a fellow-socialist for his desertion of the cause. In the quarrel which ensues, he shoots the man dead. Ruined by the very intensity of a nature that an ironical fate had developed into a power for evil, he serves his allotted sentence and comes out wrecked. He meets Rachel, who takes him to her home, where he dies from consumption.

The story is strong, original, natural, vigorous, and full of a nervous intensity which is undoubtedly masculine. The emotional power is very marked, and many of the descriptions are etched with an acid.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

The Liquor Problem.

"The Liquor Problem in Its Legislative Aspects," by Frederic H. Wines and John Koren, is a digest of an investigation made under the direction of Charles W. Eliot, Seth Low, and James C. Carter, subcommittee of the Committee of Fifty organized to investigate the liquor problem. These gentlemen are members of what is known in New York as the Sociological Group, from their well-known writings on subjects in sociology, and their investigation had the merit of being conducted without prejudice in solely a scientific spirit.

The value and scope of their work are shown in the table of contents: "An introduction," "Prohibition in Maine and Its Results," "History of Prohibition in Iowa," "The South Carolina Dispensary System," "The Restrictive System in Massachusetts, 1875-1894," "Liquor Laws of Pennsylvania," "The Ohio Liquor Tax," "Liquor Laws in Indiana, since 1851," and "The Missouri Local Option Law."

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Longfellow through European Eyes.

A few weeks ago (writes Professor Edwin A. Grosvenor, of Amherst, in the *Independent*), I was watching the crowds in that favorite resort of London, Hyde Park. The other end of the bench on which I sat was occupied by two persons, evidently lovers and evidently both of a humble position in society. They manifested supreme satisfaction in each other, but were none the less an ill-assorted couple. The girl had a bright, attractive face and was neatly and tastefully dressed. The young man was heavy and loutish-looking, with shabby and dirty clothes, which hung on him as if first intended for some one else. Though seemingly indifferent to the rest of the world, they conversed in low tones, audible only to themselves; and the girl did most of the talking. As she ended an apparently long sentence, she exclaimed: "That's what Longfellow says." The young man likewise raised his voice, and in a surly, half-jealous way, inquired: "Who's this long feller yer been talking about?" The girl replied: "He's a great poet," and her companion gave a grunt of relief.

The next day I told the story to the editor of one of the principal London weeklies. He remarked: "A stranger can hardly have an idea of how familiar many of our working people, especially women, are with Longfellow. Thousands can repeat some of his poems who have never read a line of Tennyson and probably never heard of Browning. That girl was trying to educate her brute up to her standard." Then he went on to say that during the last thirty years no other writer in English had so reached the human heart of all classes as had Longfellow.

In 1879, I had the honor, on the Messageries steamer *Donai*, of escorting from Constantinople to Marseilles a distinguished Russian lady, whom family affairs had suddenly summoned to France. Only from her marvelous familiarity with the half-dozen leading languages of Europe could a stranger have been able to detect her nationality. None but a

Russian could have spoken so many languages so idiomatically and with so perfect an accent. Our fellow-passengers represented many different nations, and formed one of those delightfully cosmopolitan parties, such as constantly come together on a Mediterranean steamer and are seldom found in like degree anywhere else.

One evening, as we were quitting the Straits of Benefacio, some one remarked at dinner that, though Victor Hugo was born in Paris, the earliest impressions of his life were received in Corsica, close to where we were passing. Ten or twelve of us lingered after the meal was finished to talk of the great French poet. One of the party spoke of him as embodying, more than any other writer, the humanistic tendencies of the nineteenth century and as the exponent of what is best in humanity.

We had been talking in French, when the Russian lady exclaimed in English to the gentleman who had last spoken: "How can you, an American, give to him the place that is occupied by your own Longfellow? Longfellow is the universal poet. He is better known, too, among foreigners than any one except their own poets." Then she commenced repeating, in rich, mellow tones:

"I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose over the city
Behind the dark church tower."

I recall how her voice trembled over the words:

"And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear,"

and how it swelled out in the concluding lines:

"As the symbol of love in Heaven,
And its wavering image here."

It was dramatic and never to be forgotten. Then she added: "I long to visit Boston that I may stand on the Bridge."

In the company was an English captain returning from the Zulu war. He was the son of that member of Parliament who had been the chief supporter of the claimant in the famous Tichborne case, and who had poured out his money like water in behalf of the man whom he considered cruelly wronged. The captain was a typical British soldier, with every characteristic of his class. Joining our steamer at Genoa, he had so far talked only of the Zulus and, with bitter indignation, of the manner in which the Prince Imperial had been deserted by British soldiers to be slain by savages. As soon as the Russian lady had concluded, he said: "I can give you something better than that," and began in a voice like a trumpet:

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream."

His recitation of the entire poem was marked by the common English upheaval and down-letting of the voice in each line; but it was evident that he loved what he was repeating.

Then a tall, lank, gray-haired Scotchman, who knew no French, who had hardly mingled with the other passengers and who seemed always communing with himself, suddenly commenced:

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there."

He repeated only a few stanzas, but could apparently have given the whole poem, had he wished.

For myself, I know that my contribution was "My Lost Youth," beginning

"Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me."

Never did the distance from an early home seem so great to one, New England born, as in that strange company, gathered from many lands, each with words upon the lip which the American had first heard in childhood.

A handsome, olive-cheeked young man, a Greek from Manchester, educated and living in England, said, "How do you like this?" Then he began to sing:

"Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure depths,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!"

So he rendered the whole of that exquisite serenade—dear to American college students—with a freedom and a fire which hinted that he had sung it at least once before on some more appropriate occasion.

The captain of the *Donai* was not her regular commander, but an officer of the national French navy, who was in charge only for a few voyages. A thorough Frenchman, no one would have accused him of knowing a word of any tongue save his own. Versatile, overflowing with wit and *bons mots*, it must have wearied him to be silent so long. To our astonishment, in accents so Gallic that one discerned with difficulty that he was attempting English, he intoned:

"Zee seds of neet vair faleang fast,
Ven trough an Alpeen veilage past
A yout, who bore meed snow and eece
A bannair veed dees strange deveece
Excelsierrr!"

"Eh, voilà," he exclaimed, with satisfaction. "J'ai appris cela à l'école. C'est tout l'anglais que je sais."

"Mais, commandant," said the Russian lady, "ce n'est pas l'anglais du tout, ce que vous venez de dire là."

"Ah, oui, madame; ça vient de votre Longfellow." None of the other passengers contributed, but already six nationalities had spoken—Scotch, Russian, Greek, French, English, and American. As we

rose from the table and went up on deck to watch the lights glimmering in Napoleon's birthplace, Ajaccio, the Russian lady said: "Do you suppose there is any other poet of any country, living or dead, from whom so many of us could have quoted? Not one. Not even Shakespeare, or Victor Hugo, or Homer."

Gossip about "John Oliver Hobbes."

The current *Bookman* indulges in some interesting gossip about Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes"). We have already mentioned the rumor that she was engaged to a wealthy young English artist, Walter Spindler; but the *Bookman* thinks it improbable that they will marry. "While Mr. Spindler is rich and accomplished," it says, "he can hardly minister to the new ambition that has sprung up in the mind of his fiancée—an ambition to shine in the world of *la haute politique*." It goes on to add that the possession of money by no means fills the measure of Mrs. Craigie's desires, for money in abundance she has always had, her father, Morgan Richards, having made an enormous fortune through the sale of liver pills. The *Bookman* continues:

"Evidences of Mrs. Craigie's desire to exercise a powerful social and political influence have for some time not been wanting. She has mingled very freely in the most influential Tory circles of London, and has, in fact, been seen so much in the company of Mr. Arthur Balfour as to give rise to sporadic rumors of their engagement; while the recent change in the ownership of the *Academy* is obviously another move in the game: for although the fact, so far as we know, has not been publicly mentioned in connection with the sale of the *Academy*, it is Mrs. Craigie's father who has purchased it, presumably to give his daughter a means of rewarding her literary friends and punishing her enemies. There is really no reason why Mrs. Craigie should not succeed, for she has everything in her favor—remarkable beauty, unlimited cleverness, and no end of money."

"We think it proper to note here that, from all accounts, a feeling is springing up that in the matter of the divorce suit brought by her against her husband, the latter received something less than even-handed justice. Mr. Craigie has some warm friends, who have stood by him from the first; and through them his side of the case is beginning to make its way into the minds of many who had formerly condemned him. We have heard the whole story of this affair, and while it is not our intention to discuss the matter, we feel warranted in saying that we expect ultimately to see a very decided modification in the opinion that is now so generally held. About one thing, at any rate, there can be no question; and that is the very arbitrary and unjust manner in which Sir Francis Jeune, before whom the case was tried, gave all his rulings against the defendant, so as to cut him off almost without a hearing. This, indeed, is a matter of record, and it is by no means creditable to the administration of justice in one, at least, of the English courts."

Corroborative evidence of the denial that Mrs. Craigie is to marry again is afforded by the announcement recently made in London that "Mrs. Craigie is a Catholic, and as such her remarriage is forbidden by the church."

New Publications.

"Essays on French History" contains "The Rise of the Reformation in France" and "The Club of the Jacobins," written by James Eugene Farmer, M. A. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The "High-School Class-Book of Drawing" and the "Normal-School Class-Book of Drawing," by Christine Gordon Sullivan, Ph.D., have been published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 50 cents each.

"The Heaven of the Bible," by Ida C. Craddock, is a digest of all reference in the Scriptures to the abode of the saved beyond the grave. It is a practical study, touching upon the topography, vegetation, water, food, clothing, animals, industries, requirements for citizenship, and the substantiality of Heaven. Printed by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents.

"Southern Statesmen of the Old Régime," by William P. Trent, M. A., professor in the University of the South, contains his lectures on the life and character of Washington, Jefferson, Randolph of Roanoke, Calhoun, Stephens, Toombs, and Jefferson Davis. They were originally delivered in the University of Wisconsin and in several Southern universities. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

"The Complete Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell" has been issued in the Cambridge Poets Edition, with an excellent portrait of the author and a biographical sketch. The works are divided in the order established by Lowell, with editorial arrangement of posthumous additions. A very satisfactory appendix to the volume contains an introduction to the second series of Bigelow Papers, with a glossary and index, notes, and illustrations, and the volume closes with a chronological list of the poems, an index of first lines, and one of titles. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$2.00.

"The Will to Believe," with nine other essays in popular philosophy, are contained in a valuable and interesting book under the quoted title, by Professor William James, of Harvard University, M. D., Ph. D., LL. D., etc., president of the Society for Psychical Research. The first four essays, "The Will to Believe," "Is Life Worth Living?" "The Sentiment of Rationality," and "Reflex Action and Theism," are largely concerned with defending the legitimacy of religious faith. The remaining essays are on scattered topics, such as, "The Moral Philosopher and the Moral Life" and "The Importance of Individuals." Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

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SALE OF THE HAWAIIAN HOTEL PREMISES HONOLULU, H. I.

ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1897, AT 12 O'CLOCK noon, at the front entrance of the Executive Building, Honolulu, will be sold, at public auction, the Hawaiian Hotel premises at Honolulu.

These premises are centrally located in the city, in the centre of the block bounded by and with entrance drives from hotel, Richards, Beretania, and Alakea Streets, and the grounds contain an area of 1.7-10th acres.

The buildings consist of the hotel proper, of two stories and basement; built of brick and concrete, with broad verandas at front and rear of each story.

The main building covers an area of 20,800 square feet, with Lanai or wing addition on one side 40x24 feet, and wooden addition, no opposite wing, for kitchen, 60x18 feet.

There are also four cottages on the premises, with ample provision for bath-rooms and closets.

The main building contains a spacious parlor, public and private dining-rooms, large billiard-hall and bar-room, and forty sleeping-rooms—the cottages contain about twenty additional sleeping-rooms. The main building cost a little over \$100,000 in 1874.

A water-tank, with capacity of 10,000 gallons, is placed on a tower at an elevation sufficient to give a good water pressure in second story of the main building.

This tank is supplied from an artesian well on adjoining premises, owned by Dr. J. S. McGrew.

The buildings and grounds are thoroughly lighted with electric light.

Plans of the buildings and grounds can be seen at Hawaiian Consulate General, 206 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

Terms of sale are cash—in United States gold coin. Upset price, \$60,000.

In case there is no bidder to purchase the property at the above upset price, a lease of the same will immediately be offered for sale at an upset price of \$4,000 a year for a period of thirty years under the conditions set out in Act 7, Laws of 1896, and more particularly of Section 2 and 4 of said act, which reads as follows:

"Section 2. Every such lease shall contain a covenant on the part of the lessee that he shall, during the first four years of the term of the lease, cause to be erected upon the leased premises a fire-proof building of brick, stone, or metal, in a workmanlike manner, satisfactory to the Minister of the Interior, at a cost of not less than fifty thousand dollars; and keep the same suitably insured at not less than two-thirds of its value for the benefit of the lessor; and shall keep the building in good repair during the remainder of the term of lease, reasonable use and wear thereof only excepted; and in case of damage or destruction of such building by fire, shall make good such loss or damage by the necessary repairs or reconstruction, or else surrender the insurance to the lessor."

"Section 4. Every such lease shall also contain a covenant on the part of the lessor, that upon the request in writing by the lessee or his representatives, before the expiration thereof, the premises, with the improvements, shall, if all of the conditions to be performed by the lessee have been satisfactorily performed, be put up at auction for a lease for a term of not over twenty years; unless said premises shall be required for public uses; of which the lessee shall receive at least one year's notice. Such auction sale shall be held not more than six months nor less than one month before the expiration of said term."

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LITERARY NOTES.

"Literary Landmarks of Rome."

Laurence Hutton has added a new volume to his series of "Literary Landmarks." It not only describes the historic spots of Rome that are celebrated in literature, but treats entertainingly of famous people who have made Rome their place of residence and gives interesting details of their life and the varying impressions made upon them by the imperial city.

The house of Cicero, where he was assassinated, and the senate-house, where Caesar was killed—Caesar was not killed in the Capitol, as Shakespeare has it—are described, and also the residences of men and women of modern literature. Interesting details are given of the life of Keats and of Shelley, of Milton and of Gray, of Tasso and of Montaigne, and of many famous Americans. The text is always interesting and graphic, and the illustrations complete a dainty and distinctive little volume.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00.

A Tale of Scotch Life and Manners.

"The Red Scur," by P. Anderson Graham, is a somewhat sombre story of a Northumberland family and the curse of their ill-gotten gains. The substance of the novel is the disastrous effect of this "root of all evil" upon those who become stewards of it and inheritors of its curse. There are three generations of Harbottles in the story, which is plentifully sprinkled with Scotch dialect and well-sketches subsidiary studies of curious provincial types.

The "Red Scur" was a farm of which Adam Harbottle of the first generation was steward. He regularly took advantage of the widow from whom he leased the farm, and acquired wealth and finally possession of the place. Greed and craft are contrasted with honest simplicity and uprightness, and old and young, refined and humble, give variety to these pictures of lowly life on the banks of the Skelter.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

One Thousand Miles in a Prairie Schooner.

"The Voyage of the Rattletrap," by Hayden Caruth, is an enlivening, genial record of travel that puts the reader on good terms immediately with two young men and a boy, not to mention "Snoozler." And they are worth knowing, too, for they like humor and fresh air and fun. It is just the book for a healthy boy who has had all he wants of Lord Fauntleroy several years before.

They start from a town in Dakota and travel in two months one thousand miles, to Deadwood and return, in a "prairie schooner." To any one who contemplates an outing of this kind in California, this little record of adventure will prove suggestive and helpful.

The illustrations, by H. M. Wilder, are as bright and clever as the text.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"In Joyful Russia" is the title of a new book by J. A. Logan, a son of the late General Logan. As the title indicates, Mr. Logan has looked upon the bright side of Russian life, and his book is neither a political tract nor a serious social study, but a cheerful record of his impressions of Russian men, women, and manners, in clubs, at race courses, and in social life generally.

Rudyard Kipling has completed a new short story about twelve thousand words in length, to which he has given the title, "Slaves of the Lamp."

An important literary item is to the effect that "M. Balségar, who cooked for George Sand and Alfred de Musset when they were living together at Venice, died recently in a French poor-house." The importance of the item lies in the fact that M. Balségar left no memoirs.

A popular edition of Alphonse Daudet's works is being published in Paris in parts, each of which costs only two sous. The first part, which has just appeared, gives the opening chapters of "Jack."

To a Western girl who wrote to Rudyard Kipling, saying that the return of Mowgli to the "man pack" jarred upon her artistic sense, and begging that Mulvaney might be allowed to die some worthy death on Indian soil and not go back to England, Mr. Kipling wrote a characteristic letter, which is thus summarized in the *Book-Buyer*:

He said he had done all he could for Mowgli, in that he had shown him become a married man and in service under the Indian government. "But as to Mulvaney," he went on, "his fate can not be altered. If you remember the curse of Shielgyb laid on him by old Mrs. Sheehy, he was to 'die quick in a strange land seeing his death before it came and unable to stir hand or foot.' Some day I may tell how that came upon him." Mr. Kipling added that he could not write stories by sitting down at a table and dipping his pen in the ink-bottle. "Stories 'happen along,' as they say in this part of the world, and, unlike the cattle on your ranch, they can not be hurried."

The London *News* is objecting that while Nansen's "Farthest North" is sold in the colonial edition at not many shillings, the price in England and America is two guineas. Of course the colonial edition is not so handsome as the other, and doubtless there will be another cheap edition, but so far the publishers have had much trouble to get copies of the expensive ones

fast enough. The book, by the way, is dedicated to Mrs. Nansen in these words: "To Her Who Christened the Ship and Had the Courage to Wait."

Anthony Comstock recently descended upon the New York book-shop of Richmond & Co., arrested two members of the firm, and seized one hundred and fifty copies of "The Triumph of Death," by Gabriele d'Annunzio. The book has gone through twenty or more editions in a French translation and was translated into English last autumn by Arthur Hornblow and published by Richmond & Co.

Dr. Paul Carus's story, "Karma," which appeared originally in the *Open Court*, struck the fancy of Count Leo Tolstoy, and was by him translated into Russian. As everything Tolstoy publishes is immediately turned into French, "Karma" soon re-appeared in Paris, and it has thence been translated for the *International*, a monthly magazine which is published in Chicago only three doors from the office of the *Open Court*.

The life of Tennyson, on which his son, the present lord, has been for some time at work, has now gone to the press. It is to be published in two good-sized volumes in the autumn.

A romance by the late William Morris, entitled "The Water of the Wondrous Isles," is in the press, as is also another entitled "The Sundering Flood." These will be the last of Morris's books to be issued from the Kelmscott Press. A set of all the books, except the Chaucers, that have been printed on vellum at this press now costs twenty-five hundred dollars.

Donald G. Mitchell has just finished a book, entitled "American Lands and Letters," which reviews the literature of the country from Captain John Smith to William Cullen Bryant.

This paragraph has been printed in many papers: "When William Dean Howells, the novelist, decides to write a novel on any particular phase of life, he orders all the clippings on that subject that can be found, and the incidents thus obtained furnish the ground-work of the story."

Answering a question regarding the accuracy of the paragraph, Mr. Howells writes to the editor of the *Writer* as follows:

"I used clippings to verify the prevalence of defalcation and its general character when writing 'The Quality of Mercy' only. I never used them as the ground-work of any story, though I think they might well be used in that way."

The assertion that Frank R. Stockton "sometimes waits an hour for a word" has called forth the following interesting piece of information: "Alphonse Daudet has long periods of mental inertia, in which he is willing to work but feels unable to frame a sentence."

Among the unpublished manuscripts of the late famous traveler, Sir Richard Burton, is one of a book entitled, "Human Sacrifices among the Sephardim; or the Murder of Padre Tomaso." The first part of the book is devoted to a general study of the Jews in England, Palestine, and elsewhere, and the second deals with the alleged rite of human sacrifice among the Sephardim. The publication of the book has long been delayed because of its anti-Semitic tendencies, but it is to be issued immediately by Hutchinson in London.

There is a story that Browning was kept awake one night in a hotel by strange moanings, sighs, and mutterings, and, on sending to inquire what was the matter, was informed that his sufferings were due to a meeting in the next room of a local Browning society.

A new illustrated edition of Charles Lever's novels is being prepared in England. The manuscript of the last four chapters of "Harry Lorrequer" was lost in transmission from Brussels, where Lever, at the time he wrote the story, was physician to the British legation. Lever had to sit down and rewrite the chapters as best he could. Later the true copy turned up, and in this new edition it is to be printed as an appendix to "Harry Lorrequer."

F. W. Doubleday, whose severance of his connection with *Scribner's Magazine* in order to become business-manager of *McClure's* we mentioned last week, has become vice-president of the S. S. McClure Company, with whom he has joined forces in the establishment of a book-publishing business to be known as the Doubleday & McClure Company. A. F. Jaccaci, who was formerly art editor of *Scribner's*, has also gone over with Mr. Doubleday, and is now art editor of *McClure's Magazine*. Mr. Doubleday is succeeded in his position at Charles Scribner's Sons by W. D. Moffat, for many years business-manager of the *Book-Buyer*.

The monumental "Oxford English Dictionary," which has been issued at the rate of four or five sections a year, will hereafter appear in double sections quarterly. The workers on the dictionary have so far only finished the letter D.

Among the illustrations in Captain Mahan's forthcoming "Life of Nelson" is to be a portrait of Lady Nelson, something which the present Earl Nelson does not own and which he was not aware was in existence. Nor did the members of Lady Nelson's family have knowledge of such a portrait. Captain Mahan, however, discovered two portraits of the lady taken in old age.

POEMS BY JOHN HAY.

The appointment of Colonel John Hay as ambassador to Great Britain by President McKinley is matter for general congratulation. He began life as a newspaper worker, and at twenty he was made literary private secretary by President Lincoln. He worked on the New York *Tribune* in the days of Greeley, and married a daughter of Amasa Stone, of Cleveland, who made a fortune in railroads. He has been Assistant-Secretary of State, consul-general at Paris, and secretary of the legation at Vienna. In collaboration with John G. Nicolay he wrote the most complete biography of President Lincoln, but he is most widely known for his famous "Pike County Ballads." We give here a few of his poems:

THE WHITE FLAG.

I sent my love two roses,—one
As white as driven snow,
And one a blushing royal red,
A flaming Jacqueminot.

I meant to touch and test my fate;
That night I should divine,
The moment I should see my love,
If her true heart were mine.

For if she holds me dear, I said,
She'll wear my blushing rose;
If not, she'll wear my cold Lamarque,
As white as winter's snows.

My heart sank when I met her: sure
I had been overbold,
For on her breast my pale rose lay
In virgin whiteness cold.

Yet with low words she greeted me,
With smiles divinely tender;
Upon her cheek the red rose dawned,—
The white rose meant surrender.

BOUDOIR PROPHECIES.

One day in the Tuileries,
When a south-west Spanish breeze
Brought scandalous news of the Queen,
The fair, proud Empress said,
"My good friend loses her head;
If matters go on this way,
I shall see her shopping, some day,
In the Boulevard des Capucines."

The saying swiftly went
To the place of the Orient,
And the stout Queen sneered, "Ah, well!
You are proud and prudent, ma belle!
But I think I will hazard a guess
I shall see you one day playing chess
With the Curé of Carabanchel."

Both ladies, though not over-wise,
Were lucky in prophecies
For the Boulevard shopmen well
Know the form of stout Isahel
As she buys her modes de Paris;
And after Sedan in despair
The Empress prude and fair
Went to visit Madame sa Mère
In her villa at Carabanchel—
But the Queen was not there to see.

COUNTRESS JUTTA.

The Countess Jutta passed over the Rhine
In a light canoe by the moon's pale shine.
The handmaid rows and the Countess speaks:
"Seest thou not there where the water breaks
Seven corpses swim
In the moonlight dim?
So sorrowful swim the dead!"

"They were seven knights full of fire and youth,
They sank on my heart and swore me truth,
I trusted them; but for Truth's sweet sake,
Lest they should be tempted their oaths to break,
I had them hound,
And tenderly drowned!
So sorrowful swim the dead!"

The merry Countess laughed outright!
It rang so wild in the startled night!
Up to the waist the dead men rise
And stretch lean fingers to the skies.
They nod and stare
With a glassy glare!
So sorrowful swim the dead!

—From the *German of Heine*.

A WOMAN'S LOVE.

A sentinel angel sitting high in glory
Heard this shrill wail ring out from Purgatory:
"Have mercy, mighty angel, bear my story!"

"I loved—and, blind with passionate love, I fell.
Love brought me down to death, and death to Hell.
For God is just, and death for sin is well.

"I do not rage against his high decree,
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be;
But for my love on earth who mourns for me.

"Great Spirit! Let me see my love again
And comfort him one hour, and I were fain
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then said the pitying angel, "Nay, repent
That wild vow! Look, the dial-finger's bent
Down to the last hour of thy punishment!"

But still she wailed, "I pray thee, let me go!
I can not rise to peace and leave him so.
Oh, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"

The brazen guards ground sullenly ajar,
And upward, joyous, like a rising star,
She rose and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,
She fluttered back, with broken-hearted wailing.

She sobbed, "I found him by the summer sea
Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee—
She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me!"

She wept, "Now let my punishment begin!
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered, "Nay, sad soul, go higher!
To be deceived in your true heart's desire
Was hither than a thousand years of fire!"

The fifth volume of Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times" is in press, and will probably appear in a few months.

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For the year ending December 31, 1896,
According to the Standard of the Insurance
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INCOME.

Received for Premiums.....	\$39,593,414 20
From all other Sources.....	10,109,281 07
	\$49,702,695 27

DISBURSEMENTS.

To Policy-holders for Claims by Death.....	\$12,595,113 39
To Policy-holders for Endowments, Dividends, etc.....	12,842,456 11
For all other Accounts.....	10,781,005 64
	\$36,218,575 14

ASSETS.

United States Bonds and other Securities.....	\$110,125,082 15
First lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage.....	71,543,929 56
Loans on Stocks and Bonds.....	11,091,525 00
Real Estate.....	22,767,666 65
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies.....	12,680,390 00
Accrued Interest, Net Deferred Premiums, etc.....	6,535,555 06
	\$234,744,148 42
Reserve for Policies and other Liabilities.....	205,010,633 72
Surplus.....	\$29,733,514 70
Insurance and Annuities in force.....	\$918,698,338 45

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct; liabilities calculated by the Insurance Department.

CHARLES A. PRELLER, Auditor.

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

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WALTER R. GILLETTE.....General Manager
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FREDERIC CROMWELL.....Treasurer
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The last two weeks have been gala times for the critic. He had one dramatic and one operatic treat—"Gismonda" and "Il Trovatore." They were all the more delightful as they were unexpected. Sardou is always to be relied on for an evening of wild, mad, hysterical entertainment, but the era and the actress that made him are both on the wane, and so we were hardly prepared to find the drama full of fresh, fierce intensity and the star in better trim, stronger and finer and truer, than she ever was before.

As for "Trovatore"! People have had angry, defiant revolts against that sweet, fond, delicious dream, left over from the days when there were real tenors and bird-voiced sopranos, when the world only asked for melodies in an opera and generally got what it asked for. We have thought to shake ourselves free from the enchantment of Manrico's love and Leonora's despair. We have laughed at them and dwelt upon the incredibilities of their careers; we have mocked them and "leered at their solemnities." But when their sweet-voiced ghosts come back from the dreamy past and, with a clank of swords, and gallant swinging of cloaks, and brushing of velvet skirts, sing their souls out in music that

"Gentler on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes,"

we know that we are in their thralldom yet.

The French people are lyric singers and old-fashioned lyric singers, which was what made them suit "Trovatore" better than any company we ever remember to have seen here. They are certainly infinitely superior to the grand opera company which sang it at the old Grand Opera House some years ago. It is the epoch to which they belong; it is the class of music—the earliest Verdi manner—to which their voices are attuned. It was charming, delightful. You realized for the first time what "Trovatore" must have been when it came with all its buoyant freshness to a world satiated with the honey-sweet fantasies of Bellini and Donizetti. You know what made Owen Meredith write "Aux Italiens," and for that piece, which has often filled you with a mute, unreasoning rage, you suddenly acquire a tender respect—

"And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
When we heard him sing, as the gas burned low,
'Non ti scorda di me.'"

Fancy any one, with any self-respect left, quoting that! One week ago, had any one prophesied that in a seriously written page you would deliberately and in cold blood quote one line of "Aux Italiens," you would have thought him mad, even if he had all the cards in the pack and a good clairvoyant to back him. Now the words run to the end of one's pen and slide off before one knows. And all because Mme. Feodor, in black velvet, with undone hair, was so untheatrically melodious in her sorrows, and M. Prevost, with his pompadour, and his inflated chest, and his true, old-time strut, was just the right singer for Manrico—tenor register, high heels, *ut de poltrine*, and all.

It was an evening of enchantment. To the audience was awarded the unique experience of a backward look into the past. Modern singers, as God and the public and voice-trainers have made them, can no longer sing "Trovatore." That must be why we have come to have a sort of horror of it. It is not organ-grinders alone who are responsible for our dislike and distrust. Indeed, there are lurking doubts abroad as to whether organ-grinders are not a refining and civilizing feature of latter-day life. But dramatic singers, and singers brought up by hand on the Wagner food, can not give us these old, fond, foolish, lovable, silly operas that have not any sense of responsibility, or any dramatic significance, or any message to deliver. They only purport to be soothing and singable, and spread the trance-like magic of melody over an enchanted hour or two. What they are all about nobody knows or cares. But how sweet they are! How bother and fret and worry are soothed away by their lulling harmonies! And after all, is not this the true mission of operatic music?

There was no frivolity, no nonsense of this kind about "Sigurd." "Sigurd" is an opera with an overwhelming sense of responsibility and importance. It is not stated when it was written, but it seems to have been inspired by the Wagner idea, with all Wagner's sense of ponderous dignity and none of his literary capacity and pictorial imagination. For any one to set to work now and make an opera on the *Nibelungen* stories, is on a par with a playwright who would start to make another tragedy on the loves of Romeo and Juliet. There is no reason why one man should not take another man's idea. The cry of plagiarism is only heeded by the small-minded. But if you take the other man's idea, you must do it better than he did. The sin does not lie in being

found out, but in failing. Why did you take his idea if you could not improve on it? Or why did you not take an unexploited issue of it, as Miss Dawson did in her exquisite sketch of "Purple on Silver," tying up a thread that has hung loose for three centuries. But simply to walk in the same tracks that a great predecessor made is a risky thing to do.

It is impossible to stop making comparisons between this and the other treatments of the stories of Brunhilda, and Gunther, and Sigurd, or Siegfried, or whatever that gentleman's real name may have been. M. Reyer's librettist was as absolutely devoid of dramatic sense as it is possible for a person to be. The arrangement of the scene of the Valkyrie's awakening is painfully flat. Brunhilda lies on a sort of sofa-bed, which was not even fully on the stage. Sigurd comes in, looks at her without much interest, and sings at her. She awakes, alights from the sofa-bed, sings at him, climbs up again on to her bed, and goes off peacefully to sleep once more. Another treatment of this same scene rises before the mental vision: The youth Siegfried, lured onward by the grinding voice of the forest bird that has sung to him of something beautiful, marvelous, unknown, bursts through the ring of fire and sees the sleeping form, covered by the great silver shield. At its feet lie the helmet, with its eagle wings, and the long spear tipped with steel. He lifts off the shield and gazes, amazed, half-frightened, enchanted, at the white-robed figure with its corselet of link-mail, at the beautiful, sleeping face against the long red curls that fall loose from a wreath of oak-leaves. A murmur breaks the silence of his rapt admiration, "It is a woman!" He stands gazing, moves nearer, bends, and in the kiss with which he wakes the Valkyrie lies the doom of Wotan and the gods.

The quality of the music, heavy, rich, and dignified, is not suitable to the voices of the French singers, which are essentially lyric. Albers and Feodor had a duet in the third act which was very fine. And in the second act the night-song of the tenor was full of a sonorous and pensive beauty. But the whole was heavy and lacked that distinctive tone which gives to music, as it does to people, an individual interest and charm. "Sigurd" is uninteresting, partly from the rambling and incoherent story, partly from the ponderous style of the score, partly from the fact that the singers do not suit it. The fresh and friendly sweetness of their voices—voices that come confidentially near to the heart, in the sympathetic, informal intimacy of light Italian opera—gives place to stiff and distant dignity when they approach the resonant realms where the *Volsungs* and the *Valkyries* dwell in mythologic majesty.

"Trovatore" brought the singers so close to us that we were beginning to reach that pleasant stage of theatrical acquaintance where they cease to be actors and become human beings. Feodor's charm was admitted. She is not exactly pretty; she has a sort of Calmuck face, with high cheek-bones and small, amiable, good-tempered eyes. But she is so naively untheatrical, so charmingly herself, so serenely in earnest, that she is deep in your affections before you realize it. There are lovely depths in her voice, too, cadences that soothe and tranquillize like the touch of a beloved hand: It is a voice that has its cold, sweet flights of bird music and its sympathetic, kindly, human tones that suddenly come, warm and soft and reassuring, like the grasp of friendly hands, the encouragement of kindly eyes. It is the voice with the most personality, most individuality, in the organization. Albers's rich baritone is delightful, warm, but not romantic or characteristic. His Count di Luna was very fine. He has the picturesque sense well developed, even to costume. His Gunther in the fourth act was a picture.

There is not much room left for "Gismonda," and she ought to have had a great deal. For she was one of the most magnificently rampaging ladies we have had on the stage for a long time. The pressure at the Baldwin on Monday was high in the beginning, and got higher and higher till, in the fourth act, an ignominious varlet was slain by Gismonda's red right hand, and in the fifth act she made a public confession of the deed and then married the man she loved with an easy conscience. The throwing of a child to a tiger, the entrance into a convent of a band of bearded and armored desperadoes, a love-scene in Sardou's most chair-breaking, dust-raising manner, and the chopping of the varlet's head with a convenient axe were the most notable incidents of an evening of hectic excitement.

The play is a perfect example of Sardou's craft. The early freshness and passionate energy of his talent had worn off, but his splendid knowledge of his art is there, to help him construct a heart-quaking, soul-chilling drama out of materials that would have daunted the elder Dumas. His system of a Man and a Woman against a background of monosyllabic supernumeraries has never been carried so far. Every sentence, every scene, every exit and entrance, is only to focus attention on the situation of Gismonda and Almerio. Never before, even in the Sardou plays, has there been such a dearth of sub-story, such a forcing into prominence of the hero and heroine, whose tempestuous temperaments and unconventional surroundings make them worthy of the position of stars. The two figures are the same two primitive beings, of an epic *naïveté* of character and forceful singleness of aim, that the great Gallic dramatist always uses. The woman has even that strong flavor of religious superstition with

which he is so fond of intensifying the passionate mediævalism of the dagger-striking heroine who, in the third act, flings herself into the arms of the hero and flies with him to the land where the wild orange grows or the hut upon the cliff.

In the part of Gismonda, Miss Davenport is admirably suited. The duchess is a bigger woman mentally and aristocratically, an older woman, a more forceful woman, than La Tosca. She has behind her the traditions of a ducal race, and her port has the large majesty of those who rule. The third act, with its lighter opening and its turbulent change of sentiment, was excellently played. Melbourne Macdowell and Miss Davenport are almost the only people in the country who have sufficient rugged, coarse-grained force to play these Sardou dramas. Mr. Macdowell also showed great improvement. His voice is a pleasure to listen to, and his silent, motionless immobility in the earlier scenes was strongly impressive. He was made for these barbarously picturesque plays, with his thick-set head and shoulders of a gladiator, his hard, level-gazing eye, square chin, and great, bony jaw like a Roman emperor.

The Pennsylvania Railroad maintains an editorial department composed of about a dozen men, under the direction of a managing editor. In addition to looking after the advertising, their chief duty is to read the newspapers for the officers of the company. About eight hundred papers are received daily from all over the world. Each man clips every item of news and editorial that he thinks will interest the head men of the road. When the day's reading is done, the clippings are assorted and pasted according to topics upon sheets of heavy manilla paper, bearing the date and the title of the classification. The sheets are then separated and laid upon the table of the president, who is thus able to get the news of the world and expressions of public opinion upon important topics at a glance. When the president has read them, he passes them down to the vice-president and other officials, and when they have all had their chance, the sheets are returned and filed.

The modern trained nurse has an infallible method for quieting a crying baby. This scientific method disregards the cause or source of irritation, but, on the other hand, tries to train the baby to practice self-control. As soon as the child cries, the nurse catches it up, and, holding it gently, places her hand over its mouth and nose so that it can not breathe. The crying will obviously soon come to a stop. The hand need not be held very tightly over the face, since the object is merely to produce a slight smothering. As soon as the crying ceases, the hand is removed. If the crying recommences, as it is very likely to do, the same operation is instantly repeated. This is continued until the baby imagines that the more or less painful stoppages of the breath are caused by its own efforts to scream. As soon as it grasps this idea, it is careful to keep quiet.

The policy of moving from the present location of the Pacific Union Club has caused some dissension among the members and resulted, early in the week, in the resignation of President E. W. Hopkins and Vice-President Russell J. Wilson from the board of directors. The vacancies have been filled by the election of Mr. A. Chesebrough and Mr. William Babcock to the respective offices. Mr. George Spencer has been chosen to fill a vacancy on the board of directors.

"Trilby" has had to be altered at Vienna on account of the anti-Semitic agitation. Svengali is made up not as a Jew but as a Hungarian gypsy band leader.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The Third Week of Opera.

The remaining performances of the French Opera Company at the California Theatre this week are Halévy's "La Juive," which is to be sung at the matinée this afternoon, and "Le Voyage de Suzette," which is to be given in the evening. This last is a light opera, and has been one of the company's greatest successes in New Orleans. San Francisco will be the second city in this country to hear it. The cast will include many of those who have become favorites in the past two weeks, and the opera will be very elaborately put on the stage.

The first performance of next week will be on Tuesday evening, when Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" will be given an elaborate production. For Thursday evening a double bill is announced, consisting of the romantic opera, "Dragons de Villars," and "La Navarraise," both of which are new to us. The latter was written by Massenet especially for Emma Calvé. On Thursday night Mme. Feodor will fill the same rôle. The Saturday afternoon matinee will also be an interesting performance, the opera announced being Ambroise Thomas's "Mignon."

Fanny Davenport's Last Week.

"Gismonda" will be repeated by Fanny Davenport at the matinée at the Baldwin this (Saturday) afternoon, and it will also be the bill throughout the following week, with the exception of Saturday night. This (Saturday) evening the only performance of "Fedora" during the present engagement will be given, and next Saturday night "La Tosca" will receive its only presentation.

Otis Skinner is to follow Miss Davenport at the Baldwin on Monday, March 29th. There is a widespread interest in his engagement, in view of the fact that this is his first visit to San Francisco as a star. He is well known here, however, having appeared in many excellent companies, notably with Augustin Daly's players when they presented "The Taming of the Shrew" for the first time at the Baldwin. He is a very promising young actor, possessing personal magnetism in a large degree, a graceful appearance, and a sympathetic intelligence. To these natural gifts he has added the results of careful training under some of the best stage-managers in the profession. The reports that come to us of his tour in other parts of the country give promise that his engagement here will be an enjoyable one.

Mr. Skinner will open his engagement in his new play, "A Soldier of Fortune." It is of the romantic school, and the plot is laid in Italy during the fifteenth century, when fighting was a man's trade.

Cissy Fitzgerald.

Cissy Fitzgerald began her engagement at the Columbia Theatre the other night with a large audience to greet her, and the house has been well filled each evening since then. This, one might suspect, is due rather to the play and the manner in which the star has been advertised than to her merits. She is a young Englishwoman of the classic music-hall type, and speaks with a very marked cockney twang. She is not particularly fair to look upon, and her famous wink is more emphatic than artistic. It is the kind of thing that pleases an English audience, which insists on having its points ticketed and labeled, but it scarcely suits our American tastes.

Miss Fitzgerald does not come on the stage until the middle of "The Foundling," which itself is preceded by a curtain-raiser, "Chums." But, in spite of her late appearance, "The Foundling" is enjoyed. It is decidedly amusing, if rather broad in some passages. It was written by the author of "Jane," and follows the usual plan of English farcical comedies of the "Charley's Aunt" type. The hero is about to marry a girl when he learns that he is a foundling, and his prospective mother-in-law refuses to go beyond the prospective stage until he shall have produced a parent. "To lose one parent is a misfortune," she says, "but to lose both looks like gross carelessness." The fun hinges on his efforts to discover his parentage, the escapades of his hen-pecked but frisky future father-in-law with a music-hall dancer, and the complications arising from the declaration of a young woman, made to avoid being forced into an unpleasant marriage, that she is the parentless hero's bride. The music-hall dancer is Cissy Fitzgerald, and it must be said that her dancing is extremely graceful.

"The Foundling," still preceded by "Chums," will be continued all next week, and Miss Fitzgerald will introduce her hoopskirt dance and a new song, "My Racetrack Winner."

"The Merry Wives" at the Tivoli.

The series of Gilbert and Sullivan revivals at the Tivoli will be concluded to-morrow (Sunday) night with a final performance of "Pinafore," and next week there will be a production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

This is rather an ambitious undertaking for the Tivoli company. The opera was written by Otto Nicolai, a Viennese composer, in 1849, the year of his death, and is his only composition of note that has lived. But it has enjoyed a large measure of popularity, though it has seldom been seen in this city. A notable performance of it was by Inez Fabbri's troupe, nearly twenty years ago, when Karl Formes was the Falstaff. In the present production

Laura Millard will make her return to the Tivoli stage as Mistress Ford, and Bernice Holmes will be the other of the merry wives, Mistress Page. Elvia Crox-Seabrooke will be the Anne Page and Josie In-tropidi the Mistress Quickly. The rôle of Sir John Falstaff will be sung by William H. West, Messrs. Raffael and Tucker will be Master Ford and Master Page, respectively, and the remaining characters will be in the hands of Rhys Thomas, Arthur Boyce, Marcel Perron, Maurice Darcy, Walter Chamberlain, and Fred Kavanaugh.

Notes.

L. R. Stockwell recently lost a leg through an accident while in Seattle.

The capacities of the French opera troupe at the California will be tested on Tuesday evening, March 30th, when "Aida" is to be given.

Eleanora Duse has regained her health after the operation which she underwent in a Viennese hospital, and will soon appear in Berlin.

Nelson Wheatcroft's widow is to continue the dramatic school which he established in New York. She has been an important factor in its success.

The Chicago papers say that Maud Durbin, who plays Juliet to Otis Skinner's Romeo, is the most artistic performer of that rôle since the days of Adelaide Neilson.

A new play is already in rehearsal to succeed "Spiridisme" at Bernhardt's theatre, the Renaissance, and the immortal Sarah has repeated her determination to act Hamlet.

The opportunity of becoming May Irwin's successor in the MacNally farces was offered Johnstone Bennett, but she has found vaudeville so profitable that she declined the offer.

Manager Friedlander, of the Columbia Theatre, is going East immediately after the carnival. He will be absent the entire summer, and expects to engage some strong attractions for his theatre.

When Miss Dorothy FHôte makes her début at the California Theatre in "An Unequal Match," she will be supported by members of the Modjeska, Haworth, and Frederick Warde companies.

De Wolf Hopper, who is coming to the Baldwin after the Lilliputians, is going to London at the close of his present season to negotiate with George Edwardes for an English production of "El Capitan."

E. Soldene Powell, a member of Cissy Fitzgerald's company, is a grandson of Emily Soldene, the well-known comic-opera singer, whose recently published memoirs have created such a sensation in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Russ Whytal are to follow Cissy Fitzgerald at the Columbia Theatre. They appear in "For Fair Virginia," a Southern war-drama written by Mr. Whytal. Mabel Burt is a member of the company.

At the Baldwin this (Saturday) evening, when "Fedora" is to be given for the only time during the present engagement, Davenport-Sardou souvenirs of the occasion will be given to the ladies in the lower part of the house.

An American soprano, Mme. Ruth Yebba, who is said to be a Californian by birth and has recently finished her studies with Mme. Marchesi in Paris, sang with the Metropolitan Permanent Orchestra in New York last Sunday night.

Otis Skinner's repertoire includes "A Soldier of Fortune," "His Grace of Grammont," "Villon, the Vagabond," "The Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet," "Richard III," "Katharine and Petruchio," and "The Lady of Lyons."

The Bostonians' new opera, "The Serenade," may safely be considered a success, as Jean Lassalle has bought the rights for France as a business investment. Victor Herbert is the composer of the music, and Harry B. Smith is the librettist.

One of the new Daly plays is an adaptation of a German farce which has been played in London at the Gaiety under the name of "The Circus Girl." The Daly adaptation was made by Joseph Herbert two years ago, but has never been acted.

The re-appearance of Sadie Martinot in extravaganza reduces by one more the already small number of comedienne on the stage. She has been engaged by E. E. Rice for "Excelsior, Jr.," which will be one of the early attractions at the Columbia.

The new Savoy opera, "His Majesty," has not proved anything like a worthy successor to the Gilbert and Sullivan series which preceded it. The music is by Sir Alexander Mackenzie and the words by F. C. Burnand, the editor of "Punch," and R. O. Lehman, the oarsman.

Gillette's latest play, "Secret Service," is to be acted in London in May, in spite of the fact that it is a drama of the Civil War. More remarkable still, it is to be given with exactly the same players and scenery that were seen during the long run at the Garrick Theatre in New York.

Arthur Pinero has been writing a new play, in the preparation of which, he says, he kept in mind the qualities of two young American actresses who are to appear in it. They are Fay Davis and Julie Opp, who have reached a certain degree of eminence in

London, but are quite unknown as American actresses in America.

Anna Boyd introduces a number of new songs in "The Nancy Hanks," which will come to the Columbia Theatre next month, one of which is said to rival "And Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back." One wonders in what respect it rivals it. Surely not in vulgarity!

Henry Arthur Jones's latest play is called "The Physician," and it is shortly to be produced by Charles Wyndham. Mr. Wyndham, by the way, was once a surgeon, and was even admitted to the medical department of the United States army, but he was induced to go on the stage by John Wilkes Booth.

The new Lyceum play, "The Mayflower," is the work of Louis N. Parker, and each of its three acts is laid in a different country. The first is in Amsterdam, the second in an inn at Plymouth, England, and the third on a Massachusetts farm, the whole following the migration of a Puritan family of two centuries ago. Among the members of the company are Mary Mannering, Felix Morris, Bessie Tyree, James K. Hackett, Edward J. Morgan, Joseph Wheelock, Jr., Mrs. Whiffen, and Peyton Carter.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's play, "A Lady of Quality," is at last in a fair way of seeing the light. She wanted Eleanor Calhoun, the California actress, to create the part of the heroine in this country, while the Frohmans, under whose management the play was to be given, wanted Olga Nethersole to have the rôle. The deadlock has been broken by the transfer of the play from the Frohmans to Charles Burnham, and he has engaged Julia Arthur for the part. Miss Arthur has been in London with Henry Irving's company for the past two seasons, but she will return to America next year and star in Mrs. Burnett's play. Joseph Holland will probably be the leading man in her company.

Whether it is *contra bonos mores* or not, Charles Frohman has a hard and fast rule forbidding man and wife or lovers to play rôles requiring them to make love to one another on the stage in any production which he controls. E. H. Sothern and Virginia Harned had trouble with Daniel Frohman over this rule when they were playing in "The Dancing Girl," and Miss Harned's retirement from the company was followed by their marriage. Now Amy Busby has been retired from the "Secret Service" company because William Gillette was too attentive to her. Blanche Walsh has succeeded to her place in the company, and Miss Busby is at her home in Rochester, where, it is surmised, she is preparing her trousseau.

A New York woman, only a day returned from securing a Dakota divorce, was holding a reception in celebration of the event when a messenger arrived announcing that he had a present for her. The large parcel on his arm secured his admittance. The hostess stepped forward to take the package but instead was served by the messenger, a lawyer's clerk, with a summons and complaint, under the late decision of the New York supreme court, in a suit for separation and custody of their son begun by her husband. The woman fainted, and the party broke up in confusion.

There is a tea that costs \$175 a pound. It is the pickings of the first tips of the blossoms. The greatest care must be taken in the picking, and nothing but the bright, golden-hued tip taken off the blossoms. All the picking of this grade is carefully done by hand. The process of drying these tips is as delicate as the picking. The annual output is estimated at 12,000 pounds, valued at \$2,100,000. Very little of this tea has been known to reach the United States, excepting a few pounds placed upon exhibition at the World's Fair.

The proportion of people in Norway who speak English is larger than in any other country of the world. The American in Norway will probably understand most of the people he is apt to meet there better than he would the peasants of many parts of the British Islands, notably Ireland, Wales, and Scotland. Every Norwegian is directly or indirectly connected with boats, and the proportion of those who have sailed in American yachts or English merchantmen is very large indeed.

Finding a purse containing thirty-three cents on the sidewalk in front of a Calais, Me., store, a woman picked it up and took it to the store-keeper. He hung it in the window above a sign reading: "Found—This purse, containing a large sum of money." When he came down the next morning, the purse was gone and there was a big hole in the plate-glass window.

A courageous Hungarian composer is about to write an opera founded on Henrik Ibsen's "Ghosts."

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When Martha Washington was hostess of America she received from eight to ten every Friday evening. Afternoon receptions were not in vogue then. Mrs. Washington founded our first republican drawing-room after the only model then known, the court of France. None were permitted to attend except those who had high social and diplomatic rank, and "full dress was required of all who passed the ordeal of social inspection." At Mrs. Washington's drawing-rooms "Mrs. Morris always sat at her right hand, and at all dinners, whether public or private, the venerable Robert Morris was placed nearest to the hostess." When Dolly Madison was wife of a President, in 1815, she was described as in the meridian of her life and beauty. Radiant and vivacious, she dispensed hospitality and exchanged courtesies with unrivaled grace. She looked and moved a queen. Her dress on one occasion is described as of yellow velvet, with garniture of pearls, and she wore an elaborate head-dress of feathers, "a Paris turban with a bird of paradise plume." One of her characteristics was that she never forgot a face. It was the custom of the day to take snuff, and the beautiful Mrs. Madison acquired the habit by being too polite to refuse the frequently offered box. When she was given a jeweled snuff-box for her own use she was diplomatically familiar with its service. "Her snuff-box," wrote a friend, "had magic influence; who could partake of the offered dainty and remain at enmity?" There was no lack of social splendor, and six horses were not considered too many in those days to convey a President and his family from one scene of festivity to another. There was a much closer line drawn in regard to rank than there is at present, in spite of the clever remark of a brilliant society woman of that day, that "the only rank in America was rank mutton." The effect of a social gathering was made more brilliant than it is by the dress of the men, who followed the style of the court of France. Imagine a "light-blue French coat with high collar, broad lapels, and large gilt buttons; a double-breasted harseilles vest, nankeen-colored cassimere breeches, with white silk stockings, shining pumps, and full lace ruffles on the shirt-bosom and wrists, with a white cravat inflated with a 'pudding,' as it was called." A powdered wig and a gold-laced coat of ruby velvet were worn by another one of the cavaliers of the first ladies of the land.

Tartan plaid ties and imperials will be very popular this spring, and hatters will make hat-bands to match the ties. The popular tartan plaids are the royal Stuart, Farquharson, Hunting, Fraser, Cameron, Murray, Victoria, Brödie, McDonald, Graham, and Forty-Second or Black Watch. You ought to know all these plaids by name (says *Vogue*). The well-informed man of the period must have everything that smacks of the Land-o'-cakes at his finger-tips. We must talk about "goff," tartan, clan, heather, as if we had been reared in kilts and fed on that clear white liquid that we mix with hot water to keep the winter out of us.

Two pews in the Madison Square Church, New York, belonging to the estate of some person deceased, were advertised to be sold at auction recently. In this privilege of the posthumous sale of sittings (comments *Harper's Weekly*) consists one of the advantages which church members have over club members. In no modern club in this country is it possible to purchase more than a life interest. A member, or any one, may buy and hold the bonds of a club, but he can not control a sitting in it, except for so long as he personally occupies it; and he can not occupy it—no, no matter how many bonds he may own—except by the admissions committee's consent. How different it is with a church, where pews may be owned outright. Such pews, as a rule, are originally the property of pious persons who own them in consideration of money given to build the church; but when they are put up for sale, as happens often, the highest bidder takes them, and the new owner occupies them at his pleasure. If the congregation should blackball him, no doubt the sheriff would put him in possession. The pews are, and so long as he maintains a churchmanlike demeanor, he has a right to sit under all the preaching that the pews command. Obviously the pew-selling churches are harder than the clubs, and can stand rougher treatment. But, for all that, the sale of pews at auction to close a decedent's estate is a queer practice and one that is not likely to lap over very far into the millennium.

Some of the anomalies of love have been grouped together by Albert Vandam, the author of "An Englishman in Paris," and make curious reading. Apropos of the production of a play in London which hinges on the relations of Lord Nelson and the notorious Lady Hamilton, Mr. Vandam brings up the question of Nelson's justification and says: "The thorough man of the world will get very angry with the defenders of Nelson. To listen to him one would imagine that Nelson's case was phenomenal, although it was only one of a hundred in the past. But he will endeavor to find extenuating circumstances for most of those who married beneath them and married women whom they knew to be unworthy of them. Point out to him the case of Peter the Great, and he will tell you that Peter was a barbarian. Refer to the case of Victor Emmanuel and Rosina Vercellana; he will insist that the liberator of Italy was partic-

ularly coarse in his personal tastes, and that he fell a victim to Rosina's unquestionably robust physical beauty. This may be true, but why, then, did Peter marry Catherine? Assuredly, if we are to believe Frederick the Great's sister, Catherine was the reverse of a beauty. Nor was Peter particularly faithful to her; yet when he discovered irrefutable proofs of her infidelity, and might have killed her with one blow without being answerable to any one, he refrained. We will take it, however, that Peter had no sense of beauty, that he was a stranger to all refinement; what about Raffaello Sanzio, who chose for his life's companion a girl of the lower classes, a daughter of a haker, whom he watched bathing her feet in the Tiber, and fell in love with? La Fornarina (the baker's daughter) was by no means supremely beautiful; she was not educated in the sense of the term, although she was possessed of sound common sense. Raffaello, who moved among the most beautiful women of his time and among the wittiest and most scholarly, remained, nevertheless, sincerely attached to her, which attachment was fully returned, for after his premature death she retired into obscurity. Miraheau's wife was good-looking, fairly intelligent, and his social equal. Sophie Monnier was downright handsome, intelligent to a degree, and by her marriage belonged to the *noblesse de robe*. Mlle. de Nehra was more beautiful than either of the former two, remarkable for her literary attainments, and sprang—though not legitimately—from as good a stock as her lover. Yet he abandoned the latter for the worthless, coarse wife of the printer Lejay. Heine, one of the greatest intellects of the century, meets at a low-class Paris ball a nondescript incapable of understanding a single line of his writings and almost unwilling to take his greatness on trust; she has no personal attractions; yet he marries her, and is henpecked by her long before he lies practically helpless on a bed of sickness from which he is never more to rise."

Finally Mr. Vandam concludes by quoting what he calls "the most remarkable of modern love-stories": "At the beginning of the Directory there is a poor and almost friendless young general of brigade, who goes one evening to one of Barras's receptions—not because he is particularly fond of gayety or receptions, but because he wishes to enlist Mme. Tallien's favor and influence in order to obtain the necessary cloth for a new uniform. The favorite of the young director receives him most graciously, promises to get his request granted, and, while he kisses her hand to thank her, he bethinks himself to tell her fortune. A ring is slowly gathering around the pair; among the company there is the widow of a general guillotined during the Reign of Terror. Josephine de Beauharnais, with the exception of her teeth and in spite of her thirty-six autumns, is decidedly beautiful. The young general falls in love with her, and candidates for matrimony not being plentiful, she accepts him finally *faute de mieux*, although she confesses to a friend that she does not care for him in the least. Time goes on, and the young general of brigade, who is her husband now, makes the world ring with his victories. She loves him none the more; nay, is unfaithful to him at every opportunity; is reluctant to join him in the country he has wrested from the Austrians; and, when finally obliged to do so for decency's sake, leaves him not very long in doubt either as to her affection or her conjugal faithfulness. Yet this genius hears it all, does not repudiate her, although he could divorce her legally, and finally makes her Empress of the French. When he does put her away, it is for dynastic, not for private reasons. Emma Lyons, otherwise Lady Hamilton, had at least the credit of having loved the man who flung conventional morality to the wind for her."

In a recently made list of the ten most lovely women of the present day, Cléo de Mérode, the *figurante* in the Grand Opéra in Paris who has kings and princes at her feet, is set down as the most perfect. She has a dainty oval face of ivory paleness, gypsy eyes and hair, a Greek forehead, and exquisite harmony of features. The most lovely of American beauties is Amélie Rives-Chanler, now the Princess Troubetzkoy. The princess is a blonde of an unusual type, and is noted for the remarkable purity of her profile and delicacy of her features. She has more beautiful eyes, say her admirers, than any other American woman. The coquettish little English beauty, Marie-Studholme, is placed third in the list. Miss Studholme should be considered the typical "nut-brown maid" of England, with her big, expressive brown eyes and clustering dark hair. All true Americans, however, will agree that Mary Anderson de Navarro is not a whit less lovely than Miss Studholme. Mary Anderson's beauty is pure Greek. Her profile is beyond reproach, and this, combined with her broad forehead and her lovely mouth, with its suggestion of interesting melancholy, have made her irresistible to the present generation of theatre-goers. Lady Randolph Churchill is also an American girl. Her face is distinguished by its expression of charming womanliness. She is acknowledged to be the most attractive young matron in England. On this side the water, probably the most beautiful society woman is Mrs. T. Suffern Tailor, of New York. Mrs. Tailor, who is youthful, is a very picturesque woman of a patrician type, with all the charm and dignity of an Old World princess. The other beauties, Lily Langtry and the Countess of Warwick, are likewise distin-

guished for their dignity of bearing. In Mrs. Langtry we have a repetition of the Greek type, and in the Countess of Warwick an excellent example of the patrician fineness of feature. Beauties of more recent fame are Miss Lily Hanbury and Miss Jane Hading. Miss Hanbury is a member of Wilson Barrett's company, and is known to American as well as English play-goers. Mlle. Hading, who is ranked with Bernhardt and Réjane as one of the three greatest actresses in Paris, has also acted in America, and here, as elsewhere, her remarkable beauty has attracted only less attention than her clever art.

The significance of a presentation at court this year is greater than on ordinary occasions, because it means invitations for all the jubilee festivities of the court, besides the usual functions. Four more drawing-rooms will take place this year. The lord chamberlain has declined to receive any new names, and the lists are closed. The state ball and concert which always come in the "season" will be supplemented by a garden-party, at which the queen will receive in person. A presentation, by the way, is by far a less formidable task now than it used to be. The stories of the long and chilly waits in the carriages, the intolerable crushes on the staircase and in the ante-chambers, the pushing, and elbowing, and tearing of gowns that used to signalize these festal affairs are now happily matters of the past. Arrangements provide much better for the comfort of the guests. True, the street wait is tedious enough, and within, the halls are apt to be chilly and the presence-chamber hot to suffocation. But one has plenty of space in the ante-rooms, and seats are provided for those who care for them. Incidentally, it is worth recording that flowers are used less freely in decorating the state apartments than formerly, for the reason that her majesty has an idea that the smell of the rapidly fading huds has been largely responsible for the fainting attacks that frequently overcome the ladies while awaiting their summons.

The fashion of the smooth face continues to increase in popularity, and mustaches are daily sacrificed to a fad which is not so well adapted to every man as a great many men evidently think. The style came from England. It became so much the proper thing in England for men to appear without hair on their faces that it was finally found necessary to forbid the practice in the army, as the loss of whiskers was spreading so rapidly that there promised to be a beardless army in a short while. Unbecoming styles of dress are unquestionably accepted when they are the mode. But it was usually thought that the selection of a mustache or a smooth face was founded on a deeper consideration of what made a man look well or the reverse. But that discrimination has been swept away now by the enthusiasm with which the unshaved lip has been acclaimed as the right style.

A wedding on wheels astonished London a few days ago. It is thus described by an eye-witness: "Suddenly round the corner careered the best man, in full wedding costume, and a bridesmaid, who beamed on everybody and wore a white dress. These heralded the approach of the happy couple, also on a 'sociole.' The bride, looking both happy and attractive, wore a white silk wedding costume and carried a bouquet of flowers, while the bridegroom looked as smart as possible in a silk hat, frock-coat, and light trousers. They were followed by the wedding guests, some on 'socioles' and others on safeties. The ladies all wore bridal favors, and took their fair share of the responsibilities of pedaling and steering the machines. How they managed to get on the machines I can not tell, because I was not present at the start, but I can bear testimony to the fact that they dismounted unassisted and with an amount of grace which led me to believe that there had been several rehearsals of the street part of the day's proceedings."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The author of "Degeneration," having shown that the great men of our time are merely so many manifestations of the human mind diseased, was bluntly asked by a critic to define the difference between genius and insanity. "Well," replied Nordau, "the maniac is at least sure of his board and clothes."

George Garrick, brother of the celebrated David, as the latter's most devoted slave and laborious lack-horse. On coming behind the scene, he usually inquired: "Has David wanted me?" It being asked once how George came to die so soon after the demise of his famous brother, a wag replied: "David wanted him."

Once the opposition leaders were very anxious to find out what course "Dizzy" intended to pursue in regard to a certain matter. They turned loose upon him a well-known political heauty. She talked and talked, he gazed and gazed. At length she asked him. He pressed her hand, looked unutterable admiration, and observed, "Pretty darling!"

Apropos of college athletics, there is a hint for college professors in a story told by Mr. Lees Knowles, P., of the laconic interview which a head-master Rugby held with the boy who led the school at hare and hounds. "Howard, I think?" he began; "Howard, you ran; so did I. You hold the boot-bags, Howard; so did I. You don't work, Howard; I did. You must. Good morning."

Sir Albert Pell, a verbose and prolix but very successful English advocate, owed his forensic victories largely to his iteration. When a gentleman criticised jury address of his in an important cause, Pell confessed and avoided "the justness of the criticism. I certainly was confoundedly long," he replied; but did you observe the foreman, a heavy-looking fellow in a yellow waistcoat? No more than one could ever stay in his thick head at a time, and I solved that mine should be that one; so I hammered till I saw by his eyes that he had got it."

Two of the best malapropisms I ever heard (says Sir Howard Paul) were uttered by an old lady of obscure origin, who lived in the West. She had two daughters being educated in Paris. She desired them to return, and they pleaded for a longer sojourn. "Them girls," she said, "has been so long in Paris, they begin to think themselves Parisites. These same girls were warmly devoted to private theatricals, and often took part in them. Somebody of the old lady that one of her daughters had engaged herself to a Frenchman, one of the actors, whereupon she exclaimed: "I always said no good would come of them amatory theatricals!"

Maurice Barrymore and some person with whom had business dealing were walking down Fifth avenue together. They passed a blind man, who had with a tin cup in his hand and a sign to explain his situation on his breast. The man, whom Barrymore was trying to impress, stopped. With great deprecation he drew a handful of silver from his pocket, and shuffling and searching it over for some time, at last found a nickel, which he dropped in the tin cup. Then he replaced the silver in his pocket and slowly buttoned his coat. Barrymore, who was irritated at the interruption, said: "Oh, come along!" The philanthropist looked at him full in the eyes. Barrymore, he said slowly and distinctly—rather slowly, too—"I always give to the blind." "You are very right," said Barrymore quickly; "they can't see if you are giving them."

Judge Roy Bean, of Langtry, Tex., declares that the "law west of the Pecos." Leslie's Weekly has an anecdote told of him when he sat as coroner on an inquest on the body of a man who had met violent death by falling from the great railway bridge spans the Pecos River. An examination showed the man had a revolver and forty dollars in cash in his pocket when he was killed. After swearing in the jury and looking over the effects of the dead man, Judge Bean said: "Gentlemen of the jury, there is no doubt how this man came to his death; it is all plain; but what I would like to know is why the name of thunder he carried that gun. Now, gentlemen, it's ag'in' the law to carry a concealed loaded gun in the State of Texas, and just here this gentleman took it into his head to get it. I don't mean to let him offend the peace and quietude of Texas. I fine him forty dollars."

Justice of the Peace Bonnefoi is known in Chicago as "North Side Solomon." Two neighbors had quarreled over the ownership of a mongrel dog. There had been several continuances, witnesses had sworn and countersworn, and lawyers had glibly urged the justice and the spectators as well as all mixed as to the nature of the original proposition. Toward the close of a wordy session, a dog's boy, who had stolen into the court with a bag of fresh meat for his employer's customers, was told to leave the room. The dog, which had been tied to a leg of the justice's desk, smelled the meat, gave a tug that broke the string, and bounded

down the stairs after the butcher's boy. The crowd was on the point of rushing out to capture the fugitive dog, when Bonnefoi sang out: "Hold on there! If anybody leaves the room I'll fine him for contempt of court. Let that tam dog go." And the dog went, and went so well that the litigants failed to recover him, and the case was dropped.

Alexander Bolles, one of the early itinerant preachers who preached in three States among the Alleghany Mountains, was much tormented by the influence of one John Rogers, a Jerseyman, who openly taught atheism and the abolishment of marriage. On one occasion, while holding a meeting in the woods in Virginia, a young man and woman pushed their way up to the stump which served as a pulpit. The man, interrupting the sermon, said defiantly, "I'd like you to know that we are Rogerites." The old man looked at him over his spectacles and waited. "We don't believe in no God." "No?" And then—"Nor in marriage. This is my wife, because I choose her to be; but I'll have no preacher nor squire meddlin' with us." "Do you mean to tell me," thundered Father Bolles, "that you have taken this girl home as your wife?" "Yes, I do," said the fellow, doggedly. "And have you gone willingly to live with him as your husband?" "Yes," said the frightened girl. "Then I pronounce you man and wife, and whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder. Be off with you! You are married now according to the law and the gospel."

THE TRAGEDY OF DEAF SMITH.

A Tale of an Early Texas Town.

The stifling heat of a midsummer afternoon hung over the town of Deaf Smith. One who hasn't lived through a summer in West Texas doesn't know what that means. There is nothing like it in any other part of America, unless it be on the alkali plains of Arizona and New Mexico, where, perhaps, it is a little hotter. Deaf Smith was an unattractive place, consisting of six shanties. It nestled in a valley in the hills of the Pecos country, surrounded by scrub-oak, mesquite, and chaparral. In 1850, Deaf Smith was the most important place for miles around.

It was on August 15th, according to the store-keeper's reckoning, but no one was certain about it. There were no calendars in Texas in those days. The heat rose in tremulous waves from the boulders in the dry river-bed. A dozen cattlemen were loitering around in the store, trying to keep cool. It was too hot even to talk.

Suddenly one of the men looked up and asked: "What's that?"

"Sounds like hoof-beats," said another. The store-keeper got up and went to the door. A thin cloud of moving dust was rising from the trail behind a low hill. Behind the dust-cloud came a horseman. He was still half a mile away, and the thick carpet of dust deadened the sound of his bronco's feet as it galloped along the trail, but it could be heard distinctly. One or two of the men staggered drowsily to their feet and looked in the direction of the dust-cloud.

"Looks like Ned Curtis," said big Bill Edwards, shading his eyes with his hand to escape the sun's glare. "Wonder what in — he's doing out in this sizzlin' heat! Some'n' must be wrong over at the Ross place."

The dust column came nearer and nearer, sometimes obscuring the horseman and sometimes drifting to one side and giving the men at the store a good view of him. He could hardly keep his seat. He swayed from side to side in his saddle, and once or twice almost lost his balance. When the bronco staggered up to the store a few moments later, its rider tumbled into the dust. The bronco, relieved of his weight, galloped on a little further and fell also. It had carried its last burden.

The rider was unconscious when Edwards reached him. He was lying face downward. Edwards called for assistance, and half a dozen men carried him into the store and laid him on the floor. His face was grimy with blood and dirt, and there was a wound in his left temple from which the blood had run down over his face and his neck in a tiny little rivulet.

"Some brandy, quick!" shouted Edwards, and half a dozen flasks were produced. Edwards forced some between the man's hairy lips, and another man dashed a can of water in his face. It was Curtis. They worked with him for half an hour before there was a sign of life. Then there was a slight twitching of the muscles of the jaw, and Curtis opened his eyes. He stared about him for a minute and then closed them again.

"What is it, Ned?" asked Edwards.

Curtis opened his eyes again. The sound of Edwards's voice seemed to restore his senses. He gasped, feebly: "Injuns! Greasers! Everybody dead at our place! Cattle and horses gone! Shanty burning!" Then he swooned again.

One of the men ran to the door and looked out over the hills to the south-west. Away over the hills he saw a thin column of smoke. It was twelve miles away, but in the clear Texas atmosphere it was plain enough. The man returned to the group about Curtis. Edwards was just spreading a bandana handkerchief over the prostrate man's face. The store-keeper was coming with another can of water.

"Needn't pester yerself, Mike," said Edwards. "Ned don't need nothing. He's dead."

Silently the men walked out of the store. There was a stern look on every sunburned face. No one said a word, but the men went out to a group of scrub-oaks, where the horses were picketed. In a few moments they were back before the store, mounted and ready for action. They were not demonstrative in their friendships. Whole-souled Ned Curtis, who had braved many a danger with them, was dead. The Greasers had done it. The Greasers must suffer or kill Ned Curtis's friends too.

"Ain't much chance that the Rosses is left," said Edwards, as the cavalcade struck out over the trail at a swinging lope. "But we'll ketch them Greasers afore they gits fur, and then—" Edwards did not finish his sentence, but looked at the priming of his short Mississippi rifle.

There were twelve men in the party, sturdy, bronzed fellows, with shaggy hair and long beards. They looked at their rifles also. There was scarcely a word spoken until the top of a hill, which afforded a good view of what had been the Ross place, was reached. Nothing remained but a pile of ashes. Two bloody corpses lay near by. Both were stripped almost naked and scalped.

"Damn their pesky skins," muttered Big Bill. "They wa'n't satisfied to kill and drive off the cattle, they robbed the dead of shirts an' everything. They'll pay for this," and then, turning to his companions, who were silently gazing at the ruins about them, he asked: "See any signs?"

"Big dust-cloud off to the right," said the store-keeper.

"That's them," said Edwards. "An' they must have five hundred head of cattle with 'em. Well, they can't get away with 'em."

"They've got a twenty-mile start," said the store-keeper, "an' it's only a matter o' fifty miles more to the Grande."

"Well, if we don't ketch 'em on this side we'll foller them on 'other," said Edwards.

It was after sundown when the cavalcade set in motion again. Men and horses were refreshed by food and drink and the cool breeze which had sprung up with the disappearance of the sun. They started off at a swinging six-mile-an-hour clip. Occasionally Edwards spoke and one of the others answered him in monosyllables. The moon rose along toward eight o'clock, and the Texans couldn't see the dust-cloud which guided them in daylight, but after eight hours' hard riding, they could hear the thunder of the feet of the cattle.

"Guess they didn't calkerlate 'at Ned 'ud last 'til he got to Deaf Smith, 'er they'd 'a' hurried a bit," said Edwards, smiling grimly, as they reached the summit of a low hill and could see the herd galloping wearily along down the south slope five miles away and hear the sharp cuts of the vaqueros as they prodded the jaded beasts along. "We'll rest up a hit and ketch 'em crossin' the Grande at daylight."

The Texans halted, and in a few moments the animals were picketed and the cattlemen asleep in the thick grass. They were in motion again before the sun began to redden the eastern sky, and, refreshed by their short rest, they made better time than they had the night before.

They came upon the flying Mexicans as they were riding into the wide, shallow stream. There were about forty vaqueros in the party and twenty Pecos River Indians. Most of the Mexicans were in the rear. The Texans dashed into the rear party before they could prepare for a defense. Their wild yells stampeded the herd, and many of the vaqueros were trampled under the hoofs of the maddened cattle.

About twenty abandoned their horses and took refuge in the shallow water behind the boulders. The Texans adopted the same tactics and scattered among the boulders and timber on the river bank.

Edwards was wounded in the cheek as he got off his bronco, but the Mexicans were not good shots and no one else was hurt. Every time a Mexican or an Indian showed his head he got a bullet in it. The fight lasted until midday, when the Mexicans ran up a white flag.

Only eight of them were left. Their surrender was unconditional. They did not ask quarter, because they knew they would get none.

One by one, at the command of Edwards, they marched sullenly from their places of concealment. They left their arms behind them. When they were lined up in an open space, Edwards commanded the store-keeper to gather up their lariats.

Ten minutes later the Mexicans stood in a row, bound hand and foot with halters about their necks.

"Now, boys, we're off," cried Edwards, seizing a halter and springing into his saddle. Seven other Texans followed his example and the cavalcade galloped back over the trail.—Evening Sun.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Aileen Goad and Mr. Charles K. McIntosh will take place at the home of the father of the bride-elect, Mr. W. F. Goad, at five o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, April 7th. Only relatives and a few intimate friends will be present.

The wedding of Miss Kathleen McGrew and Dr. Charles Cooper will take place next Wednesday in Honolulu. After the wedding they will visit this State, and then go to Europe.

Mrs. Ben C. Truman has returned to Los Angeles after a three weeks' visit here at the Occidental Hotel. On the two days prior to her departure she was entertained at luncheons given by Mrs. C. F. McDermott, of Oakland, and Mrs. I. W. Hellman, of this city, at their respective residences.

Mrs. Sigmund B. Schloss entertained eleven young ladies at luncheon last Monday at the Hotel Richelieu. The affair was complimentary to Miss Rosalie Neustadter, whose engagement was announced recently. The table was beautifully decorated in white and green, and the afternoon was delightfully passed.

While Mr. Denis O'Sullivan was in Cincinnati, Ohio, playing in "Shamus O'Brien," he was given a reception one evening at the Art Club by his old friend, Mr. Frank Duveneck, the artist. There was a large and representative assemblage, who enjoyed music and feasting until a late hour. Mr. O'Sullivan is expected here in a few weeks and will give one concert.

The races at Agricultural Park, in Los Angeles, last Saturday for the benefit of La Fiesta were very successful. The idea originated with Mr. Callaghan Byrne, of this city, who was president of the day and won the first prize in the goose-race.

Mr. Bruce Porter will give a reception this afternoon, from two until six o'clock, at his studio, 506 Jackson Street, to show the recent work of Mr. Aiken, who is soon to leave for Paris, where he will continue his studies.

The most popular children's book ever written was "Mother Goose's Melodies." Mrs. Goose, or "Mother Goose," as she was familiarly called, was the mother-in-law of Thomas Fleet, a Boston printer, early in the last century. When his first child was born, his mother-in-law devoted all her attention to the baby, and, it is said, greatly annoyed Fleet by her persistent and not particularly musical chanting of the old English ditties she had heard in her childhood. The idea occurred to Fleet of writing down these songs and publishing them in book-form. The oldest extant copy bears the date of 1719. The price marked on the title-page was "two coppers." This account of the origin of "Mother Goose" is discredited by some critics, who declare that, in 1697, Perrault published "Contes de ma Mère l'Oye," or "Stories of Mother Goose." The name "Mother Goose" was familiar in French folklore, being used by writers of this literature over a century before the time of Perrault.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art has recently received from Collis P. Huntington a gift in the form of a portrait of George Washington by the celebrated artist C. W. Peale. The portrait is life-size, and represents Washington leaning upon a cannon. He is clad in the Continental costume, and over his shoulder runs a blue sash. The canvas is about 48 feet, and is surrounded by the same old-fashioned moulding that was put about it by the artist. The picture represents Washington at the age of forty-seven. It was originally purchased from a Miss Bell, of Tooting, Surrey, England, in whose family it had been for several generations. The price paid to the dealer by Mr. Huntington is not disclosed, but some estimate of it can be made by remembering that the Earl of Albemarle recently offered to sell another Peale portrait of Washington similar to the one in question for about eleven thousand dollars.

The changes in the directorate of the Pacific Coast Jockey Club will not disturb the racing at Ingleside. President A. B. Spreckels and Secretary W. S. Leake have resigned. J. H. Tade was elected to succeed Mr. Leake, but he also resigned, and Fred H. Green, brother-in-law to Vice-President Henry J. Crocker, was finally chosen secretary. Under the readjustment, the board of directors now consists of S. N. Androus, president; Henry J. Crocker, vice-president; F. H. Green, Walter S. Hobart, J. S. Malowansky, M. H. Tarpey, and Ed Corrigan. The programme for the next two weeks at the Ingleside track, beginning on Monday, is a fast one. The Androus stakes will be run Monday, March 22d; the Ullman stakes, Saturday, March 27th; and the California Derby, Saturday, April 3d.

The bill providing a limited indemnity for the loss of registered letters has become a law. The maximum of indemnity on any single registry is fixed at ten dollars. There is every reason for supposing that the registered-mail business will increase, as a direct consequence of this new law.

The Cat Extermination Society of Germany has been publishing reports and has taken away the breath of those persons who love pussies by relating that in Westphalia alone seven thousand three hundred unhappy cats have been killed in the last year.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Fourth Symphony Concert.

The fourth Symphony Concert was given at the Columbia Theatre last Thursday afternoon by an orchestra of fifty-five musicians, under the direction of Mr. Gustav Hinrichs. Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt, pianist, and Mrs. Gertrude Auld-Thomas, vocalist, were the soloists. A fashionable audience enjoyed the following programme:

Overture, "Genoveva," Schumann; piano concerto, Raff; Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt; suite, "Les Erynnés," (1) prelude, (2) scène religieuse (cello obligato, Mr. Louis Heine), (3) entr'acte, (4) divertissement, Massenet; "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah," Meyerbeer, Mrs. Gertrude Auld-Thomas; "Norwegian Artists' Carnival," Svendsen.

The fifth Symphony Society concert, on April 1st, is to be a Wagner afternoon, and many excerpts from this master's works will be given for the first time in this city. The following artists will assist: Mrs. Adler Keesing and Mrs. Mathilde Wilde, sopranos; Mrs. K. Fleming Hinrichs, contralto; Mr. Rhys Thomas and Mr. Alois Werner, tenors; Mr. Jacob Muller, baritone. The great features will be the famous quintet from the "Meistersinger" and "Isolde's Liebestod." The concert will begin at three o'clock sharp.

The Trebelli Concert.

Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli gave a concert at Golden Gate Hall last Wednesday evening, and attracted a large audience. She was assisted by Miss Carrie Bowes, pianist, and Mr. J. Marrión, accompanist. The programme presented was as follows:

Solo pianoforte, prelude and fugue in E-minor, Raff; song, "My Mother Bids Me," Haydn; berceuse, "Quand tu Chantes," Gounod; "The Shadow Song" ("Dinorah"), Meyerbeer; solo pianoforte, (a) prelude, "The Bell," (b) variations brillantes, Chopin; song, "The Shepherdess," Grieg; canzonetta, "Gentil Prizioner," Mattei; romanza, "Mia Picciarella" ("Salvator Rosa"), Gomez; Irish ballad, "Killarney," Balfe.

Mlle. Trebelli will give two more concerts at Golden Gate Hall, one at three o'clock this afternoon, and the other at eight o'clock to-morrow evening. Interesting programmes have been prepared for both occasions.

Camilla Urso will give three concerts at Golden Gate Hall on Monday evening, March 29th, Friday evening, April 2d, and Saturday afternoon, April 3d. Camilla Urso's is a name famous over all the world, and her concerts here will be a rare treat to the lovers of the violin. Her company consists of Miss Minnie Methot, a pupil of Marchesi; Edwin H. Douglas, a young American tenor just from Dresden; and George H. Wesley, a clever pianist. The sale of seats commences at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s next Thursday.

A fragment of an opera begun by Wagner in 1833 and never finished, called "Die Hochzeit," has been bought by an Englishwoman for five hundred dollars. Wagner wrote the libretto and composed an introduction, a chorus, and a septet, but stopped, as his sister did not like the plot. It is a bride's wedding night, and a friend of the bridegroom, mad with jealousy, climbs to the bedroom window of the lady. There is a struggle, and the stalwart bride hurls the maniac into the courtyard below, with his head battered in. At his funeral the lady falls dead over his corpse. This cheerful story was Wagner's first operatic libretto, and he was barely twenty. But an even still more bloodthirsty effort, in the form of a drama, was written when he was a school-boy of fourteen. In this extraordinary work no fewer than forty-two of the speaking characters were killed in the course of the first four acts, and in order to bring the story to a conclusion at all, some of them in the form of ghosts had to be revived in the fifth act.

Last spring twelve Fond du Lac young women originated the idea of establishing a shirt and overall factory, and incorporated themselves under the name of the Fond du Lac Shirt and Overall Company, with a capital stock of twelve hundred dollars, divided into twelve shares of one hundred dollars each. Subsequently the stock was increased to two thousand dollars, and the company now has twenty shareholders, all of whom are employed in the factory. The capital stock was invested in sewing-machines and special machinery for making button-holes, sewing on buttons, and for fancy sewing. The power is furnished by a gasoline engine. The only man employed in the factory is the cutter. The young women now turn out twenty-five dozens of shirts daily, and the outlook is that the capacity of the plant will soon be doubled.

Four Buffalo reporters attended a prize-fight in a professional capacity, and the "mill" being raided by the police, were promptly captured with the party. Judge King, of that city, before whom they were brought, released them, declaring that it was a principle of law, as well as of common sense, that three kinds of men were permitted to go anywhere without blame—doctors, clergymen, and reporters.

On one of the wide avenues of Chicago there has lately been seen the queer spectacle of a cart with a neat pair of sails—mainsail and jib—spinning along before the wind, turning around corners, or tacking to an adverse breeze. This craft runs on four bicycle wheels and has a body built like the deck of a boat. It was invented by two boys of the Windy City.

THE MESOZOIC MUSE.

A Ballade of Evolution.

In the mud of the Cambrian main
Did our earliest ancestor dive;
From a shapeless aluminous grain
We mortals our being derive.
He could split himself up into five,
Or roll himself round like a ball;
For the fittest will always survive,
While the weakest go to the wall.

As an active ascidian again
Fresh forms he began to contrive,
Till he grew to a fish with a brain,
And brought forth a mammal alive.
With his rivals he next had to strive,
To woo him a mate and a thrall;
So the handsomest managed to wive
While the ugliest went to the wall.
At length as an ape he was fain
The nuts of the forest to rive;
Till he took to the low-lying plain,
And proceeded his fellow to knive.
Thus did cannibal men first arrive,
One another to swallow and maul;
And the strongest continued to thrive,
While the weakest went to the wall.

ENVOY.

Prince, in our civilized hive
Now money's the measure of all;
And the wealthy in coaches can drive
While the needier go to the wall.

—Grant Allen.

Ballade of Primitive Man.

He lived in a cave by the seas,
He lived upon oysters and fies,
But his list of forbidden degrees
An extensive morality shows;
Geological evidence goes
To prove he had never a pan,
But he shaved with a shell when he chose,
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!
He worship'd the rain and the breeze,
He worshiped the river that flows,
And the Dawn, and the Moon, and the trees,
And bogies, and serpents, and crows;
He buried his dead with their toes
Tucked up, an original plan,
Till their knees came right under their nose,
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!

His communal wives, at his ease,
He would curb with occasional blows;
Or his State had a queen, like the hees
(As another philosopher trows);
When he spoke it was never in prose,
But he sang in a strain that would scan,
For (to doubt it, perchance, were morose)
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!

ENVOY.

Max, proudly your Aryans pose,
But their rigs they undoubtedly ran,
For, as every Darwinian knows,
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!

—Andrew Lang.

Ballade of the Primitive Aryan.

Tweddledum, tweddledee! It's time we began
The alternatives awful to face
Of a once-for-all choice, under blessing or han,
'Tween Professor Max Müller and Sayce,
Though they're erudite both in the learning of race,
And do all that sagacity can,
The cradle to find and the toddlings to trace
Of the Primitive Aryan Man.
Tweddledee, tweddledum! I'm no partisan;
I impartially study the case;
I love not the quarrels of science to fan;
I would rather see savants embrace.
But from Norway to high Hindoo Koosh is a space
Of divergence not easy to span
By the schools to whom each is a rival birthplace
Of the Primitive Aryan Man.

Tweddledum, tweddledee! Was he fair? Was he tan?
Did he hunt? Did he fish? Did he chase?
Did they clothe them in skins, this nomadic clan,
For their comfort if not for their grace?
Was it eastward, or westward, full flowing apace,
That the tide of his wandering ran?
Which way was his march, and where fixed was its base
For the Primitive Aryan Man?

ENVOY.

Prints feeble and faint! within less than an ace
Of escaping Ethnology's scan,
Will you ever direct either Müller or Sayce
To the Primitive Aryan Man?—Anon.

A New York boat-builder has taken the body of an open-box buggy and put it on pneumatic-tired wheels. In it he has put a little naphtha-engine of the kind used in launches. The whole is well-finished, makes a pretty carriage, and goes "like the dickens."

The Prussian Government has appropriated twelve thousand dollars for Röntgen-ray experiments during the current year.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington are expected to arrive here from New York about April 5th.

Mr. W. F. Goad and the Misses Allen and Genevieve Goad have returned from their visit to the Eastern and Southern States.

Mr. and Mrs. William Robinson Whittier, *née* Carroll, sailed from New York city last Saturday to visit Egypt.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Hobart was brightened on Sunday, March 14th, by the advent of a daughter.

Mr. William H. Crocker, Prince Poniatowski, Mr. William E. Bourn, Mr. W. Northrop Cowles, and Mr. E. A. Wiltsie left last Monday in a private car for Carson City, Nev., to witness the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight.

Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Mamie E. Kohl, of San Mateo, are passing a month in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Lily H. Colt has been confined to her rooms at the Palace Hotel for several weeks, owing to illness, but is reported to be improving.

Mrs. H. M. Gillig has gone to Europe to pass about three months in Italy and the South of France.

Mr. H. E. Huntington, Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt, and Mr. J. C. Stubbs left for New Orleans last Sunday to meet and confer with Mr. C. P. Huntington.

Mrs. William H. Mills and Miss Ardella Mills returned from Sacramento last Saturday, after a brief visit there.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks have returned to Los Angeles, after passing several weeks here as the guest of Mrs. Hager and a fortnight with Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Tevis at Bakersfield.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney and Miss Whitney, of Boston, arrived here last Monday and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease arrived in New York city last Monday.

Mr. James L. Flood and Mr. Nat T. Messer left last Monday for Carson City, Nev., and returned on Wednesday.

Mrs. Elisha Dyer sailed from New York for England, March 10th, on the steamship *St. Louis* of the American Line.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank H. Fisher are comfortably situated in a flat at 402 West One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Street, in New York city. Mrs. Fisher is studying vocal culture under Mr. George Sweet, and will soon start on dramatic work.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus L. Gerstle have rented a cottage in San Rafael for the summer season.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss are passing a month at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. Joseph Sloss will leave this evening for New York city, and will be away several weeks.

Mr. Bert R. Hecht will leave next week for Europe to join his mother and sister, who have been traveling there for several months.

Mr. Frederick R. Webster left last Tuesday for Carson City, Nev., to witness the prize-fight.

Mr. and Mrs. William Haas and family, Mr. H. L. Simon, and Miss Anna Simon are en route home from Europe, after an absence of about a year.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Wightman, *née* Ferrer, are passing several months in Los Angeles.

Mr. W. B. Hamilton is en route home from New York and Washington, D. C., after an absence of several weeks.

Major Frank McLaughlin, who has been in Washington, D. C., and New York for some time, is expected to return next week.

Mr. Harry M. Gillig, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. Jerome A. Hart, Mr. Alexander Hamilton, and Mr. Frank L. Unger, who have been passing the last two months on the Hawaiian Islands, where they were extensively entertained, returned to this city last Wednesday on the steamer *Australia*.

Mr. and Mrs. Loring G. Nesmith, of San José, have been passing the week at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Greer Harrison and Miss Harrison left for New York city last Tuesday. Mr. Harrison will remain there for some time, but his wife and daughter will proceed to Europe to travel for a couple of years.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gilmore Holcombe, *née* Gibbs, will return to the city on Monday, March 22d, and reside at the Hotel Pleasanton, after passing their honeymoon at Coronado, Los Angeles, Pasadena, Santa Barbara, and other points in Southern California.

Among the recent arrivals at the California Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. W. Weber, of San José, Mr. and Mrs. George T. Myers, of Portland, Or., Mrs. T. A. Edmunds, of Boston, Mr. William Edmunds, of Upper Lake, Mr. L. P. Lowe, of Pasadena, Mr. W. E. Sharpe, of Philadelphia, and Captain John Humphreys, of Alaska.

Mrs. John Manhall Brown and Miss Brown, of Portland, Me., are passing a week at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. Edward A. Belcher has returned from a visit to friends in Santa Cruz.

Captain Frank A. Johnston, of the steamer *City of Sydney*, returned from Australia last Wednesday, and is at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Morse are the guests of President and Mrs. McKinley at the White House, in Washington, D. C. They will soon pay a brief visit to New York city, returning to San Francisco early in April.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Renjes have returned from a trip to Europe, and are staying at the California Hotel, prior to their departure for their home in Honolulu.

Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Agnes McLaughlin, of Santa Cruz, will go East in May on a month's trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Solomon Hirsch, of Portland, Or., are at the Occidental Hotel. The Misses Hirsch are visiting Mrs. M. Blum, at 2295 Franklin Street.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral J. G. Walker, U. S. N., will be retired from active service to-day.

Captain Henry Glass, U. S. N., will be detached from the command of the *Texas* on March 31st and ordered to Mare Island as captain.

Major Curtis E. Munn, Surgeon, U. S. A., has been detached from Benicia Barracks, given one month's leave of absence, and then ordered to proceed to Fort Logan, Colo.

Dr. Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N., who has been at Chemulpo, Corea, for several months, is now at Yokohama, Japan, with the United States steamer *Boston*.

Assistant-Paymaster Joseph Fyffe, U. S. N., left New York city for Southampton on March 10th, on the steamer *St. Louis* of the American Line.

Lieutenant Cecil Stewart, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence, with permission to go beyond the sea, to take effect on April 1st.

Lieutenant Milton F. Davis, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A.,

has been granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of two months.

Lieutenant H. W. Harrison, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Independence* and ordered to the *Oregon*.

Passed Assistant-Engineer W. S. Chambers, U. S. N., has been ordered from the New York navy-yard to the *Oregon*, relieving Passed Assistant-Engineer T. F. Burdett, U. S. N., who has been ordered home on waiting orders.

Lieutenant-Colonel James G. C. Lee, U. S. A., has been appointed assistant quartermaster-general, with the rank of colonel.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles P. Eagan, U. S. A., has been ordered to revert to duty as chief commissary of the Department of California on returning from his leave of absence.

Major Wells Willard, U. S. A., will then go to New York city to act as assistant to the purchasing commissary there.

Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Lawrence S. Babbitt, U. S. A., and Miss L. Morris came down from Benicia Barracks last Wednesday and passed a few days at the Occidental Hotel.

Major and Mrs. John A. Darling, U. S. A., and Miss Hastings came down from Rutherford, Napa County, last Monday, after an absence of several months, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Captain Marion P. Maus, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been appointed aide-de-camp to the Major-General Commanding the Army and ordered to duty at Washington, D. C.

Captain W. E. Hoffman, U. S. A., retired, is residing with his daughter, Mrs. L. L. Roripaugh, at Elsinore, Cal.

Mrs. J. Franklin Bell, wife of Lieutenant Bell, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., has joined her husband in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. R. E. Coontz, wife of Lieutenant Coontz, U. S. N., of the *Philadelphia*, is residing at 925 Hyde Street.

His Day in Court.

Even amid the manifold distractions of this day, the *Daily News* desires to call attention to Mr. Garret A. Hobart, of New Jersey, a gentleman who is about to undergo a singular fate.

On this day, Mr. Hobart will be some pumpkins. He will stand at the left hand of the President or thereabout, and he will have a carriage in the procession.

He will be called upon by name to step forward to the centre of the stage and assist conspicuously in the imposing ceremonies of the day, and then he will never more be seen or heard until, four years hence, he emerges from the impenetrable vacuum called the Vice-Presidency.

Four years ago Mr. Adlai Stevenson, of Illinois, stood forth in the sight of his fellow-men and in the snow and was the only pebble on a considerable stretch of beach. Since that time he has not been seen of mortal eye. Mail has accumulated for him at one place or another and dust has accumulated on the mail, but nobody could remember where to forward it. Two or three times delegations of neighbors from Bloomington have gone to Washington to find him, but without success.

The Constitution of the United States provides that a Vice-President who gets into plain view after inauguration day shall be liable to impeachment. It is said that one of the Vice-Presidents had the misfortune to expire in the middle of his term and the fact was not discovered until the next inauguration day.

It is meet, therefore, that all the curious should take a good, long look at Garret A. Hobart to-day, for they will not have another chance for four years. It is rumored that Mr. Stevenson has grown a long white beard during his retirement in the Vice-Presidency.—*Chicago News*.

In a recent issue of *Harper's Bazar* appeared the following paragraph about a lady well known in this city:

"Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst, who was a conspicuous, although a silent, figure on the platform at nearly all the sessions of the recent Congress of Mothers, held in Washington, has an enviable reputation in that city, not only for generosity, but for her simple, unassuming manner, which is as far as possible removed from the haughtiness that is the traditional bearing of the *grande dame*. Mrs. Hearst supports several free kindergartens in Washington, in addition to her other benefactions, and it is reported that she gives away each year a large portion of her income. Her beautiful home is a centre of hospitality and a place where each guest is made to feel thoroughly and happily at home. Mrs. Hearst virtually keeps open house, and her guests are at liberty to invite their friends to meals and in every other way to make the house their own. To her great generosity the congress owed its existence, as she bore its whole expense."

For traveling over the rolling plains of Central Asia, a Chinese version of the Russian tarentas is used, to which, in Russia, three horses are usually harnessed abreast. Mongolians, however, know nothing about driving, so they fix a bar across the shafts, and a mounted man on either side, taking the end of this on his saddle-bow and pressing it against his chest, sets off at full gallop. Another pair tug in front at rope traces attached to the shafts, and a couple of horsemen hook on to the sides of the carriage. In this way, it is said that fifteen miles an hour can be covered without difficulty; but it is trying work for the nerves.

There is in the strong rooms of one of the oldest private banks in London a large quantity of jewels, plate, and other valuables which was deposited for safe custody by French refugees shortly before the outbreak of the Revolution. Several of the depositors claimed their belongings after the *coup d'état*, but the present deposits are still awaiting claimants.

By the will of the late Gustav Sutro, his estate, which is valued at more than one million dollars, was bequeathed to his widow, Mrs. Theresa Sutro, and his four children, Mr. Charles Sutro, Mr. Emilie Sutro, and the Misses Helen and Olga Sutro.

HIS FIRST PINK TEA.

The Experience of a Non-Society Man.

"I went to a 'Pink Tea' the other day," said Littleton, "and hereafter 'brown beer' will be good enough for me. In the first place, I'm color blind, I suppose, for the tea looked just the same shade as green tea or black tea, and it was just as wishywashy as it generally is; but it wasn't the color nor the taste that bothered me so much as the way the hostess kept me on the jump. I'm not a society man, and I can't talk unless I have something to talk about, but I can listen very well, and that's all right if the other man can talk."

"Well, my hostess introduced me to an awfully pretty girl, a Miss Suite, and in a minute I felt as if I'd known her all my life, for she could run both ends of a conversation without half trying."

"Have you been much to the opera this season?" asked she, as a starter.

"I've been but once, and so I said nonchalantly that I enjoyed the 'Huguenots' very much the other night."

"Yes; wasn't it grand?" she said, with animation. "Ancona was simply superb. By the way, I met Ancona socially the other day and he told me—"

"Here she leaned forward impressively, and I felt that she had something awfully good to tell; but just at this moment up came the hostess and carted me off to meet Miss Pecbe."

"Miss Pecbe was a—daisy, and her first question put me on my feet, or, rather, in the saddle, for she asked me if I was fond of wheeling. I answered 'yes' with enthusiasm, and she said: 'Then you'll appreciate this awfully good story—'; but she reckoned without her hostess, who came up then and lugged me off to meet Miss Budd."

"Miss Budd was as pretty as she could be. She had been in the middle of a card-story when I came up, but the man who was hearing it with every appearance of interest was taken away to be presented to Miss Pecbe; and as he was lame, I knew that he wouldn't care to talk about wheeling, and as I don't know cards from a bole in the ground, I couldn't look intelligent when Miss Budd worked off the story on me, and so she thought me an imbecile at the start."

"Well, the room was full of pretty girls, and they all had something to say, and they all had to cut it off in the middle, for my Nemesis—I mean my hostess—spent the whole time in making people 'sociable.'"

"Finally, when most of the guests had sifted out, I found myself telling a story to all the girls I had met. That is, I was relating it to Miss Breezy, and she laughed so hard at the way I was telling it that the others came around to hear, too. It's my one story, and I do tell it well. I got along swimmingly until I was near the end, and then it struck me that of course the hostess would come up and lug me away before it was finished, and that rattled me so that I clean forgot the point, and stood there before all those stunning girls grinning like—like an idiot at a 'pink tea.' And at last, when I murmured some apology to the girls, who tried to look sympathetic but were secretly laughing at me for a poor fool, my hostess came up slowly, and murmured: 'So good of you to come, Mr. Littleton!' and I made my escape."—*Puck*.

A billiard-ball for women is in course of construction in St. Louis. One apartment in the structure will be devoted to a school of instruction, where novices may receive lessons from an expert teacher. The proprietor will expend fifteen thousand dollars in fitting up the hall. The new club will be unique in this country, there being but one public billiard-parlor for women in the world—in Vienna, Austria.

—PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFITS AND SUPPLIES, models 1897. Instruction free. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

—ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE STATEMENT of the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, appearing in another column of this issue, showing it to be in a very prosperous condition.



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FROM SAN FRANCISCO	FROM LOS ANGELES
Saturday, - - March 13	Sunday, - - March 14
Tuesday, - - " 16	Wednesday, - - " 17
Saturday, - - " 20	Sunday, - - " 21
Saturday, - - " 27	Sunday, - - " 28

All who contemplate a transcontinental trip soon will contribute immeasurably to their own well-being by bearing these dates in mind and purchasing tickets via the great Sunset Route. The trip between San Francisco and New Orleans over this famous route is vastly more than a dream of delight and profit; it is the reality, as thousands of patrons of SUNSET LIMITED will gladly testify.

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From February 15, 1897.	ARRIVE
*6.00 A	Niles, San José, and Way Stations..	8.45 A
7.00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East..	8.45 P
7.00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsen, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding via Davis	6.45 P
7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa	6.15 P
8.30 A	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Marysville, Tehama, and Red Bluff	4.15 P
*8.30 A	Peters and Milton	*7.15 P
9.00 A	New Orleans Express, Raymond (for Yosemite), Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	4.45 P
9.00 A	Martinez and Stockton	4.45 P
9.00 A	Vallejo	6.15 P
.....	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton	7.15 P
*1.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 P
1.00 P	Niles, San José, and Livermore	8.45 A
*1.30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations	*7.45 P
4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa	9.15 A
4.00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento	11.15 A
4.30 P	Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, and Fresno, going via Niles, returning via Martinez	11.45 A
5.00 P	Los Angeles Express, Tracy, Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	7.45 A
5.00 P	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	7.45 A
6.00 P	European Mail, Ogden and East	9.45 A
6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José	7.45 A
17.00 P	Vallejo	17.45 P
7.00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East	11.15 A
*10.00 P	"Sunset Limited," Fresno, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans, and East	*12.45 P

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

8.15 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations	5.50 P
*2.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations	*11.20 A
4.15 P	Newark, San José, and Los Gatos	9.50 A
*11.45 P	Hunters' Excursion, San José, and Way Stations	17.20 P

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts)

6.45 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only)	1.30 P
8.15 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf, and Principal Way Stations	7.00 P
10.40 A	San José and Way Stations	5.00 P
11.30 A	Palo Alto and Way Stations	3.30 P
*2.30 P	San Mateo, Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove	*10.40 A
*3.30 P	San José and Way Stations	9.45 A
4.30 P	San José and Way Stations	8.05 A
5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations	*8.45 A
6.30 P	San José and Way Stations	6.35 A
*11.45 P	San José and Way Stations	17.45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

*6.00 A		7.25 A
8.00 A		10.45 A
9.00 A	MELROSE, SEMINARY PARK,	11.45 A
10.00 A		11.45 A
2.00 P	FITCHBURG, SAN LEANDRO,	11.45 P
3.00 P		4.45 P
4.00 P	AND	5.45 P
5.00 P	HAYWARDS.	6.15 P
5.30 P		7.45 P
7.00 P		8.45 P
8.00 P		9.45 P
9.00 P	# Runs through Niles.	10.50 P
*11.45 P	# From Niles.	*12.20 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—	
*7.15	9.00 11.00 A. M., 11.00 *2.00 13.00
*4.00	15.00 *6.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—	
10.00 A. M., 12.00	1.00 12.00 *3.00 4.00
5.00 P. M.	

A for Morning. P for Afternoon. *Sundays excepted.
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"Pushpen is a ready writer, isn't he?" "Yes; he writes readily enough, but the trouble is he can't think."—*Chicago Record*.

Old maid—"Boy, which is the quickest way for me to get to the railway station?" Accommodating boy—"Run."—*Dublin World*.

He—"Yes; I come from a fine old English family." She—"Did they give you a good character when you left?"—*Pick-Me-Up*.

"Sweetheart," he whispered. He wasn't telling her a thing but the old, old story. Yet he held his audience for hours.—*Detroit Journal*.

"Mr. McKinley's in great luck." "How's that?" "Because inauguration didn't come off the same day as the Corbett-Fitz fight."—*Chicago Record*.

"I will be remembered," said the poet, "when you are forgotten." "Very likely," said the plutocrat; "I always pay cash."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"Nora, doesn't it tire you to run up so many stairs to announce my visitors?" "Yes;—but, yer see, when I gits wore out, I jis' tells 'em yer ain't in."—*Life*.

"Young Higginside married, you say, on ten dollars a week? That took nerve, anyhow. What was he working at?" "Nothing. It was the girl that was earning the ten dollars."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"The usual seats?" asked the gentlemanly box-office attendant. "Er—no; give me something cheaper, in the pit." "Here you are. Glad your wife got safely home from her trip."—*Detroit Free Press*.

The comedian (on the defensive)—"But you know there are only seven real jokes in the world, it is said." The soubrette—"I know; what puzzles me is that you have never happened upon any of them."—*Cincinnati Tribune*.

Mrs. Kuddler—"Do you know, George, that everybody says the baby is just like me?" Mr. Kuddler—"Nonsense, Anne; the baby is now more than six months old, and it has never spoken a word."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Society is going to the demnition bow-wows," declared the rapid scion of a wealthy house. "What's the matter now, Dick?" "Pawnbroker at the reception this afternoon wearing my diamond pin."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Fuddy—"What an egotistical rascal Grady is!" Duddy—"In what way?" Fuddy—"What way? Every way. He was saying to-day that it is the little things in life that count. Did you ever bear grosser egotism than that?"—*Boston Transcript*.

Easy (who thinks he knows the game)—"It requires a lot of study to learn how to play poker." Swift (raking in a pot)—"Yes; but then it is such a pleasure, you know, to meet a man who has thoroughly mastered the game."—*Boston Transcript*.

Dr. Slade (who has been away)—"Where is Lopeared Johnson? I haven't seen him since my return." Alkali Ike—"Lopeared hasn't yere any more." Dr. Slade—"Not defunct?" Alkali Ike—"That's jest what he done—defunct with my hoss an' Bill Hockersmith's wife."—*Puck*.

After the amateur drama: "I know we ought to have had a dress rehearsal." "What's the trouble?" "Why, when I said to Tom Skinner, 'Kneel, sirrah,' and on bended knee pay homage to your lady queen,' he spoke right out and said: 'Not on your life—in these tights.'"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Aunt Mandy—"How did yer amuse yerself on th' keers comin' from York, Hiram?" Hiram—"I bought one o' them ten-cent magazines." Aunt Mandy—"Wuz it wuth readin'?" Hiram—"Readin'! Gol durn it, I got back ter Podunk afore I got thru splittin' th' pages, b'gosh!"—*Judge*.

"Yes," she said bitterly, "I must confess that he deceived me as to his habits." "Does he drink, or gamble, or anything of that kind?" inquired the other. "No. Before we were wed, he led me to believe that he had a habit of talking in his sleep about all his doings. And he does not."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Lizette—"Is it a noice piece ye have, Marie?" Marie (a new arrival)—"Noice enough, but it's beyant me undershtandin' phy they do make me do such quare things." Lizette—"Quare, Marie?" Marie—"Yis, sure; ivery mornin' the missus tills me to swape the doost from the flure, an' phin I'm done, she gives me a rag and makes me shoo the doost back to the flure agin."—*New York Weekly*.

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An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an Ehet India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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Never has any act of national legislation been more thoroughly discredited than that monumental failure known as the Wilson-Gorman tariff law. During the three years and eight months ending March 1st, its fruits have been a bankrupt treasury, caused by an excess of expenditures over receipts aggregating \$186,061,580.44; an increase of the national

debt by \$262,315,400, for which bonds have been issued; closed factories, idle workmen, broken banks, and disorder and panic in every branch of business. The law was neither popular with the people nor satisfactory to those responsible for its enactment. It was based on theories rather than experiences, on maxims rather than on markets. It has been a constant cause of unrest in all its phases—in its proposal, its introduction, and its tormenting period of trial. Gorman himself feared it would bankrupt the treasury, and his fears proved to be well-founded. The Democrats of manufacturing New England opposed it bitterly. President Cleveland denounced it as the work of "party perfidy and dishonor." The contention that it would provide ample revenue by increasing importations has been demonstrated to be but the *ipse dixit* of free-traders, for while the receipts from internal revenues have been well sustained during the trying period, the annual revenues from imports have declined over \$60,000,000 since 1893.

Small wonder then that President McKinley has proclaimed it the imperative duty of the hour, precedent to all other business, to enact promptly a tariff measure "which shall provide sufficient revenue to administer faithfully the government without contracting further debt or the continued disturbance of our finances." Such a bill was placed in the hands of the House of Representatives before the extra session had aged a week. The business outlook has steadily improved, and industrial movement has accelerated in speed as anticipated relief became a moral certainty. Importers are already hastening to cover. The retroactive clause, which is understood to be included in the new bill, has suddenly increased the volume of duty payments and the withdrawal of goods from bond. On Saturday, March 13th, the total of duty payments in the New York custom-house was \$1,488,693.67, and the payments on goods in bond aggregated \$1,210,696.83, the latter sum being the largest receipts on record for a single day.

The proposed bill, as outlined by Mr. Dingley, is one of triple purpose—increase of revenue, protection to industries, and reciprocity. A conservative estimate of the increased revenue to be derived places it at \$112,000,000 per annum. That manufacture will be stimulated, employment furnished to idle hands, and the benefits of reciprocity renewed are deductions from experience and not from theory. The programme proposed is to limit debate in the House so that the bill may be passed and sent to the Senate by April 1st, with the hope that it will there be accorded such expedition that it may be put into effect on May 1st. The action of the House may be relied on, and the expressed attitude of silver senators, backed by the temper of the country, makes the outlook for the programme encouraging. Promptness of action is a large element in the matter of increased revenue during the first year. Mr. Dingley has pointed out that if the measure becomes a law on May 1st it will yield an increase of \$75,000,000 on a dozen of the leading articles of import over what it would produce if delayed two months longer.

The new rates of duty will not uniformly equal those of the McKinley tariff, but will fall between those of the bill of 1890 and those of 1894. Where the changed condition of an industry since 1890 warrants a reduction which will not endanger adequate protection, such reduction of duties has been provided for in the bill. Neither will reciprocity measure up to the full idea of Mr. Blaine, but the provision has been greatly strengthened over the present act by adding champagne, brandy, wines, mineral waters, argols, and silk laces to sugar, tea, coffee, and hides as articles upon which reciprocal agreements can be made with countries offering similar concessions. New features will appear in numerous changes from ad valorem to specific duties, which must result in great saving of revenue from a curtailment of the fraudulent methods of undervaluations which importers have devised to defeat the provisions of the present tariff, and in the retroactive clause, which will prevent a rush of importations previous to the date upon which the bill will go into effect.

The needs of California in the revision were presented to

the framers of the new bill with a wealth of detail too lengthy for this article. We note briefly that the requests have been generally complied with. Apples, dried and citrus fruits, raisins, refined borax, fish-oils, coal, distilled spirits, and wool are among the articles to be restored to the tariff rates of 1890. Nuts, fresh and prepared fish, and sparkling and still wines have been granted an increase over the rates in the McKinley bill. Lumber, olives, and Zante currants are transferred from the free to the dutiable list. Crude borax remains as at present, and iron, steel, and cotton are accorded only slight changes. On the whole, if the bill is adopted as framed, California will have fared well, and we may join confidently with other sections of the country in preparing to welcome a prosperous era.

As is usually the case, when the legislative session came to an end last week a majority of the measures that had been introduced had not been acted upon. In the two houses, seventeen hundred and twenty-three bills were proposed, the assembly being responsible for a little more than one-half of them, and two hundred and twenty-two, or about one in eight, were passed by both houses and sent to the governor for his action. At the present writing, about one-half of these bills have become laws. It was really impossible that the members should have considered the merits of such a mass of bills sufficiently to act intelligently upon them, even with the extension of the session that was agreed upon, and in most cases they were compelled to depend upon the reports of committees or the prejudiced statements of advocates of the measures. In too many cases, log-rolling was responsible for the favorable action on measures that should have been defeated.

A remedy for much of this trouble is offered by Caminetti's proposed constitutional amendment, which was favorably acted upon. This amendment proposes that the legislature should meet in biennial session, as at present, on the first Monday after the first day of January and remain in session for twenty-five days, during which time all bills shall be introduced. There shall then be an adjournment for not less than thirty nor more than sixty days for a second session of fifty days, during which the bills will be acted upon. No bills shall be introduced during this second session without the consent of three-fourths of the members. This would allow ample time for study and discussion of the measures during the recess, and would result in better considered legislation.

Of the ninety constitutional amendments that were proposed, very few were adopted and none of them received adequate consideration. The legislature avoided the difficult question of consideration by the simple expedient of proposing to the voters the calling of a constitutional convention. There is really no necessity for such a convention. Many of the amendments that failed, proposed experiments of doubtful expediency. There is little danger of such schemes being adopted when each proposed amendment must be approved by the legislature and then passed upon by the people, after sufficient time for study and reflection has elapsed. But when a new constitution is to be drafted and voted upon in its entirety, there is great danger that ill-digested and dangerous provisions may creep in.

An abuse that might well be reformed is the habit of introducing bills that have no chance of becoming laws and which their authors have no intention of pushing. During the recent session, four hundred and forty-two bills, or about twice the number that were passed, were withdrawn before any action was had upon them, and many others were killed by a recommendation of the committees that they be withdrawn. Had these bills not been introduced at all, much of the expense of printing would have been saved, the files would have been cleared, and more time could have been given to the consideration of important measures.

It has become the fashion for the press and the public to express relief whenever the legislature adjourns, and there has been some excuse for following the custom this year. The closing days of the session were disgraced by a

of scandals that inspired general disgust. But it must be remembered that the people are in large measure responsible for the character of the representatives they send to Sacramento, and among the good measures passed at this session was one that offers a remedy. The Stratton primary election bill, the main provisions of which have already been described in these columns, is now a law. Under it the better class of citizens may make political conventions truly representative of the best elements of the community.

The spectacle of naturalized American citizens responding to the call of a foreign potentate to return to their native land and serve in his armies in case of war is calculated to evoke speculation on the duties of such ready-made citizens to their adopted country and the degree of appreciation with which immigrants accept the boon of citizenship so generously conferred upon them. The King of Greece has, we are told, ordered home through his consuls every Hellene in the United States, and enthusiasm to go is universal among them, provided Americans will subscribe the necessary funds for the journey.

The great majority of these Greeks are undoubtedly naturalized American citizens. They have taken an oath of allegiance to this country, which includes a clause by which they definitely renounced allegiance to any foreign sovereign and "especially to King George of Greece." This ceremony is presumed to have placed them on an equal footing with native-born Americans. It was not performed without a *quid pro quo*. The moment the oath was registered, personal protection and the benefits of a free government were purchased by a promise of fealty and service. If no man can serve two masters, then the Greek "reserve" who, having been naturalized, obeys the orders of his former sovereign, violates his oath to the United States and at the least should forfeit his American citizenship.

The absurdity is still more apparent when it is remembered that these self-confessed subjects of a foreign power have been not only enjoying the blessings of our form of government, but actually assisting in the election of our officers and the formation of our national policies. If they go to fight for Greece, will they calmly return here to vote in the fall elections? And if they do, will they be tamely accorded the privilege? It is poor Americanism that will either do such things or allow them. Mere self-respect on the part of the United States demands that the naturalization papers of every Americanized Greek who by his act furnishes evidence that with him Grecian ties are paramount to American, should be promptly revoked and not renewed.

The responsibility for subordinating American to foreign patriotism does not rest wholly with our adopted fellow-citizens. The deep root of the evil is in ward politics, where the rage for votes obscures loftier considerations and bartering the priceless boon of citizenship has dragged our suffrage in the mire and made naturalization too cheap and easy to be highly regarded. It is not to be expected that an uneducated immigrant, reared in the repressive atmosphere of foreign monarchies, can realize the full import of his obligations to this country, or that he can absorb the spirit of our institutions as he inhales the breezes that greet him at the wharf. Naturalization, the privilege of immigration, and the right of suffrage should each be granted only to ascertained fitness, and little would be lost if they should be conferred only upon those who come at a tender age, when the ties of nativity would be easily obliterated and the candidate could become Americanized by nature as he acquired manhood.

Something is wrong when an immigrant can obtain citizenship, not for love of us or our institutions, but to escape the exactions of the government of his native land, while in his heart he is still subject to the influences of a foreign training and a foreign rule. Something is radically wrong when Cubans, by merely crossing the gulf-stream, can obtain first papers and, returning to "the ever faithful isle," plunge into rebellion against Spain and, if they get into trouble, demand and receive the protection due only to genuine Americans. It is a fraud upon our government and an injury to every true American. It is the prolific cause of the distrust of our citizenship in foreign lands, and interferes with the prompt and proper protection of our people abroad. The evil has grown to proportions which it is no longer possible to ignore. The difficulty has been largely amplified by the late enormous influx of all sorts of immigrants not of the Anglo-Saxon race. It demands legislation which will insure that America shall be governed by Americans and not by a heterogeneous mixture of ignorant and unpatriotic subjects of foreign powers.

The general attention that is being given to the subject of highway management and the improvement of the road laws in nearly every State in which the legislature is in session is a most satisfying and wholesome indication. The development of the system of railway transportation during the last fifty

years has caused the question of communication by means of roads to drop into the background. It is now coming to be seen, however, that the roads are important feeders to the railways; that every pound of freight that is carried on railway lines, or that is shipped by water conveyance, must first be transported by wagons over the bigways from the point of production. And, though the producer may not have segregated the items of cost, should he do so he would find that, in proportion to distance, the wagon-haul is by far the most expensive item in the cost of transportation. The time consumed, the cost for repairs and renewal on vehicles and harness, the wear and tear on horseflesh—these items count for far more than would be suspected by a person who has not investigated the subject. This is not necessarily so, and the people are beginning to find it out. Well constructed bigways, built on scientific principles and maintained in good repair, would reduce this cost more than one-half.

The Oregon City *Enterprise* declares that Oregon has the best road laws in the Union. While Oregon has reason to be proud of certain features of its system, the claim is by no means justified by the facts. The county system prevails there, the control and management being in the hands of the county authorities. When a road is to be improved or a new road opened, a petition is presented to the county court by a majority of the land-owners residing within three miles of the proposed improvement. Viewers are appointed to estimate the cost and to assess the property within three miles in proportion to the benefit to be derived. A surveyor is employed to lay out the road and perform the necessary engineering work. Should the road be of general, rather than local, utility, the court may order that one-half of the expense be paid out of the county funds. The road-tax is limited to fifty cents on each one hundred dollars of valuation, but the assessment of any tax is made optional with the county authorities and a road poll-tax of two dollars is levied, but this may be commuted to one day's labor at the option of the tax-payer.

The local option regarding the levying of a road-tax is the feature that is most strongly admired by the *Enterprise*, and it is about the only feature wherein the Oregon system differs from the county system in force in other States. It is urged in favor of local option that certain counties are too poor to pay a road-tax and, further, that it enables progressive counties to make improvements, while the mossback counties may continue to wallow in the mire of their mud roads. The case of the poor counties may be met by fixing a minimum road-tax, while the progressive counties may continue to levy the maximum tax. The burden upon the poor counties would not be heavy, for their property valuation is small and at the same time they should not be permitted to remain without making any advance in civilization.

The great defect in the Oregon road system, however, is the absence of any State roads or State aid to main highways. There are, in every State, certain roads that run through several counties and should concern the whole commonwealth more than the local authorities. To leave the construction and maintenance of the several sections of these roads to the counties through which they run is to destroy uniformity, and tends to cause friction among the authorities of the different counties. It places an expense upon the people of each county that should be divided among all those who benefit from the road, whether residents of the county or not.

At the same time, a system of State highways laid out and constructed under the direction of a competent engineer, according to the modern scientific methods, would be a constant source of education to the people who drove over them and to the authorities having charge of the local roads. They would pass through the mossback counties as well as through those that are animated by a progressive spirit, and would prove to the former how much better a good road is than a poor one, and how much more economical it is to construct the road well in the first place.

It would appear that the bequest of the late J. Mervyn Donahue, leaving twenty-five thousand dollars for a memorial fountain, is at last to be carried out. For a time his estate looked as if it were not a solvent one, but by clever management it was pulled out of the hole, and now all the legacies are to be paid.

Mervyn Donahue bequeathed the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars "for the erection of a fountain, to be dedicated to the mechanics of San Francisco in memory of the late Peter Donahue." The place indicated by him for the erection of the fountain was the triangular lot at the intersection of Market, Battery, and Busb Streets, the property of the city. This lot has a frontage of one hundred and twenty-five feet on Market Street, one hundred and five on Busb Street, and sixty-seven on Battery Street. It has often been regarded with covetous eyes not only by the heads of municipal departments,

but by outsiders as well. It is a marvel that it has not long since been gobbled up, as so many other pieces of municipal land have been in San Francisco. At one time it was intended to erect a building on this lot for the use of the fire department. Fortunately this project was abandoned. There are none too many open spaces in San Francisco. The squares are few and small. Considering the youth of the city, and that it has had the experience of other cities to guide it, it is remarkable that more land should not have been set aside for ornamental parks, plazas, and breathing-places. But as there are so few, the citizens should struggle against the covering of any more of them with bricks and mortar. Therefore we are glad that the fire department did not succeed in obtaining this plot of ground.

The executors of the Donahue estate have for some time wavered before beginning work, on the plea that they considered the title doubtful. There was even a bill introduced in the recent session of the legislature to indorse the action of the board of supervisors in dedicating this lot to the Donahue fountain. The bill failed of passage in the hurly-burly which takes place in the closing days of the legislature. But we do not think that such a bill was needed. The land in question is outside of the beach and water lots, where the State, the city, and Dr. Peter Smith so complicated titles that litigation over them lasted for forty years. The site in question was part of the land which came from the old alcalde grants, and if alcaldes, the predecessors of San Francisco's mayors, could not grant land fifty years ago to the city, and if the supervisors fifty years later could not say what may be done with city property so granted, we do not think that the city owns anything at all. It may be considered indisputable that the supervisors have an entire right to dedicate this land to such a public use as the erection of a fountain.

In 1849, the ayuntamiento, or common council of San Francisco, had full power to dispose of the pueblo or municipal lands of San Francisco. On April 15, 1850, San Francisco was incorporated as a city. The supervisors fell heirs to all the powers of the ayuntamiento. By the laws of Spain the ayuntamiento were empowered "to dispose of municipal lands for the common benefit." But by the Consolidation Act, any "sale" was prohibited. As to the Van Ness ordinance, which was passed in 1855 and "confirmed by the legislature" in 1858, this confirmation extended only to quieting title to lands which should turn out to be public lands of the United States. If they were pueblo lands, or lands belonging to the city, the legislature had no power to "confirm" the action of the supervisors in disposing of them. This is a very brief reference to a very complicated subject. It would seem to show that the power of the board of supervisors over the lands of this city extends to everything except selling them.

We hear that the executors of the Donahue estate intend to "invite local sculptors to furnish suitable designs." We are sorry to learn that they intend to restrict the competition to "local sculptors." There are many cities in the United States disfigured by "works of art" which have been engineered in this fashion. Bids were invited, boards of aldermen acted as "experts," and the competitors were confined to "local talent." The result has been some of those sculptural horrors which desolate the land. Why should the Donahue executors confine the competition to "local talent"? Does that restrict the competition to residents of San Francisco? If so, the executors might go further and exclude all artists from the northern part of the city, restricting the competition to sculptors from the south of Market Street, for the reason that it was there that Peter Donahue wielded his hammer and Mervyn Donahue was born. Or they might go even further and require that any sculptor to win their approval must have been born in the Seventh Ward.

It would seem ridiculous in this day and generation so to restrict the creators of a work of art. There are many American sculptors who would be glad to submit designs for this memorial, and they should not be excluded because they are American. While the list of American sculptors is not long, it is one of which we may be proud. It is a far cry from the first American sculptor, John Frazee, the stone-cutter of the last century who cut the first marble bust executed in the United States, to Macmonnies. But it was not many years before Frazee was followed by Hiram Powers, the first American who achieved fame as a sculptor. And after him the names of Crawford, Greenough, Ward, William Wetmore Story, Randolph Rogers, Augustus St. Gaudens, Daniel Chester French, Frank French, John Donoghue, and Frederick Macmonnies rise up in the recollection. Who that was at the World's Fair at Chicago can forget the beautiful Macmonnies fountain? Who can forget the Quadriga, or the stately statue of the Republic which sprang from the cunning hands of French? No one who saw the Court of Honor, whether European or American, can ever forget that triumph of American sculptors. Who that has seen the colossal statue of Abraham Lincoln in Lincoln Park, Chicago, or that of "The Puritan" in

Springfield, Mass., can fail to be struck by the genius of Augustus St. Gaudens?

We do not expect that the Donahue memorial is to be put in the same category as many of the works which decorate European cities. Rauch's monument to Frederick the Great at Berlin, the Maximilian mausoleum at Innsbruck, the Vendome Column at Paris, Schilling's fine figure of Germania in the Niederwald, Siemering's monument at Leipsic commemorating the Franco-Prussian War, the many monuments which beautify the Italian towns, the sister cities in stone that keep watch and ward over the Place de la Concorde in Paris—with all of these it would be idle to compare a work of art to be erected for so moderate a sum in so modern a city. But even with the expenditure of twenty-five thousand dollars, money may be thrown away. There are few works of art in the streets and squares of San Francisco. There is but one which commands general admiration, and that is the work of William Wetmore Story, in Golden Gate Park. Let us urge most strongly upon the Donahue executors that they do not restrict this work to local artists, or they may find that admiration of it will be restricted to local amateurs.

That abomination which delights in describing itself as the "new journalism" has entered upon troublous times. Both in this State and in the East it has been getting into serious difficulties. Its activity in connection with the bribery investigations at Sacramento hindered rather than helped the work, for experience of the unreliability of its published statements led to the charges being regarded with suspicion. Its attitude did not inspire belief in a desire to expose corruption, but rather gave the impression that the end sought was to gain sensational advertising for the *Examiner*.

In the Eastern States a serious blow has been dealt the "new journalism." An organized revolt against the license and abuses of this outbreak of indecency has been inaugurated, and it is attacking the "new journalism" in its most vulnerable spot. The trustees of the free public library at Newark declared by unanimous vote that the *New York World* and *Journal* should be excluded from the reading-room, and that the files of those papers should be destroyed. The movement thus inaugurated has been very generally taken up. Among the organizations that have decided to exclude these two journals are the public library at South Norwalk, Conn., the public libraries at Hartford and Ansonia, Conn., Dwight Hall, at Yale University, the Princeton Theological Seminary, the City Mission and the Tract Society of New York, the Young Men's Christian Associations of New York and Watertown, the Apprentices' Library and the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen of New York, and the public library of Portland, Or. Among clubs which have taken similar action are the Union, the Union League, the Century, the Calumet, the Racquet and Tennis Club, the Alpha Delta Phi Club, the Cooper Union, the New York Club, the Merchants' Club, the Fidelio, the Colonial, the Harvard Club, the New York Yacht Club, and the Montauk Club of Brooklyn.

This is a formidable list, and one that may well cause these purveyors of filth and indecency to pause. In the face of such a revolt, the time-worn excuse that they are "giving the people what they want" becomes ridiculous. It is the claim of the "new journalism" that it displays an energy hitherto unknown in bringing together the news from the furthestmost parts of the earth. It may be admitted that there is some ground for praise here, but the enterprise often oversteps itself. The "special commissioner" who has been traveling through Europe, advising the King of Greece how he should act in his present unfortunate situation, giving audience to the leading diplomats on the most confidential subjects, and informing a breathlessly expectant world that President Faure "crossed his arms over his breast and threw his head back" when asked for his opinion regarding the arbitration treaty, has promoted the hilarity of nations, but he has contributed very little to the world's stock of valuable information.

While due allowance may be made for a certain degree of enterprise, the chief offending of the "new journalism" is in the disgusting prominence given to the details of crime and scandal. These sensational newspapers are schools in which the young learn criminal methods and acquire an ambition to vie with the outcasts of society. President Gerry says that the New York children held for crime frequently compare their exploits with those chronicled in the newspapers, and very young girls who have committed grave immoralities give as a reason their love of notoriety and desire to see themselves illustrated in the newspapers.

This is the indictment against the "new journalism," and it involves a serious menace to the moral health of the community. If the young are not to be contaminated, the revolt that has been inaugurated in the Eastern States must be extended throughout the country, until these journalistic

scavengers are forced to suspend publication or to reform and publish papers that may be brought into the homes of the people. Their excesses have at length attracted the serious attention of the New York legislature. The Ellsworth bill, prohibiting the publication of portraits of private citizens without their consent, has already been referred to in these columns. The most surprising incident in connection with this bill is the hearty indorsement it has received from the *New York World*. That journal says that the popular demand for pictures makes it hard for the *World* to abandon this feature until the others do so, but it favors a law which would restrain the publication of portraits within proper bounds. This would seem to imply that the *World* realizes at last that it is time to reform and make itself fit for decent company.

It was J. M. Barrie who recently divulged the fact that when a Scotch novelist came to his love-scene—that critical moment when the hero called the heroine "darling" for the first time—he locked the door and went blushing and ashamed to his task. Behind drawn blinds and in solemn seclusion, he wrestled with that daring climax where Edwin asks Angelina to be his and she sinks trembling into his arms. It is only the Scot, however, who seems to be so coy. The hardened Sassenachs dash at their proposals, taking them as easily as a good hunter does a five-barred gate. Seven samples, culled from as many recent novels, have been printed by an enterprising contemporary, and make interesting reading as examples of the different ways of propounding the fatal question.

The seven heroines seem to have but one trait in common, that of changing color. Three blush deeply on their own account, and one—a French girl—has an accommodating mother who blushes for her. The "Duchess's" last heroine, while being proposed to by a masterful lord, grows "white as a Niphetos rose," and later in the scene, when he strains her to his breast, "her dear, capricious face grows white" again. Mrs. Wilder McGlasson's Lucy can do both, for first she pales and then "feels the color rising in her face." The heroine of Mrs. Fleming's "Pinchbeck Goddess" is the only one who preserves her complexion without a fluctuation. She is of the matter-of-fact order; an offer of marriage ruffles her serenity no more than an offer of a cup of tea. Three of the heroines weep—Mr. James's passionately upon her lover's shoulder; the Niphetos-rose girl only wets her eye-lashes becomingly; Mlle. Blanche, the virtuous and beautiful acrobat lady who is Mr. John Barry's heroine, falls into her lover's arms and "wets his lips with her tears," which was certainly clever of her. Only Phroso, Anthony Hope's leading lady, laughs "a little, long, low laugh." Previously to that, Phroso had revealed her love for the Englishman in a scene of rescue after the manner of Pocahontas and John Smith, a style of dramatic opportunity which does not readily offer itself.

The heroes, in the men's novels, are kept rather in the background. Perhaps, like the modest Scots, they feel shy about revealing their sentimental side to the world's curious gaze. Anthony Hope lets Phroso do the heavy work of the proposal. When the French lover of Mr. Cheruliez's creating is hesitatingly accepted by the indifferent daughter of the blushing mother, he "takes her right hand in his and lifts it to his lips." Mr. James's man is also a half-hearted creature, who stands about and lets himself be wept on. Only Mr. Barry's Jules le Baron woos in the lively Gallic style. He falls on his knees, he clasps Mlle. Blanche in his arms, he kisses her again and again. He is the most romantic lover of the lot. The others are very chary about expressing their deeper sentiments. Mrs. Wilder McGlasson, however, is not going to have the emotion monopolized by the sex that expects to stand back and be courted. Her hero is one of the most high-strung people in the collection. He first has a scene of Byronic hitherness in which he offers Lucy, the heroine, "his defiled hand." Then, in a second interview, he is shown lying on his face in a pasture, watering the sod with his tears. The object of his affection stands by and looks on in dismay. His sons so work upon her sympathies that she accepts him, and he rises from the grass with "seamed, flushed forehead and reddened, swollen eyes." And yet it is this hysterical young man and Mlle. Blanche's impetuous wooer who in the end are faithless to the ladies they kissed, and clasped, and cried over. Evidently it is to be inferred that the emotional lover makes but a sorry husband when his passion has cooled, while the man who retains his reason in love will retain his love in matrimony.

The attitude of the grocers who have been charged with selling impure food is not one that will commend itself to the people, nor will it prove to be a wise business policy in the end. The law prohibiting food adulterations should be recognized by them as a measure of protection for their business, and

they will soon learn that the public will patronize those firms that make an effort to sell only pure goods rather than those who seek to protect the adulterators. The manufacture of the adulterated products is not by any means confined to the Eastern States. Of the twenty-six samples of tomato catsup analyzed during December by the city chemist, ten were manufactured in San Francisco or its vicinity, and of these ten, nine were impure. The raspberry syrup, which contained no trace of raspberries and made a whole family sick when they partook of it, was "specially prepared" in this city. It therefore becomes the duty of the reputable manufacturers in this city, as a measure of self-defense, to strike at the root of this evil. It is not sufficient to prosecute the retailers who offer these compounds for sale, but the illicit manufacturers themselves should be reached.

The trial of William Cline, the grocer, last week, was almost defeated by the reluctance of one of the jurors to bring in a verdict of guilty, and this obstinate juror was described by his companions as the "candy man." If he is really engaged in the manufacture of candies, he may have most excellent prudential reasons for desiring the prosecution to be abortive. There is no branch of manufacture in which adulteration enters more largely. Not only is glucose substituted for sugar, but various chemicals are used for coloring. Cochineal, red lead, and bichromate of lead are used to produce the red and pink colors; chromate of lead, gamboge, turmeric, and Naples yellow for yellow; litmus, indigo, Prussian blue, and carbonate of copper for the blues; acetate of copper, arseniate of copper, emerald green, Scheele's green, and Brunswick green for the greens; and weight is given by the introduction of terra alba, chalk, and such substances.

It is the adulteration of groceries, however, that is attracting most attention at present, and this practice is far more general than is popularly supposed. Analyses conducted in Paris showed that of 1,118 samples examined, 271 were good, 231 passable, and 616 were bad; of these last, 71 were absolutely injurious to health. In Canada, when the pure-food law went into operation in 1876, the adulterations were found to form 51.66 per cent. of the samples examined. In 1882, six years later, this percentage had been reduced to 25.66, or very nearly one-half. Based upon the investigations of the boards of health in New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Michigan, and other States, the percentages of adulteration in this country are placed as follows: spices, 66 per cent.; ground coffee, 45 per cent.; tea, 48 per cent.; sugar, 20 per cent.; syrup, 50 per cent.; milk, 50 per cent.; cream of tartar and baking-powders, 44 per cent.; butter, 40 per cent.; and olive oil, 60 per cent.

Though not entering into the adulteration of articles of food, the use of arsenic for coloring purposes presents a grave and very common danger to health. It is imported into this country each year in quantities sufficient to kill six times as many human beings as inhabit the United States, and is used for coloring lamp-shades, eye-shades, fancy wrapping-papers, tickets, artificial flowers, toilet-powders, dried grasses, dress-goods, veils, sewing-silks, stockings, candles, underwear, and linings of hats, hoots, and shoes. It is extensively used in coloring wall-papers, and the board of health of Michigan, in order to call general attention to the danger to health from this source, issued a small book containing seventy-five samples of wall-paper thus colored, with the suggestive and gruesome title, "Shadows from the Walls of Death." Professor Nichols, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, found eight grains of arsenic in every square foot of a ladies' dress-pattern examined by him: ten grains have been found in a single artificial flower such as is worn on a woman's bonnet. In one case a veil colored by arsenic, thrown over an infant's crib, caused its death. From these various articles of general, every-day use, fine particles of poison are floating in the air in almost every house and every room, ready to be breathed into the human system and to lay the foundation for disease and death.

The board of health, through the city chemist, has begun a regular crusade against these adulterations of food. Impure articles have been found, offered for sale in the stores of the most prominent grocers in the city—men who have always posed as keeping goods of none but the best quality. These accused grocers now threaten to fight the question in the courts and to defeat the pure-food law if they can do so. Such a course would be most unwise. Similar laws have been enacted in other States, have been enforced there, and have withstood all legal attacks. In Canada it has been found sufficient to publish the names of all dealers in adulterated foods, the public naturally shunning those stores where such articles are offered for sale. This result would be secured by a legal contest in this State. The dealers in adulterated goods would not only be compelled to stand forth before the public, but they would appear in the far more unenviable light of active champions of deception and fraud. The legitimate dealers would then only have to make themselves known to the public to secure all the trade.

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

A Tale of a Garrison Coquette and a Man who Tried to Reform.

With all possible good intentions and sincerity, a man can not reform among his own people. He is not taken seriously. His abstentions from deeds of vice are imputed to interested motives. Mankind at the club assembles and meets together to jeer at him; his brother laughs him to scorn; the women mistrust him. Only many years can set him right with them—and a man does not like to wait. When he reforms, he wants to do it at once. He has no fancy for wearing the stained garb of sin until the sun of virtue shall bleach it white. He would don immediately the snowy robe and he made welcome among the elect. Which may not be. If you mean to reform, you must go away.

Lovat grew sick of the life he had led for ten years—ever since he had been a pretty boy of eighteen who should have been learning useful things. It had not been such a very bad life, but it certainly had not been a good one. He tried to do right at home, and failed. Then he came to the States.

Now the States—if you except, perhaps, New York—is a place where there are neither towns nor temptations. Over all its broad prairies, where sleek steers browse and gentle coursers stray, there hangs an atmosphere of soft, pastoral virtue. There is also in the human heart a true, natural goodness learned from the unspoiled savage. There is no little-tattle, and a man is what he is, not what he has been. They know this in England, just as we in the States know that there is one fair-sized town in Australia and that all the rest is "hush."

Lovat knew it, and he also knew that it was most true of Montana. That he was aware of the existence of Montana shows that his youth was not altogether wasted. His family had some land there. Of this family it must be said that nothing in England is better or older. Lovat is a name of such lustre that no hearer of it, whatever his misbehaviors, could tarnish it. It is also a rich family—very rich. Wilton Lovat was the younger son, but he had a decent fortune of his own. Therefore he could do pretty much as he pleased, and when he quarreled with his father and his allowance was stopped, he didn't care. His father argued with him persuasively: "Why the devil, if you want to reform, can't you stay here and do it?"

"Because a chap can't in his own town."

"He can, if he's any character."

"No, be can't."

"—it, I say be can. What the devil do you suppose I did?" His voice subsided as he contemplated himself in the pleasant light of an example.

"You didn't reform. You only married."

Which happened to be so true that Lovat senior was unable to reply, save in the not uncommon parental fashion of answering the unanswerable, known to childhood as "getting even." He cut off the allowance, but graciously permitted his ungrateful son to dwell upon the Montana lands.

Wilton went at breeding racers, as is the custom of Montana. He had a log-house on the ranch, and it was furnished with rough chairs and tables and bunks, and with many sorts of string instruments, and with pictures of his family, and of some girls who had liked him, and of professional beauties who were not nearly so beautiful as his own sisters. For his family was handsome as well as of great repute and rich. There were also royal groups from the *Graphic* and *Illustrated News* on his walls, and there were books in five different languages.

The change was not unpleasant. He looked after his stock, and played the musical instruments, and read the books in five languages for a twelvemonth. He decided that he was reformed then, and began to grow tired of being a patriarch over his own herds. Patriarchs, as he understood it, had wives and children. He had only horses, and they didn't take the place of society. He was fond of society. So he made the acquaintance of some of the officers at Keogh. They gave him stag-dinners in Miles City and they entertained him at the post club, but they did not invite him to their houses. He did not meet their daughters nor their wives. An Englishman has to grow wise before he learns that this is a small world and that the tight little isle is not too tight for rumors to escape from it—that the rumors, moreover, are frequently exaggerated. Lovat began to grow wise. At first he wondered, then he understood. He asked himself what, after all, is the reward of virtue; and he determined that it has none. There are those who hold otherwise, but the question is not yet settled. He was lonely, expatriated, and homesick. He was also young and full of energy and anxious to be met half-way. But he could not travel the whole road alone. He turned and went back to where he had started from. There, at least, there was feminine companionship—of its kind. His vice was less gilded than of yore, but that was the fault of the country.

He threw over once and for all every hope of admission to the society of his equals in the garrison. The service is critical and jealous of its women. But he was still entertained by the men.

When it was too late to mend—for, copy-books to the contrary, notwithstanding, it frequently is—he came to repent more heartily than ever before, aye, bitterly. He met and fell in love with Constance Chamberlain, as many another man has done and still does, though she is Mrs. Brookfield now. She was even prettier than to-day, for she was very young, just eighteen.

Lovat knew her by sight, but he had never spoken to her or heard her speak—which was a baronious treat—until he came upon her, one day, some five miles from the post. She had dismounted to tighten her saddle-girths, and she was alone. How should Lovat have guessed that she had seen him coming ere she had slipped to the ground, and that she was purposely goading her placid black steed to be unman-

ageable? He came to her aid with an "Allow me to be of service," which she answered with a "You are very good, thank you."

"You should not be away off here alone, Miss Chamberlain," he said.

"I know it."

"It is not safe."

"I am so tired of being safe." Her voice was sweet, low, and unemotional. There was no suggestion in it of unfeminine rebellion. And Lovat, who had not heard the voice of a gentlewoman for many, many months, was pleased—well pleased.

"I only trust you may never learn to know, as most women do, what it means to be tired of not having been safe."

Then he mounted her and put the reins in her long, slender hands. He had seen no long, slender hands, either, in many, many months.

When he, too, was mounted, he raised his *sombrero*. "Good morning, Miss Chamberlain," he said.

But Miss Chamberlain had no mind that it should end thus. Her narrow black eyes looked at him innocently. "Weren't you going to town?"

Lovat hesitated.

"I know you were. Come."

"I —"

"Oh! if you don't want to, you needn't," she said, gently aggrieved. She was always gentle.

"Miss Chamberlain! You know it is not that."

"Then why don't you come?"

"Your father would not be pleased, to be quite frank."

"Wouldn't he? Why?"

Lovat looked at her searchingly. He suspected guile behind such unnatural innocence, but the sweet questioning of her saint-like face reassured him. He did not answer, but turned and rode with her. They talked of many things, for Miss Chamberlain was a clever and accomplished little person; and at last they spoke of music. Miss Chamberlain knew nothing of it.

"What a pity!" Lovat ejaculated.

"Why?" The word, so constantly on her lips, was a very calathic charm, and feminine.

"You look like one. You'd be perfect at a harp, you are so tall and so exceedingly slight, and you've the face of a Saint Cecilia."

"Well, I'm not a musician and I'm not a saint. Saints never have black eyes."

But, alas, he thought now that they had, because of the soft voice and the picture-face and the little, chiseled features and the parted, low-knotted hair; and also because he had known no woman like her for many, many months.

And before they parted, they had planned to meet again. She did it, but he didn't notice that. They met once and again, and yet again and again, and Lovat was in love. Then, indeed, he truly regretted the harrier he had built between himself and this girl, who was innocently risking everything—perhaps her life, for her father was a fiery man—for him. It had taken him only a dozen years to construct between himself and any good woman he might really love a wall that in all his days could never be razed. He decided finally that the only course that would be fair to her and easiest for all would be an open one.

They sat together on the shady side of a low hill, late one day.

"Constance," he said, "I'm going to ask your father to let you marry me, if you are willing to."

The bright color faded from her cheeks.

"Don't say you aren't willing," he cried.

She still said nothing whatever.

"Are you, Constance?"

"Yes."

"Then why did you get so pale?"

"I don't know. Did I?"

She cried a little and said she was very happy and that she would marry him, even if her father would not consent.

"But don't ask him till after the races, will you?"

"Two weeks!—a whole fortnight! Why?"

"Because."

"Very well."

He did not see her again before the races. She sent him a note saying that she did not dare to meet him, that her father had forbidden the long rides alone. She would wear his colors at the track. For Lovat was to ride. So were several of the officers. It was a gentleman's race. The cup was given by the garrison women.

Lovat won it. He and the officers went into Miles City to rejoice. Some were in a huck-board, some, with their wives, in the amulances, most were on horseback. He rode with these latter and watched Miss Chamberlain, who was ahead on the road, riding with Lieutenant Garret. She had not worn his colors; though, to be sure, she had worn none at all. Lovat had kept studiously away from the post women all day, but just once he had passed close to Constance.

"Will you meet me to-morrow at the old place, dear?" he said, quickly.

She did not raise her eyes or seem to notice him; but she answered, "Yes, Wilton, at four."

It happened that Lovat was riding beside Captain Chamberlain.

"Captain Chamberlain," he said, "as I have won the ladies' cup, do you think they would consent to baptize it for me?"

"Why, yes. I should think so."

"Then will you have the amulances and Miss Chamberlain stop in front of Stewart's, and I will send it out to them?"

So the amulances stopped at Stewart's and the officers got out, but the women stayed in, and Miss Chamberlain and Garret waited, too. Garret was a temperance man and very good. Lovat filled the cup with champagne and sent it out with his compliments and thanks. He felt just a bit bitter as he did so. He watched Constance from an open

window. She did not see him, and when the cup came to her she rejected it with disdain. She was playing to Garret now. Lovat heard her say: "I don't drink wine, Mr. Garret, more especially when it comes from a man like Mr. Lovat."

"Perhaps it's only bluff," the Englishman tried to tell himself. He boped so until the next day at four, when Constance and Garret cantered by him as he waited at the trysting-place, and Garret raised his cap to him, but she ignored him and laughed her low, pretty laugh, as she said to the lieutenant, "What a serious British face he wears."

Before long even the men dropped Lovat. Still, they were sorry when he shot himself in the lonely ranch-house one night. But Miss Chamberlain was secretly rather proud.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1897.

A special speed test was recently made of one of the Hardie compressed-air cars in New York city. As the car was run between the regular cable-cars of the line, which follow each other at frequent intervals, it was difficult to find a clear stretch in which to acquire speed. No difficulty was experienced in acquiring a speed of twenty to twenty-four miles per hour between the streets. When running at twenty-three miles per hour, the car was stopped in about twice its length without jar or discomfort to the passengers. Running at nearly twenty miles an hour, it was stopped within a little more than its length and without jar. The driving power of the car was shown to be in excess of all needs. When the car was started at the near crossing, a speed of eight miles per hour was obtained when the car passed the opposite corner.

A peculiar form of winter diversion this season was to go to some sanitarium for a fortnight or so and take a course of treatment. Men take their wives along with them, and often parties of friends go together. These sanitariums resemble a German water-cure more than an ordinary American watering-place, one of those water-cures where even the backmen are not permitted to dispute with visitors on the subject of the fare for fear of exciting their nerves. They are managed by doctors, the treatment is mild enough to be taken with impunity by the healthiest person, the bours are early and the fare plain, and as they go there suffering from nothing in particular, the patients return home greatly improved. Not unnaturally, the cost of such a trip is only a little inferior to a visit to the show hotels of Florida.

A small yacht of twenty tons displacement is being built for Dr. Nansen, on the same lines as the *Fram*, for use in a trip to Spitzbergen to search the coast for a favorable starting-point for another expedition. To the cost of this yacht was devoted the money received from the sale of stores which came back in the *Fram*, which were disposed of at auction in Christiania at high prices to enthusiastic Scandinavians who wanted relics of the famous voyage to the north.

Owing to the multiplying "sky-scrapers" in the Wall Street district in New York, the supply of offices far exceeds the demand, and suites with all the modern improvements and conveniences can now be had for less than was formerly paid for dingy back rooms. The fear among real-estate owners that before long the height of buildings will be limited by law has set them to piling up sky-scrapers before it is too late.

A palace of silver is to be the most imposing feature of the Omaha Transmississippi Exposition. The building is to be four hundred feet square, surmounted with mammoth ornamental towers, and the entire structure will be covered with rolled silver. Over three hundred thousand square feet of external surface will be covered by the precious metal.

Among the many signs of an amelioration in the condition of the Jews in Russia is a decision just rendered by the Imperial Senate, to the effect that Hebrews who have received a university education may live freely in any portion of the empire, instead of being restricted to the so-called "Pale of Settlement."

Beginning November 1, 1899, Vienna will make its own gas. The fifty-years franchise of the gas company there expires then. The city recently proposed to buy the works, but the corporation asked too high a price. Vienna then arranged to build a municipal plant, and the company promptly capitulated.

Since Winnebago County, Wis., adopted the work-house cure for tramps, the number to be cared for has fallen from about fifteen hundred per month in the winter season to seventy-five, and a saving to the county of some one thousand dollars per month has been effected.

Daily newspapers are now published by students in ten colleges and universities in the United States—Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Princeton, Brown, Stanford, Tulane, University of Pennsylvania, University of Wisconsin, and University of Michigan.

William C. Whitney says that the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, of New York, has searched the world for the best motive power, and that it is now prepared to spend six millions of dollars for the underground trolley.

Berlin reported 48,806 babies in 1895, of which 7,072—over one-seventh—were illegitimate.

General Horace Porter recently remarked that Boston is not a city, but a state of mind.

THE QUEEN'S DRAWING-ROOM.

It Was Held by the Queen Herself and was Very Swell—Some Aristocratic Débutantes—Few Americans Presented—A Note on the Double Surname.

The first drawing-room of the season took place yesterday, and was marked as a red-letter day in several respects. First of all, the drawing-room was held by the queen in person. This is a most unusual event, so unusual in fact as to make it almost unique. Latterly her most gracious majesty has avoided this function as much as she could. The duty oftenest falls upon the Princess of Wales, although sometimes at a pinch some one of the other princesses is "commanded" to do the honors. Next to the novelty of the queen holding it herself were the number of swell débutantes.

Ordinarily you observe that the run of people presented consist of "Miss Blanche Gladys Grubbins, presented by her mother, Mrs. Higgins-Grubbins," or "Mrs. Sloper-Jones (on her marriage), by her aunt, Mrs. Wippet-Smith." Every upstart and snob nowadays rigs up for himself and family a compound surname. A double name is doubtless a swagger thing, but it must be both genuine and authorized. It must consist of two surnames, and these must be combined for some justifiable reason, such as the inheriting of landed estates or a large sum of money, the condition of the bequest or legacy being that the recipient shall assume the name of the donor. There is a legal form of permission from the queen to do this in such cases, and then the double name is all right. There are many families of distinction who possess these legitimate compound surnames. For example, the Leveson-Gowers, the Loyd-Lindsays, the Hughes-Halletts, the Carr-Glyns, the Cavendish-Bentincks, the Brudenell-Bruces, the Pelham-Clintons, the Slater-Booths, the Hill-Trevors, and others. But for every little two-penny-ha-penny nobody who has made a little money in trade to fancy he confers a sort of patent of nobility upon himself by inserting a hyphen between his surname and his middle name is simply grotesque. The test of the genuineness of the double name is very simple. Would its use be legal in a legal document? If not, its adoption and use are a flimsy affectation in thorough accord with shoddy instinct.

But, instead of these nobodies with whom recent drawing-rooms have reeked, there were no end of real swells at this one. Among them may be mentioned Lady Edith Villiers—pronounced Villers—the only daughter of the Earl of Clarendon; Lady Alexandra Acheson, presented by her mother, the Countess of Gosford; and Miss Stirling, the niece of Countess Spencer. What a pity that English ladies of title can not confer their dignity upon their husbands! Else, how easy for them, like their brothers who find American heiresses for wives, to get rich husbands among New York's gilded youth. I often hear people wondering why American men do not marry English ladies of title, and various reasons are advanced for the fact that there are never any such marriages to record. But I think I have hit the right one.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the presentations was that of the youthful Countess of Cromartie. This peeress in her own right is just nineteen and, like all the Leveson-Gowers, very sweet and pretty. She is the niece of the present Duke of Sutherland, being the elder daughter of his only brother, the late Earl of Cromartie. This title passed to him from his mother, the late Duchess of Sutherland, whose second son he was, the instance furnishing the almost unique one in the British peerage of not only a mother casting her title to her son—which happens in some other cases—but of the son casting his title on his daughter. When Lord Cromartie died, the title formally fell into abeyance between his two daughters. But two years ago the queen terminated the abeyance in favor of the elder daughter, who thus became Countess of Cromartie. Her heir-presumptive is her sister, Lady Constance Leveson-Gower, a pretty girl of fifteen. Now, here is a chance for some enterprising American young gentleman with plenty of money. Although his marriage with the young countess could not confer any title upon himself, he would have the satisfaction of knowing that he might become the father of an earl. It is worth consideration, anyhow.

A last peculiarity about the present drawing-room was the dearth of Americans at it. This was surprising, considering the fact that the queen held it in person, an attraction of itself sufficient to reach across the Atlantic. On other occasions, when the Princess of Wales presides, the American attendance is generally large. But the queen herself is so very much more swaggar that I wonder the republican contingent was not larger. As it was, but four American ladies availed themselves of the honor of kissing her majesty's plump hand. These were Mrs. and Miss Marshall Fox, Mrs. Wentworth, and Miss Maynard Butler, for all of whom Mrs. Bayard stood sponsor.

Referring back to the Countess of Cromartie, whose presentation was doubtless "the" feature of the drawing-room, as it has been the talk since, it is worthy of note, and may be evidence of the natural inclinations toward marriage, that there has been a double wedding in the family already. This will serve as a note of warning to the young American Lovelaces not to let the grass grow under their feet if they mean business. Thus the countess's mother, though of right called Lilian, Countess of Cromartie, is in reality the Honorable Mrs. Cazenove, she having married a second time. And, oddly enough, this lady was herself presented by the widowed Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos, who is now, by second marriage, also known as Lady Egerton of Tatton.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, February 25, 1897.

Vienna has finally secured the long-talked-of water supply from the Alps, twenty miles away, since which time typhus, cholera, and other infectious diseases have greatly decreased.

OLD FAVORITES.

Lost in the Storm.

"Walk in, walk right in, you're welcome;
Whew! how the wind whistles about.
Take a chair close to the fire, sir;
It's a bad sort o' night to be out.
You saw our light through the darkness,
And thought you would come? That's right.
Somehow my heart's warmer and softer
On ev'ry such blust'rin' night."

"You seem sort o' pale-like and nervous,
Your walk was too much, I think;
Come to look, you're white as a ghost, sir;
Seems to me you'd better drink.
Well, well, I won't urge you, but really—
What's that you're sayin'—this night,
With its storm, makes you think of another,
And the merr'y saddens you quite?"

"Mayhap if you'd tell me the story,
'Twould ease up your mind a hit.
'Twas just such a night as this one—
'Tain't likely I'll ever forget—
That our blessing came, and somehow
When the wind and storm are abroad,
There's a queer kind o' feelin' in here,
A sort o' thanksgivin' to God."

"What's that you are sayin'? Oh, surely
I couldn't ha' heard you right.
Did you say that your wife went somewhere,
And you dropped in that night?
That she went home kind o' early;
But they urged you to stay a spell,
And told her you'd bring the baby,
And see 'twas huddled up well?"

"At last the wine you'd he'n drinkin'
Had somehow got into your head;
The wind and the storm were dreadful
When you started for home, you said?
See here, stranger, 'twasn't near Alta,
Just five years ago to-night?
I'm thinkin' o' that place always,
So I couldn't 'a' heard you right."

"It was? And the baby you held it
And staggered on through the snow.
Your brain growin' drowsy and dizzy;
And that is the last you know
Of that night and the storm, till some one
Found you there crazy and wild,
And carried you home; but surely
Now didn't they find the child?"

"No?—well, I might 'a' known it.
From the first, somethin' told me 'twas so.
You say some wild beast had got it—
There were tracks all about in the snow.
Stranger, see here, if a fellow—
A poor sort o' fellow, you see—
Found a purse of gold that its owner
Thought he had lost in the sea,

"And then he should meet with that owner,
Do you think it would be a sin
Just to keep it?—when he who lost it
Thought never to see it ag'in?
You do? Well, go on with your story,
Your wife? Might 'a' known she went wild,
And told you not to come near her
Ag'in till you brought back her child."

"Five years sad-hearted and lonely,
Five years you've he'n wandin' about.
Ah, well! to me they've he'n happy;
'Yes, wife, go bring Dolly out.
I see my way clear to duty,
When she's right here on my knee;
Her white arms clingin' about me,
I'm a little faint-hearted you see."

"Come here, little Dolly, my baby,
Give daddy one more kiss, and then
I'm a better man than, without her,
I could ever hope to 'a' he'n.
Now here is my story—don't cry, wife,
It's tough, but it's right, you know:
That night, sir, ridin' from Alta,
I was cursin' the wind and snow."

"When my horse stumbled right over something,
And when I got off to see,
'Twas a dead man, leastways I thought so,
And a child that smiled at me.
I unbuttoned my coat and laid it
In here away from the storm,
And somehow, from that very minnit,
My heart's be'n soft-like and warm."

"We were comin' west, so we kept it;
'Twan't ows, and we might 'a' known
We'd some day get punished for keepin'
The gold that wasn't our own.
And while you were tellin' your story
'The Devil kept whisperin' to me,
'Don't tell him; he never will know it:
He thinks the child dead, you see."

"But I just had to—that baby
With her cute ways has charmed me quite;
Once I didn't care a copper, sir,
If a thing were wrong or right,
But now—well, here is your baby;
Her loss cured you of your sin.
Lost in the storm, the storm drove you
Right here to find her ag'in."

—Rose Hartwick Thorpe.

Lorraine.

"Are you ready for your steeple-chase, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree?
Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum, Barum.
You're booked to ride your capping race to-day at Coulterlee,
You're booked to ride Vindictive, for all the world to see,
To keep him straight, and keep him first, and win the run for me."

"She clasped her new-horn baby, poor Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,
I can not ride Vindictive, as any man might see,
And I will not ride Vindictive, with this baby on my knee;
He's killed a hoy, he's killed a man, and why must he kill me?"

"Unless you ride Vindictive, Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,
Unless you ride Vindictive to-day at Coulterlee,
And land him safe across the brook, and win the blank for me,
It's you may keep your baby, for you'll get no keep from me."

"That husbands could be cruel," said Lorraine, Lorraine, Lorree,
"That husbands could be cruel, I have known for seasons three;
But, oh! to ride Vindictive while a baby cries for me,
And he killed across a fence at last, for all the world to see!"

"She mastered young Vindictive—oh! the gallant lass was she,
And kept him straight and won the race as near as near could he;
But he killed her at the brook, against a pollard willow-tree,
Oh! he killed her at the brook, the brute, for all the world to see,
And no one but the baby cried for poor Lorraine, Lorree."

—Charles Kingsley.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Postmaster-General Gary is the father of eight daughters of marriageable age.

Among the new chevaliers of the Legion of Honor are two Americans, W. T. Donnat, the painter, and John Wanamaker's son, Rodman.

General Harrison is said to have refused to indorse his own son's application for an office, not because he and Russell were "out," but because he did not care to embarrass McKinley.

Berlin is talking about the feat performed by Princess Marie von Hohenlohe, wife of the imperial chancellor. While hunting on her estates in Russia, she killed a bear. The princess is sixty-eight years old.

The herald's college of Rome has discovered that the Marchese di Rudini, the Italian premier, has no right to his title, which belongs to another branch of his family. He is properly only Signor Antonio Starabba.

Mr. Hanna has more mail than any other two men in Congress, and he never receives a letter that is not answered courteously, concisely, and completely. Mr. Hanna's mail is averaging considerably over two hundred letters a day.

There is absolutely not a single office at the disposal of Secretary of War Alger, even his private secretary being subject to civil-service rules governing appointments. But notwithstanding this, nearly three thousand applications for office have been filed with him.

Isaac B. Allen, the Boston negro who was elected a member of the governor's council, thought he would make a lot of money by lecturing on "How I Got There" in the towns of Massachusetts. He began with Haverhill, but as the receipts footed up only nine dollars, he refused to speak.

Isabelle, notorious under the Second Empire as the flower-girl of the Paris Jockey Club, is now an old woman earning a precarious living by selling flowers in the streets. She was turned out by the Jockey Club on her mother's appealing to charity because she would not support her.

Major Pond's daughter has taken Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro poet, to England for the season. He will read and recite from his own poems. Miss Pond has been associated with her father in the lecture-managing business for some time, but this is her first venture alone.

M. Wilson, the American son-in-law of President Jules Grévy of France, whose corrupt practices in the sale of the Legion of Honor crosses put an end to his father-in-law's career, is threatening to publish his revelations. If he does, they will cause a greater scandal than the Panama affair.

The indications are that Mrs. McKinley, like Mrs. Cleveland, is to set a fashion in hair-dressing. Mrs. McKinley of late years has worn her soft, brown hair cropped, curled, and beld at either side of the parting by tiny combs. Since the inauguration, many women have been seen in Washington with hair dressed just that way. It is decidedly unbecoming to the average woman.

The late Judge Asa Packer believed that a rich man ought to be in debt. "Were I," said he one day, "to wipe out my indebtedness and at some future time see an opportunity to make a large sum of money and attempt to borrow, everybody would marvel and say Judge Packer is borrowing money. As it is, I can borrow almost any amount and no questions are asked or comments made."

Next to the candidates for President, the American who aroused greatest interest in England during the recent campaign was Senator Wolcott, of Colorado. To our British cousins there is a Bret Harte element of romance about the Silver State senator. His wealth, his nerve (at the poker-table and elsewhere), his dash, and the eloquence he displayed in Congress when sand-lot oratory was expected of him, give him a very picturesque personality in their eyes.

Twenty of the two dozen policemen who were stationed at the White House during the closing weeks of the Cleveland administration will be ordered back to regular beats. Two of the remaining four will serve by day and the other two by night. Fort Tburber, as the sentry-box erected outside of the portico of the mansion for the convenience of the guard was called, will be evacuated and abandoned, and the reduction of the President's house to a peace footing will soon be completed.

Don Carlos, who hopes to gain the Spanish throne in the event of a revolution in that country, is arranging marriages for his daughters as rapidly as possible, being influenced, it is said, by a determination to avert any further scandal such as was caused by the recent elopement of the Princess Elvira with Count Folchi, a Roman artist and a married man. Recently the wedding of his daughter, the Infanta Beatrice, to Don Fabrizio Massimo took place at Venice, and now is announced the betrothal of his youngest daughter, the Princess Alice, to Prince Frederick of Schoenburg.

Secretary Long is the school-master of the Cabinet. He undertook to improve the phraseology of the President's proclamation for an extra session and to edit the message to Congress. Mr. McKinley took his suggestions good-naturedly, and politely made one or two unimportant changes in the text, while the rest of the Cabinet winked at each other. Secretary Long's hat is attracting a good deal of attention. It is a very high beaver, with a peculiar brim and crown that swells out in a manner suggesting that it had been subjected to an extraordinary pressure from the intellect of the wearer. Those who served with Secretary Long in Congress recognize it as the same that he wore many years ago, and from its sleek appearance they infer that he put it away in a bandbox when he went back to Hingham, and did not bring it out again until he started for Washington for the inauguration.

CLUBS AND CLUBMEN.

The Latest Gossip of the Clubbable Sex in Gotham—The Calumet and Manhattan on their Feet Once More—The Union Blackballs a Well-Known Man.

The atmosphere in clubdom has cleared in a notable degree since I wrote you on the subject a month or so ago. At that time the treasurer of the Manhattan Club had resigned the helm because he did not see how he could steer the club clear of the financial reefs among which it was tossing; the Calumet's offer to join the Racquet Club had been declined with something unpleasantly like scorn; and clubs generally had suffered from the retrenchment which members felt necessary, owing to the financial stringency of the past two or three years.

The Calumet, however, is on its feet again. At the annual meeting, held last week, it was announced that the fifteen-thousand-dollar debt had been liquidated by subscriptions among the members and that the club was on a firm financial footing. The governors were even so sanguine that they had secured from the owner of the club-house on Twenty-Ninth Street and Fifth Avenue an option for a lease of five years from July 1, 1900, so that the club may occupy its present quarters for eight years at least. The following board of governors was elected: to serve three years, Arthur B. Turnure, Daniel Bacon, William Manice, Charles C. Bull, and De Louis Boisevan; and to serve two years, George Alexander Brown and Newbold La Roy Edgar. Sixty-five names on the list of those who wish to take advantage of the remission of dues, which I have already written you about, were approved, and there are still one hundred names on the waiting list. It is probable that they will all be taken in under the new rule, before it is repealed by the governors. All of which is nuts for the Calumet members, and in their eyes a complete refutation of the Racquet men's charge that "there are too many Willie-hoys in the Calumet."

The same plan that has worked so successfully in the Calumet Club is to be tried by the Manhattan. At a meeting held night before last, it was decided to remit the initiation fee of all applicants for membership from the first of next month until April, 1898. It is believed that at least one hundred and fifty new men will take advantage of the remission of the initiation fees to join. In addition to the remission of dues, a rather extraordinary amendment was submitted and went through without opposition. It was so diplomatically worded that I give it *verbatim*:

That the board of managers of this club is authorized in its discretion to make arrangements with any one or more of the clubs of the city of New York for the admission of members of such club or clubs, or any part thereof, to the Manhattan Club upon such terms as may seem to said board expedient and just. Provided, that no members of any other club or clubs shall be admitted except upon the payment of, or agreement to pay, the annual dues as at present provided. That no person or persons shall in any case be admitted without action of the board in each individual instance.

It is explained that this means that none but members of other clubs shall be admitted, in order that the new men shall all be desirable members. The fact behind it, however, is that the Democratic Club wishes to join with the Manhattan. There has been much talk of a union between the two clubs. With its own membership of nine hundred, about one hundred and fifty new men taken in under the rule remitting initiation fees, and the one hundred and thirty members of the Democratic Club, the Manhattan will be in a very comfortable condition. The Manhattan, by the way, inaugurated quite an innovation yesterday. It has always been a political rather than a social club, but it has opened a loan exhibition of paintings, which is to be continued until Monday, and ladies have been invited to view the collection.

The University Club is, perhaps, in the most prosperous condition of any club in the city. It was incorporated in 1865, and adheres closely to its rule of admitting only possessors of college degrees or graduates of the United States military or naval academies. This gives it a homogeneity of membership, a community of interests and tastes, that can not well exist in any other club of similar size, and it has constantly grown in numbers and wealth. The limit of resident membership was raised last June from 1,200 to 1,700 and its non-resident membership from 900 to 1,300, making a total possible membership of 3,000. When the present waiting-list has been acted on, the membership will be at least 2,500, and its present home on Madison Avenue and Twenty-Sixth Street, though a model of comfort, is much too small. Moreover the members have felt the tendency to move uptown that is noticeable in all clubdom. When the Metropolitan Club selected a site at Fifth Avenue and Sixtieth Street, old clubmen shook their heads and considered it a venturesome innovation for a club to begin its life so far uptown. But the five years that have passed since then have shown the wisdom of the choice. Most of the leading social clubs, if they are not held by a long lease or some such hindrance, either have made or are making arrangements for a move uptown, and the University was one of the most far-sighted of these. Some time ago it paid \$675,000 for a plot on Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Fourth Street, and later it added a narrow strip running up to Fifty-Fifth Street, for which it paid \$130,000. This makes a total outlay of \$805,000 for its site alone—which may fairly be taken as an indication of prosperity. The cost of the new building will be about \$600,000, with about \$100,000 added for furnishing, making a total of \$1,500,000. But the club already has a surplus of \$300,000, and with such careful management as that indicates and a membership of 3,000, it may safely issue bonds for the needed remainder.

Another club that is much in men's mouths just now is the Union. It is the leading club in America. It was founded in 1836, and for sixty years has been the most exclusive social organization in the country. To be a member of the Union Club is evidence that a man is a gentleman, and gives him the entrée to society in any part of the world. *Per contra*, to be rejected by it is a social catastrophe. Of

course, minor clubs accept men whom the Union would not receive, but its eminence gives a most unpleasant notoriety to the unhappy candidate whom its governors blackball. When it expelled J. F. Louhat in 1882, the news went all over the world and did not need his suit at law for reinstatement—which was legally successful, but practically inoperative—to advertise it. But blackballing by the Union happens very seldom, or is not heard of when it does. It was the "pilling" of Dr. Seward Weh, a Vanderbilt son-in-law, that gave birth to the Metropolitan, but I do not recall any other rejection of a candidate until the other day. The victim is George Work, a son of Frank Work, who is a power in Wall Street. The younger Work is a member of the New York Yacht Club, the Tuxedo Club, the City Club, the Larchmont Yacht Club, the Meadow Brook Club, and the Rockaway Hunting Club, and his sisters are Mrs. Burke-Roche and Mrs. Cooper Hewitt. He is a pleasant gentleman of about forty, and men are wondering what can have been the possible motive of those who turned him down. Whatever their motive, if their identity becomes known they had best steer clear of Wall Street, for the old gentleman is said to be frothing at the mouth, and will squeeze them if he ever catches them short of the market.

NEW YORK, March 19, 1897.

There can be no doubt (according to the *British Medical Journal*) that in many parts of the world cocaine inebriety is largely on the increase. Many writers speak of it as the third scourge of humanity, alcohol and morphine being the first and second. The greatest number of victims is to be found among society women and among women who have adopted literature as a profession; a considerable proportion of chronic cocaineists have fallen under the dominion of the drug from a desire to stimulate their powers of imagination. Others have acquired that habit quite innocently from taking coca wines fortified with salts of the alkaloid in solution. One drug habit rapidly engenders another, and the victim of chronic cocaineism is usually addicted to over-indulgence in alcohol, besides being a confirmed cigarette-smoker. Stringent measures should be taken to stamp out an evil which, if once established, is difficult to eradicate. Coca wines made from cocaine, and cocaine lozenges and tablets, should be supplied with the utmost caution. Coca wine and other medicated wines are largely sold to people who are considered, and consider themselves, to be total-abstainers. Originally coca wine was made from coca leaves, but it is now commonly a solution of the alkaloid in a sweet and usually strongly alcoholic wine. Not long ago a physician reported the case of a man who, thinking to avert the use of alcoholic stimulants, drank coca wine so freely that he died of delirium tremens.

Here is an illustration of the extreme care with which the law is fenced about in the Roman Catholic Church. A Spanish archbishop asks relief of the Pope for the wine-merchants of his see. He says that his region abounds in vineyards where the richest wine is produced, and that this wine is largely exported to America, where it is used in the service of the mass. This wine, made of very sweet grapes, runs as high as fifteen per cent. of alcohol and, it is said, is greatly desired by priests, especially in foreign countries, where no wine is produced fit for the decorous celebration of the mass. But for the very reason that it is so sweet it is apt to turn sour in crossing the Atlantic, and it needs to be re-enforced with alcohol up to seventeen or eighteen per cent., to preserve it. But an old rule made for French wines forbids its being re-enforced above twelve per cent. Therefore the good archbishop asks, especially in behalf of a merchant who is a large exporter of these very religious wines, "a man of the highest desert for his Catholic religion," that alcohol enough may be added to these wines to bring them up to seventeen or eighteen per cent., and this request is granted by the Holy See.

Since the war of 1870-1, it has been Germany's settled policy to let the different states composing the empire purchase or otherwise acquire and then extend all the railroads in the whole country. A very large portion of the public debt of Prussia and the other German states is due to the systematic carrying out of this plan, yet the investment, from a national financial point of view, has been a good one. The clear profit of the Prussian state roads last year was more than three hundred million marks (or about seventy-five millions of dollars), and this surplus, going into the budget of the kingdom, reduced by just that much the tax burden of the people. The railroads are, for every individual German government, one of the main sources of revenue and one of the most reliable.

Out of one hundred and seventy-four men of the Yale class of 1896 who have reported their present occupation, only five are studying theology. That is only about three per cent., though among the one hundred and one members of the class who were not heard from, the proportion of theological students may be greater. Twenty-five years ago, about twelve per cent. of the Yale graduates studied for the ministry; fifty years ago, twenty-five per cent.; seventy-five years ago, forty per cent. The pulpit seems to be losing its attraction for Yale men.

The most incredible stories are told of Russian jurymen. Thus, the foreman of a jury declared he would not send a poor fellow to prison because it happened to be his (the jurymen's) birthday. Another jury had agreed upon a verdict of guilty when the church-bells began to ring. They revised their verdict because a holiday had begun. A hurglar was allowed to go free because the man whom he had robbed had refused to lend him money. This, in the opinion of the jury, was a direct incentive to crime.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Among the hills that passed both houses of the legislature before adjournment and are now awaiting the action of the governor are the highway bills. These create a State highway bureau, provide for a system of State highways, and regulate the systems of county and district roads. In order to provide for the expense of the State highway system, a tax of two and one-half cents on each one hundred dollars of property valuation is proposed. Mayor Phelan has objected to this because, while this city will be called upon to pay its share of the tax, none of the money will be expended here. The objection fails to make allowance for the peculiar condition that exists here. This city is so situated that it must depend for its prosperity on the amount of business transacted with the interior parts of the State. It must be the distributing point from which the products of the State are shipped to foreign countries and the products of foreign countries are distributed throughout the State. The volume of this business depends very largely upon transportation facilities, and every improvement of those facilities in the interior of the State is a greater benefit to San Francisco than could be secured by the investment of an equal sum of money here.

There is another consideration that should appeal more directly to the governor. Two years ago a State highway bureau was created, charged with the duty of investigating the highway conditions in this State. That bureau has done its work well and has accumulated a mass of valuable information. In the accumulation of this information, the sum of thirty thousand dollars has been expended. In the light of the experience gained, and following the experience of other States, the bureau recommended the establishment of a system of State highways. Should these proposed measures be defeated now, the money already expended would be wasted and the information gained would be thrown away. The tax proposed is so light that it would hardly be felt, and the benefits that would flow from it would far outbalance the expenditure.

It is generally conceded that the success of McKinley in the election last fall was in part due to those Democrats who placed the prosperity and financial honor of the country above party ties. It is, of course, impossible to say to how great an extent this element contributed to the result. The vote cast for the electoral ticket that supported Palmer and Buckner offers no basis for estimating this strength, for by far the greater number of independent Democrats felt that they would be throwing their votes away in supporting the national Democratic ticket, and therefore voted directly for the Republican electoral ticket. This being the case, it is good policy, as well as eminently right and proper, to recognize this element and seek to render the union stronger and more enduring. Among the gold Democrats of this State there is none who performed more efficient and untiring work in the cause of sound finance than Colonel John P. Irish. It would be wise for the present administration to recognize the element that Colonel Irish represents by continuing him in the position of naval officer. He has made a good and efficient officer during the four years that he has been in the custom-house, and his reappointment would be a recognition of this fact, a just reward for his services during the campaign, and an acknowledgment of the unselfish aid rendered by the gold Democrats.

The sense of humor is certainly not fully developed among the leaders of the unemployed who are making their head-quarters at the Howard Street army. An appreciation of the humorous aspect of an incongruous situation would have saved them from seriously proposing to incorporate the army and to transform a temporary measure of relief into a permanent organization. The people of this city have shown their willingness to contribute toward relieving temporary distress, but, owing to the irresponsible mouthings of the professional agitators, the laboring classes seem to be acquiring a mistaken idea regarding the relationship that exists between them and the contributors to the relief fund. The committee, following the recognized principle that in such movements it is essential that their temporary character should be kept constantly in view, fixed the daily wage to be paid at an amount that would do little more than relieve immediate distress. Immediately the professional agitators indignantly protested against the insult to labor. The most serious obstacle with which labor has to contend is its fool friends. They protested against the terms of proffered assistance, and now they seriously propose to incorporate a Permanent Army of the Unemployed.

An ordinance has been enacted by the board of supervisors, at the suggestion of the board of health, prohibiting expectoration upon sidewalks, in public buildings, or in street-cars. It has been established beyond question that the germs of consumption are spread broadcast in the air by that disgusting habit, and that many people become infected through breathing these germs into their lungs. The ordinance is one that commands general approval, but it has filled Chief Crowley, upon whom the principal burden of its enforcement will fall, with dismay. He realizes the extreme difficulty of enforcing its provisions, and there is danger that, after a brief period of activity, the ordinance will become a dead letter. The really effective work of the ordinance will probably be in the creation of public opinion, and this is the force that must in the end be looked to for abating the nuisance. A few prosecutions under the ordinance would, however, go far toward accelerating the development of this public opinion.

BESMIRCHING AN EMPRESS.

Albert D. Vandam's Statements about the Wife of Napoleon the Third in "Undercurrents of the Second Empire"—Her Demoralizing Youth and the Vices of her Court.

"Undercurrents of the Second Empire" is the title of the latest volume of apocryphal memoirs from the prolific pen of Albert D. Vandam. Mr. Vandam is a Parisian of English parentage, and he first came prominently before the world when his name began to be mentioned as that of a possible author of "An Englishman in Paris." The book had created a tremendous sensation, pretending as it did to reveal, with the authority of personal knowledge, the most intimate details regarding the public and private life of the foremost figures in French social, political, and artistic life from the time of Charles the Tenth. On the title-page of "Undercurrents," Mr. Vandam acknowledges the authorship of "An Englishman in Paris." He has also published another book of the same kind, "My Paris Notebook."

The major part of the new book purports to be founded on the memoirs of Mr. Vandam's uncles—they may be as unreal as the mythical Mrs. Harris—who seem to have known everybody of note in Paris and been lay father-confessors to them. Political intrigues and social scandals were laid bare before them, and they set down in their copious note-books everything they heard. From this mass of material Mr. Vandam has made excerpts, supplementing them with his own recollections and many published memoirs. The result is a vastly entertaining book.

It touches on all the great personages and events of French history, from Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* to the proclamation of the republic, but our present purpose is to reproduce the remarkable portrait of the Empress Eugénie which Mr. Vandam presents. After noting the rumors that Louis Napoleon was "as fit to marry as were Louis the Thirteenth, Louis the Sixteenth, and Peter the Third of Russia," Mr. Vandam says:

I feel convinced that these rumors prompted his marriage with Mlle. Eugénie de Montijo. I say prompted, not hastened; for every note on the subject in my possession goes to prove that until that moment the idea—mind, the mere idea—of placing Mlle. de Montijo by his side on the imperial throne had not as much as entered his mind. We have heard a good deal about the violent passion of Louis Napoleon for the supremely beautiful Spanish girl from the moment he set eyes on her—which must have been before he was president of the republic, for they both stayed at adjacent hotels in the Place Vendôme. The passion was no doubt a fact, for Louis Napoleon had always a great amount of love-passion lying idle and only waiting for investment. . . . The "violent passion" he had conceived for Mlle. de Montijo did not prevent the conception of an almost equally violent passion for Mlle. Madeline Brohan, who shortly before that had made her first appearance at the Comédie-Française; while concurrently with the existence of these two passions, the victim suffering from them was *on ne peut mieux* with Rachel.

Of the upbringing of the young woman who was destined to be an empress, Mr. Vandam says:

There is a French proverb which bids men to beware of the young girl whose cradle has been a traveling trunk and whose finishing school a *table d'hôte*. Though still very young when Louis Napoleon first met her, Mlle. de Montijo had already traveled a good deal; the best hotels in the larger capitals of Europe had sheltered her and her mother within their walls, at a time when young girls of her station and of her faith were generally entrusted to the care of some religious sisterhood to fit them for their future social duties. The fame of her beauty had spread through many lands; she rarely appeared anywhere without a throng of admirers, but she might have said, with Esther Eccles in "Caste," "There is not a husband among them"; for though many aspired to the pleasure of her society, none aspired to the honor of her hand.

The opinion of Eugénie's character held by Mr. Vandam may be gathered from the following sample of her antenatal escapades:

In those days the railway to within a mile or so of Chantilly had just been opened and caused a great influx of female visitors from Paris, who until then had abstained from going, owing to the scarcity of comfortable accommodation and the difficulty of returning on the same day. But there was still a journey of between three and four miles to the race-course, and the supply of hackney vehicles at the arrival of trains was never equal to the demand. Under these conditions the provident among the males took care to engage a conveyance beforehand. One of Mlle. de Montijo's most sincere admirers—in fact, the only sincere one, and who would probably have set prejudice with regard to her at defiance by an offer of marriage—had made such provision. But when the damsel arrived, escorted as usual by a body-guard of elegant *vivants*, she and they took possession of the vehicle without as much as saying "by your leave." There was just one seat left when the lady espied the Count de Galva. Overjoyed at seeing him once more, she offered him the vacant seat, regardless of the claims of the purveyor of the conveyance, who, too well bred to show his annoyance, pretended to look upon this as a joke, and in a spirit of bravado kept up with the vehicle on foot. Count de Galva remonstrated with Mlle. de Montijo; the remonstrance did not prevent her from offering the vacant seat to a second favorite on the return journey. The sincere admirer did not run by its side this time; he never spoke to her again. "That carriage," he said, years after, for he only died in '84—"that carriage ought to have been bought by William the First as the carriage of Napoleon the First was bought by Mme. Tussaud; without it there might not have been an Empress Eugénie; without an Empress Eugénie there would probably have been no Franco-German War; without a Franco-German War there would have been no German Empire."

Mr. Vandam says there is no doubt that this and other stories reached Louis Napoleon's ear, and continues:

Yet no hint seems to have been given to Mlle. de Montijo to be more reserved in her intercourse with the *jeunesse dorée*, although she was already then a frequent guest at the presidential entertainments; for it is very certain that after the episode just related the flirtations went on as strongly as ever. This alone would prove Louis Napoleon had not the faintest intention of making the handsome Spanish girl his wife either in the near or remote future. Nay, to speak frankly, the presumption is that he intended to make her the reverse of his wife. From the frequent allusions in his conversations, we may take it that Louis Napoleon knew his history of France by heart, and no part of it so thoroughly as its *chronique galante*. From personal experience he knew that there were dozens of Mmes. de Nesle and Mmes. Poisson about, and scores of Mlle. de Nesle to realize their mothers' schemes. He was neither as handsome nor yet as powerful as Louis the Fifteenth, but he may have paraphrased his mother's dictum once more to himself, and concluded, "Qu'il n'y a pas de laid monarque pour une aventurière." The Countess de Montijo and her daughter had persistently failed to command consideration, and if Louis Napoleon looked upon Mlle. de Montijo in the light of a consort at all, it was in the light of a consort *de la main gauche* and not *de la main droite*. If proof of this were wanted, it would be found in the fact of his having as good as solicited the hand of several royal princesses during the period—the twelve months immediately preceding his marriage—when he was supposed, and not unjustly, to be simply frantically in love with Mlle. de Montijo. Celebs in search of a wife was nothing to it. The Dowager Duchess of Baden (Stéphanie de Beauharnais), the Duke of Leuchtenberg (an-

other relation on his mother's side), and Don Francis d'Assisi (the husband of Isabella of Spain) were successively but fruitlessly appealed to by him to provide him with a spouse. Finally, just a month before the public announcement of the emperor's betrothal to Mlle. Eugénie de Montijo, he applied to Prince Hohenlohe for the hand of Princess Adelaide, and a week later the queen and Prince Albert were still discussing a letter from Prince Hohenlohe on the subject.

But marry Eugénie he did. How the young empress was esteemed by Parisian society may be gathered from the following passage:

The *grandes dames* of the Faubourg St. Germain, to whom the highest positions in the empress's household were offered, laughed the idea to scorn, as their grandmothers and mothers had done to a certain extent when Napoleon the First made similar overtures to them at his marriage with Marie Louise. Napoleon the First foamed at the mouth, and swore at all those "belles dames qui font les renchéries et ne veulent pas paraitre à ma cour!" and threatened to make them obey.

He succeeded in a little while, because, after all, the daughter of the Hapsburgs was as good as they, and there could be no comment on her past. His nephew, who has his temper under better control, and is less brutal and more witty, simply smiles and makes scathing remarks in the shape of epigrams. . . . But epigrams, however brilliant, are not calculated to bring about the wished-for *rapprochement* between the women of the Tuileries and those of the Faubourg St. Germain. Some of the male members of the old nobility are showing a tendency to rally round the new régime. It will not do, perhaps, to scrutinize their motives too closely. Some are influenced by pecuniary considerations, others by personal ambition.

But whatever these motives may be, they do not appear to be strong enough to affect the minds of the womankind of the new converts. They, the womankind, continue to stand aloof; their fathers, husbands, and brothers attend the imperial receptions and entertainments by themselves. This makes it awkward for the six or seven true gentlemen by whom the empress is surrounded, for all the women are not adventuresses.

Mr. Vandam tells a number of decidedly broad anecdotes to show the light esteem in which womanly modesty and the conjugal relation were held at Eugénie's court, and shows the utter corruption of all Paris in a number of passages from which we extract the following:

The barrack-room stories that enlivened the *sourees* and dinner-parties of a De Paiva came straight from the Tuileries, unless they went straight thither from De Paiva's drawing-room. When in the early morning of the sixteenth of August of every year, the Bal Morel disgorged its revelers, there was not a pin to choose between the appearance and behavior of the court beauties in their quasi-disguise of *grisettes* and that of the *filles*. The women knew one another's names and biographies as if they had been playmates and school-fellows; the men who escorted the two sections had probably left their clubs together the night before and would most likely meet there again in a few hours to discuss the merits of their respective partners. Several among those proud and aristocratic cavaliers had been one or two occasions the more or less successful peace-makers, or, at any rate, the ambassadors, between the two contending factions when some of its members found themselves on ground more exclusive than Morel's *à fresco* ball and would not leave the coast clear to one another. . . .

The Cora Pearls, the Skittles, the Paivas, and the rest have entered into open rivalry with the court beauties—again, of course, on the only ground where such rivalry was possible, namely, Longchamps, the Bois de Boulogne, the Champs-Élysées, and the theatres. Mme. de Paiva's boxes at the Opéra and at the Italiens are more luxuriously appointed than those of the emperor and empress; her diamonds are more costly than the latter's; Skittles's pony-chaise, with its pair of black cobs and its two grooms on coal-black cattle behind, beats anything and everything from the imperial stables; Cora Pearl's turn-out throws everything into the shade except Skittles's; the two latter cut a better figure on horseback than either the Comtesse de Pourtales, Mme. de Gallifet, Mme. de Contades, or Mme. de Persigny; they have only two equals in that respect—the empress and Mme. de Metternich. Their carriage-horses, hacks, and hunters look better, are better bred and broken in than the best elsewhere, and need not fear comparison with those provided by General Fleury for the use of her majesty. As may be readily imagined, her majesty is not particularly pleased. Fleury admits that there is cause for displeasure, but professes himself unable to alter the state of things. . . . The Avenue de l'Impératrice was where "fashionable Paris" foregathered during the spring and summer afternoons in the sixties, to see and be seen.

The first in the field was generally Mme. Feuillant, with her two charming daughters, mere girls at that period. The whole of the turn-out was absolutely perfect, from an artistic point of view—I am not quite so sure about the other point—from the small heads of the two big black steppers, with large tufts of Parma violets at their headstalls, to the hood which appeared to do duty as a store-house for similar bouquets, large and small. Violets predominated in the whole of the arrangement; they were conspicuous in the bonnet of Mme. Feuillant herself—a bonnet with a valance and which enframed the face like a portrait; the footman and coachman had huge nosegays of violets, the tint of which harmonized admirably with the collars and cuffs of their dark-green liveries. And the spectator who was not overburdened with worldly goods silently tried to calculate the probable amount of the florist's bill who supplied them every day of the week.

More conspicuous, though not by reason of its floral adornment, was the carriage of Mme. de Metternich. It was yellow, and yellow had almost entirely disappeared in those days, to be revived, however, later on. But in the early '60's only Mme. de Jaucourt and the Austrian ambassador patronized the color.

Then came Rothschild's turn-outs, always more remarkable for their magnificent horses than for the beauty of their carriages, and hard upon them the landau of Mlle. Schneider, who as yet was not the Duchesse de Grolstein, but simple La Belle Hélène. [During the exhibition of '87, Mlle. Schneider made a bet that she would pass through the gates exclusively reserved for the sovereigns and royal princes then visiting Paris. One day she appeared with the panels of her landau adorned with a fancy coat-of-arms. The gatekeeper challenging the footman, the latter replied—"The Duchesse de Grolstein." The bet was won.]

Between half-past four and five there was generally a slight stir of expectation among the occupants of "la Plage," better known to-day as "le Cercle des Décauvés." In a little while there appeared on the horizon four troopers of some crack regiment of the Imperial Guards, flanked by a corporal, and immediately afterwards came the carriage of the little Prince Imperial, followed by a captain's escort of the same regiment. To the left of the carriage rode the officer in charge, with a trumpeter by his side; to the right, M. Bachon, the prince's riding-master and equerry, in a gold-embroidered green tunic, cocked hat with black feathers, white breeches, and jack-boots. About that period, however, M. Bachon's office was an absolute sinecure, the prince having met with an accident which disabled him for many, many months from mounting his ponies and the cause of which accident subsequently became also the cause of his premature and sad death in Zululand, although the effects of the accident itself had entirely disappeared.

Shortly afterward came the emperor in his phaeton, without an escort of any kind and only his aid-de-camp by his side. The pace of his Orloffs, which had cost forty thousand francs, was remarkable and somewhat dangerous to those who got in their way, for every now and then, and up to the last, the imperial whip, forgetting that he was in France and not in England, mistook his neighbors for his offside. Not once but a dozen times have I heard the indignant Jehu exclaim: "Where is he going to, the brute? Where did he learn to drive?" Though no man looked better on horseback than Napoleon the Third, he left off riding almost immediately after he ascended the throne, except on special occasions such as reviews and at Compiègne while out hunting. Already at that time the emperor had his horses broken by M. Favero of Kerbrech, just as he had his new boots worn by his barber. Then came the empress in her elegant calèche drawn by four bays, with postilions, outrider, and grooms in green and gold, the first named wearing jockey's caps half hidden by the golden fringe of the tassels.

In extenuation of his frankness—to use a euphemism—Mr. Vandam says:

If the *chronique scandaleuse* of the Second Empire were not so intricately mixed up with its political history, I would fain have kept my

pen clean of the former altogether; as it is, I can not do so except at the risk of becoming unintelligible. When one stands confronted with a régime which, during its eighteen years' existence waged four formidable wars, not one of which on careful examination seems to have been necessitated by the nation's welfare, the natural impulse is to look for the causes of such wars below the surface. And a glance below the surface reveals, behind the glittering court which every one knows, with its ambassadors, chamberlains, generals, ministers, and ladies of honor, a seething mass of intrigue and corruption, to find the like of which we must revert to the reigns of Charles the Second in England and of Louis the Fifteenth in France. True, there is no titular mistress of the emperor, either in the shape of a Lady Castlemaine, a Duchess of Portsmouth, or a Marquise de Pompadour, but it is doubtful whether erstwhile Mrs. Palmer, Louise de Kerouailles, and Mme. d'Étiolles were more fatal to the Stuart and the Bourbon than the women who surrounded the nephew of the great Bonaparte. Not one, save Princess Clotilde, inspired the public with that respect which is the first and foremost condition of the prestige of a dynasty, whether that dynasty be hereditary, founded by the sword, or by intrigue, as were the dynasties of Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon. Of one thing we may be sure, in spite of the cheers that greeted the empress in public: the French spoke of her and the ultra-fashionable throng that surrounded her as the English of the latter end of the seventeenth century spoke of the court beauties of Charles the Second, as the French of the middle of the eighteenth century spoke of the *grandes dames* of Louis the Fifteenth's court. And the gossip, an attractive dish of truth and fiction, especially where the empress herself was concerned, spread over the borders of the land; and, as in the days of Charles the Second and Louis the Fifteenth, found its way to the courts of Europe. Smart *attachés*, if not their chiefs themselves, sent amusing accounts of the *faits et gestes* of the women and men that foregathered at Compiègne, Fontainebleau, and the Tuileries; accounts which vitiated beforehand all the serious documents emanating from the Quai d'Orsay; the recipients of the latter refusing to take *au sérieux* the political aspirations of a sovereign who tolerated around him a society fully as profligate and corrupt as that which had danced and disported itself in the salons and gardens of Versailles under the *ancien régime*, a society led by a Pompadour, "hallowed by marriage," it is true, inasmuch as she had successfully angled for an imperial husband, where the other had only angled for a royal lover, but a Pompadour for all that, and who only differed from Jeanne Antoinette Poisson in the possession of fewer brains and, if it were possible, more vanity and misdirected ambition.

The latter part of the book is devoted to the fall of the empire, and Mr. Vandam does not fail to give Eugénie her full share of the blame for that catastrophe.

Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$2.50.

Delaware was the first State admitted to the Union and is the one to which Randolph, of Roanoke, referred contemptuously as having two counties at high tide and three at low tide. It is still governed by antiquated colonial machinery. The senate of its legislature consists of nine members only. Delaware is one of the States which has no lieutenant-governor, and therefore from out of these nine members one is chosen as presiding officer and the other eight are the law-making body. The State is divided into three counties—Newcastle, which includes the city of Wilmington; Kent, which includes the capital city of Dover; and Sussex, the rustic Southern county. Newcastle has several thousand more voters than Kent and Sussex combined, but the basis of representation in the Dover senate is the same for all three—three members from each county, and on any public question, therefore, in the senate, a minority of the people can by a two-thirds majority out-vote the majority. The city of Wilmington casts about one-third of the total vote of the State, but it has only one representative in the senate. The house of representatives consists of twenty-one members chosen without reference to population, seven from each county, and though the Republicans carried Delaware at the recent election, such is the peculiar method of choice that the present house of representatives consists of twenty Democrats and one Republican only.

When the discovery was made that certain bacteria found on the roots of leguminous plants are the agents by which the nitrogen of the atmosphere is transformed into plant-food, the way was opened for experiments to produce "of set purpose" some organism that should "fix" the nitrogen of the air in a manner to make it contribute directly to fertilization of the soil. Professor Nobbe, of Saxony, claims that he has produced, "on a commercial scale, pure cultures of the different bacteria which are efficient in affixing the nitrogen of the air in a form available for plant-food, and he has them for sale in small glass bottles. It is claimed that soil can be inoculated with these organisms for the modest sum of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre." This is probable, and already has been made the subject of several papers read before the Royal Agricultural Society of England.

The by-products of the Pittsburg Gas-Works, says the *Post* of that city, pay the expenses of that profitable establishment, and leave its receipts for gas clear gain. Concerning by-products of other industries, it is said that those of oil-refineries are both profitable and valuable; and the molasses of beet sugar, once considered and treated as comparatively of no account, now supplies very considerable quantities of potash and alcohol. Oleic acid, a residue of stearine-making, is now utilized in soap-making. The mother-water of salt-works furnishes much useful material; the soapy liquor in which raw wool has been washed is made to produce large quantities of grease known as "Rheims grease," for soap-making, and, in fact, nearly half the weight of some fleeces is of a substance which, treated with an acid, gives the Rheims grease.

London boasts of a gasoline fire-engine which has pneumatic wheels and propels itself to fires. It is highly spoken of as a thing of noiseless action, both when in motion on the way to fires and when engaged in pumping water. But nothing is said about its ability to throw large volumes of water. In London, owing to the character of the buildings, fires can be extinguished with less water than is necessary in the fighting of fires among our inflammable buildings.

The *Newspaper-Maker* says: "A new weekly political and society paper is to be started at Denver. It is to be called the *Autocrat*, and is to be modeled after the of San Francisco.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Yellow Book.

The current issue of the *Yellow Book* contains an important review by Henry James of "Elle et Lui," a remarkable volume of correspondence bearing upon the relations of George Sand with Alfred de Musset, recently published in Paris. Mr. James has really expanded his subject into one of general interest. It is, in fact, a reventilation of the old debate as to how far an author may go into personal experiences which others have shared. "The greatest of literary quarrels will once more come up—the quarrel beside which all others are mild and arrangeable, the eternal dispute between the public and the private, between curiosity and delicacy." George Sand certainly did not possess the feminine virtue of reticence. "She was pressed to write because she had the greatest instinct of expression ever conferred on a woman; a faculty that put a premium on all passion, on all pain, on all experience and all exposure, on the greatest variety of ties and the smallest reserve about them." Of her style in these voluminous letters Mr. James writes that "they have admirable ease, breadth, and generosity; they are the clear, quiet overflow of a very full cup. They speak above all for the author's great gift, her eye for the inward drama. Her hand is always on the fiddle-string, her ear is always at the heart. It was in the soul, in a word, that she saw the play begin, and to the soul that, after whatever outward flourishes, she saw it confidently come back."

Mr. James leaves no doubt as to his attitude toward the literary "scavenger" who, in his search for "human documents," seeks to invade those secrets that should remain in privacy and silence. "Then the cunning of the inquirer, envenomed with resistance, will exceed in subtlety and ferocity anything we to-day conceive, and the pale, forewarned victim, with every track covered, every paper burned, and every letter unanswered, will, in the tower of art, the invulnerable granite, stand, without a sally, the siege of all the years."

Often, in this review, one pauses in admiration of the consummate and masterly manner in which Henry James has handled his subject.

Among other features of the present issue are a poem by William Watson; several excellent short stories; "Prose Fancies," by Richard le Gallienne; and a number of unusual examples of illustration.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

The Meaning of "The Seven Seas."

Many people have tried to explain the meaning and origin of the title of Mr. Kipling's last volume of poems, some even reckoning on their fingers the various seas that the author might be supposed to have crossed in the course of his wanderings. Nathan Haskell Dole thinks it is more likely that the title is derived from the last line of the forty-seventh quatrain in the 1872 edition of Fitzgerald's "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám":

"When you and I behind the Veil are past,
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As the Seven Seas should heed a pebble cast."

The term "Seven Seas" (in Persian, "Heft Kulzum") is used as the title of the Great Dictionary and Grammar of the Persian language, containing many Persian poems, published in 1822 at Lucknow.

French for Young Americans.

"Chansons, Poésies, and Jeux Français pour les Enfants Américains," composed and arranged by Agnes Godfrey Gay, is a collection of French songs and games. Their fitness has been practically tested, the majority of them, like "Au Clair de la Lune," having been sung and played for years. The music has been carefully revised and much of it harmonized by Grant Schaefer, whose name is a sufficient guaranty for thoroughness. Besides the songs, there are dialogues and "poésies" that children are sure to master easily and to enjoy.

Published by William R. Jenkins, New York; price, 50 cents.

Two Views of Olive Schreiner.

Of Olive Schreiner's new novel the *Athenaeum* remarks:

"Though her scornful resentment of the policy and methods of the Chartered Company in South Africa finds free vent here, and though in condemning them she makes holder use of Scriptural associations than many may like, she has achieved a remarkable literary success. Trooper Peter Halket does not compete with 'The Story of an African Farm' either as a narrative or as a study of characters, but it is, in our opinion, superior in workmanship."

On the other hand, Clement K. Shorter says of it:

"Miss Olive Schreiner has once demonstrated that she is a woman of one book. Those of us who remember the thrill that went through us when we read 'The Story of an African Farm,' and thought of the writer as one who was destined to be a great figure in our literature, have been grievously disappointed. Three books have now appeared by the same author, and none of them was worth the writing. Those whose sympathies are strongly against Mr. Rhodes in the discussion of the South African problem will see in 'Peter Halket' a very excellent pamphlet on their side; but there have been much cleverer pamphlets, and they are not literature. 'Peter Halket,' whatever may be the momentary success secured by the author's past reputation and the actuality of the subject, has no serious place."

Essays by Alice Meynell.

"The Children," by Alice Meynell, is about children but not for them. Alice Meynell is not an author to "tickle and entertain." She is a writer of ex-

quisite technical perfection, and clothes her thoughts with the finer touches, delicate discriminations, and subtle shades of the literary artist. These essays, like her previous work, bear the imprint of her sensitive temperament. She has rejected the plain path of popularity and aimed for the higher levels, and her gracious essays have been welcomed by those of ripe and liberal culture as the work of a woman of genius.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.25.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"The Ape, the Idiot, and Other People" is the title of a volume of short stories by W. C. Morrow, of this city, which is shortly to be published by a Philadelphia house. Several of the stories it contains were originally published in the *Argonaut*. A critic who has had the privilege of reading the proofs of the book says: "Since Monk Lewis and Poe, the literature of the uncanny has not had so powerful a master, and the contemporary author knows life even more deeply than his predecessors."

In "The Well-Beloved," soon to be published by the Harpers, Thomas Hardy is reported to have turned from the problem novel to his earlier method and to have produced an idyllic love-story.

Miss Beatrice Harraden is at present staying in Bournemouth, in England. Her two Californian stories, "Hilda Trafford" and "The Remittance Man," have just been published together in London. Very great expectations have been not unnaturally aroused by the anticipation of Miss Harraden's long novel, which will be published under the picturesque title, "I, too, Have Come Through Winty Terrors," a title taken from William Watson's "Odes and Other Poems."

The third paper of the series on the Mexico of to-day, which Charles F. Lummis contributes to the April *Harper's*, is entitled "The Awakening of a Nation," and deals with Diaz, the Soldier and the Statesman.

Robert Hichens, of "Green Carnation" fame, has written a new novel called "Flames."

An important announcement by the Messrs. Appleton is a series of books on the literatures of the world, edited by Mr. Edmund Gosse. The first volume is entitled "Ancient Greek Literature," by Gilbert G. A. Murray, professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow.

A new volume in the Appletons' Town and Country Library is "Perfection City," a Kansas story by Mrs. Orpen.

It is said that Dr. Nansen's "Farthest North," which the Harpers have just published, was put into English by six translators, whose work was revised by William Archer, the celebrated dramatic critic and translator of several of Ibsen's plays. Dr. Nansen knows English very well, but in writing his book he naturally preferred to use his own language.

In the February *Nineteenth Century* there is a rather matter-of-fact article on "The Plague," by Dr. Montague Lubbock, and an excellent paper by Herbert Paul, with the title, "Gibbon's Life and Letters." Lord Charles Bessford, the crack naval officer, known for his dash, presents an able article entitled "Urgent Questions for the Council of Defense."

Hereafter D. Appleton and Company will be publishers for Hamlin Garland. They have arranged for a new and uniform edition of "A Member of the Third House," "Jason Edwards," and "A Spoil of Office." Mr. Garland's "A Little Norsk" is published already, and the Appletons have in hand his new book, which will appear soon with the striking title, "Wayside Courtship."

The Harpers will publish at an early date:

"The Mistress of the Ranch," by Frederick Thickett Clark; "Saint Eva," by Mrs. Barry Pain; "Leonora of the Yawmish," by Francis Dana; "The Landlord at the Lion's Head," by Mr. Howells; and "The Missionary Sheriff," a new volume of Octave Thanet's Western sketches.

Mme. Louise de la Ramée ("Ouida") contributes a defense and appreciation of Gabriele d'Annunzio to the current *Fortnightly*. While D'Annunzio is quite indefensible, "Ouida's" essay is a specimen of her best critical work, and that is no mean praise.

In "Paleontological Progress of the Century," in the April *Harper's*, the third of a series of profusely illustrated papers describing the history of modern science, Dr. Henry Smith Williams traces the development of our knowledge of fossils from the time when they were supposed to be the relics of Noah's flood until the final establishment by Darwin of the theory of evolution.

Mrs. Barr's "Prisoners of Conscience" is another of those novels that differ in serial and in book-form. The latter is soon to be out, and will be found much longer than the first publication.

In "Washington and the French Craze of '93," a popular historical paper in the April *Harper's*, Professor John Bach McMaster describes the enthusiasm for ostentatious republicanism aroused by the first successes of the French Republic, and especially by "Citizen" Genet, the French ambassador.

Professor William M. Sloane is still in Paris, busily engaged at this moment on a bibliography for his fourth and last volume of the "Life of Napoleon"; in giving the final touches to his *Revue des*

Deux Mondes article on the great Corsican; and in collecting materials for an entirely new work, for which no title has yet been hit upon. It is to furnish the background of the Napoleonic period by a series of biographical studies, in which the common soldiers, the plain men, the women, the official class, the partisans, the police, the men of letters, etc., are each to be pictured by a typical representative.

The April number of *Harper's Magazine* will contain a story by Mrs. Margaret Deland, "The Wisdom of Fools," which tells of a woman who would apply the logic of the Sermon on the Mount to the daily life of our complex civilization. This story will appear in book-form in April or May, together with some others, including "The Law or the Gospel," which was published a year ago under the title of "One Woman's Story."

The Messrs. Appleton have in preparation in their series of Home-Reading Books, edited by William T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education:

"The Plant World," by Frank Vincent; "In Brook and Bayou," by Clara Kern Bayliss; "Curious Homes and their Tenants," by James Carter Beard; "Cruce's Island," by F. A. Oher; "The Story of Oliver Twist," by Ella B. Kirk; "Uncle Sam's Secrets," by O. P. Austin; "Natural History Readers," five volumes, by J. F. Truener; and "The Hall of Shells," by Mrs. A. S. Hardy. The series, which has been planned as a supplement to school studies, will cover natural history, including geography and travel; physics and chemistry; history, biography, and ethnology, including ethics and morals; and literature and art. The first volume, already published, is "The Story of the Birds," by J. N. Baskett.

The sixth paper in the *Harper's* series on "White Man's Africa," in preparation of which Poultney Bigelow spent many months of travel, appears in the April issue and describes the opening of the Cape Colony Parliament, and discusses the political and social questions which the Jameson raid has raised between the Dutch and English.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Origin of the Name "California."

199 LAFAYETTE AVENUE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.,
March 19, 1897.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Verse 2924 of "La Chanson de Roland, Traduction Nouvelle, etc., par L. Petit de Julleville, Paris, Alphonse Lemerre, Editeur, 1878," reads, "E cil d'Afrique e cil de Califerne," which is translated into modern French "Et ceux d'Afrique et ceux de Califerne." [And those of Africa and of Califerne.] A note adds: "Califerne, pays inconnu et sans doute imaginaire. Peinture formée sur calife, le pays du calife." [Califerne, an unknown and doubtless imaginary country—possibly derived from calife, the land of the caliph.]

This verse is taken from the Oxford manuscript, in regard to whose date the editor further says, "the most ancient manuscript is that of Oxford, written about the middle of the twelfth century. But the editing of the text is earlier, and seems to date back to the last quarter of the eleventh century." Very truly yours,

HOWARD W. VERNON.

[This is apropos of a paragraph in a recent issue of the *Argonaut* on American geographical names derived from fiction, in which the story was repeated that "California" was taken from the name of a fairy kingdom in a Spanish romance of the early sixteenth century. Our correspondent's suggestion does not prove that the name was not taken immediately from "Las Sergas de Esplandian," the Spanish romance to which we referred, which was published in 1510, but it shows a much earlier existence of the mythical country of medieval romance than we had suspected.—EDS.]

When the "Golden Gate" was Lost.

VIRGINIA, N. Y., March 23, 1897.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of the fifteenth instant, page fourteen, in the article on the loss of treasure-ships, you state that the *Golden Gate* went down off Cape Hatteras in the fifties. Permit me to correct you. The ship that foundered off Cape Hatteras in 1857 was, when launched, the *George Law*, by act of Congress rechristened the *Central America*. The *Golden Gate*, also a treasure-ship and, like the *Central America*, of the Pacific Mail line, was burned off Manzanilla, on the coast of Mexico, on July 27, 1856, while on her way to Panama. Samuel Dowling, of the Wiegand Assay Office, and Dan Sheehan, watchman at the Mint at Carson, were quartermasters on board of her. C. C. Thomas, for many years superintendent of Sutro Tunnel, and Mrs. Walley, wife of the proprietor of Walley's Hot Springs, near Genoa, in this State, are survivors of that ill-fated vessel. Yours very truly,

LAWRENCE DIEHL.

Mrs. Gerard's "Irish Beauties."

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
STEVENS POINT, WIS., March 13, 1897.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have been trying for some time to locate a copy of a book called "Irish Beauties," by Mrs. Gerard. I saw some quotations from it in one of the papers I take, and wrote them, asking where they found it. They said they had copied it from the *Argonaut*. Can you give me the name of the publisher of this book, or some one from whom I can purchase a copy? If not, please tell me where you found the quotations you published from it—by following the matter up, I may locate a copy. Very respectfully,

J. W. DUNEGAN.

[The book is "Some Celebrated Irish Beauties of the Last Century," by Mrs. F. Gerard, published by Ward & Downey, London; price, 21 shillings.—EDS.]

Appreciative Readers.

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., March 13, 1897.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I consider your paper the very best all-round, unprejudiced, and unbiased sheet published, and I admire your courage very often, though I may differ from you in opinions at times. I renew my subscription because I believe you honest—in a measure—and wish you success. Yours truly,

H. R. FORBES.

909 SEVENTH STREET, N. W.,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 17, 1897.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Few numbers of the *Argonaut* during nineteen years I have missed, and as I can not well be without it, I send in good time my check for new subscription, so that no interruption may happen.

Respectfully, F. POHNORFF.

IVORY

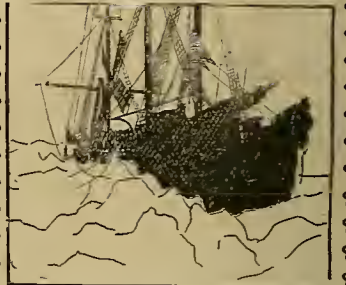
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LITERARY NOTES.

In Bohemia with Du Maurier.

Somewhat, one expects "In Bohemia with Du Maurier," by Félix Moscheles, to mirror the same geniality of style, or, at least, the same atmosphere, that was so delightful in Du Maurier's own work; but perhaps it is too much to count upon the sprightly, tender grace that flowed from Du Maurier's pen.

It is an acknowledgment of the extraordinary charm of Du Maurier's personality that a need is felt by his friends of recording as valuable their association with him and of uniting to honor his memory with the tributes of their affection.

The present volume illustrates the artist's life in the fifties and contains reproductions of sixty-three original drawings by Du Maurier. It was written before his death, and recalls a bachelor comradeship, the charm of which time had not withered nor custom staled. From these "human documents" one recognizes that the tender playfulness, and mercurial moods, and wealth of fantasy which make Du Maurier's writings so vivid were a salient characteristic of the man himself and the secret, perhaps, of the extraordinary loyalty of his friends.

To Félix Moscheles Du Maurier was "the most lovable of men, whose presence alone sufficed to make life worth living to all those near and dear to him. His hand was no longer to hold those pens—the finely pointed one that drew, the freely-flowing one that wrote. His well-earned rest was not to be enjoyed on earth."

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

The "Yellow Kid."

Chimmie Fadden has a successor in the "Yellow Kid," who was brought into being by R. F. Outcault, one of the New York Journal's caricaturists, and whose exploits are recorded by Edward W. Townsend. The "Kid" is the terror and pride of Hogan's Alley, in the tenement district of New York, and his life is filled with "joy, peanuts, and music." He wars upon his own kind, but a goat, a cat, a dog, a parrot, and a monkey are his friends. The incidents described have generally been suggested by some event in the current life of New York, such, for example, as the amateur horse-show organized by the Kid.

The yellow kid—the creation of Mr. Outcault's fertile fancy, not the book—has had a vogue in New York, in the press, in shop windows, and on the stage, that does not, to the Western mind, seem justified, and even Mr. Townsend's clever pen will not give him great popularity beyond the boundaries of Greater New York.

Published by Dillingham & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

Social and Literary Essays.

"Book and Heart," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, is a collection of essays on various contemporary and literary subjects that have appeared from time to time in the periodicals of the day. There are thirty-five essays in the book, all significant and distinct, and several of especial interest.

"A Keats Manuscript" describes and illustrates by a fac-simile reproduction the changes made by Keats in his "Ode on Melancholy" and the care he used in finishing his work. "A Bit of War Photography" is a paper in praise of Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage." Other notable essays are, "The Foe to Eloquence," "The Problem of Drudgery," and "Acts of Homage."

Colonel Higginson is always scholarly and polished, without sacrifice of freshness and simplicity. He combines respect for past achievements in letters with the most modern Americanism, and is noted as soldier, lecturer, and reformer, as well as for his valuable and suggestive essays.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

The Land of the Great White Czar.

"The Green Book," by Maurice Jokai, the great Hungarian novelist, is a fine historical novel of Russia, the land of ermine and of ice. The main interest of the story is centred about the conspiracy against Alexander the First, and the varying fortunes of Pushkin, the Russian Byron. Pushkin was beloved by Zeneida Ilmarine, the prima donna, the fêted favorite of princes, whose sleigh was drawn by nobles of the realm and on whose beautiful head and neck jewels and orders glistened like raindrops. But beneath this butterfly existence this subtle woman cherished the hope that a conspiracy under her guidance might destroy the autocratic dynasty of Russia. Too deeply in love with the poet Pushkin to expose him to the dangers that surround conspirators, she drove him from her in order to save his life. He was plighted by order of the Czar to Sophie Narishkin, the Czar's illegitimate daughter, who died, and at her death he married the Princess Iethsaba, a Circassian hostage. On the head of Zeneida the Phrygian cap of liberty weighed like a crown of thorns, but at last she finds peace and happiness.

Around this intrigue are grouped splendid pictures of the life of St. Petersburg. The semi-barbarous splendor of the nobility is contrasted with the cringing serf, a victim to the knout at his master's whim. The corrupt laxity of the system of police, the lack of justice under the tyranny of Arakstseff, the Czar's

favorite, had plunged Russia into a volcanic restlessness. Intrigue, jealousy, betrayal, sprang up, and the baughty women who surround an autocrat whose smile bathes a whole empire in sunshine trembled lest a tiny spark should fire a mine of dynamite and they be blown into the sky. While his subjects walked upon a seething volcano, the Czar himself stood at bay like a defenseless stag cornered by hungry wolves.

To such wealth of material the author has added a picturesque imagination, fine analysis of character, and situations of great strength. One follows with absorption this great game of chess, where to be checkmated meant Siberia or the scaffold. It is translated by Mrs. Vaughn.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

More Light on the Dark Continent.

"Through Unknown African Countries" is a new and valuable addition to the literature of the mysterious Dark Continent. It was written by A. Donaldson Smith, M. D., F. R. G. S., a Philadelphian, a man only thirty-three years of age but of rare scientific attainments, courage, and enterprise, and the possessor of a fortune which enables him to gratify his inclination for travel and exploration.

The body of this work is occupied by the narrative of his—the first—expedition from Somaliland to Lake Lamu; and its valuable scientific results are given in a series of appendices by eminent specialists. There is a complete index.

Aside from its geographical and scientific interest, the book is alive with accounts of the perils of such a journey as was made by the expedition, and it is copiously illustrated from photographs. It also contains many valuable maps.

Published by Edwin Arnold, New York; price, \$5.00.

A Confederate History of the War.

"The Confederate Soldier in the Civil War, 1861-1865" is being issued in thirty-one parts by the *Courier-Journal* of Louisville, Ky. Ben La Bree is editor of the series. The first number contains the preface, an eulogy by Major-General Fitzhugh Lee, the four flags of the C. S. A. in colors, a portrait group of the Confederate generals, a page portrait of President Jefferson Davis, and a sketch of the foundation and formation of the Confederacy. The series is intended to parallel "Harper's Pictorial History of the Civil War" and "Leslie's Soldier in the Civil War," and has been treated wholly from a Confederate point of view. The first number is a handsome work.

Complete in thirty-one parts; price, 25 cents each.

Nansen's "Farthest North."

On the same day that Dr. Nansen's "Farthest North" was published in England, the Messrs. Harper made a formal publication of the book in this country. To do this, they had to make almost superhuman efforts, of which the *Critic* said a few days ago:

"The book is in two volumes, octavo, and covers twelve hundred pages. Rough proofs were received from London, and the matter was at once put into type. It took a tremendous force of printers to accomplish this by the desired time. Then the revised proofs were sent over from London, and the first American proofs corrected by them. Though they worked as printers have seldom worked before, it was impossible to publish more than a sufficient number of copies by February 13th to meet the requirements of the international copyright law. The regular publication of the book here will not be until some time in March (the 15th). It will have one hundred and twenty full-page and numerous text illustrations, and sixteen colored plates in fac-simile from Dr. Nansen's own sketches, besides photographic portraits and four maps. Notwithstanding the enormous price—fifty thousand dollars—which they paid for it, the English publishers of the book, Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co., are said to have more than insured their expenses with their advance orders. 'Farthest North' will be bound in a greenish color, suggestive of the tinge of the ice-fields. On the cover of the first volume will be a picture of the *Fram*, etched in gold."

New Publications.

The Eighth Annual Report of the Statistics of Railways in the United States for the year ending June 30, 1895, has been issued by the Government Printing Office, under the direction of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

"Jesus Christ During His Ministry," by Edmond Stapfer, professor in the faculty of Protestant theology at Paris, is the second of his three books on the life, death, and resurrection of Christ. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

"The Manual of Statistics and Stock Exchange Handbook" is a book invaluable to all men interested in railroads, street railways, grain and produce, cotton, mining, petroleum, banks, insurance, miscellaneous and industrial companies. The nineteenth annual, revised to January 1, 1897, has been issued by the publisher, Charles H. Nicoll, New York; price, \$3.00.

"The College Year-Book and Athletic Record," compiled and edited by Edwin Emerson, Jr., has been issued for the academic year 1896-97. The work contains an alphabetical catalogue and description of all American schools or universities qualified to confer collegiate degrees, college degrees, fraternities, colors, yells, publications, and so on, and a complete athletic record. Also an index of all professors, instructors, and college officers. Published by Stone and Kimball, New York; price, \$2.00.

POETS' PLEAS FOR GREECE.

The Call of Pallas Athene.

I call to ye, men of the Western Earth!

I, Pallas the armed one,
Athene of the Parthenon!

By the dead that sanctify shrine and hearth,
By the fathers who won your rights of birth,
By the mothers who made your race's worth,

By the Hope and the Grace that akin ye,
Be firm to your truth and true to your trust

And let not the miscreant lords of lust
Mock the bonds of blood that twin ye!

I call to ye, men whom Christ has hought,
I, Pallas the guarding power,
For thine is the need and mine is the hour!

Be not lulled to sloth by th' inglorious thought
That my spirit and purpose lived for naught
In the souls of the men who piously wrought

My image in jeweled gold
To stand by the gate of the mid-world sea
And ward the land of the fair and the free

From the swords of the Persian hordes of old!

I call to ye, men of Iher's strain!

I, Pallas the pitying!
I call with the voice of my knightly King!
For George the martyr, and George the Dane,
Draw sword and set spear in rest again
And sweep the Moslem out again

From the isles of poets and Cities of God,
Where your faith's and your kindred's story
Is clamored with lips all gory

And Vengeance groans from the reddened sod!
—John Malone in *Harper's Weekly*.

An Appeal.

Arise, O mighty Europe, and vindicate your right
To hear the name of Christendom, to boast you guard the light;

For while the Cross is dragged to dust you sit supinely by,
And turn your careless eyes aside while maid and matron die.

Alas! if you are too debased to see your duty plain,
If martyrs' supplicating hands must stretch to you in vain,
When noble Hellas strives, alone, Christ's people to make free,

At least—if you will help her not—for Christ's sake, let her be.—*Katrina Trask in New York Times*.

For Greece and Crete.

Storm and shame and fraud and darkness fill the nations
Full with night:
Hope and fear whose eyes yearn eastward have but fire
And sword in sight:

One alone, whose name is one with glory, sees and seeks
The light.
Hellas, mother of the spirit, sole supreme in war and peace,

Land of light, whose word remembered bids all fear and sorrow cease,
Lives again, while freedom lightens eastward yet for sons of Greece.

Greece, where only men whose manhood was as godhead ever trod,
Bears the blind world witness yet of light wherewith her feet are shod:

Freedom, armed of Greece, was always very man and very God.

Now the winds of old that filled her sails with triumph,
When the fleet
Bound for death from Asia fled before them stricken,
Wake to greet

Ships full-winged again for freedom toward the sacred shores of Crete.

There was God horn man, the song that spake of old time said; and there
Man, made even as God by trust that shows him naught too dire to dare,

Now may light again the beacon lit when those we worship were.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne in the *Nineteenth Century*.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY'S
NEW BOOKS.

The Aurora Borealis.

By ALFRED ANGOT, Honorary Meteorologist to the Central Meteorological Office of France. With 18 Illustrations. Vol. LXXVII, International Scientific Series. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.75.

While there have been many monographs in different languages upon various phases of this subject, there has been a want of a convenient and comprehensive survey of the whole field. Prof. Angot has cited a few illustrations of each class of phenomena, and, without encumbering his book with a mass of minor details, he presents a picture of the actual state of present knowledge, with a summary both of definite results and of the points demanding additional investigation.

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By Dr. J. BALDWIN, Professor of Pedagogy in the University of Texas; author of "Elementary Psychology and Education" and "Psychology applied to the Art of Teaching." Vol. 40, International Education Series. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

Froebel's Educational Laws
for all Teachers.

By JAMES L. HUGHES, Inspector of Schools, Toronto. Vol. 41, International Education Series. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

The Plant World.

A Reading-Book of Botany. Edited by FRANK VINCENT, M. A., author of "Actual Africa," etc. A new volume in Appletons' Home-Reading Book Series. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, 60 cents, net.

In this volume the endeavor has been to bring together such extracts, poetry as well as prose, from the best writings on the subject as will secure the lively interest that comes from broad and characteristic treatment.

Perfection City.

By Mrs. ORPEN, author of "Margaret Colberg," "Mr. Adolf," etc. No. 212, Town and Country Library. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

The scene of this story is laid in Kansas, and the reader is introduced to various novel phases of life. The studies of curious character and the dramatic incidents which are presented impart a freshness and a lively interest which will receive general appreciation.

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PRESIDENT DIAZ
SOLDIER AND STATESMAN
By CHARLES F. LUMMIS

This article gives a graphic account of the career of the distinguished President of Mexico, whose patriotism and grasp of affairs have made such a vivid impression upon the recent history and fortunes of that Republic. With many illustrations.



WASHINGTON AND THE FRENCH CRAZE OF '93

Professor JOHN BACH MCMASTER describes the enthusiasm for ostentatious republicanism aroused by the first successes of the French Republic, and especially by "Citizen" Genet, the French ambassador. The illustrations, including the frontispiece in color, are by HOWARD PYLE.

Paleontological Progress of the Century

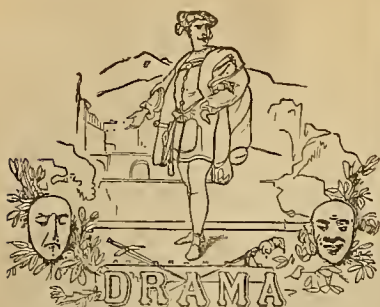
By HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS, M.D. Illustrated.

White Man's Africa, By POULTNEY BIGELOW
Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE

The fiction of the number is especially noteworthy, including "The Martian," by George du Maurier, and short stories by Brander Matthews and Margaret Deland.

APRIL ISSUE

HARPER'S MAGAZINE



A general ignorance as to what the plot of "The Huguenots" is, may be the reason why most people find that opera nearly as much of a trial to their endurance as "L'Africaine." Nobody seems to know what any of it is about, except that St. Bartholomew is mixed up in it. The part of the story that deals with Valentine and her two admirers is a hopeless riddle, and there is a sort of dark suspicion brooding in the back of your mind that Valentine married both of them. She certainly went off in bridal white with De Nevers in the end of the third act, and the synopsis on the programme ends with a disturbing assurance that she and Raoul de Nangis "pledge their troth and are married on the spot."

In the days when Italian opera was what might vulgarly be called "booming," nobody thought of the story. Real music-lovers will tell you to-day that they have seen "Semiramide" and "L'Africaine" a dozen times and have not the remotest idea what they are about. But the modern mind concerns itself more as to the libretto. We are getting curious about these operatic secrets. One has a dismal memory of going to the opera in New York all through one season with a musical friend, who never had an idea of what was being acted. At crucial moments of high dramatic and vocal pressure, the literary auditor would demand, in a stage whisper:

"For Heaven's sake, tell me what's happening! I shall die if I don't know what they are in such an agony about." Then the musical auditor would respond, vaguely:

"What's happening? Oh, I don't know. They're in love, or somebody's got murdered, or gone to prison, or something. I don't remember. But isn't that duet superb?"

"Yes, splendid. But I can't enjoy it till I know what's happening. How can you take any pleasure in hearing people sing unless you know what they're singing about?"

Then the musical auditor is disgusted, and tells you you had better go to plays and take your music as hand-organs give it to an elevated and sensitive public.

There is a good deal in this. Speaking in cold blood, the average American ought to take his music and drama separate. His dramatic sense is highly developed, and his musical sense is hardly developed at all. We, in our inharmonious modernness, are the people who are bringing opera round to the "I Pagliacci" stage, when a play of dark and picturesque power is colored with vocal and orchestral accompaniment. The emotional assistance of music, when subordinated to drama—merely used to intensify the realism of certain crises of feeling—was never more dexterously used than in this daring innovation of Léoncavallo's.

Californians are the only people in this country who have the love of melody for itself alone. With an absolute lack of education, they possess the inborn appreciation of melodious harmonies that one sees in certain children. They love pretty airs and sounding choruses—Sousa's band and grand opera. They will turn out en masse at a classical concert and listen with enjoyment. They will go to the Tivoli the next night and enjoy it just as much. Whether such a musical sense will survive the blasting restraints of education, or the still more blighting influence of Eastern example, is a question for time to decide. It may be that in a remote millennium, when all the children will study *soffeggio* and Theodore Thomas will dare to trust himself to the wild, untutored barbarians of the Pacific Slope, the Californians will be educated out of their spontaneous, simple joy in "Sweet Violets" and "Rigoletto." Then they will take their music seriously, studying scores through spectacles the way they do in Boston; or wrestle fiercely with it, till their lips grow set and their nerves break down, the way they do in Chicago. And the happy, innocent days when we went to the opera, and looked at the people's clothes, and liked the ballet, and studied how the woman in front had her hair done, will be gone forever. It is fearful to think how serious the next century is going to be. One has a pleasant after-us-the-deluge feeling about it, especially when one thinks that one is getting the benefit of the nineteenth-century's aftermath of easy frivolity and the people in the twentieth will have to undertake the heavy work that's coming. Poor devils! How delightful it will be to be old and privileged and watch them doing all the hard work!

But "The Huguenots"—where are they? We seem to have strayed a long way off from them and to have to come back to them with a jerk. They were charming, though they did keep the opera going till nearly midnight. What night-owls French people must be! When the "Benediction of the Swords" was being sung, the continual repetition of the suggestive word "minuit" brought a hope to

those members of the audience who live in remote places that they would recollect the hour and hurry up. But the French singers evidently know that line in the Psalms where it tells you to "hurry no man's cattle." What can they want such long waits for? They could all go out and have supper in a body between each act if they liked. During the fourth act the house was noisy with the rustling withdrawal of those unfortunate members of the human race who have to live in Oakland and other waste places of the earth. They went reluctantly, which was natural. Any one would go reluctantly to Oakland; but, apart from that, it is a pity to have to leave before the last great duet.

Apart from this intolerable slowness, the performance was one of the smoothest the company have yet given. They improve as they go on; at this rate we may expect their last week to be one of dazzling brilliancy. We must have frightened them at the first week. Actors have often said that a San Francisco audience is a terrifying thing, and actors don't often see it in its good clothes, with its hat off and its company manners on. The repugnance subdued the French singers, and they are only just beginning to hold their heads up and assert themselves. There can be no other reason for the steady improvement they show and the augmentation of self-confidence and ease of each succeeding performance. They bore themselves bravely in "The Huguenots," and sang at us in a declamatory, patronizing way, like real grand-opera stars.

The largeness of the opera and its imperial splendor of score and setting did not daunt them in the least. Orchestra and singers clashed and warbled their way through its heavy magnificence with intrepid self-confidence. Meyerbeer's was one of those imaginations that revel in the gorgeous. He was heavy in touch, but he had a sort of Jewish delight in all that is rich and sumptuous and florid and Oriental. He was a kind of male musical Marie Corelli. We imagine him writing with dozens of adjectives and everything in the superlative degree. But at times his passion for the exotic and the rankly rose beyond a tropical unrestraint and glowed with the magnificence of the Eastern dream. In "The Huguenots" there is no pinchbeck. It is a grand pageant, where kings and queens tread regally and the whispers of love and treachery and murder tremble along the tapestries of palace walls and pass between a laugh and a glance in the green alleys of royal gardens.

The French company approached it with seriousness and respect, but without fear. With only two grand-opera voices in the organization, they measured their strength with it and came off victorious. It was not the most charming, but the most creditable performance they have given. Both Mme. Berthet and M. Prévost were lifted out of the *opéra-comique* level, where they belong, and held their places gallantly beside the more considerable stars. Mme. Berthet's hard, little springless voice ran over the delicate, lace-like music that Meyerbeer gave to the merry queen with a dexterity and alertness that were surprising in so mechanical a singer. Marguerite's warblings are of the bird order of singing, and Mme. Berthet, in her doll-like blondeness and her stage queenship, all white satin and tinsel embroideries, folded her white hands on her gold-embroidered chest and sang with a debonair and sprightly ease. M. Prévost and the *ut de poitrine* are reserved for special occasions. His voice is a little light for the rôle of Raoul. It is better suited to the lyric demands of Manrico. Nevertheless, he was not overweighted, and in the last act was excellent.

The old servant and Valentine have always seemed the great parts of this opera, where every one is a star. Marcel was a creation, and his music, with its continual reverberating relapses to the solemnity of the austere Huguenot temperament, is almost as rich in characterization as some of the "Faust" music. M. Athes was a capital Marcel, and was enough of a Frenchman to feel the dramatic importance of the rôle and give it that grim and foreboding dignity that distinguished the stern old Huguenot retainer among the crafty and politic Catholic nobles. Mme. Feodor and M. Albers are true denizens of the grand-opera realms. Mme. Feodor's rich voice filled the evening with sonorous melody. Her duet with Raoul was the most successfully pretentious piece of work the company has given. The great charm is the untheatrical ease with which she sings. Her voice is naturally full, smooth, and pleasant, and she produces it with fluent facility. Albers was romantic and dramatic. He is the most picturesque personality in the company. He has a kinship of spirit with Meyerbeer—an Oriental countenance, a vivid imagination, a voice full of Eastern richnesses of tone color.

The Milan *Perseveranza* says that silk-culturists are beginning to use the Röntgen rays for detecting the female cocoons (whose ova are made discernible), and hence of selecting in due proportion the male cocoons, which produce a much greater quantity of silk. Where silk has been over-weighted (or charged) in dyeing, the rays detect this also and the extent of it.

A Belgian gormand of Mons has bequeathed three thousand dollars to five friends for an annual dinner, which they must attend dressed in mourning, entering the room with a flag to the music of an accordion, the bill of fare to contain his favorite dishes and wines.

THE ARMY OF THE THESPIANS.

Nearly a Hundred Thousand in the United States.

In the controversy in Congress over the adoption of the Draper bill, the statement was made that there are 5,000 theatres and opera-houses in the United States, representing a cost of from \$10,000 to \$1,000,000 each. These theatres employ 50,000 persons, exclusive of actors and actresses. Upward of 400 manuscript plays, written or owned by citizens of the United States, are played nightly. They give employment to from 5,000 to 6,000 actors. The cost of producing these manuscript plays ranges from \$2,000 to \$25,000 each.

The number of actors and actresses in the United States has increased far more rapidly (says the *Sun*) than has the population for a number of years past. By the Federal census of 1870 there were, at that time, 2,053 actors and actresses. By the census of 1880, the number had grown to 4,812. In 1890 it was 8,815, and it is now clearly in excess of 10,000, though the line of demarcation between veritable actors and actresses and those connected with the variety profession, as it is sometimes called, is not very clear. About sixty per cent. of the number of persons describing themselves as actors and actresses are directly connected with the performance of standard or manuscript plays, and the others are employees of variety theatres, singers, specialty artists, gymnasts, circus performers, skaters, or comic vocalists.

It is very difficult to make an accurate and comprehensive statement of the number of those who are employed directly and indirectly in the theatres of this country. The actors and actresses, of course, are an easily ascertainable quantity, but in addition to the stage hands, of whom an accurate estimate may be made, there are the supers, male and female, the theatre orchestra players, the employees of the theatre box-offices, the door-keepers, janitors, advertising agents and assistants, the ushers, the gasmen and their assistants, the property-men, the scene painters and assistants, the chorus singers, male and female, and the managerial staff, made up of business managers, advance agents, stenographers, secretaries, dramatists' helpers, and scene-shifters. It would probably be safe to say that the number of those who draw their livelihood from theatres and opera-houses in the United States is nearer 100,000 than 50,000, and at the present ratio of increase it may be considerably more before the next national census.

A writer in a German engineering journal contrasts the behavior of different animals toward steam machinery. That proverbially stupid animal, the ox, stands composedly on the rails without having any idea of the danger that threatens him; dogs run among the wheels of a departing railway train without suffering any injury, and birds seem to have a peculiar delight in the steam-engine. Larks often build their nests and rear their young under the switches of a railway over which heavy trains are constantly rolling, and swallows make their homes in engine-houses.

—A MOST UNIQUE COLLECTION OF CURIOS, COMPRISING some very ancient Bible papers dating from 1661, old coins, currency, carvings, rare corals and shells, ancient Aztec pottery, cabinets of minerals containing specimens of gold, copper, and other ores, a grandfather's clock one hundred years old, skins of moose, elk, and reindeer, are to be sold at public auction, commencing on Tuesday at seven-thirty and continuing until the collection is sold. The collection is of great value and promises to draw buyers from all who are interested in antiques. The collection can be examined and catalogues obtained at 543 California Street after March 22d. The sale is to be conducted by William Butterfield, the well-known auctioneer.

—PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFITS AND SUPPLIES, models 1897. Instruction free. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.

MRS. ERNESTINE KEELING, PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER. Beginning Monday Evening, March 29th. Every Evening. The Spectacular Operatic Burlesque.

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Popular Prices.....25 and 50 cents

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OTIS SKINNER!

Supported by Maud Durbin and Frederick Mosley. First Week. Five Nights and Saturday Matinée.

HIS GRACE DE GRAMMONT.

Saturday Night.....HAMLET

Second Week.....A Soldier of Fortune

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Two Weeks, Beginning Monday, March 29th. First Appearance Here of Mr. and Mrs. Russ Whytall in Their Romantic Drama,

--- FOR FAIR VIRGINIA ---

By Mr. Whytall. As Presented by Them Over 400 Times. Original Cast and Scenery from 5th Ave. Theatre, N.Y.

April 12th.....Miss Georgla Cayvan

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

AL. HAYMAN & CO. (INCORPORATED).....LESSEES

The Famous French Operatic Organization

F. CHARLEY, Impresario.

To-Night (Saturday), "Faust"; Tuesday, March 30th.

"Aida"; Thursday, "Rigoletto"; Saturday Night, by Request, "La Juive"; Special—Sunday Night, April 4th.

"Voyage of Suzette," at Popular Prices—50c. to \$2.00.

To be followed by "William Tell," "Pagliacci," "Carmen," "Hamlet," etc.

ORPHEUM.

Week Beginning Monday, March 29. First Time Here of

BARNES and SISSON,

"The Singer and the Maid."

Last Week of Henry Lee, in New Characterizations.

Tremendous Success of Johnny and Emma Ray, Werner and Rieder, the Vitona Sisters, Lillie Laurel, the

3 Richards, and the 4 Cohans.

Special "Henry Lee" Matinee Wednesday.

Secure Seats Early in Advance.

COLUMBIA THEATRE-EXTRA

Thursday Afternoon, April 1st, at 3 sharp.

Grand Wagner Concert

—OF THE—

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY SOCIETY.

Greatest programme ever offered in this city. Excerpts from Seven Wagner Operas. Soloists—Cecilia Adler

Keesing, Mathilde Wilde, and Katherine Fleming-Hinrichs; Rhys Thomas, Alois Werner, and Jacob Muller.

Gustav Hinrichs, Director. Sale now open at box-office.

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Monday Eve, March 29, Friday Eve, April 2, Saturday Matinee, April 3.

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The only perfect Winter Race Track in America.

Racing from Monday, March 22d to Satur-

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daily, rain or shine. First Race at 2 P. M.

Take Southern Pacific trains at Third and Townsend

Streets Depot, leaving at 1:00 and 2:00 o'clock P. M.

Fare for Round Trip, including Admission

to Grounds, \$1.00.

Take Mission Street electric line direct to track.

The Andrus Stakes, Monday, March 22d. The Ullma

Stakes, Saturday, March 27th. The California Derby

Saturday, April 3d.

F. H. GREEN, Secretary.

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APOLLO LEFT OUT.

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It's a very good name; Apollo Best Bloom is good iron.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Next Week's Operas.

The performances of opera at the California Theatre have invariably been so long that the management has found it necessary to announce that hereafter the overture will begin at ten minutes before eight and the curtain will rise at eight o'clock sharp.

The performance at the matinee this (Saturday) afternoon will be Ambrose Thomas's "Mignon," and by special request "Faust" will be repeated in the evening. The performance will be a particularly interesting one, as it will be the occasion of Mme. Feodor's first appearance in this city as Marguerite. She has been highly praised for her performance of the rôle in New Orleans and in Europe.

Next week's operas will begin with Verdi's "Aida" on Tuesday night. During the progress of the opera the corps de ballet will be seen in "The Dance of the Priestesses," the "Pas des Négrillons," "The Triumphal March," and the religious ceremonies. On Thursday night, Verdi's "Rigoletto" will be given for the only time during the season. There will be no Saturday matinee, but on Saturday evening Halévy's "La Juive" will be repeated, and on Sunday evening, April 4th, there will be a special performance of "The Voyage of Suzette" at popular prices.

The next week will begin with "William Tell" on Monday. The Wednesday evening performance will be another double bill, "Chalet" and "Pagliacci." Ambrose Thomas's "Hamlet" will be given at Albers's benefit, the beneficiary singing the title rôle, and the final matinee on Saturday afternoon, May 10th, will be Bizet's "Carmen."

Otis Skinner as a Star.

Fanny Davenport's engagement at the Baldwin Theatre will come to an end this (Saturday) evening, when, for the only time in her present engagement, she will be seen as La Tosca.

Otis Skinner will begin his first engagement as a star in this city on Monday night. He has played in some of the best companies that have been coming here in the past eight or ten years, and much interest is felt in his engagement. The play which he will present during his first week is "His Grace de Grammont." It is a romantic or costume play, the scene being laid in England in the reign of Charles the Second. The hero is the famous Chevalier de Grammont who was exiled from the court of Louis the Fourteenth for finding too much favor in the eyes of Mlle. Lamotte Houdancour, one of the king's favorites. At the English court he led a brilliant life as a wit, courtier, and gallant. The play is by Clyde Fitch, who wrote "Beau Brummel" for Richard Mansfield, and it is distinguished for its sparkling dialogue. From accounts of the play in Eastern papers, Mr. Skinner puts "His Grace de Grammont" on the stage in a very handsome manner.

"His Grace de Grammont" is to be given throughout the first week, except on Saturday evening, when Mr. Skinner will present his impersonation of "Hamlet."

A War Drama.

Cissy Fitzgerald will complete her engagement at the Columbia Theatre this week, and on Monday night Mr. and Mrs. Russ Whytal will begin an engagement in "For Fair Virginia." The play, which was written by Mr. Whytal, is a story of the South during the Rebellion. It follows the fortunes of a Virginia girl who repudiates her Northern husband at the outbreak of hostilities. Love and jealousy and the incidents of war fill out the story in a not entirely novel manner. It is somewhat novel, however, that Mr. and Mrs. Whytal appear, not in the rôle of the husband and wife, but he as the rejected suitor who takes advantage of her unprotected position to pursue her with his attentions and Mrs. Whytal as the Northern man's sister.

The engagement of the Whytals will be followed by that of Georgia Cayvan. It will be her first appearance here as a star, which will make the engagement interesting, and almost all her plays are new to us. "Vanity Fair" seems to have been dropped from her repertoire, but it still includes "Squire Kate," "Mary Pennington, Spinster," and a double bill, "Goblin Castle" and "The Little Individual."

A New Tivoli Burlesque.

Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor" has been a very creditable performance, as given at the Tivoli Opera House during the past week. The principal rôles have been well sung, the choruses are admirably trained, and the orchestra handled the music, under the direction of Mr. Mertens, in a masterly manner. The scenery and costumes, too, have been well up to the mark. But the opera does not seem to have pleased the Tivoli patrons as well as its lighter predecessors.

There will, therefore, be a return next Monday evening to extravaganza. "Don Juan Ad Lib." is the title of the vehicle in which the Tivoli singers and comedians will display their abilities. The plot, such as it is, follows Byron's poem, with certain parts taken from "Lurline." Laura Millard, who was well received on her re-appearance in "The Merry Wives," will be the Haidee; Elvia Crox-Seabrooke, her maid; Anna Suits, the Queen of the Mermaids; Raffael, the Lord Bateman; Darcy, his valet; W. H. West, a retired pirate; Ferris Hart-

man, his major-domo; and Rhys Thomas, Marcel Perron, Anna Schnabel, Jennie Stockmeyer, and others of the company will fill the minor rôles. The latest novelties in song and dance will be introduced into the performance, and entirely new scenery and costumes have been prepared for it.

At the Orpheum.

The Orpheum must be a gold mine to its proprietors. The lower floor and the galleries are packed to the doors at every performance, and the tail of people waiting to secure seats forms an hour before the show every night and at the matinees. The reason for this is the uniform excellence of the entertainment provided. The Orpheum has practically no rival in the vaudeville line in San Francisco, but the management has invariably observed the policy of securing the best artists in its line. The same people that we see here at the Orpheum receive a great deal of space in the papers of New York, London, and Paris, where they appear at only the first-class music-halls.

One of the most entertaining features of the present bill is Henry Lee in his impersonations of "Great Men, Past and Present." In twenty minutes he makes ten changes, the most striking impersonations being those of Rudyard Kipling, Gladstone, Pope Leo, and Shakespeare—a sufficiently diverse quartet to prove his versatility. John and Emma Ray are an amusing Irish team; the Cohan family of dancing dolls is a novelty; and among the other features of the programme are Werner and Reider, Tyrolean warblers; the Vitona sisters, who play violins and the piano; and the Richards Brothers in an acrobatic act.

The best features of the present bill will be retained next week, and Barnes and Sisson, who call themselves "The Singer and the Maid," will make their first appearance then in San Francisco.

Notes.

Marie Wainwright is soon to resume her career as a star.

The latest recruit in John Drew's company is Maud Harrison.

Primrose and West's minstrels are to follow Otis Skinner at the Baldwin.

The leading players in Otis Skinner's support are Maud Durbin and Frederick Mosley.

It is just possible that Pauline Hall may succeed Lillian Russell in "An American Beauty."

Mrs. Frank H. Tannehill has recovered from her recent illness and resumed her part in "The Nancy Hanks."

Miss Dorothy l'Hôte will make her début at the California Theatre on April 2d, in "An Unequal Match."

A special matinee will be given at the Orpheum next Wednesday afternoon, when Henry Lee will appear for the benefit of the profession.

Blanche Bates, T. Daniel Frawley, and Frank Worthing, who are now in London, expect to go to Paris before returning to this country.

De Wolf Hopper's company is the largest comic-opera organization in the country, and he will bring it out here as a whole when he comes to the Baldwin to present "El Capitán."

Otis Skinner will bring out an entirely new play during his second week at the Baldwin. It is entitled "A Soldier of Fortune," and depicts the haps and mishaps of a gay young cavalier.

Ward Vokes, who are now playing at the Star Theatre in New York, will finish their long engagement this week and come direct to the Columbia Theatre to present their comedy, "A Run on the Bank."

McNally's new farce, "Courtied into Court," is coming to this city during the summer. May Irwin, of course, is not in the cast, but it still contains some people who are well known here, notably Ada Lewis, Sallie Cohen, John C. Rice, Jacques Kruger, and George Barnum.

It is good news that the Lyceum Theatre company's engagement at the Baldwin will last four weeks. James K. Hackett is the leading man, Felix Morris is repeating his successes in eccentric characters, and the leading lady is Mary Mannering, a clever actress of refined beauty and distinct charm.

The Lilliputians have made quite a place for themselves in the hearts of San Francisco theatre-goers during their engagements here; but, judging by the Eastern reports of their new piece, "The Merry Tramps," their forthcoming engagement at the Baldwin should be still more successful.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich's poem, "Judith and Holofernes," is to be brought out in London, with Olga Nethersole as Judith. She may play it in this country later. It will be remembered that Mr. Aldrich's "Mercedes," with Julia Arthur in the title-rôle, met with a fair degree of success at Wallack's a few years ago.

The Terry divorce case is on again in Paris, and, though it has been in the courts for a matter of four years, there now seems likelihood of its being settled. Californian interest in it hinges on the fact that Sibyl Sanderson announced her engagement to Mr. Terry, contingent on his divorce, when she was in

New York. Miss Sanderson, by the way, seems to have had a greater success in St. Petersburg than the first reports implied. The latest issue of the *Musical Courier* says:

"Miss Sibyl Sanderson has been singing at the Imperial Theatre in St. Petersburg. Her success was immense. Her début was made in 'Romeo and Juliette,' when the waltz-song was encored, and she was recalled twenty times. Later she sang 'Mignon,' with the tenor Van Dyck, four times a week. After one of the representations, the charming singer was called to the imperial box, where the Czar personally congratulated her in the most enthusiastic terms. She has just been singing with equal triumph as Marguerite (Gounod). A grand concert in her honor has been organized at the palace of the Grand Duke Vladimir. Success, recalls, enthusiasm everywhere. These new triumphs following so closely upon her Milan successes make a fine season thus far for the young artist."

Amy Busby, lately with "Secret Service" in Boston, has been married, but not to William Gillette. The happy man is Eugene H. Lewis. This is not Miss Busby's first matrimonial experience, as she was married to Aubrey Boucicault, with whom she was acting in Stuart Robson's company, in January, 1892. In August of the following year she secured a divorce from him.

"Excelsior, Jr.," the burlesque which is to come to the Columbia Theatre early in May, is at present creating something of a sensation in New Orleans. Sadie Martinot is at the head of the company, and is giving clever imitations of Yvette Guilbert, Eleonora Duse, Teresa Carreno, and other notables.

It is a pleasure to see that William J. Lemoyne has demonstrated to his own satisfaction that he can not sing in comic opera. He tried his luck recently in New York in "La Falote," but he has now gone back to legitimate comedy. He is playing a comedy part in Mrs. Minnie Madden Fiske's dramatization of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

Leslie's Weekly relates of Henry Miller, the actor, that he was once applied to for sympathy by a friend who had been sued for breach of promise. He confessed that the fair plaintiff had in her possession a number of letters that would materially aid her cause. "My boy," said Miller, "let this be a lesson to you never to kiss a lady through an ink-bottle."

A recent report that the *Mail and Express* of New York had been sold was confirmed by that newspaper in the following announcement: "With the publication of this issue, the control of the *Mail and Express* newspaper property passes from the estate of Elliott F. Shepard to Robert C. Alexander and Robert E. A. Dorr, who, as editor and publisher, respectively, have for several years conducted the paper, and who will continue to conduct it in the same respective capacities."

There was a smart and unusual attendance at the Ingleside Track last Wednesday, ladies' day, the brightness of the weather having brought the fair sex out in large numbers. Next Wednesday's meet is expected to be as brilliant an occasion. Saturday, March 27th, the Jockey Club have up the Ullman stakes, and some fast work is predicted by the talent.

A Berlin physician has made experiments which show that certain animals which we eat may swallow poisonous matter insufficient to kill them, but sufficient, if used as food, to poison man or dogs.

New York physicians are advocating the use of olive oil from California for weak lungs. It bids fair to take the place of cod-liver oil, and it is thought by many pleasanter to take.

At Louisville a man was held for perjury for swearing in a bail case that he owned a four-hundred-dollar lot, when it was found that the lot was in a cemetery.

The lakes at the Denver city park will be stocked with carp, perch, and bullheads, and the public will be allowed to angle for them.

The depth of water has a considerable influence on the speed of steamers, which are found to move more slowly in shallow water.

Bunker—"Did you have any trouble in kissing her?" Hill—"I had to propose first."—Pick-Me-Up.

One hundred and twenty firemen are required to feed the furnaces of a first-class Atlantic steamer.

Recreant men cashiers of several Minneapolis establishments have been replaced by women.

Stray dogs are cremated in Birmingham, England, at the rate of fifty a day.

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THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC.
"Vin Mariani is certainly unexcelled as the most effective, at the same time, pleasant tonic."
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SALE OF THE HAWAIIAN HOTEL PREMISES
HONOLULU, H. I.

ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1897, AT 12 O'CLOCK noon, at the front entrance of the Executive Building, Honolulu, will be sold, at public auction, the Hawaiian Hotel premises at Honolulu.

These premises are centrally located in the city, in the centre of the block bounded by and with entrance drives from Hotel, Richards, Beretania, and Alakea Streets, and the grounds contain an area of 7.200 acres.

The buildings consist of the hotel proper, of two stories and basement; built of brick and concrete, with broad verandas at front and rear of each story.

The main building covers an area of 10,800 square feet, with Lanai or wing addition on one side 40x24 feet, and wooden addition on opposite wing, for kitchen, 60x18 feet.

There are also four cottages on the premises, with ample provision for bath-rooms and closets.

The main building contains a spacious parlor, public and private dining-rooms, large billiard-hall and bar-room, and forty sleeping-rooms—the cottages contain about twenty additional sleeping-rooms. The main building cost a little over \$100,000 in 1874.

A water-tank, with capacity of 10,000 gallons, is placed on a tower at an elevation sufficient to give a good water pressure in second story of the main building. This tank is supplied from an artesian well on adjoining premises, owned by Dr. J. S. McGrew.

The buildings and grounds are thoroughly lighted with electric light.

Plans of the buildings and grounds can be seen at Hawaiian Consulate General, 206 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

Terms of sale are cash—in United States gold coin. Upset price, \$60,000.

In case there is no bidder to purchase the property at the above upset price, a lease of the same will immediately be offered for sale at an upset price of \$4,000 a year for a period of thirty years under the conditions set out in Act 7, Laws of 1895, and more particularly of Section 2 and 4 of said act, which reads as follows:

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VANITY FAIR.

In Sardou's "Madame Sans-Gêne" the playwright introduces a comic scene between Leroy, the great gown-maker of the First Empire days, and Mme. Sans-Gêne. Leroy thought it added to his fame to be impertinent, and in order to have his clients practically defenseless under his observations, he compelled them to pose on a platform erected for the purpose in the simple garb of a beauty freshly awakened from sleep. Then he began his criticisms: "Madame's left shoulder is higher than the right. Madame has scarcely any bust. Madame has no hips, at any rate, I see none." These were his least offensive remarks, for the least of which the Duchesse de Dantzic would have boxed his ears; for with all her inelegance, she was a thoroughly modest woman, although it is told of her that, suspecting a man-servant to have robbed her of a diamond ornament, she actually had him stripped in her presence. Many of the elegant women of that day dispensed with Leroy's services rather than submit to his vulgar tyranny, though in spite of his detestable character, he proved himself an artist. He loved above all to measure himself with the foremost painters of his time, and when great ladies consulted him about the robes they were to wear sitting for their portraits, his joy knew no bounds, for his overweening conceit deluded him into thinking he knew more about the blending of colors than such painters as Gérard, David, and Gros. No matter what the opinion of the portraitist might be, his decision was to prevail on the penalty of his refusal to supply the required vestments. This frightened a good many of his customers into submission. There were five great painters, but only one Leroy. Worth, who was absolutely his superior in every respect, never made such a mistake. His advice in all cases was given subject to the approval of the artist, "whom he would be pleased to see if he could make it convenient to call upon him, or would spare the time to receive him."

A cotillion on skates recently took place in London at the Prince's Skating Club. Royal ladies graced the occasion with their presence, and Lady Randolph Churchill, Lady Cavendish, and other well-known women of London society were among the dancers. As it was given in the interest of a building fund for a homoeopathic hospital, and every one had to subscribe a guinea, such little attractive accessories as flowers and favors were not allowed, but the ladies brightened the scene by wearing red gowns. The skirts were of cardinal cloth, the bodies of red chiffon and tulle, and they were all made exactly alike, with a band of brown fur at the bottom of the skirt and one on the waist in the form of a round bolero back and front. Their toques were in two shades of red velvet, with fur tails and red ospreys for trimming. Twelve ladies in this bright costume and as many men in evening-dress must have made a very charming picture.

Some interesting notes on feminine fashions are given by Katharine de Forest in her letter from Paris to the *Bazar*. She says: "I wonder who said that blouses were no longer worn with black satin skirts in Paris? On reflection, perhaps it was I, at the beginning of the season. One is so apt to say what her dressmaker tells her. And one's dressmaker is so apt to tell her something that will persuade her to buy an entirely new departure, instead of going along on lines in which last year's things will come in play. But lately we have been going to many little dinners; and since at little dinners in Paris people are extremely apt to wear high gowns, we have remarked that the smartest women were almost invariably clad in colored blouses and black skirts. I have not seen one skirt of black moiré poplin; I have seen dozens of black satin. The blouses are almost invariably of mousseline de soie. . . . Mark my words, elaborate neck arrangements are going out. I do not know but one might say they have gone out, so on no account whatever have them put into any dress after the date of this letter. By spring all that will be seen at the back of the collar will be a little frill of mousseline de soie, or little revers of lace, or velvet, or silk. . . . All the sleeves, it almost goes without saying, are made now shirred perfectly tight to the arm almost to the top; and they are often decorated with shirrings of black or white mousseline de soie, and the tops of the sleeves with mousseline de soie frills headed by a tiny shirring. . . . All dinner-gowns and many ball-gowns now are seen with long, tightly fitting sleeves of lace coming down over the hand. Evening-dresses are still made of delicate colors combined with Pompadour and other flowered silks—very little Pompadour and flowers, sometimes only a little inserted in the front of the bodice—with a long Pompadour sash consisting of two ends falling down behind, bordered all about with a puff of tulle. These sashes also finish thin black gowns, and invariably spring at the waist from a wide fancy buckle. Hair is worn much higher than formerly in Paris. No chignon should now be seen at the back of the hat. The proper thing now is to wave your hair behind, and fasten it up straight, not twisted, with a comb that goes across the back of the head and is just seen below the edge of the hat. Then the hair is made into a loose twist just at the top of the head."

The latest charge against the bicycle is that the girls who ride lose their grace as dancers. It has

been demonstrated that wheeling causes the muscular portion of the calf of the leg to bulge out considerably beyond its natural line, and any bicyclist will admit that after a ride of ten or fifteen miles, walking is irksome. Dr. Earl S. Bullock says: "Big muscular development does not accompany grace. While the moderate use of the wheel would prove detrimental in no way to the dancer, yet, when indulged in to excess, it would certainly detract from the dancer's grace and ease of motion by over-developing all the muscles of the legs and some of those of the back and abdomen. In dancing, all the muscles of the body are brought into play and gently and evenly developed. A woman having all her muscles evenly developed will be more graceful than the one who has over-developed the muscles of the leg, back, and abdomen." The young women who dance at the theatres ruefully admit that their affection for the wheel has caused them no end of trouble. Said one young woman: "I took up the wheel for exercise, but what was my surprise, after I had been riding a while, to find that it was very much harder for me to dance than it had been before. Finally I went to see my doctor. He looked me all over carefully, and said that riding the wheel deadened the muscles that I used in dancing, and that every night, when I had been riding in the day, I would find that the muscles for dancing wouldn't act as if I had not been riding."

The women one meets in out-of-door attire are divided by a writer in the *Illustrated American* into two general styles as concerns dress. There is the smart, youthful woman dressed in cloth, ready for anything, and there is the *grande dame* in all the paraphernalia and elegance of calling attire. The first wears a coat and skirt of plain heavy cloth. The jacket is short, well-fitting in the back, loose and single-breasted in the front. Around her neck this woman wears the inevitable sable collar, with its numerous tails. On her head she wears the style of hat which rolls up at the sides and is smartly decorated with cock's plumes. Her veil is thickly dotted with chenille, her gloves are white, and a bit of plain white *plissé* makes a little frill just peeping behind the sable at the back of her neck. In this costume she is ready for a morning in the shops, a lecture, a trip out of town, or a cup of tea on an informal day-at-home. The other classification of style refers to the woman *en grande tenue*, whose kind has been known through centuries of poetry and romance and history. At this present day every article of her toilet bespeaks the most tasteful possible expenditure of a very large amount of money. Her costume is of velvet, with many elaborations in the way of design and ornamentation. Over this she throws an elegant wrap, usually of rare fur, which can readily be removed and which occasions no disorder of the toilet. Her hat is a costly affair, but small, and is of no particular fashion, lest it imitate that worn by another, but is blended with the lines of the head and face. With this sort of costume a handsome diamond brooch is permissible, besides jeweled bat-pins. White gloves are worn with this toilet, as well as with the simpler one. This lady must, perforce, have a carriage to transfer her from one point to another, as good taste would scarcely permit her to impose herself upon the notice of the average occupants of public conveyances. If the carriage were an impossibility, she would choose a less elegant costume.

The New Woman has revolutionized England, disturbed France, reigned in America, threatened the Sultan under the guise of a pretty woman in the harem, and now she has at last invaded the land of duennas, of stolen love-trysts, of moonlight serenaders, of *billet-doux* passed deftly from the hands of maidens kneeling in dim churches at their devotions, of jealousy, seclusion, and delicious mystery. The Spanish girl has organized for herself an institution closely resembling that of the "nuffin" in the United States. She chooses for herself an admirer, a lover, who is called her *novio*, she being his *novia*, all this with the consent of her parents. He gives her his arm at the promenade, he sits out all the dances with her at balls, he meets her on her shopping excursions, chaperoned only by her maid, he strolls with her by the sea-shore, and wanders in the garden with her for hours. He taps at her window and discourses with her according to primeval custom. It is whispered that he kisses her, and sometimes, often, indeed, he marries her, but frequently he does not. It is considered a slur upon a girl if she has two or three *novios* in succession; but as the Spaniards are faithful and jealous, this rarely happens. Nevertheless, it has pushed the age of marriage back as in England. The Spanish girl no longer dreams of marrying at fifteen or sixteen, but carries on her love-affairs, like her northern sisters, well into the twenties.

The night-gown, as an article of male attire, has gone out of fashion. Our elders probably adhere to the old wear, but the younger generations are obviously all for pyjamas. Some few shop-windows still expose curiously-embroidered or flannel night-shirts for men, but these are but the exception. They may well suggest, however, one reason for the gradual decadence of the night-shirt—its obvious effeminacy. Pyjamas have undoubtedly reached us from the East, and the climate of India and China is very different from our own, without considering the fact that these string-tied drawers are there used chiefly as a day-

garment, and by women as well as by men. But pyjamas as known among us imply two garments instead of one. We have not only the drawers, or pyjamas proper, but also a jacket resembling to some extent a common Asiatic upper garment. Whether the opening be secured by Turks'-heads and frogs, or the more Occidental buttons and button-holes, the ventilating capacity of the garment is decidedly more agreeable in summer than in winter. In fact, while the popularity of the nether garment is readily understood, owing to its non-slipping properties in bed and its seemingly appearance (compared with that of a night-shirt) in hotel passage or on early-morning deck parade at sea, one can find little or no praise for the jacket which is now its invariable companion. The man who is above convention has his obvious remedy close at hand. He will not refuse to purchase the shop-shown pyjamas, but he will order, instead of the jacket, a lie-down collar shirt of similar material, buttoning with reasonably small buttons, such as can be depended upon not to come undone. And when the tails of this shirt are secured, after the daily fashion, within the strings of his pyjamas, he can then go to sleep with confidence that throughout the night his whole body will be safely protected from the chilly touch of the sheets.

While it is considered bad form for a woman to carry her skirts when walking, there are conditions and circumstances (says *Vogue*) when she must do so. In the first place, unless one is a woman of luxury, with those in her service with nothing but her wardrobe to look after, one is not excusable for wearing skirts that in consequence of their all-round exaggerated length are veritable street-sweepers. For women who are not thus luxuriously conditioned, walking skirts should be made just to escape the ground, and then they should be allowed to hang free, unless the sidewalks or crossings are too damp or otherwise dirty, when it would of course be most uncleanly not to lift the skirts. The way to lift them most effectually and conveniently is to throw the extra back fullness of the skirt over the back of the hand (which should be closed and placed as a handle at one side of the body) and slightly bend the forearm forward. The fullness of the skirt will thus be found to remain in place, and will not cause the fatigue to the hand and wrist that one experiences in the old way of bolding so much weight of material in the hand. This is a decided saving on gloves, since it does not stretch them, or soil them, or cause the hand to become over-heated, and skirts lifted in this way look more graceful than when they are held in the hand. One's anatomy is less liable to be emphasized, and it gives an ease and certainty that all the fullness is properly looked after, while at the same time petticoat, ankles, and shoes are more becomingly exposed.

A Louisville man has a ctow with a peculiar appetite. A house-cleaning servant left a small silver clock on the kitchen steps for a few moments, and on her return the time-piece was missing. Later in the evening, the small hoy of the household was in the yard. Suddenly a silvery chime floated on his ear. He listened. Another and another, until five times the chime had sounded, and he recognized it as coming from the lost clock. There was nothing near but the cow. The boy searched all around the yard and then concluded that the clock was in the cow. For a while there was a sort of pandemonium. At six o'clock the family heard the hour tolled from the cow's inside. A powerful emetic did the work. The clock was a little discolored, but was still ticking.

An "Amiable Literary Quest" in search of the Great American Novel is a suggestive and interesting monograph written by Frank Bailey Millard, literary editor of the *San Francisco Examiner*, from which it is reprinted. It will well repay perusal.

Many of the streets of Paris are lined with trees; if a tree dies, another of the same kind, age, and size is brought from the state forest and put in its place; the cost is tremendous, but Paris is proud of her beautiful streets.

On Time, And very early too. That's what any one should be in treating one's self for inaction of the kidneys and bladder. The diuretic which experience indicates as supplying the requisite stimulation to the organs without exciting them, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Don't delay; kidney inaction and diseases are not far apart. For fever and ague, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism and nerve debility, also, use the Bitters.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A remarkable temperance sermon was that delivered by a priest in Ireland which concluded with this convincing statement to his flock: "What makes ye shoot at yer landlords? The drink! Aye, and what makes ye miss them? *The drink!*"

It was before an Irish trial justice: The evidence was all in, and the plaintiff's attorney had made a long, eloquent, and logical argument. Then the defendant's attorney took the floor. "What you doing?" asked the justice, as the lawyer began. "Going to present our side of the case." "I don't want to hear both sides argued. It has a tincture to confuse the court." So the defendant's lawyer sat down.

General Horace Porter, who has just been appointed minister to France, tells a story of a passenger who was steering a ship. The captain told him to steer for a certain star and keep the helm steady, and went down-stairs to get a little sleep. He had been snoozing comfortably for a couple of hours, when his new helmsman came down to his bunk and woke him up, saying: "Captain, give me another star to steer by; I have passed that one."

The Viscountess Sherbrooke, wife of Robert Lowe, was in the habit of saying whatever came into her mind at the moment. The French ambassador, one day, said to her, somewhat patronizingly: "You know, England is said to be a land of shop-keepers. I had no idea of finding there such great military displays." "Ah," she replied, "the people of different countries do not understand each other. Now, I have actually been under the impression that the French were a great military nation."

A famous astronomer, whose knowledge of arithmetical facts was a dreadful engine of conversation, once diverted himself by asking the company if they were aware of the immense distance they were from heaven. It was, he informed them, so many millions of diameters of the solar system, and would take many thousand years to traverse. "I don't know the distance nor the time," exclaimed a Scotchman who was present, "that it would take you to get to heaven, but I know this, that it will not take you a millionth part of the time to go to the other place."

It is told of an old Baptist parson, famous in Virginia, that he once visited a plantation where the colored servant who met him at the gate asked which barn he would have his horse put in. "Have you two barns?" asked the doctor. "Yes, sah," replied the servant; "dar's de old barn, and Mas'r Wales has jest built a new one." "Where do you usually put the horses of clergymen who come to see your master?" "Well, sah, if dey's Methodist or Baptist, we gen'ally puts 'em in de ole barn, but if dey's 'Piscopals we puts 'em in de new one." "Well, Bob, you can put my horse in the new barn; I'm a Baptist, but my horse is an Episcopalian."

A sea-captain and a lawyer lived next door to each other. One very windy night the lawyer was reading a book in his study when a terrific crash upstairs startled him. Upon investigating, he found that a chimney had hurled itself through his roof, doing considerable damage. He discovered it was the sea-captain's chimney. Hastening down to his library, he pulled out his law-books and hunted up similar cases, devising and scheming how he could secure satisfaction from the detestable captain. While thus engaged, a note arrived from his enemy that read as follows: "SIR: If you don't return those bricks *at once*, I will put the matter in the hands of the law."

After a very "wet" stag dinner-party at a frontier post, some years ago, the subject that came up for discussion was the Mohammedan belief in fate. To be Musselmans, a man's fate is written above, and the time of his death is set, and nothing can advance. This belief had been discussed long and earnestly. The officer finally arose and said there was no use of discussing the matter any further: the only way was to make a practical test of the question, and that he would give himself as a subject. He drew his pistol and showed that it was loaded. He placed the pistol against his temple and pulled the trigger. The pistol missed fire. "A trick," yelled the crowd. The tallest smiled, and, recoiling the pistol, aimed it with a steady hand at the clock on the wall. He red, and the bullet crashed through the centre of the dial. "Apologize to me now," he said. "I have ways believed in fate."

The *William Penn*, an American steamer commanded by Captain John Codman, was the first transport flying a foreign flag which was chartered by the French Government in the Crimean War. She went aground on Nagara Point, and the Pasha of the arandelles came off to the ship, tendering his assistance. Being under the impression that the rentals were forbidden by the Prophet to partake wine, that luxury was excluded from the cabin. "Think of my astonishment," writes Captain Codman, "at a gentle hint from the pasha as to champagne. It was, of course, produced. Upon

my remarking that it had not been offered before on account of regard to what I supposed to be his religious scruples, he replied, with an air of perfect sincerity: 'Wine is forbidden by the Prophet; not champagne. Champagne did not exist in his day; how, then, could he have forbidden it? Marhallah! God is great. Pass the bottle.'"

A lady was one day approaching the modest home of the Carlyles in Cheyne Walk (says the *Basar*). Poor, long-suffering Jeannie Welsh Carlyle, up in the balcony, looked down at her. "Oh, do," she called out, "come in! Mary Ann and I are so tired of watering Carlyle!" The lady entered, and was escorted to the little garden at the back of the house. There—it was a hot day—sat the great man, in a pool of water. For hours the two devoted women had been taking turns in deluging the flagstones around him by means of a large watering-pot. He was very particular that not a drop should touch his sacred person, which no doubt doubled the difficulty of the operation. The same authority relates that Mrs. Carlyle had a dog which she loved; and it would come in with dirty feet, and the splenetic philosopher objected. No one was willing to wash the creature, yet he had to be cleaned somehow. Finally there was an arrangement made with a local laundress, and she washed him every week, sending him home in a basket with the clean clothes.

THE DIAMOND CONVERSATION-BOOK.

Ollendorf Brought up to Date.

[Barry Pain, the English humorist, is preparing a conversation-book for the use of the many foreigners who are expected to visit London to witness the pomp and ceremonies of the longest reign. From advance sheets we make the following excerpts:]

AT AN AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE.

By whom was this play written?

I do not know, but in any case the lyrics are by Adrian Ross.

I have no room for my knees. Have you any room for your knees?

Nobody has any room for his knees. You are expected to leave your knees in the cloak-room.

What is that debilitated umbrella with the bankrupt undertaker's trimmings?

Hush! It is a lady's hat.

I shall not hush. It obstructs my view. Why does she not take it off?

It cost so much that she can not afford not to wear it.

Oh! I had thought that the hat and the hair were all in one piece.

[*To the lady's husband*] I did not wish to be overheard. I do not desire any unpleasantness. So are you.

Shall we sit in the cloak-room for the remainder of the performance?

ON THE BICYCLE.

Do you lend bicycles on hire?

Yes, gentlemen, I have several high-grade machines, young, in hard condition, and never been down.

Thank you. Here is our deposit; but we are honest. Kindly assist us to mount.

Let us cross Piccadilly Circus.

Steady! Gently! There is too much traffic going in too many directions. Beware of that omnibus. Ah, take care, Alphonse! Mr. Cabman, please to stop your horse from looking at me. My machine is not a broken-down mangle, and I shall not take it home! Safe at last!

Courage! We go down-hill rapidly. I put up my feet. I fly. Faster and faster!

It is all right, Mr. Policeman; if I have injured the Duke of York's Column in any way I am prepared to pay for it.

Will you ask the man with the broom to sweep up these pieces of bicycle for me?

AT THE HAIR-DRESSER'S.

I desire to be shaved.

It is a fine morning. It is a wet morning. The weather is uncertain.

Shall you be at the race-meeting to-morrow, sir?

I shall not. No, I do not know anything. I shall not back the horse that you recommend with the book-maker that you suggest.

Yes, the razor suits me very well.

I do not require the Ozonol Lotion for the Hair-glands, or the Peerless Pomatum for the mustache; or tooth-powder, or vaseline, or a new umbrella.

I should be obliged if you would not direct the spray of bay-rum straight into my eyes.

You have cut me in two places. I shall not give you the customary penny for yourself. I shall complain to the manager.

Do not be insolent.

AT THE DOCTOR'S.

Good morning! I am not at all well.

Please sit down. What is it?

I have a pain in my head and in my shoulder-blades and immediately underneath my watch-chain.

Let me feel your pulse and look at your tongue. Been overdoing it?

I have lived simply, in the manner of the English. What have you eaten?

Australian meat cooked in an Italian restaurant called by a French name and served by a German waiter. I have noticed that many Englishmen in

London do this. I have also drunk champagne acidulated to suit the English taste, strong tea, ginger-pop, and whisky-and-soda. I have been most careful to drink what the English drink.

I have attempted to remember the distinctions in the pronunciation of "bough," "cough," "through," and "though." I have wished to talk as the English talk. I have collected English idioms such as "bust his crust," "more the merrier," and "now we shan't be long," and tried to commit them to memory.

You have evidently worked hard at the language, and it does you great credit. But one must take some recreation.

I have worked even harder at the recreation. There are so many festivities in this glorious year, and I have been anxious not to miss any of them. It is English—the English are reluctant to miss anything.

Do you sleep well?

I have not yet, since my arrival, been to bed. There has not been time. I have, in fact, gathered that the English never go to bed.

That is erroneous. It may appear so to the superficial observer, but it is erroneous. You will take this prescription. You will go to bed. Then you will go home, and you will stop there. This is no place for you.

A thousand thanks. Good-morning.—*Black and White.*

A BALLAD.

In the Manner of R-dy-rd K-pl-ng.

As I was walkin' the jungle round, a-killin' of tigers an' time;

I seed a kind of an author man, a-writin' a rousin' rhyme;

'E was writin' a mile a minute an' more, an' I sez to 'im, "Oo are you?"

Sez 'e, "I'm a poet—er majesty's poet—soldier an' sailor too!"

An' his poem began in Ispahan an' ended in Kalamazoo, 'It ad army in it, an' navy in it, an' jungle sprinkled through,

For 'e was a poet—er majesty's poet—soldier an' sailor, too!

An' after I met 'im all over the world, a-doin' of things a host;

'E 'ad one foot planted in Burmah, an' one on the Gloucester coast;

'E's 'alf a sailor an' 'alf a whaler, 'e's captain, cook, and crew,

But most a poet—er majesty's poet—soldier an' sailor, too!

'E's often Scot an' 'e's often not, hut 'is work is never through,

For 'e laughs at h'lame, an' 'e writes for fame, an' a hit for revenue,

Bein' a poet—er majesty's poet—soldier an' sailor, too!

'E'll take you up to the Arctic Zone, 'e'll take you down to the Nile,

'E'll give you a harrack hallad in the Tommy Atkins style,

Or 'e'll sing you a Deep-Sea Chantey as the bloomin' ho'suns do,

For 'e is a poet—er majesty's poet—soldier an' sailor, too!

An' there isn't no room for others, an' there's nothin' left to do;

'E 'as sailed the main from the 'Orn to Spain, 'e 'as tramped the jungle through,

An' written up all there is to write—soldier an' sailor, too!

There are manners an' manners of writin', hut 'is is the proper way,

An' it isn't so hard to be a hard if you'll imitate Rudyard K.,

But sea an' shore, an' peace an' war, an' everything else in view—

'E 'as gohhled the lot!—er majesty's poet—soldier an' sailor, too!

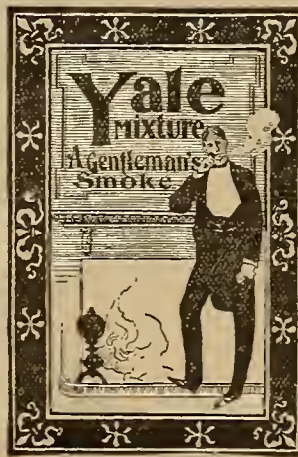
'E's not content with 'is Indian 'ome, 'e's lookin' for regions new,

In another year 'e'll 'ave swept 'em clear, an' what'll be the rest of us do?

'E's crowdin' us out!—er majesty's poet—soldier an' sailor, too!

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

"How do they know the natives ate him?" "One of the relief party found his name on the bill of fare."—*Harper's Weekly.*



No lamp is a good one without its particular chimney.

The Index tells what Number to get; sent free.

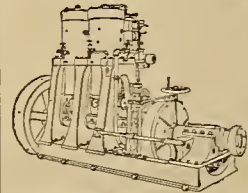
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Pittsburgh Pa

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No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1897.
Coptic. (Via Honolulu). Thursday, April 1
Gaelic. Wednesday, April 21
Doric. (Via Honolulu). Tuesday, May 11
Belgic. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, May 29

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
For freight and passage apply at company's office,
No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco, for
ports in Alaska, at 9 A. M. April 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, and
every fifth day thereafter.

For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, at 9 A. M. April 1, 6, 11,
16, 21, 26, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka,
Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M. April 2, 6, 10,
14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter. For
Newport, Los Angeles, and other ports, at 9 A. M. April 4, 9,
12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter. For San
Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port
Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, at 11
A. M. April 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day
thereafter. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan,
La Paz, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Orizaba*, at 9 A. M.,
25th of each month. The Company reserves the right to
change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates,
and hours of sailing. Ticket-Office Palace Hotel, 4 New
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S. S. Mariposa sails via
Honolulu and Auckland for
Sydney, Thursday, April 1,
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S. S. Australia for Hon-
olulu only, Tuesday, April
20, at 2 P. M. Special party
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Favorite route to Belgium, Holland, France, Germany,
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For passage and freight apply to International Navigation
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Building.

WHITE STAR LINE.

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Sailing from Liverpool and New York
every Wednesday at noon.

FROM NEW YORK:

Majestic.....April 7	Majestic.....May 5
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Teutonic.....April 21	Teutonic.....May 19
Britannic.....April 28	

Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and
accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favor-
able terms. Through tickets to London and Paris.
Second cabin rates, \$42.50 and \$47.50. Steerage tickets
at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroads
and steamship agents in San Francisco.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,
25 Broadway, New York.

SOCIETY.

Commodore Howison Honored.

Commodore J. L. Howison, U. S. N., who left for the East last Tuesday, was the guest of honor, a few days prior to his departure, at a dinner-party given by the ward-room officers of the battle-ship *Oregon*. His recent promotion to the rank of commodore brought to him many congratulations. The affair was very pleasantly celebrated. Those present were:

Commodore and Mrs. J. L. Howison, U. S. N., Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Franklin J. Drake, U. S. N., Surgeon and Mrs. Phillips A. Lovering, U. S. N., Lieutenant and Mrs. William H. Allen, U. S. N., Lieutenant and Mrs. Edward W. Eherle, U. S. N., Lieutenant and Mrs. Albert A. Ackerman, U. S. N., Captain Randolph Dickins, U. S. M. C., Chief-Engineer Robert W. Milligan, U. S. N., Paymaster Samuel R. Colhoun, U. S. N., Lieutenant Chauncey Thomas, U. S. N., Lieutenant Edward H. Durell, U. S. N., Lieutenant William R. A. Rooney, U. S. N., and Passed Assistant-Engineer T. F. Burgdorff, U. S. N.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Rear-Admiral J. G. Walker, U. S. N., was placed upon the retired list last Saturday by operation of the law, on account of the age limit.

Commander Henry L. Howison, U. S. N., left here last Tuesday evening for Washington, D. C., under special orders. In the afternoon Mrs. Howison sailed on the steamship *Australia* for Honolulu, and will be away about three months.

Commander G. V. Gridley, U. S. N., has been promoted to the rank of captain.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles P. Eagan, U. S. A., has returned from the East, and is now Chief Commissary of the Department of California.

Major and Mrs. John A. Darling, U. S. A., are expected to come down next week from their country place at Rutherford, Napa County.

Pay-Director W. W. Williams will be transferred, on April 20th, from the Port Royal to the Puget Sound naval station.

Major H. H. C. Dunwoody, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel of the Signal Corps.

Major Edward B. Mosley, Surgeon, U. S. A., has been ordered to duty at Fort Logan, Colo.

Captain J. N. Allison, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at New Orleans and ordered to Vancouver Barracks, Washington, to act as Chief Commissary of the Department of the Columbia.

Lieutenant-Colonel Amos S. Kimball, U. S. A., has been ordered to New York city to take charge of the general depot of the Quartermaster's Department there.

Captain J. B. Coghlan, U. S. N., has been transferred from the command of the *Richmond* to the monitor *Amphitrite*.

Ensign A. G. Kavanagh, U. S. N., formerly of the *Oregon*, sailed from here last Tuesday to join the *Yorktown* at the Asiatic Station.

Lieutenant-Colonel J. D. Bahecock, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence, after which he will report here as adjutant-general of the Department of California.

Chief-Engineer George J. Burnap, U. S. N., is on waiting orders in Chester, Pa.

Captain and Mrs. S. C. Mills, U. S. A., while en route to Fort Niagara, N. Y., have been visiting Colonel and Mrs. J. G. C. Lee, U. S. A., in Chicago.

Passed Assistant-Engineer T. F. Burgdorff, U. S. N., is on waiting orders at East Orange, N. J.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon S. W. Spratling, U. S. N., has been ordered detached from the *Alert* and granted three months' leave of absence.

Passed Assistant-Surgeon J. M. Moore, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Alert*.

Lieutenant A. C. Baker, U. S. N., has been ordered detached from the *Alert*, and granted three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant D. P. Menefee, U. S. N., now on leave of absence, is at 1643 F Street in San Diego, Cal.

Passed Assistant-Paymaster H. R. Sullivan, U. S. N., will be detached from Puget Sound on April 20th and placed on waiting orders.

Lieutenant Milton F. Davis, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Second Cavalry to the First Cavalry.

Lieutenant A. C. Hodgson, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Alert*.

A queer case of *lèse majesté* was that of Adolf Hamburger, in Aschaffenburg, Prussia. During a conversation in the tailor-shop of his father, he made a rude remark about crazy King Otto. One of those present was a deaf-and-dumb workman, who, of course, had not heard this remark, but who, noticing the look of consternation on the faces of the others, had it transcribed for him on a piece of paper. Several years passed, and nothing came of it until one day the deaf mute quarreled with the son of his employer, and then went and denounced him. The court sent the young man to jail for six months.

It is probable that citizens of the United States use more matches than any other people in the world. Every man, woman, and child in this country, taking the average, consumes eight matches every day in the year. In France it costs more to strike a light than in any other civilized land, because the manufacture of matches there is a government monopoly. Sweden is the great match-maker of the world, though the industry is conducted on an enormous scale in the United States and elsewhere.

In mediæval France cats had a bad name, and it was customary to burn numbers of them in a bonfire upon St. John's Day. There still exists a receipt for money paid to one Lucas Pommereux, in 1575, "for having supplied for three years all the cats required for the fire on St. John's Day as usual."

There is one Populist member of the Kansas house who, with a virtue nothing short of heroic, paid his own railroad fare to Topeka. Inside of two weeks, however, he had his wife and daughters riding hack and forth between Topeka and home on passes.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Trebelli Concert.

Mlle. Antoinette Trebelli gave her farewell concert last Sunday evening at Golden Gate Hall, and attracted a large and enthusiastic audience. The following excellent programme was presented:

Violin solo, fantasia ("Mignon"), Sarasate, Herr John Marquardt; song, "In a Distant Land," Taubert, Mlle. Trebelli; harp solo, valse caprice, "The Chimes of Sydney," Marquardt, Mme. Breitschuck-Marquardt; "Carnival of Venice," Victor Massé (with Paganini's variations), Mlle. Trebelli; violin solo, (a) "Romance," Chopin-Wilhelmj, (b) "The Brook," Sauret, Herr John Marquardt; "Ave Maria," Gounod (with harp, violin, and organ accompaniments); harp solo, "Elegy," Parish Alvars, Mme. Breitschuck-Marquardt; romanza, "Mia Piccarella" ("Salvator Rosa") Gomez; Scotch air, "Comin' thro' the Rye," Mlle. Trebelli.

The San Francisco Symphony Society will give its fifth concert at the Columbia Theatre on Thursday afternoon, April 1st, commencing at three o'clock sharp. It will be a Wagner festival, and some of the numbers will be presented in the original form for the first time here. Mr. August Hinrichs will direct the orchestra of more than fifty musicians. Among those who will assist are Mrs. Cecilia Adler-Keesing, the well-known soprano, who has sung in Wagnerian opera in Munich and Bayreuth; Mrs. Mathilde Wilde, the dramatic soprano; Mrs. Katherine Fleming-Hinrichs, the contralto; Mr. Rhys Thomas, the tenor; Mr. Jacob Muller, the baritone; and Mr. Alois Werner. The programme includes selections from seven of Wagner's compositions.

Mme. Camilla Urso, the famous violinist, will give concerts at Golden Gate Hall next Monday and Friday evenings and Saturday afternoon. She brings with her an excellent company, consisting of Miss Minnie Methot, soprano; Mr. E. H. Douglas, tenor; and Mr. George H. Wesley, pianist. Mme. Urso has arranged her programmes so as to give the widest latitude possible and make them remarkably interesting, some of the numbers being entirely new to this city.

Mr. Gustav Hinrichs, the director of the Symphony Orchestra, will deliver a lecture on the Wagner programme of the next concert at upper Golden Gate Hall next Wednesday afternoon at half-past three o'clock. No admission will be charged. Director Hinrichs and Manager Greenbaum have arranged this affair in order to make the great Wagner concert of Thursday more interesting if possible.

The fourth of the Wagner musical lectures was given to the members of Sorosis last Tuesday, the subject being "Tristan and Isolde." Mrs. Henri Fairweather delivered the lecture in an interesting manner, and Mr. Fairweather sang the excerpts excellently.

The Massachusetts commissioner of State institutions has substituted oleomargarine for butter in the bill of fare on which the inmates of his prisons and almshouses live. As the laws of Massachusetts punish with fine and imprisonment the manufacture or sale of counterfeit butter, this course has excited some comment, but the commissioner boldly says that he has served "oleo" to the unfortunate under his charge not as a substitute for butter, merely on the ground of economy, but because it is better than butter of any except the very best grades.

To show the advance in methods of locomotion during her reign, it is suggested that Queen Victoria should go in a state motor carriage to St. Paul's, escorted by guards on bicycles. We imagine her majesty must regard the author of the suggestion very much as a pampered tabby would regard a vivisectionist.

The English city of Birmingham recently lost a citizen who was born on the field of Waterloo, where his father was among the killed. His mother accompanied the Seventy-Ninth Cameron Highlanders, and when her son was born, the corpse of the father was in the same tent.

Mortuary statistics show that during the last twenty-five years the average life of women has been lengthened eight per cent. The average life of man has been increased five per cent.

Moët & Chandon.

The cellars of Messrs. Moët & Chandon, the largest champagne house in the world, contain over eight miles of walks and about 26,000,000 bottles of champagne. The different sections of the vast cellars are named after the various countries to which shipments are made. Russia and England occupy the largest place, special provision having been made for the requirements of the courts, and in this country for the Patriarchs' hall, Washington Gridiron Club banquet, of international epicurean repute, New York party of O. H. P. Belmont, and for the renowned Bradley-Martin costume ball.—*Hotel Gazette*.

Another Fad for the Escritoire.

Among the fashionable note-papers this spring the most popular is the "Italian Blue." It is the most pleasing color that has yet been shown and comes in several new shapes. Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Market Street Stationers, are bringing out the new paper, and it has already met with great favor.

SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES ACCURATELY fitted at moderate prices. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

TEA-TABLE POETS.

*Thou, great Anna! whom three great realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.*—POPE.

Afternoon Tea.

When Polly puts the kettle on
To brew her choice Bohea,
And asks me, with a witching glance,
If I am fond of tea,
Although I hate the horrid stuff,
I hasten to reply
That few regard that leverage
With such delight as I.

For, oh! to watch her dimpled hands
Go flitting in and out
Among the quaintly flowered cups
That edge the tray about;
To see her pout and hesitate
Above the sugar-bowl,
And wonder if one lump or two
Is nicer, on the whole!

For privileges such as these,
'Twould be a foolish man
Who did not swallow all the tea
Imported from Japan;
And in my heart I think myself
The happiest soul alive,
When Polly puts the kettle on
Each afternoon at five!—*M. E. W.*

Sacharissa.

No man, I think, can say of tea,
With truth, that he adores it;
Yet where is one withstands the draught
When Sacharissa pours it?
If poison lurked about the brim,
I'd take the cup she offers,
So I might chance by some good hap,
To touch the hand that proffers.

Elusive fingers—those of hers,
My grasp is almost on them,
When by some swift and airy feint
The nymph has quite withdrawn them.
And so I ask for tea again,
Almost convinced I love it,
Because her face looks gentler in
The steam that floats above it.

The cube of sugar she slips in
Makes all my life grow sweeter!
Though swift the seething flow of cream,
Hope's snowy wings are fleetier.
When next she bids me have more tea,
I mean to say I'll take it,
Both now and henceforth evermore,
If she will always make it!
—*Eva Wilder McGlasson.*

Under the Influence of Tea.

The tea-pot was blooming with roses,
The cups and the saucers were blue;
Antique were the chairs and the table—
Her tea-gown, however, was new.

The sun fell asleep in her tresses,
Her face was a flowerful song;
The sugar grew sweet in her fingers
That poured the delicious Oolong.

It seemed like a vision of China;
I saw quaintest birds, green, and brown,
And yellow, and crimson, and olive,
With lilied mixes up on her gown.

With her, through the loveliest howers,
In fancy I lazily strayed—
We lived in a vine-colored chalet,
And doves in the mulberry swayed.

The skies were a delicate turquoise,
The fields with blush-roses were red;
The trees were all blooming with lanterns,
The birds sang till darkness was fled.

I tell you, the beauties of China
And all other regions unfurl
In your vision, when sipping sweet Oolong
With a lovely Fifth Avenue girl.—*Puck.*

Five O'clock Tea.

There's a crowd in the parlors of Mistress Van V.—
A crowd that has come to the Five-O'clock Tea,
A crowd that is jostling and pushing around
The wee little stand where the tea's to be found,
And where three pretty maidens unhonored
With white hands a-dealing out Five-O'clock Tea.

'Tis a pretty old fashion, this Five-O'clock Tea,
And I'm glad that she clings to it, Mistress Van V.,
If only because now and then she sends down
A polite little note into old Chelsea Town
And invites a poor cousin—who's still a Van V.—
To receive with her daughters at Five-O'clock Tea.

The daughters are fair, and their figures are fine,
And each nose of the three is a pure aquiline;
And their figures are full, and their backs have a fall,
And they're bright, and they're clever, and stately, and tall;

But my eyes look at them, and my heart looks to see
The girl who is handing my Five-O'clock Tea.

A little still girl in a simple blue gown,
A small poor relation from old Chelsea Town;
A pale little girl, with a look on her face
As though she felt shockingly out of her place
In the splendid great parlors of Mistress Van V.,
Among strangers distributing Five-O'clock Tea.

O dear little maid, did I dream you looked up,
With a look for myself, as you gave me my cup?
Did I dream that the lace fluttered soft on your breast—
The lace that your mother wore, long laid at rest—
Did I dream?—ah, I'm dreaming a deal, you will see,
Now I've come here to meet you at Five-O'clock Tea.

I dream of a flat that is near Central Park;
And I dream of myself coming home in the dark;
And I dream of your arms' round my neck on the stair;
And I dream of a parlor awaiting me there—
It is not like the parlor of Mistress Van V.—
But you're there to give me my Five-O'clock Tea.

ENVOI.

The flat is already my own—will you be
The first—and the last—at my Five-O'clock Tea?
—*H. C. Bunner.*

—AMERICAN CUT-GLASS, WITH SILVER MOUNTINGS, in great variety at Hirschman's, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

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SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

The Society Resort Winter and Summer of the Pacific Coast.

50 MINUTES FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

Average winter temperature 64 degrees.
The State Statistics prove the climate to be the healthiest on the Pacific Coast.
IT WILL GIVE IMMEDIATE RELIEF TO THE WORST CASE OF ASTHMA.

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R. H. WARFIELD & CO., Proprietors.

THE COLONIAL HOTEL

S. E. Cor. Pine and Jones Streets.

THE SELECT FAMILY HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

S. B. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

THE HOTEL RICHELIEU

N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Avenues.

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HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

HOTEL BELLA VISTA

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MRS. A. F. TRACY.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

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San Francisco, Cal.

THE WENBAN.

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First-class family hotel; single rooms and elegant suites, each provided with private baths.
CAROLINE BLITZ, Proprietress.

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—OF THE—

Palace Hotel

A Delightful Place in which to Take Luncheon.

Direct Entrance from Market St.

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SAN MATEO, CAL.

A charming resort, both winter and summer.

A pleasant forty-minutes' ride by rail from San Francisco, with frequent train service.
Delightful surroundings and comparative freedom from fog, together with all essentials to the comfort and pleasure of the guests, combine to recommend Hotel Mateo to those who appreciate such advantages.

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F. A. SHEPARD, Manager

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. Harry M. Gillig and Mr. F. L. Unger left for the East on Tuesday night. Mrs. Harry Gillig, who has been suffering from a gripe and neuralgia, sailed for the Riviera on February 26th, to escape the rest of the New York winter. She will join Mr. Gillig in Paris about the end of April, and they will return to their New York country place about the end of May.

Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., left for the East on Wednesday. Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg is confined to his bed at the University Club through a severe attack of illness.

Mrs. William H. Avery sailed last Tuesday on the steamship *Australia* for Honolulu, where she will visit Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Wilder for awhile and then go to Samoa. The trip is made for the benefit of her health, as she has not been well during the past few months. Many of her friends were at the dock to see her depart, and her stateroom was filled with floral tokens of their regard.

Mr. and Mrs. V. S. McClatchy, of Sacramento, are at the California Hotel.

Among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Rafael are Mrs. William Gieselman, Miss Gieselman, Miss Dyer, Dr. David Conrad, Mr. Karl Howard, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Gwin, Baron von Schröder, Miss Goevieve Harvey, Miss Anita Harvey, Miss J. C. Schultze, Mr. Frank L. Hunter, Mr. L. W. Heller, and Mr. James F. J. Archibald.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Moore Robinson have returned from Europe, and are now in Florida. Mrs. Robinson will be remembered here as Miss Allen Ivers.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, of Fruitvale, and Mrs. Reed, of Chico, are the guests of Mrs. L. R. Mead at Byroo Hot Springs.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine will leave in April to pass the summer in Los Angeles with her son, Mr. Callaghan Byroo.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Verrington, of Carson City, Nev., are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Jenks are residing at 711 Jones Street.

Mr. Francis G. Riggs and Mr. Henry G. Riggs, of Baltimore, Mr. C. V. B. Carroll, of St. Louis, Mr. Wilson Ferguson and family, of Reading, Pa., Mr. F. A. Hartman, of Mexico, and Miss Dora Moody, of Palo Alto, are among the recent arrivals at the California Hotel.

Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, is entertaining her sister, Mrs. John W. Shaw, of New York.

Mr. A. W. Jackson and family will leave the city on April 1st, to occupy their home, "Woodside," in San Mateo County.

Mr. Joseph Sloss is in New York city.

Mr. Bert R. Hecht has gone East, en route to Europe, and will be away several months.

Miss Bernice Landers and Miss Jessie Glascock, of Oakland, are in Honolulu.

Dr. and Mrs. Morton Grinnell, *né* Catherwood, are making the Nile trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Collis P. Huntington arrived in Los Angeles last Wednesday, en route to this city, and were accompanied by Mr. H. E. Huntington, Mr. J. C. Stubbbs, and Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt, of this city, Miss C. M. Campbell, of New York, Mr. N. E. Dawson, of Washington, D. C., and Mr. G. E. Miles, of New York. The party arrived here yesterday.

Miss Gerritt L. Lansing is in New York city.

Mrs. Maud Howard, daughter of Mrs. Charles Webb Howard, is in Dresden, studying art.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann went East last Wednesday for a few weeks.

Mr. M. H. de Young is in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Baldwin have returned to the city, after passing a fortnight at Santa Barbara.

The Mercantile Library Entertainment.

The quarterly meeting of the Mercantile Library Auxiliary, which took place last Saturday evening at the library rooms, was of unusual interest. It was a "Shakespeare and Schiller Evening" given by Miss Emelie Melville with the assistance of Miss Dorothy Goodsell, soprano; Mr. Alfred Wilkie, tenor; and Mrs. Edith Johnson-Batchelder, accompanist. Miss Melville's readings were especially enjoyed. She has been seen very little in this city since her long tour of Australia and the Orient, but the recollection of her at the Standard and Bush Street theatres, more years ago than it is gallant to recall, is still fresh in the minds of the San Francisco public, and her personality is as full of charm as it ever was. Her interpretation of the Shakespearean scenes was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. They included the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," the trial scene from the "Merchant of Venice," and two scenes between Rosalind and Orlando in the Forest of Arden from "As You Like It." At the conclusion of the entertainment, the new president of the auxiliary, Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton, delivered a graceful address, in which she heartily thanked Miss Melville for her assistance in contributing to the success of the evening. The entire programme was as follows:

Lecturette, "Shakespeare's Fair and Noble Heroines"; "Romeo and Juliet," the balcony scene—act two, scene two, Juliet, Romeo, the Nurse; ballad, "Tell Me, My Heart," Bishop; "Merchant of Venice," the trial scene—act four, scene one, Portia, Shylock, the Duke, Antonio; ballad, "Come Live With Me and Be My Love," Bishop; "Marie Stuart," the interview—act three, scene one, Marie Stuart, Queen Elizabeth; ballads, "Orpheus with His Lute," Parker, "I Know a Bank," Parker; "As You Like It," in the Forest of Arden—act three, scene two, Rosalind, Orlando; ballad, "Sigh No More, Ladies," R. J. S. Stevens; "As You Like It," the same—act four, scene one, Rosalind, Orlando.

Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann will give a matinee tea to-day at her residence, 3474 Washington Street. She will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. Charles Fox Tay, Mrs. James Alva Watt, Mrs. Walter M. Willett, Miss Ada Russell, of Alameda, and Miss Beveridge, of England.

—RACE, FIELD, MARINE, AND OPERA-GLASSES, microscopes, thermometers, barometers, and scientific instruments. Henry Kahn & Co., 642 Market Street.

—DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST. THOSE FAT bloater mackerel at S. Foster & Co.'s, 26 California St.

"ALL THE SAFEGUARDS OF HOME."

A Story of an American Girl who Studied in Paris—She was Having Quite a Time, but the Green-Eyed Monster Settled It.

There are several places in Paris which advertise that the persons who go there will be surrounded with all the salutary restraints and influences of home life and that there will be wholesome discipline to safeguard the young women from all the allurements and entanglements of the French capital. One of these homes was selected by Mrs. Jones for her daughter, partly because of the prospectus and partly because Mrs. Jones's friend, Mrs. Smith, had sent her daughter to the home and was loud in her praises of the advantages Miss Smith had derived.

So Miss Jones went to this home on the Rue de la Pompe and prepared for a long course of study which was to fit her for a career on the grand-opera stage. The work went on satisfactorily at the start. But Miss Jones is an American girl, with all the vivacity and attractiveness which are popularly supposed to be attributes of these girls. The life in the home had not been particularly pleasing to her in prospect, but she soon found that the reality was a great deal different from what had been advertised. She discovered first that, apparently, the greatest delicacy the French managers of the institution thought of was mutton—principally aged mutton. The result of this was that the girls were in the habit of going short of meals at the home and finding better ones for themselves in near-by restaurants. The knowledge that they could go out to these restaurants for their meals without restraint, and without comment from the managers of the home, led very quickly to a series of practical deceptions. If it was easy to go to a restaurant for a meal, it was just as easy to go somewhere else for something else.

Everybody who is studying any art in Paris quickly becomes acquainted with a lot of other people who are studying the same art or another. Every singing-master gives his muscals, every master of drawing, painting, and sculpture gives his little receptions. The pupils meet, and it is impossible to prevent the young American women from meeting and becoming more or less well acquainted with various young and attractive men of artistic temperament who are also studying under Paris masters. That thing happened very quickly in the case of Miss Jones. She found that her friend, Miss Smith, had already formed some pleasing acquaintances, and, as Miss Smith's intimate chum, she almost immediately met the young man whose acquaintance finally sent her back to New York.

Miss Jones was particularly attractive. There was one young man among those to whom Miss Smith introduced her who, Miss Jones noticed, was particularly attractive to Miss Smith. Now this young man was the best of the lot, and his name was near enough to Arbutnot to let it go at that. Miss Jones fancied Mr. Arbutnot herself. Mr. Arbutnot was very well acquainted with all the things in Paris which are worth seeing and with some things to which women who have gone from a home where they are surrounded "with all the restraints and safeguards of home life" were not supposed to be introduced. Mr. Arbutnot also had a friend, Mr. Williams, who was very well versed in the ways of Paris, and between them they contrived to make the winter very entertaining, if a little hectic, for Miss Smith and her attractive friend, Miss Jones.

The conquest of Mr. Arbutnot by Miss Jones proceeded gradually but very steadily, until early in the new year it produced almost an open rupture between Miss Jones and Miss Smith. The quarrel interrupted rather seriously the gay course which the four had been pursuing, but it did not put a stop to it entirely. It was easy enough for each of the girls to associate with herself other young women who were living at the institution on the Rue de la Pompe, and so to make no serious break in their round of gayeties.

By the middle of February the annexation of Mr. Arbutnot to Miss Jones was so complete that the warfare was conducted in the open. The whole institution on the Rue de la Pompe knew about it, and the girls wagered gloves and candy on the outcome. As long as the warfare was conducted in the open, Miss Jones maintained her ascendancy rather easily, largely because of her superior attractiveness. So the wily Miss Smith resorted to subterfuge and strategy. One morning in March, Mrs. Jones in New York received a cable message from Paris. It said:

"Amelia ill. Doctor thinks better come. BABE." "Babe" was the nickname of Miss Jones's once intimate friend, Miss Smith. Mrs. Jones was shocked almost into nervous prostration. Mrs. Jones sent word post-haste to her daughter's guardian, who is a physician! The doctor told Mrs. Jones to cable at once for the symptoms of Amelia's illness and to prepare to start for Paris the next day. Mrs. Jones cabled as the doctor had directed, and received this reply:

"Symptoms impossible. Doctor says come at once. Better take steamer to-morrow. BABE."

This cablegram frightened Mrs. Jones more than ever. The doctor guardian was inclined to regard the message in the same light. But he still insisted on knowing the symptoms. So they cabled again a peremptory demand for symptoms, and meanwhile pushed preparations for Mrs. Jones's departure. Just as Mrs. Jones was leaving her house the next morn-

ing to go to the steamer, the reply to her second cable was handed to her. It said:

"Advanced stage tuberculosis. Both lungs hopelessly affected. Condition very serious. Come at once. BABE."

On reading this message Mrs. Jones nearly collapsed. The doctor ejaculated a large, vehement exclamation and declared that the Paris doctor who had made the diagnosis was an eternal and everlasting and utterly blanked, blanked idiot. He had seen Miss Jones himself and had examined her thoroughly before she sailed, and there was not the slightest symptoms of affection of the lungs at that time, and it was absolutely impossible for tuberculosis to reach an advanced stage in the time in which she had been abroad. He was half inclined to suspect that there was something wrong in the cablegram, but there was no time then to go behind the returns and the only thing to do was for Mrs. Jones to go on.

Mrs. Jones said that she never in her life had such a voyage as that trip was. The weather was just as rough as March could make it, but Mrs. Jones did not suffer a minute from seasickness. If she could only have been thoroughly seasick, she said, it might have relieved her a little from the agony and suspense which she endured. She got into Southampton nearly a day late. The first thing Mrs. Jones heard when the ship reached her dock was her own name howled lustily by a man who had just come on deck. It was another telegram, and it took all the strength and grit she had to open it. She confidently expected to read that her daughter was dead, but instead she read:

"Amelia much better. Will meet you at station with a red ribbon in my left button-hole. WILLIAMS."

"Now who," said Mrs. Jones to herself, "is Williams?"

Williams had never appeared in the proceedings before. She had never heard of him in any letters from her daughter; but she supposed, of course, that he was some *attaché* of the institution where her daughter was living. She hurried across to Paris and got there late in the evening. Williams met her all right, and assured her that her daughter was really quite comfortable. They drove out to the home on the Rue de la Pompe as fast as the cabman could go, and got there just in time to meet Miss Jones coming home from the opera with Mr. Arbutnot.

There was a row—a good, fair, square, able-bodied American row—and the managers of that institution heard for once what a plain-spoken American woman, wrapped up in her daughter, thought about that way of conducting things. Of course the whole thing came out. Miss Jones had had a cold and had been in bed for a couple of days with it. Miss Smith had taken advantage of the opportunity to scare Mrs. Jones nearly to death, having decided to brave the inevitable exposure because she was sure of the result. She was not at all disappointed. Mrs. Jones declared that her daughter and she had had enough of Paris and Parisian methods, and if Amelia wanted to study music any longer, she could come straight home and do it.—*New York Sun*.

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After which dates it will be WITHDRAWN.

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EASTBOUND

FROM SAN FRANCISCO	FROM LOS ANGELES
Saturday, - - March 13	Sunday, - - March 14
Tuesday, - - " 16	Wednesday, - - " 17
Saturday, - - " 20	Sunday, - - " 21
Saturday, - - " 27	Sunday, - - " 28

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Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From March 21, 1897.	ARRIVE
*6.00 a	Niles, San José, and Way Stations.	8.45 A
7.00 a	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	8.45 P
7.00 a	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding via Davis.	6.45 P
7.30 a	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6.15 P
8.30 a	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Tehama, and Red Bluff.	4.15 P
*8.30 a	Peters and Milton.	*7.15 P
9.00 a	New Orleans Express, Raymond (for Yosemite), Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	4.45 P
9.00 a	Martinez and Stockton.	4.45 P
9.00 a	Vallejo.	6.15 P
	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.	7.15 P
*1.00 p	Sacramento River Steamers.	*9.00 P
1.00 p	Niles, San José, and Livermore.	8.45 A
11.30 p	Port Costa and Way Stations.	17.45 P
4.00 p	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9.15 A
4.00 p	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.	11.15 A
4.30 p	Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, and Fresno, going via Niles, returning via Martinez.	11.45 A
5.00 p	Los Angeles Express, Tracy, Fresno, Mojave (for Randshurg), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	7.45 A
5.00 p	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	7.45 A
6.00 p	European Mail, Ogden and East.	9.45 A
6.00 p	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7.45 P
17.00 p	Vallejo.	17.45 P
7.00 p	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	11.15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

17.45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.	18.05 P
8.45 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.	5.50 P
*2.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.	*11.20 A
4.15 P	Newark, San José, and Los Gatos.	9.50 A

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts)

7.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).	1.30 P
9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf, and Principal Way Stations.	4.15 P
10.40 A	San José and Way Stations.	6.30 P
11.30 A	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	5.00 P
*2.30 P	San Mateo, Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.	*10.40 A
*3.30 P	San José and Way Stations.	9.45 A
*4.30 P	San José and Way Stations.	*8.05 A
5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.	*8.45 A
6.30 P	San José and Way Stations.	6.35 A
11.45 P	San José and Way Stations.	17.45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

*7.00 A		7.15 A
8.00 A		8.45 A
9.00 A	MELROSE, SEMINARY PARK,	10.45 A
10.00 A		11.45 A
11.00 A	FITCHBURG, SAN LEANDRO,	12.45 P
2.00 P		1.45 P
3.00 P		4.45 P
4.00 P	AND	5.45 P
5.00 P		6.15 P
5.30 P	HAYWARDS.	7.45 P
7.00 P		8.45 P
8.00 P		9.45 P
9.00 P	Runs through to Niles.	10.50 P
11.15 P	From Niles.	11.20 P

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7.40	15.00 16.00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—	*6.00 8.00
10.00 A. M., 12.00 1.00 12.00 3.00 14.00	*5.00 P. M.

A for Morning. P for Afternoon. S Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. †† Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday nights only.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—"Her hair is like sunshine!" She—"Ye-es; it's brighter some days than others."—Puck.

She—"I can sympathize with you. I was married once myself." He—"But you weren't married to a woman."—Tit-Bits.

She (coming up suddenly)—"Where did that wave go?" He (coughing and strangling)—"I swallowed it."—Dublin World.

Mellicent—"Aren't bicycle lamps annoying?" Miriam (vexatiously)—"Yes; mine goes out every time I run into anybody!"—Puck.

Nevada justice (solemnly)—"I now pronounce you husband and wife—shake hands—take your corners—and may the best man win!"—Puck.

Dora—"He said there was one thing about me he didn't like." Cora—"What was that?" Dora—"Another man's arm."—Detroit Free Press.

"Now, they speak of her as an up-to-date girl. What do you understand by that?" "My boy, a girl that is up to date is up to anything."—Puck.

"So, Dorothy is not going to marry Mr. Scrymser?" "No; she kept talking to him about books he hadn't read, and he got irritated and broke the engagement."—Puck.

The footpad—"Only a dollar and a quarter? Come, where's the rest of yer money?" Mr. Isaacs—"Mein frendt, it's in real estate undt it's in my wife's name!"—Puck.

Girl—"His spine is hurt." Another girl—"Then I suppose his foot-ball days are over." Girl—"Oh, no. He can still play half-back, or quarter-back, anyway."—Detroit Journal.

"There are six necessities, you know, for a happy marriage." "What are they?" "First, a good husband." "And the others?" "The other five are money."—La Caricature.

"How is it that Wildon comes to the club every night now? It used to be that we couldn't get him here once a month." "Oh, he married last fall and settled down."—Detroit Free Press.

"Do you think, Harry, you could induce one or two boys to come to Sunday-school?" "I could bring one," he replied; "de udder fellers in our alley kin lick me."—Dublin World.

"Oh, this everlasting grind!" groaned the newly married drummer. "What's the matter now, dear?" asked his wife. "Just got word that I must be in Carson City by the seventeenth."—Detroit Free Press.

"Won't you take this seat?" said the gentleman in the car, rising and lifting his hat. "No, thank you," said the girl with the skates on her arm; "I've been skating, and I'm tired sitting down."—Yonkers Statesman.

"If I didn't love my husband, I'd stab him to death!" exclaimed the warm-blooded lady from New Orleans. "I wouldn't," said the Chicago woman; "I'd get a divorce and suck him for alimony."—Town Topics.

"Do you see anything coming our way?" asked the morning star of a companion. "Not yet," was the reply; "but I see a servant below there who is about to light her kitchen fire with kerosene."—Yonkers Statesman.

"How long have you been on this route?" asked the drummer of the conductor on a primitive Southern railroad. "Ten yeahs, suh." "Indeed? You must have gotten on several miles south of where I did."—Detroit Free Press.

"Who is that young woman near the other end of the table who has been talking about correct taste in art?" "Which young woman? There are several." "The one with the wooden tooth-pick in her mouth."—Chicago Tribune.

He—"Now that our engagement is ended, I suppose we should return each other's letters?" She—"I suppose so. And, George, while we are about it, why not return each other's kisses?" Engagement renewed on the spot.—Boston Transcript.

Artie—"Darling, you have no idea how anxious I was while you were coming down the rope-ladder. I was so afraid you had not fastened it securely above." Susie—"You needn't have been alarmed, dear. Papa tied the knot for me."—Detroit Free Press.

Walker Homer—"I think I will get a job wid one o' dese concerns what makes amat'ur photygrafs outis." Odorous Oliver—"What? An' go to work?" Walker Homer—"Work? Naw! All I'll have to tackle will be to 'do de rest,' an' dat will jus' suit me."—Detroit Free Press.

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11:50 a.m.	Fresno	1:10 p.m.

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The Argonaut and Onting for One Year, by Mail.	5.75
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The Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine (monthly) for One Year, by Mail.	6.20
The Argonaut and the Critic for One Year, by Mail.	6.30
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The Argonaut and Current Literature for One Year, by Mail.	5.90
The Argonaut and the Nineteenth Century (monthly) for One Year, by Mail.	7.25
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The opinion of Justice Temple filed in the case of Claus Spreckels against his son, has occasioned considerable discussion regarding the property rights of married women, and raises a question as to the constitutionality of the amendment adopted in 1891 limiting the control of the husband over the community property. The law on this subject in this State differs radically from that in force in the older Eastern communities and in England, in that it increases considerably the property rights of married women, instead of treating those rights as being absolutely merged in those of the husband. As regards property, the marital relation partakes largely of a partnership, the husband being the man-

aging member of the firm in handling the community property.

The law governing marital property rights in this State was copied from the law of Louisiana, which is derived from the civil law through France, and the law of Mexico, which is derived from the civil law through Spain. All property owned by the husband or wife before marriage, and all acquired by either after marriage by gift, bequest, or devise, together with its rents, issues, or profits, is the separate property of each, is subject to their control, and is not liable for the debts of the other. All property acquired during marriage, including the earnings of both while living together, is community property, but the earnings of the wife are not liable for the debts of the husband. The earnings of the wife while living apart from the husband are her separate property. Prior to the amendment of 1891, the husband had absolute control over the community property to the exclusion of the wife, limited only by the provision that he could dispose of only his half by will. The amendment further limited this control by forbidding him to dispose of any of the community property except for a valuable consideration. The independence of the wife is further secured by the privilege of becoming a sole trader, for which purpose she is entitled to five hundred dollars of the community property or of the separate property of the husband. The earnings and profits of a sole trader become her separate property.

This is the law as it exists in theory; in practice, several modifications have arisen. The husband being regarded as the money-maker of the family, the community property has been favored, and his earnings, even when acquired in handling his separate property, are regarded as community property and will be segregated from his separate estate. His separate estate is also liable for the maintenance of the wife and minor children, and finally his separate property is regarded as community property, unless he sets up a special claim to it. As this is never done except in acrimonious divorce cases, the provision regarding the husband's separate property is practically a nullity.

As Justice Temple points out in his decision, the law throughout is partial to the wife. While the husband must manage the community property, she is entitled to support from it during her life, and to absolute possession of one-half of it on his death, and his separate property is treated as practically belonging to the community. Her separate property is her own to do with as she pleases, and he has no claim upon it except in the one case where he is unfit to support himself through disability and he has no separate or community property. Her earnings when living separate from him, or when doing business as a sole trader, even with his separate money, are her own, but he is not relieved from the liability to furnish her support.

Justice Temple holds that prior to 1891 the community property was the absolute property of the husband, to do with as he wished, to sell it, to exchange it, or to give it away, and the wife had merely an expectancy that would vest only on his death. As to all community property acquired and owned prior to that date, therefore, his ownership could not be limited. To require that his disposition of it should be subject to the will of another would be to deprive him of property rights, and would be unconstitutional. As to community property acquired subsequent to that date, however, the question would be different, and that point remains to be decided by the courts. Property rights are acquired subject to the laws, and no right accrues greater than that which the law recognizes at the time it is acquired. It would probably be held that community property acquired subsequent to the date of the amendment would be held subject to the limitations of that amendment, and thus married women would be further favored in the law.

The struggle of the Cretans for union with the Hellenic kingdom, complicated by the assistance of Greece, the opposition of Turkey, and the interference of the powers, still remains at that acute stage which daily threatens transition from diplomacy to war. The efforts of the powers during the last

few days have been directed toward a pacification of the insurgents by a promise of autonomy, with no immediate prospect of success. The attempts to negotiate have been repeatedly interrupted by collisions between the Cretans and Moslems, which smack of actual warfare. The Greek commander holds the interior of the island, and with the insurgents threatens seaport strongholds under the very guns of the allied fleet. Late dispatches indicate the temper of the little band of Christians, stating that, in reply to an ultimatum of the admirals, they captured Malaxa and occupied its fortification called the block-house, from which they were dislodged by the war-ships only after they had totally destroyed it, whence they proceeded to attack Akrotiri, another coast village near Canea.

Canea itself, crowded with Moslem refugees, is threatened with plague and famine, and a mixed detachment from the vessels is guarding its water supply. That the situation is serious is evidenced by the news that the admirals have requested reinforcements of six hundred men from each of the allied powers. Meanwhile Greece is in a high state of war-fever, which will only be assuaged by a conflict abroad or a revolution at home. A partial blockade of her ports is effected, her army is gathered in Thessaly, and the Crown Prince Constantine has arrived at Larissa and assumed command of the forces on the frontier. Across the border one hundred thousand Turks are assembling in Macedonia.

A persistent rumor of disagreement among the powers is aggravated by another that Russia will maintain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire in exchange for the Mount Athos peninsula which overlooks Salonica and an island in the Mediterranean. The prominent features of the situation are: the discord in the European concert, the determined pugnacity of Greece and Crete, and the evident confidence of the Sultan in the protection of the powers. The present outlook for a peaceful adjustment of the varied interests is very far from promising.

The progress of the tariff bill in the House of Representatives during the past week has been very satisfactory and fully in accord with the programme outlined by the Committee of Ways and Means which proposed to complete their task by March 31st. The brunt of debate has been sustained by Messrs. Dingley and Grosvenor for the friends of the bill, and the opposition has been led by McMillan, of Tennessee, and Bailey, of Texas. The tenor of argument discloses little that is new, except, perhaps, a pretense of surprise among a certain clique of Democrats that a definitely protective tariff is demanded, and the change of heart evinced by several Southern members, who, while not ready to be labeled protectionists, "do not want to see their raw material placed on the free list." This evidence of awakening is one of the happiest signs from the South since the Civil War, gloomy as it may appear to some of the colleagues of the recalcitrants. Aside from these novelties the debate is much what tariff debates have been for a score of years.

No State is more deeply interested in the fate of the proposed bill than California. No State is more directly exposed to foreign competition, none is more separated by physical barriers from the domestic supplies of sister States, and there is none in which the infant stage of development more seriously demands the encouragement of protection. It will therefore be interesting to note some of the changes in duties which are proposed by the new bill, compared with the present law, in those lines which will most affect the business of this State. They may be summarized as follows:

The tariff on raw wools has been placed at figures which will doubtless prove satisfactory to the growers of this State, except that Class 3, covering the coarse wools used in carpets and some other manufactures, is given an ad valorem duty. An effort will be made to have this changed to a specific charge in consonance with the balance of the schedule. The confidence in an early revision has produced unwonted activity in the wool markets of Boston, New York, and London. In the former city, last week's sales present a gain of 76 per cent. over the corresponding period of a year ago, while in London about one-third of the sales, or 5,000 bales in one day, was the purchase of American buyers. In woolen cloths the duties are placed at three

per pound on goods costing 30 cents, 15 cents on goods costing 40 to 40 cents, 15 cents on goods costing 41 to 50 cents, 21 cents on goods from 51 to 70 cents, and on higher values 8 cents additional for every 20 cents over a cost of 70 cents per pound, and finally there is added to all these a duty of 20 per cent. ad valorem—making a triple tariff on the manufactures of wool. The McKinley duties are increased only on the lowest grades, or what are known as shoddies.

The chemical schedule shows castile and perfumed soaps changed from an ad valorem duty to 1½ and 15 cents per pound, respectively, and the duty on all other varieties increased 50 per cent. Sal soda increased from ½ to ¾ cent per pound, soda ash remaining at ¼ cent, as under both the Wilson and McKinley bills. Fish oils are changed from 25 per cent. ad valorem to 8 cents per gallon. An additional 1 cent per pound is placed on refined borax, while the crude article at 2 cents remains unchanged.

In the earthenware list, bricks and tiles remain as under the present tariff, except that unglazed fire-brick and tiles have been given a specific duty of \$1.25 per ton, and tiles glazed, unglazed, or ornamented, a specific duty of 8 cents per square foot on values not exceeding 40 cents per square foot, and over that amount 10 cents per square foot, with an additional 25 per cent. ad valorem. Clays, wrought and unwrought, remain at \$2 per ton on the former, and \$1 on the latter. Common yellow and brown earthenware are unchanged at 20 per cent. Fine ornamented china is increased 30 per cent. to 60 per cent. ad valorem. Plain white china from 35 per cent. to 50 per cent., and all other china, if decorated, from 30 per cent. to 55 per cent.

Manufactures of iron and steel are little changed. Unmanufactured copper in plates and bars is removed from the free list and provided a duty of 1 cent per pound. Rolled plates, sheets, rods, and pipes of copper are changed from an ad valorem to a specific duty of 2½ cents, and sheathing, of which copper is a component, to 2 cents per pound.

In wood and its manufactures, where twenty-two items of lumber of different grades are now on the free list, only two remain; these are hewn or sawed timber and squared or sided timber not specially provided for, all other varieties being generally restored to the McKinley rates.

In tobacco, the most important changes are that stemmed tobacco in bulk, of which 15 per cent. is suitable for wrappers, is increased from 50 cents to \$2.75 per pound, unstemmed from \$1.50 to \$2, and cigarettes from \$4 to \$4.50 per pound, while snuff is reduced from 50 cents to 40 cents per pound.

Cattle, hogs, horses, and sheep are generally changed to specific duties which, while they appear to present a decided increase, are not easily compared with present rates. The same change has been largely made in grains. Wheat-flour is increased from 15 per cent. to 25 per cent. ad valorem. Eggs from 3 cents to 5 cents per dozen. Butter and cheese from 4 cents to 6 cents per pound. Among agricultural articles restored to the dutiable list are fresh milk, plants, shrubs, ebony root, tallow, tapioca, and cassava. Free salt is restored to the McKinley rates at duties of 12 cents per pound in sacks and barrels, and 8 cents in bulk, except when used in curing fish or meats. Oranges, lemons, and limes are placed at ¾ cent per pound. Olives in small packages at 25 cents per gallon, and in casks or otherwise at 15 cents. Raisins are increased from 1½ to 2½ cents per pound.

The increase on beverages includes brandies and cordials from \$1.80 to \$2.50 per gallon. Still wines at 60 cents per gallon, in casks, are nearly doubled, in bottles the increase is from \$1.60 to \$2 per case. Malt liquors in bottles or jugs are raised from 30 cents to 40 cents per gallon, and in bulk from 15 cents to 20 cents. Mineral waters in bottles not larger than a quart are placed at 30 cents and 40 cents per dozen, and in bulk or in larger than quart bottles at 30 cents per gallon. These have now an ad valorem duty.

Raw materials of the flax, hemp, and jute order are transferred from the free to the dutiable list. Manufactures of flax, hemp, or ramie not otherwise specially provided for, are increased from 35 to 50 per cent. ad valorem, and all such manufactures of jute and other vegetable fibres from 35 to 40 per cent. ad valorem.

Bituminous coal is restored to the McKinley rate of 75 cents per ton. At present it is 40 cents.

Calf, sheep, and goat skins remain at 20 per cent. Patent leathers are to bear an additional specific duty of 30 cents per pound. Boots, shoes, and trunks remain unchanged. Harness and saddlery is increased from 20 per cent. to 45 per cent. ad valorem.

Paintings, drawings, and statuary, not specifically provided for, now free, must bear an ad valorem duty of 25 per cent.

The adoption of specific duties has been so general that the results in both revenue and protection are to some extent matters of experiment, although unquestionably the intention and the expectation of the framers of the act are that both requirements will be excellently served. Some changes may result from debate in the next few days, but the bill is expected to pass the House practically as published. Omniscience only knows what a United States Senate will do.

A recent decision of the United States Supreme Court holds that a combination of railways formed to establish freights and fares, and binding themselves by agreement to refrain from cutting rates—in short, a railway pool—is a violation of the national anti-trust law of 1890, and also in contravention of the interstate commerce act of 1887. The first test case thus decided was brought in equity in the name of the United States against the Trans-Missouri Freight Association. The defendant association is composed of eighteen railway companies. The first hearing was before Judge Riner, of the District of Wyoming. His decision was rendered, in favor of the defendant, in November, 1892. An appeal was argued in the United States Circuit Court for the Kansas District, upon which the majority sustained Judge Riner and one judge filed a dissenting opinion. It was again appealed to the Supreme Court, where on March 22d last it was reversed by the court of last resort.

This final opinion recognizes the validity and constitutionality of the act of 1890 and avers that pooling agreements are not only restrictive of trade in derogation of that act, but also in conflict with the act of 1887. It is concurred in by the narrowest possible majority of the supreme bench, having received only the signatures of the Chief-Justice and four associates. The four dissenting judges have filed an

the basic arguments are that the agreement is a restraint of trade contemplated by the legislation; that the decision will prove directly productive of the preference and discrimination which Congress sought to prohibit; and that the spirit, if not the letter, of the interstate commerce law directly sanctions or impliedly authorizes such combinations. A similar case against the Joint Traffic Association—composed of some forty Eastern roads—of which Chauncey M. Depew is chairman, has been dismissed on the same grounds by the District and Circuit Courts, and is now pending on appeal in the Supreme Court.

The construction placed upon the acts by this decision is sure to have far-reaching effects. The belief is expressed that it will cover every form of trust and business combination which attempts to regulate prices, including coal combines, General Electric and Westinghouse companies, and possibly labor organizations. Pressure is being brought in Congress by the railroads to repeal the acts or supplement them by relief legislation—the only method of escaping the decision. If they stand, a revolution in railway affairs, and in the conduct of all business directly dependent on the railways, will be sudden and radical. Already reports are rife that the roads whose fealty to the pools are weakest are preparing to inaugurate a rate war, manufacturing and other combinations are face to face with disorganization, and large individual shippers are apprehensive of results from their different points of view.

The costly engines of war into which the great powers of the world have put so many millions, and which are now floating upon the seas of the world with some doubts as to their value, have for years been destitute of any opportunity to show their mettle. The last that we can recall was the bombardment of Alexandria in July, 1882. At that time the British ships of war circled under slow steam, firing upon the antiquated fortifications on the shore, and in a short time knocked these crumbling ramparts about the ears of the Egyptian gunners. There was subsequently much gratification expressed by the English press, but the Alexandria bombardment did not seem to us to demonstrate much. Had the fortifications been modern ones, the guns long-range modern rifles with disappearing carriages, and had they been served by expert gunners, there might have been a different story to tell.

However, another opportunity has occurred for the testing of the modern ships and guns of Europe. It is another case of disciplining a weak people. By the dispatches of March 31st, it seems that the fleets of the allied European powers opened fire upon the Cretan insurgents, and speedily dispersed them. The *Camperdown*—the British ship which rammed and sunk her consort, the *Victoria*, some years ago—won the honors of the action. At a range of four miles she threw thirteen-inch shells with such accuracy that they exploded in the very centre of the insurgents' camp.

In this country there is not any very great interest felt in the Cretan question. It may be that popular sympathy inclines toward the Cretans rather than the Turks, because the Cretans are weak and the Turks are strong, because the Cretans are Christians and the Turks are not. But when it comes to Christianity, we fancy that the Greeks are pretty poor Christians. Nearly two thousand years ago the apostle remarked that "the Cretans are liars." If in the early days of Christianity they had so bad a reputation, latter-day Christians can not be expected to have much sympathy for them simply because they are Christians.

The main interest this country takes in this matter will be, as we have said, in regard to the opportunities for naval gunnery and the chances to shed light upon many vexed naval problems. As for a general European war, while matters look squally, that is scarcely probable. The powers seem determined to coerce Crete, and will coerce Greece if she should become mutinous. In short, the tone of the European powers is not unlike that of the Irishman who threatened to keep the peace if he had to lick every man in the house.

The Blythe case, after ringing all the possible changes in the State courts, has now taken a new lease of life under the Federal judiciary, and bids fair to continue as a subject of litigation and a source of revenue to the lawyers for many years after Mrs. Florence Blythe-Hinckley shall have ceased to have any interest in legal controversies. A writ of error has been granted by Justice Field on the application of the Kentucky claimants, and several interesting and important legal questions will have to be considered by the Supreme Court of the United States.

The particular contention that is raised is that when Blythe died Mrs. Hinckley was an alien and therefore incapable of taking land by descent. Under the common law an alien could not acquire property by succession, though he might

obtain title by purchase. It was held that the law would not vest the title by its own act, but it would recognize and enforce the acts of the parties themselves. When the constitution was adopted in this State, a clause was incorporated to the effect that aliens who were capable of becoming citizens under the naturalization laws of the United States could inherit property in the same manner and to the same extent as native-born citizens. The code further adds that non-resident aliens must appear and claim the property within five years or it will escheat to the State. This was the law until the amendment to the constitution, adopted in 1893, which prohibits aliens owning land, whether acquired by purchase or descent. No law has been passed enforcing this provision, however, and it has not yet been decided by the courts whether the constitutional provision would be operative without the enactment of such a law.

The question that is now raised, however, is a far broader one, and supersedes any question that may be raised under the State constitution. It is a fundamental principle of this government that foreign relations must be handled exclusively by the Federal Government, and, therefore, the States would have no right to make any provision regarding the status of aliens. The alien is a subject of a foreign government, and it is expressly recognized in the United States Constitution that controversies in which the citizens of a foreign country are parties are to be settled by the Federal courts. For the individual States to attempt to confer property rights upon aliens would result only in confusion if not absolute conflict. The regulation of the status and the rights of foreigners in this country forms a part of the treaty-making power, which is vested in the President and the Senate, and can not be interfered with by the individual States in any way.

This decision will establish for all time the rights of the States to make laws regarding the property rights of aliens, and it will probably be held that the provisions of the constitution of this State and of the code are in conflict with the Federal constitution, and therefore void. By perfectly natural causes the powers of the States are wasting away, and one by one the questions hitherto considered State questions are being decided by the Federal courts. This development is inevitable, and it is well that it is so. The Federal Government must assume these powers if it is to have the strength necessary to avoid confusion and to maintain its dignity in the eyes of the world. It is one of the most admirable features of this government that it has the flexibility necessary to adjust itself to changing conditions, and to maintain its growth without violent revolutionary changes.

There has been considerable speculation concerning the possible annexation of Hawaii by the United States, by Great Britain, or by Japan. There was much talk some months ago about possible annexation by Japan. This seems of late to have died away. Great Britain and the United States have apparently agreed to ignore annexation, and have allowed their respective navies to be represented in Hawaiian waters by some of the oldest and least effective of their ships. For example, of recent months the sole representative at Honolulu of her Britannic majesty's powerful navy was an antiquated nine-hundred-ton gun-boat called the *Icarus*, while the stars and stripes flew at the same harbor over the *Alert*, an ancient wooden vessel of small size. Further than that, Great Britain degraded her diplomatic post at Hawaii from a ministry to a commissionership. Thus these two great nations seemed to give notice to the world that neither coveted Hawaii. As if to accentuate this, a quiet hint was given to the Japanese Government that the presence of a large Japanese cruiser there was not altogether desired, and that if it were replaced by a smaller boat, such action would meet with the approval of Great Britain and the United States. As a result, there has been no Japanese war-ship in Hawaiian waters for some time.

But there is a large Japanese population in the islands, and they are the least docile of all the peoples there, including the Kanakas. The Japanese, since the war with China, have become somewhat "fresh." Those in Hawaii are not the least so. The restrictions of the Hawaiian Government in regard to the deportation of emigrants have irritated the Japanese, and on the night of the ninth of March an outbreak took place in the Japanese quarter of Honolulu, which would have been difficult to suppress had not the rigid laws of the Hawaiian Government concerning weapons preventing any of the rioters from being armed. Thus the police and the small "army" were enabled to suppress the riot. But by the last steamer it would seem that further troubles have apparently broken out, and it begins to look as if the present Hawaiian republic would be in greater danger from the Japanese immigrants upon its soil than from the native Hawaiians, who are understood to be inimical to the present government. If these troubles continue, and if Japan sends a powerful war-ship there, as her consul has

A SWEEPING
ANTI-TRUST
DECISION.

FEDERAL COURTS
RE-OPEN THE
BLYTHE CASE.

HAWAII'S
JAPANESE
TROUBLES.

asked, it might be well for Great Britain and the United States to recede from their ostentatious passivity, and send to Hawaii respectable ships-of-war.

One of the important provisions included in the series of highway laws passed at the recent session of the legislature is that authorizing boards of supervisors to construct and maintain water-works for the purpose of sprinkling the roads. In this State, where the roads dry out so completely during the rainless summer months and are ground into fine powder to a depth of several inches under the ordinary traffic, such watering becomes an absolute necessity. It is the first principle in the maintenance of a road that the surface should be impervious to water, and should be so constructed that the water will be drained off into the gutters as rapidly as possible. When the surface is ground into dust, the winter's rains mix with this dust and remain upon the surface to soften the road-bed to a greater depth. The wheels of vehicles cut deeper and deeper, and when the mud dries out, it is pulverized into more dust. Thus the road becomes impassable in winter and torturing to ride over in summer, while the foundation is soon washed away and must be renewed to revive its utility.

Several counties have appreciated this fact and have already assumed authority to sprinkle the roads. This is notably the case in Alameda, San Mateo, Santa Cruz, and Santa Clara. In the latter county the supervisors determined to utilize the waters of a stream for this purpose, but the owner of land through which it flowed took the matter into the courts, invoking his medieval riparian rights to restrain the supervisors. The court has sustained his contention, and the supervisors have been perpetually enjoined from interfering with or diverting the waters of the stream.

This doctrine of riparian rights, which was copied from England, where the conditions are wholly different from those that exist in this State, has been an obstacle to progress whenever it has been invoked here. In England the water-power for mills forms a valuable incident to the ownership of land. The frequent rains and moist climate reduce the necessity for using the water beyond the banks of streams to a minimum. In that country the doctrine of riparian rights has a valid reason for existence. There is no such excuse for it here; in fact, every consideration of expediency points in the opposite direction. To continue it merely because it has been in force elsewhere is the height of unreason and folly. The waters of streams in this State have no value for power purposes, they are rarely utilized for domestic uses. They are of use for watering stock, but this use would not be impaired should they also be utilized for other valuable purposes.

The irrigation interests of this State have fought for years against it in their efforts to utilize the water that would otherwise pour uselessly down the mountain sides and go to waste in the sea. They have only recently made any appreciable headway against this superstition of the Middle Ages, and there is now some hope that millions of dollars of wealth will be added to the prosperity of this State as a result of the adoption of an intelligent policy adapted to existing conditions. The utilization of this waste water in preserving the roads is of almost equal importance. The saving will be almost exactly measured by the difference in cost between making minor repairs and reconstructing the roads from the foundation up. There is probably no State in the Union where more money is spent upon the roads and less result obtained. Nearly two millions of dollars is expended each year, with practically no good roads to show for it. Proper sprinkling during the dry months would reduce this expenditure considerably, and would, at the same time, preserve the roads in much better condition.

The courts of this State, in accordance with that unqualified appreciation of the value of a precedent which is a part of the lawyer's training, have always been extremely considerate of the doctrine of riparian rights. The legislature in 1850 adopted the common law of England as the rule of decision in the courts of this State in so far as it is not repugnant to the Federal or State constitutions, or the laws of California, and this carried with it the doctrine of riparian rights. Subsequently the code provided that the privilege of appropriating water should not in any way interfere with the rights of riparian proprietors. Upon these provisions of the law the decisions of the courts have been based.

It has been held that the right of a riparian owner to have the water of a stream run through his land is a vested right, and any interference with it imports at least nominal damages, even though no actual damages are shown. The right passes with the soil, not as an easement, but as a part and parcel of the land itself. Use can not create it and disuse can not suspend it, and thus the law lends its countenance to the dog-in-the-manger policy of the man who will not use

the water himself nor allow any other person to use it. It has been held, however, that the rigid common-law rule has been modified in this State to the extent that a riparian owner may use water for irrigation where the land requires it, even to the extent of diminishing the flow to owners farther down the stream, but he may not divert all of the water in this manner.

In view of the unreserved manner in which the doctrine has been adopted in this State, it would seem that relief can be obtained only through a change in the law. The right, however, may be segregated from the land by grant or condemnation, and the supervisors, under their new power to purchase or lease land for water-works, could readily institute condemnation proceedings. The amount of water that would be taken for sprinkling the roads would not materially affect the flow of the stream, and, therefore, the damages that would be awarded in the condemnation proceedings would be only nominal. If the roads are to be ruined for the want of water that now flows uselessly to the sea, the people of California might as well abandon their roads and turn their attention seriously to the development of flying-machines.

Those grocers who have been arrested, charged with having adulterated food for sale, seem determined to establish their right to commit a more or less dangerous fraud upon the public if the courts will permit them to do so. They have, with only one exception, demanded jury trials, and, when defeated, given notice of an appeal to the higher courts in the hope that the pure-food law may be defeated. Some of the better class of grocers have expressed their sympathy with the law, but have urged that it should not be enforced against those who were ignorant of the fact that the goods they offered for sale were impure. Such a policy, however, would defeat the purposes of the law, since it would render the conviction of the dishonest dealers impossible, and would offer no sufficient incentive to the others to set their houses in order.

This alliance against the rights of the people includes not only the lesser lights, but some of the most prominent grocery firms in the city. Among those who are charged are Goldberg, Bowen & Co., Smith's Cash Store, William Cline & Co., A. Quade & Co., Irvine Brothers, and Henry Rathjen.

There are two large establishments that confine their operations to the manufacture of adulterated goods in New York and Philadelphia, besides many other smaller concerns throughout the country, and almost every article sold by grocers can be obtained in an adulterated form. The most common coloring materials, to make articles appear to be of a better quality than they are, are arseniate of copper, verdigris, mineral green, Prussian blue, talc, clay, and soapstone. Ground coffee is imitated by a mixture of pea-flour colored with Venetian red, or is mixed with chicory, which is itself adulterated with roasted corn, beans, acorns, peas, and coffee-husks. If the consumer desires to avoid these mixtures, and buys the whole berry, an excellent imitation is offered, made of an artificial paste and colored. Coffee-essence is made of chicory, with licorice and caramel, with a small proportion of coffee.

Analyses of baking-powders in New York showed, besides alum, insoluble phosphate of lime and other foreign substances. Cream is made of gums and white glue, and watered milk is restored to an appearance of strength by the addition of flour, starch, gum, sugar, carbonate of soda, and the brains of animals. Pickles are colored with acetate of copper; mustard is mixed with chromate of lead; cayenne pepper is colored with red lead and Venetian red, and cinnabar, vermilion, and sulphuret of copper are added; cocoa is weighted with sulphate or carbonate of lead, and colored with red lead, vermilion, and ochre; tomato-catsup contains salicylic acid, aniline color, borax, and formalin; condensed milk is made from skimmed milk and glucose.

One of the favorite adulterants is glucose made from cornstarch, sulphuric acid, and lime, and said to be a common cause of Bright's disease. A portion of the sulphuric acid, and often copperas, sulphate of lime, and other noxious materials remain in the glucose. In an analysis of seventeen samples of table-syrup, Dr. Kedzie, of the Michigan State board of health, found fifteen containing glucose, one with one hundred and forty-one grains of sulphuric acid and seven hundred and twenty-four grains of lime to the gallon. Another contained seventy-two grains of vitriol, twenty-eight of sulphate of iron (copperas), and three hundred and sixty-three of lime to the gallon. Sugar analyses in New York showed not only glucose, but muriate of tin used in bleaching. Ground stone is also used to give weight to sugar, and it is said that mills are in operation in this country where white stone is ground and sold in soda grades, sugar grades, and flour grades.

The importation of adulterated Chinese tea is strictly pro-

hibited in England, with the result that a larger amount of that article must find an outlet in this country. Exhausted tea is re-dried and glazed in a very deceptive manner, damaged tea is coated to improve its looks, leaves of other plants are dried and mixed with it, and mineral matter, such as china clay, fine sand, and iron filings, is incorporated with the leaf before curling. One brand was known as the "Ma-loo mixture," from the name of the street where it was prepared, and along the sides of which heaps of these exhausted leaves might often be seen drying in the sun, with dogs and pigs walking over them.

It is true that all of these adulterations and many of the others that are practiced are not dangerous to health. In many cases they are merely petty swindles, for, however cheap an article may be, an adulterated substitute may be made more cheaply. The dealers in such goods should know at what price a pure article can be sold, and when an article purporting to be similar is offered at a less price, they should at least have their suspicions aroused. It is therefore little excuse for them to say that they have received no warning. Attention was first called to the subject in this State by the legislature in 1881, and the pure-food law has been in force for two years, though active measures for its enforcement are only now being taken. It should be remembered also that while many of the adulterations are not dangerous, others are a serious menace to health. They do not produce an immediate disturbance of the system, as would be done by a more active poison and which would place the victim on his guard, but they work slowly, permeating step by step the whole system until the health has been undermined and the seeds of chronic disease have been sown. Every effort should therefore be made by the public to sustain the efforts of the board of health, and those grocers who seek to foist a spurious article upon their customers should be made to feel the weight of their displeasure.

The decision of the United States Supreme Court in the *Trans-Missouri Freight Association* case, which is elsewhere discussed in this issue, is far-reaching indeed. While it affects many classes of business, it affects one which has hitherto been looked upon by its members and the newspapers as above the law. We refer to the labor unions.

Under the decision of the Supreme Court, no set of railroad managers can fix rates of traffic to be divided in a certain way. The court holds that this is in restraint of trade, but the labor organizations will fall under the same decision. The Knights of Labor, the American Railway Union, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen—all of these and other labor unions will be affected by the decision. The Sherman anti-trust law of 1890, which is the law which has just been sustained in the Supreme Court in its decision, reads:

"Every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy, in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States, or with foreign nations, is hereby declared to be illegal."

"Every person who shall make any such contract or engage in any such combination or conspiracy, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction thereof, shall be punished by fine not exceeding five thousand dollars, or by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or by both said punishments, in the discretion of the court."

This law has been sustained repeatedly in labor cases in different parts of the Union. In 1893, it was sustained in the case of the *Workingmen's Amalgamated Council of New Orleans*. There were strikes and riots. The United States stepped in, and, under the Sherman law, restrained the labor organization from interfering with interstate commerce. In 1894, Debs and his rioters in Chicago were arrested and jailed under the same law. In California, too, when the railroad riots of 1894 occurred, District Judge Morrow, in charging a grand jury, thus summed up the law:

"Any combination or conspiracy on the part of any class of men who, by violence and intimidation, prevent the passage of railroad trains engaged in interstate commerce, is in violation of act July 2, 1890, declaring illegal every contract, combination in the form of trust or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce among the States."

While this decision will cause consternation among the labor unions, we do not know that it will afflict good citizens. We do not think that either railroad managers, or managers of labor unions, or walking-delegates, should be above the law. If the labor unions have been violating the law as railroad managers have, they must be stopped. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander.

In Massachusetts the highway commissioners have adopted the wise plan of letting the contracts for State highways to the authorities of the counties through which they run, wherever that course is practicable. The work is done according to the plans and specifications of the highway commissioners and under the direction of an engineer appointed by them. In this way the local authorities, who seldom have any special training in road construction, receive an education in the work. It further results not only in giving the locality the benefit of improved highways, but in keeping the money in the county.

THE DON AND THE HOLY IMAGE.

A Mexican Tale of Posthumous Wanderings.

And if Mr. Stacey didn't get on the train! It was beginning to be annoying. That man either was on the train or came on afterward whenever I went abroad.

My resentment abated when I learned from him, that very day, that he was traveling auditor; and he said that, now he knew I was related to Robinson, he would not feel so—so surprised at always seeing me on the train. The inference being that I traveled on a pass.

I felt rather cross. The twins, as Mr. Stacey genially observed, "had fanned the dust of ages" out of the red plush seats. They had asked the fat man in the piercing tones of childhood "why he didn't put in that puff?"—"the puff" being his abdomen. They had pushed to the verge of offensiveness the artless inquiry of the bald-headed man as to who pulled out his hair.

I had been "don'ting" all morning, for it was more difficult to get the wooden-faced Mexican nurse to do something than it was the twins to do nothing, and I was not in an amiable frame of mind. And here was Mr. Stacey fairly beaming.

"Did you notice that little station we just passed? A rather queer affair happened there, or rather started there," he remarked.

I answered, after I had recovered a twin from the hat-rack and reproved the other for expectorating on the window-pane.

Mr. Stacey bought some things from the newsboy so the twain could get properly sticky. Then he proceeded with his long-winded story. I knew it was a story by his glittering eye, and I knew it was long-winded by the way he squared himself.

"It was about a year ago. I was in the division superintendent's office when a message was sent in from this little station. A special train was asked for to send the body of Señor Don Hilario Pablo Romero de Flores to Mexico—"

I lost part of Señor Romero de Flores's biography while groping under a seat for one of my infants, who had apparently swelled up after he got under and was unable to come out again unaided. But it was borne in upon me, in the midst of my struggles, that this Mexican grandee was as hospitable as a cotton-planter in the old days and as rich as a Rotbschild.

"You see those blue mountains over there? Well, no rain has fallen there for seven years. Part of Señor Romero's hacienda is over in that country. The first two or three years without crops, the people took it pretty easy—did a good deal of praying and lived on cactus. They began to die, poor things, like flies in winter, and those who could get away did so. But there was no water to speak of, and if you walk far in this country, you must have water."

There was a lengthy parley, in which the twins refused to go to the water-cooler and be refreshed by any hand but their mother's. After my return, Mr. Stacey continued:

"Don Hilario Romero showed his good blood at this time. He fed over two thousand of his *peones* and tenants. To the people who were not his servants he was equally good, giving them corn and beans. But the next year and the next and no rain. The clouds, white and fleecy, would come up in the mocking blue sky and float away, and the people held up skinny brown arms to heaven vainly. After a time, those who could not get away took the fever that came with famine. Don Hilario worked night and day. Over the white, dusty plains he galloped, he and Father Rafael, carrying wine and broth to the famished and dying. At last Don Hilario was stricken, and he, brave, rich, and well-born, died of the famine-fever. No friends nor relatives were with him—they stayed in Mexico City, heart-broken, and telegraphed Father Rafael to disinfect the body thoroughly and send it on a special train. The station-agent was also the Wells-Fargo agent. He could speak a little Ollendorf, but understood no Spanish. Furthermore, he was an Englishman and permitted no one to teach him anything. Father Rafael, with a lot of the house-servants, was at the station to meet the special. At the same time there came from over in that rainless land another imposing cavalcade. They also had a coffin. Now the north-bound train came in just then on the side-track. It had five minutes, and the special had until they could get Don Hilario's body aboard. Father Rafael struggled mightily with his growing weakness. At the last moment he succumbed. Alas! he was not to make that journey with his dead friend."

Mr. Stacey's burst of poetry was suddenly stilled. And while he smoothed out a crushed derby and looked out of the window at the "mocking blue sky," the *criada* and I stanced the blood from a bruised little nose and listened to bow the "bad car gave a big wiggle, and that's how I felled off the high seat."

Mr. Stacey drew a long breath. "Where was I, dear friend? Hum—yes! Well, Father Rafael had the fever and was seriously ill in the little station. There were the two bodies to dispose of and the trains to attend to. The agent was confused. 'Name?' he asked the other priest in charge of the second procession, reading from a printed slip of paper the agent is obliged to fill out and paste on every coffin containing a body carried by Wells-Fargo. The priest handed a permit from the governor of the State, and another document from the *jefe* (mayor) of a town far to the north. The agent caught at a name. 'Name of the body, Maria Santisima?' he asked. The priest answered in fluent Spanish. The agent filled up the blanks. 'To be shipped to San Luis? Goes north, then? Die of any infectious disease?' The priest answered again in choice Castilian. 'I suppose it's all right, or they wouldn't have the governor's permit.' So he rushed out with the blanks filled for the two coffins.

"He knew right away without asking which was Don Hilario's coffin from its extreme beauty and richness. It was a massive affair of polished wood, covered with silver

crosses and ornaments. The other, a plain coffin covered with a black velvet pall, was of course this Maria Santisima's, so he pasted on the slips accordingly, and instructed a couple of stupid *cargadores* where to put the coffins. The portly priest was anxious to be away, for he liked not the country nor his errand. So he asked a few questions, to which the agent responded by bowing and smiling as sweetly as British gruffness allowed. The priest was satisfied. He climbed in the first-class compartment of the north-bound train, whence he did not observe the *cargadores* putting the velvet-covered coffin in the express-car and the other one, polished and bedecked, in the special car.

"Don Hilario's sorrowing relatives were delighted with the beautiful casket inclosing his remains. They wondered much where Father Rafael procured it. Its beauty obviated the disagreeable necessity a plainer coffin would have entailed on them of changing the body to another. They had a quiet but expensive funeral. Four black horses, with plumes and trappings, pulled the funeral-car. You have been in Mexico and have seen the street-car hearses they turn out for the poorer class, but they have all grades—and the finest is not to be sneezed at, with a dozen or so draped street-cars following, crowded with be-craped mourners at so much a head. It was not long before the relatives dried their tears and began to enjoy and divide Don Hilario's immense estate.

"About three months after the burial, the heirs received a great shock. The authorities in San Luis sent them word that there had been an unfortunate mistake, and, instead of burying the Señor Romero, they had buried an image of the Virgin Mary, which had been taken to the rainless region to bring rain. She had gone with much pomp and in a magnificent casket. The whole enterprise had been most disastrous; on the return trip the priest in charge had been taken ill, and at Trinidad was removed dying from the train. When the destination of the image was reached, instead of a beautiful casket was found a plain, velvet-covered coffin, with an inscription saying the deceased, Maria Santisima, had died of no infectious disease. Inside, instead of the image, the horror-stricken Jesuits and people found a mass of corruption. They had been three months tracing the matter, for Father Rafael and the visiting priest being both dead and the Wells-Fargo agent discharged for unfamiliarity with the Spanish tongue rather complicated matters.

"The heirs responded with great savagery that on the production of the plain coffin containing the well-authenticated remains of Don Hilario, they would forward the Virgin, if it were the Virgin; but, as they were perfectly satisfied, the initiative must come from the complaining party.

"An answer equal in savagery came. It was deeply regretted, but some *peones* had stolen the coffin, and what had become of the honored remains could not be ascertained. But, of course, they were addressing sons of the true and only faith, who would realize the blasphemy of permitting a holy image of the Virgin to represent the mortal remains of Don Hilario.

"But they had made a mistake. Mexicans of the wealthy class are becoming as skeptical as Frenchmen. They encourage their wives and daughters in their devotion and liberality to the church; for themselves, they are totally without reverence for or obedience to it. These gentlemen were not to be frightened by any charge of blasphemy; for should they meekly yield the body they had interred as Don Hilario, a Mexican official would be on hand to confiscate the estate until the proper body was produced. So with the unfeeling courtesy that distinguished the whole correspondence, the heirs replied that the burden of proof must remain with the church; that they could not disturb the tomb of their lamented relative without being positive that they were justified in so doing.

"Then the Bishop of San Luis came down with a retinue of servants and priests. And although a mighty man in his own province, he found himself helpless, for he had the government against him. He shook the dust of the city from his feet, prophesying the ultimate triumph of the church and a sad fate for the Romeros.

"There was a silence of several months—" Mr. Stacey halted his narrative, and turned upon me a speculative eye. "I am afraid you will hardly credit this, but it actually occurred not six months ago."

I expressed the utmost belief in whatever Mr. Stacey was about to reveal; so, reassured, he went on:

"One day there came to the great Romero mansion, footsore and weary, a *peon*, with an envelope containing documents for the señor. On his heels came another *peon*, driving two *burros*. Slung between them was a plain, velvet-covered coffin that showed marks of weather. It was said that even the *burros* looked faint. Another *carita* had summoned the administrator. They had in the persons of the two *peones* two house-servants who swore the body was the body of Don Hilario. The principal heir had personally to observe and examine the seal-ring purporting to be Don Hilario's, which adorned the ghastly mass. It was a loathly sight. They said the Romero bore himself like a soldier, but fell fainting when the ordeal was over.

"Although none of the family believed it was Don Hilario's body, they were obliged to return the Virgin. It was a subtle revenge. In six weeks the bead of the house was dead from malignant small-pox.

"I saw two items of interest in a Mexican newspaper the other day. One was that the celebrated Virgin of San Luis was instrumental in procuring for that region one of the heaviest showers of rain they had had for seven years; the other, that Señora Romero de Escadon had just died, leaving the vast Romero fortune to the church."

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1897. EDITH WAGNER.

The supreme court of Missouri has decided that women are eligible to hold any elective office in that State from which they are not specifically debarred by statute. The right to hold office not being dependent upon the right to vote, the women of Missouri may get the plums without being at the trouble to shake the tree.

THE POET-EMBASSADOR.

English Satisfaction at the Sending of Colonel John Hay to the Court of St. James—John Bull Tired of Speech-Making Americans—Colonel Hay's Qualifications.

There is, no doubt, a feeling of general relief that, after all, Colonel John Hay is coming to succeed Mr. Bayard in the ambassadorship, instead of Mr. Chauncey Depew, as at first announced. How the London papers got hold of the latter idea, I can not imagine. It was formally stated by the London press that an authoritative cable had come to say that Depew had been offered the post by Mr. McKinley and had accepted it. Indeed, the *Daily Telegraph* entered into a somewhat lengthy comment on the appointment, embodying an abridged history of Depew, his career, attainments, abilities, etc., ending up with a few remarks as to his renown as an after-dinner speech-maker.

Among English people who do not care for speech-making ambassadors as a steady thing, the announcement naturally created a feeling akin to consternation. All American ambassadors and ministers seemed to do nothing else but spout on every occasion that they got the chance. Men with no reputation as orators before they came, suddenly developed into eloquent speakers at the first dinner they attended in England. This was bad enough. But you can imagine the consternation when it was announced that the prince, the king of American after-dinner talkers, was coming to replace Mr. Bayard. You can then picture the relief on hearing that Colonel John Hay was the right man. And this sentiment of satisfaction is shared both by English people and by the American residents in London. Americans here have grown very sensitive on these speech-making propensities of their ambassadors. And no wonder. As a matter of fact, the American ambassador is the only foreign diplomat who ever opens his mouth in public. People ask why. No one seems to know. All the foreign ambassadors and ministers speak English. Their silence is, therefore, not due to ignorance of the language.

As for Colonel Hay, he will be welcomed heartily on account of his literary attainments and reputation. The writer of "Little Breeches" is known wherever English is spoken. Indeed, the Hon. Francis Lawley has recently given through the *Telegraph* two columns of his recollections of the colonel, so that already the British public who read the London daily with the largest circulation know pretty well the sort of man who is to be Bayard's successor. Colonel Hay will have much to commend him to the favor of London society in his former association with President Lincoln, his high literary standing, his social position as a private citizen in America, his large means, obtained chiefly, as I believe, through his marriage, and, last but not least, his charming wife. It is some years since I had the pleasure of meeting Mrs. Hay, but I well remember her as a lady of a dignified and commanding presence, tall in figure and handsome in face, and withal a most delightful conversationalist. She was a Miss Stone, of Cleveland, Ohio, and married Colonel Hay some twenty-odd years ago. Her father was Amasa Stone, a great railway man in the early days of Ohio, and died with I do not know how many millions. At any rate, he left most of them to his daughter, Mrs. Hay, together with a magnificent mansion in Euclid Avenue.

It may interest old Californians to know that an early-day partner of Amasa Stone in building a portion of the railway between Cleveland and Columbus was the late Leander Ransome, of San Francisco. This I have from a "Frisco old-timer" (as he calls himself) who is living in England. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, March 12, 1897.

The committee of the Federal Shooting Association of Switzerland, while target-shooting at Winterthur recently, noticed that targets at the left side of the range received a majority of bullets to the left of the bull's-eye, while the reverse was the case on the other side of the range. Some quick-witted member of the committee suggested that this apparent deflection of the missiles might be due to the electric telephone-wires which chanced to be strung on each side of the range. The experimental committee found that all projectiles that had been deflected from their course were magnetized. The theory of electrical action being thus supported, experiments were undertaken to put the question to a final test. The conclusion was reached that it would be feasible to protect an entire section of troops from hostile rifle fire at a distance of three hundred yards by means of an electric current generated by a dynamo or accumulator at one side; and that at nine hundred to fourteen hundred yards even artillery would be thus rendered harmless.

Russia's government has just dispatched one of its shrewdest diplomats to Cabul for the purpose of securing the cooperation and sanction of the Ameer of Afghanistan for the construction of a branch railroad from the capital of Afghanistan to a point where it would tap the great Trans-Siberian line. Russia looks forward to extending eventually this branch road further south until it finally reaches the British Indian Railroad system. When that is completed, people will be able to go all the way by rail from Paris to Calcutta without leaving the railroad carriage.

Before long there is to be a magnificent driveway, or boulevard, stretching along the shore of Lake Michigan from Chicago to Milwaukee. Most of the towns along the route to be followed have done something within their own limits to make easier the accomplishment of the great undertaking. Milwaukee has built two miles of roadway like that at Chicago, and has given it the same name, Sheridan Drive. Waukegan has done as much. When all the gaps in this road are filled, it will rival the finest in Europe, both in construction and scenic beauty.

AMERICA CRITICISED.

An Alleged Frenchman's Frank Opinions of "America and the Americans"—He Handles Our Institutions Without Gloves and is Amusing Withal.

A book that the general reader will find very entertaining is "America and the Americans: From a French Point of View." It purports to be the work of a Frenchman who has made more than one visit to this country, but the intelligent reader will have gone but a little way into it before he makes up his mind that it is, in the phrase of the day, a "fake"—a mere pretense of being the production of a foreigner. It is written in the best of crisp newspaper English, and holds the mirror up to us in a way that makes us wince now and again, but is never tiresome.

Its twenty-one chapters cover most of the distinctive features of American life, as they are to be seen so far west as Chicago. New York occupies the writer's chief attention, but he has also visited Boston, the South, and the Western metropolis, and of them all he writes with intimate knowledge and in a vein of light cynicism that almost justifies his claim to Gallic birth and training. His first chapter is on the voyage across from Liverpool to New York, and here he meets the kind of American girl that is regarded as typical by Europeans who have not outgrown the Daisy Miller idea. He thus describes her:

There was a young lady on board the steamer who was, I was informed, typical of a large class of boarding-house, summer-botel Americans. She was of that wiry, thin, convex-back and concave-chest development that one sees frequently in the country towns of America. She had bright eyes, a tireless tongue, and a frank independence of manner which would have been suspicious in a Frenchwoman, awkward in an Englishwoman, and impossible in a German. *Backfisch*, though in her own case it was apparently natural enough. In twenty-four hours she knew every unattached man on board the ship, and had walked and chatted with most of them, including myself. She was protected or abetted in her promiscuous independence by her father, who saw her only at meal-hours in calm weather, when he was able to be about. She lounged about in steamer-chairs with this one and that, and was often on deck alone with one man or another when all the other female passengers had retired. She was only about twenty years of age, but her innocence, or her experience, or her temperament, seemed a sufficient safeguard for her. To me she was merely a curiosity, but my friend from Boston sniffed at her from afar, remarking that she represented one of the pests of American civilization, one of those divorce breeding and divorce-excusing women who are bad without vice and good by the grace of God.

Later, during a tour of the American summer-resorts with an American friend, the son of one of New York's ex-mayors, I saw numbers of this class of young women. It is not surprising that neither Frenchmen nor Englishmen understand them, for in France only a woman who is less innocent, and in England only a woman who is more innocent, could play this rôle. But here such an one is, strange to say, neither *coquette* nor *coquette*. She aims neither at your pocket nor at your heart. She permits every liberty, but no license, and owes her existence to the reckless carelessness and good-humor of the American parent and to a certain climatic influence which makes for sexlessness. For it is indeed true that, with the exception of the Southern States, there is a steady falling off in the birth-rate among those who are of American parentage on both sides, for two or more generations back.

In New York, one of his earliest experiences is in one of the clubs. Of the young men whom he met there he says:

The conversation is much that of the men all over the world. I remark upon this cosmopolitanism to my friend, who hints rather broadly that this apparent detachment of mind is assumed for my benefit, and thereupon describes some of the men more in detail. One is the editor of a magazine which is much given to articles by English noblemen, but a very good magazine withal, two or three numbers of which I have since read. Another is in a large banking-house downtown, and comes up to luncheon at the request of my friend. Still another is the son of a man who, twenty-five years ago, was an unknown lawyer in a Western country town; to-day he is the confidential attorney of several great financiers, and his son is an amiable idler. Another married a daughter of one of the two great millionaire households here, and spends her money with eccentric lavishness. Another is the grandson of a Scotch weaver who introduced a process of carpet-making that has built up one of the greatest businesses in New York. Another is the son of a Western man who made millions by the invention and exploitation of a machine for cutting wheat. The father of another discovered a process for coating pills, and his family mounts the golden stairs of social prominence pellet by pellet. . . .

As we leave the club one of these young men points across the way, and, as he says "good-by," tells us he is going for a shave. The phrase, "going for a shave," catches my ear; I am soon enlightened. These correct and well-dressed young men, many of them, are shaved each day by a public barber. Some days later I go to the same shop to have my hair cut, and there I see rows of small porcelain cups with the names of their owners in gilt letters upon them. Some of the names are those of men whom I have already met. Young gentlemen come in, take off their collars and neck-cloths, and their faces are daubed with soap and rubbed by the hands of the barber and shaved. They are then wiped off with a towel, powdered, and, without any further ablutions on their part, they go thence to make love, or to kiss their wives or their children, for all I know. This seems to me horribly dirty, and painfully disagreeable. Many men, I am told, never complete their toilet at home in the morning, but are shaved down-town each morning. Their faces are pawed and patted and powdered by a negro, a German, or an Italian, and so left for the day.

As I sit at dinner in the evening at the table of the weaver's son, I can not forbear wondering how many of the gentlemen present were shaved by Germans, how many by Irishmen, how many by Italians, and so on.

The dinner is a very sumptuous affair, with flowers in profusion—indeed flowers are bought and sold and seen here as in no other city in the world, the roses are more beautiful than any I have ever seen elsewhere, and, cost, I am told, at certain seasons of the year, fabulous prices.

We are to go from dinner to the opera, hence the ladies are in gala costumes. The hostess actually wears a crown of diamonds on her head, and though none of the others wear so conspicuous an ornament, still the display of jewels is imposing. But the crown keeps catching my eyes, dazzling them and my understanding at the same time. "Who is the lady? Is she a foreigner?" I ask of my friend as soon as we are alone. No, I learn that she is far from being a foreign aristocrat. Indeed, it is only within the last ten years that she has been known, even in New York's more exclusive circles. She married a rich man, who grows richer in trade, and she has, by natural diplomacy and not by sticking at the quality of some of the attention shown her, risen to her present position. She is certainly very charming, and her affairs are not my business, though from the stories that are offered me about her at intervals during my stay, her affairs seem to have been the business of a good many.

Lack of personal privacy is one of the most striking phrases of American life, according to this foreigner. Certain evidences of it he thus discusses:

I had heard much of the American chivalry to women—of how they could walk the streets and travel alone. Let us be frank and say that it is all nonsense! The newspapers make free with the names of ladies and drag wives, and mothers, and sisters into the shambles of every political controversy, every social *contretemps*. While among the better

classes, in their clubs and drawing-rooms, one hears hints, scandals, innuendoes, and stories—and most of them about the ladies in their own circle—such as would prepare the way for a dozen duels a week in my own country.

The most shamelessly shocking periodical that it has ever been my misfortune to read is published in New York each week. It devotes itself openly to the libelous and the licentious. The names of "society" people are to be found in almost every paragraph, and the most prurient details of every known or suspected scandal are blazed forth to the world in its pages. Our most suggestive pictorial French papers, highly seasoned and colored though they be, are as gossamer as Rabelais, when compared with this sheet—wherein jokes about ladies' underclothing, with the ladies' names printed in full, are sometimes a feature of its lascivious ribaldry—and yet nobody is shot! There are societies for the prevention of cruelty to children, for the prevention of cruelty to animals, for the prohibition of intemperance, for the relief of the poor, for the prevention of the sale of obscene literature—societies, indeed, without number, for the amusement of the rich at the expense of the poor, but no men and women strong enough to prevent this hebdomadal debauch of everybody's morals who has ten cents to spend.

Another of our characteristics is our straining for effect, of which he says:

This straining to make one's self conspicuous is apparent not only in the numerous likenesses and the columns of personal paragraphs in the newspapers, but it is evinced by the startling extravagance of dress not only in the public places, but in the shops and on the streets. Velvets, furs, laces, jewels, may be seen on the streets and in the tram-cars morning, noon, and night of every day. The ladies whom I saw at the opera in all the brilliancy of court costumes are to be met with—they or their sisters of less social distinction—on the streets in costumes which, if less brilliant as to color, are no less costly as to texture and variety of fabric.

It has been my good fortune to know the streets of Rome, Paris, London, St. Petersburg, Amsterdam, and Vienna, but there is nothing approaching to the display of fine raiment there that one sees in New York. What would my French friends think of a lady walking to and from church in a costume composed entirely of fur—jacket and skirt as well; of another in velvet, draped profusely with lace, and a bonnet of jet with pink and white plumes, and, were I a *modiste*, I could enumerate many more which struck my unaccustomed eye as being equally extravagant and in equally bad taste.

When I pointed out to two Americans, with whom I was walking, this ostentatious finery worn by so many women on the streets, I asked to what class they belonged and how they lived at home. They told me that a fair proportion of them were Jewesses, and that many more of them were people who lived in boarding-houses and hotels, and others, people who lived on a very small scale at home, with one, two, or three servants in their households. The sole social recreation of many of them is this parading of the streets, visiting the theatres, and invading the shops.

Few American institutions call forth his unqualified praise, but he certainly admires the country life of the wealthy class. In one place he says:

We spend the Friday afternoon and night at the country-place of my friend's father. It is a beautiful, wild country all about us, and the first really quiet and well-regulated abode away from the crowd that I have visited. Here again is a contradiction of my impressions, for the household and its appurtenances, the roads and the quiet of the woods, bespeak the choice of a cultured mind. All this is a thousand years in advance of the landing-stage, the tram-car, and the profusely dressed ladies of the New York streets.

On the following day we go to spend the Sunday at the club, which turns out to be unique in my experience as a traveler. Several thousand acres of beautiful woods, with a chain of crystal lakes in the centre, and beautifully kept roads around the lakes and through the woods, and the bill-side dotted here and there, within this immense inclosure, with the cottages, villas, chateaux, and colonial mansions of the members, and in the centre of it all a large and well-furnished club-house.

The insignator of this great social enterprise is an American who made his own fortune. There are fishing, boating, and out-of-door sports, both in summer and winter. There are some seventy houses here, owned and built by different people, who, I understand, buy the land on which they build of the club corporation, of which the projector is the permanent president. The whole great park is policed and lighted and generally cared for by the club. We get ourselves comfortably settled at the club-house, where there are rooms for guests, and then by telephone my friend calls up horses, and, with two others, we go for a drive upon the broad, smooth roads. These roads are the best I have ever seen anywhere in America, and equal to those that Napoleon built for us, which are the best in the world.

In a chapter entitled "Conflicting Evidence," he makes some striking contrasts:

In New York city one can not "go for a shave" after one o'clock on Sunday, and all the shops, including the restaurants, cafés, and saloons, are closed by law, so far as the sale of anything potable is considered. But an hour's ride from New York, in almost every direction, are numerous country clubs which, in the last ten years, have become very popular, and where one may indulge in out-of-door sports to the heart's content. At Newport, too, I found people playing tennis and golf on the Sunday. But no poor man can take his wife and children to a beer-garden, or drive or walk into the country to sup, and have a glass of beer or wine.

When our Bernhardt was here, there was much discussion as to whether she was a proper person to be received, and ladies who gave her receptions gave it out that no unmarried girls were to be invited to meet her! This aspersion to the character of the married girls was passed over without any chuckling or laughter, and yet these Americans often speak of the national talent for seeing and making jokes.

Poor Guilbert received much gratuitous advertising because he appeared once or twice in private before a select number of the "leaders of New York society." And yet the newspapers who assailed both her and the ladies who went to bear her, publish Sunday editorials replete with illustrations and paragraphs concerning criminals of high and low degree.

When the statue of the Greek Slave was exhibited in Cincinnati, a delegation of clergymen were sent to view it, that they might make a report to their presumably less expert fellow-citizens as to the propriety of going to see it.

An undraped statue of Diana on the top of Madison Square Garden in New York caused much criticism on the score of its indecency; and yet at several of the public balls, one of which I attended for an hour or two, women appeared in costume and behaved in a manner that made my youthful memories of the Mabile seem sombre and saltless.

So far as my own experience goes, it has seemed to me that much of the immorality here among the upper classes is rather mental than physical. The intercourse between men and women is very free, or so it appeared to me; but the worst feature of it is the stories and slanders that they themselves circulate about one another.

Our vaunted methods for expediting business also come in for comment:

In every office of any importance one finds a type-writer. They are used in writing letters of every description, and often letters demanding, by all the laws of courtesy, a reply in the hand of the master or his secretary. In many cases the manipulator of the type-writing machine is also a short-hand writer. When this is the case, letters and communications of all kinds are dictated to the short-hand writer, who then retires and prints them off on his machine, brings them back to be read over and signed, and then puts them in their envelopes and addresses them.

No one denies that in a great office there is a mass of matter that can be turned off quickly and properly by the use of these machines. But there is a mania for their use here, and it is considered "business-like" and suggestive of tremendous and rushing employment on the part of the user to employ them on all occasions. The telephone, too, jingles its summons in every office and in every house, and the amusing side of it all is that men most devoted to these devices for saving time will waste time every day in ways that no busy Frenchman, German, or Englishman would permit for a moment.

In offices furnished with all the labor-saving machines that this most

ingenious people have devised, men come to sit down and chat and smoke by the half-hour. Often the office-door opens to admit the intruder directly in the presence of this supposedly busy man. He can not escape, and his time is consumed by the half-hourful by friends and acquaintances who have nothing better to do.

Men who rush off from a hasty breakfast to board an express train, to be whirled to their telephone and type-writer, often employ a good proportion of time, when in the city, doing small errands, and in visiting and being visited by other business men, who have also rushed into the city at the rate of a mile a minute, carrying an undigested breakfast in their stomachs, which they try vainly to soothe with a cigar consumed in a smoke-reeking "smoking-car."

It is considered symbolic of success to "have no time!" While the very test of true success is, of course, to prove yourself master of time; for if one is the slave of time, he is performing the slave to the thousand and one devils that haste has in its train.

I have done business in Paris, in London, and in New York, and to a small extent in Berlin, but I refrain from giving my own opinion, though I may quote two Americans on this subject. One is a New York banker, the other a New York lawyer. The first told me that he could do more business in London, or in Berlin, in half an hour than he could do in New York in two hours; and the other, the lawyer, said the same of London, with the difference that he made the ratio a half-hour to one hour. Letters, the lawyer said, were answered more promptly, engagements were kept more punctually, and busy men refused absolutely to have their fixed hours for work disturbed or interfered with.

The Americans have far more mechanical devices, and make more use of them, than any other people, but these can not compensate for the lack of trained and faithful personal service.

From this topic this pseudo-Frenchman passes naturally to another of our shortcomings:

One prime reason why Americans are considered by Europeans to be under-cultivated is their very general inability to hold any sort of intercourse by correspondence without making blunders—social blunders and blunders arising from lack of training and education. The most commonplace shades and gradations of difference in one's correspondence with people who occupy different relations to us seem to be totally unfamiliar to many Americans whose wealth and position would imply in any other country just such knowledge.

In Rome, London, and Berlin, more than one unofficial note, from one of the under-secretaries at the American embassies of these cities, has been passed about as a sample of American ignorance and American bad manners.

After my visit to Harvard College I received a note about some trifling matter from one of the students there, who is in the highest class, whose education indeed was supposed in a month or two to be finished. In it two words were misspelled, the punctuation was done evidently by accident, and the phrases and the forms of address and closing were such as a French boy ten years old might well have been ashamed of.

On the other hand, I have a large bundle of the most charming and witty notes and letters from Americans. What I am remarking upon is merely that the great mass of people in some sort of society in America do not know how to write either notes or letters, and that many men and women, holding prominent positions and possessing large wealth, write you notes and letters unworthy of a first-rate head-gardener or a country shop-keeper.

His criticisms on Boston society are decidedly amusing—to the non-Bostonian. Here are a few specimen paragraphs:

Boston reached a certain level, socially and intellectually, before any of her rivals, but she seems to have stayed there; hence to-day the foreigner is confronted with the population of a city, in the social and literary short jacket and knickerbockers of a country town. The leaders of thought and action and fashion are no longer to be met with in Boston. The great houses socially are conducted by—in the three or four principal cases—men and women who are as grandfathers as their friends in New York. The entertainments of the more ambitious social set lack brilliancy, because there is a dearth of variety in the guests.

Poor Mr. McAllister's famous Four Hundred is cut down to four-score here, and as the very essence of society is to be exclusive, exclusiveness here necessarily results in entertainments of the ghastly character of church soirees, only with more gilding.

I attended four dinners, at which the smallest number of guests was twelve, the largest twenty-six or twenty-eight. At all four were my host and hostess; and at all four was one man, and at three two men, who seemed to be invited to every dinner in Boston.

Not that it was not agreeable to meet these same people everywhere, but in what other capital which assumes such importance is there such a dearth of social variety? You really began to feel as though you lived in the same house with these people, and to understand how it is that so many people in Boston call one another by their *petits noms*. The constant reference to "Mrs. Jim," "Mrs. Billy," "Mrs. Dick," and to "Bob," "Nat," "Tom," and "Jim," which at first seemed an affectation, ceased to be that, and I understood that it was the natural outcome of the charming familiarity of a country town.

The conversation, too, was, much of the time, a conversation *à clef*, so far as I was concerned. The *petits noms* corresponded to the *petites affaires*, which interested them, and made up the stock pieces of their talk. They had traveled, they all go frequently to New York, and when the conversation was directed to me personally, there was some effort at orientation, but when they talked to one another, it was always in the pleasant and familiar jargon and with the understood allusions of a party of peasants at a picnic.

For American home life this critic has no great admiration. He finds it too independent. He says:

Here again we see the theory of independence carried even into the realm of domestic life, and with what dire results. There is no such thing as the *patria potestas*, no recognition of authority, even by the children of a household to their natural head.

In some of the homes that I visited, it was only too apparent that "home" was merely a *façon de parler*. There was no unity of thought, speech, or action. Each one was a unit, even the youngest, and each had his friends, his opinions, his engagements, and even his affections, and each one was inflexible. The timidity in asserting even lawful authority, and the contempt for it, which one sees in American politics, is learned, I firmly believe, in these ill-regulated, or rather these unregulated, homes.

Neither the unwritten law of affection of French home life, nor the unwritten law of allegiance to the head of the family of English home life, obtains in American home life. What is erroneously called indulgence of children by parents is nothing more nor less than neglect of children by parents—and here, of parents by their children.

His views on Newport society may surprise some of that glittering throng:

They tell good stories, some of them; they play games; they dance, dine, and drink; many of them are mere boys, but they are, so to speak, what the frothed cream on a pudding is to the cow that gives the milk, and Newport might be submerged in the sea, and the brains and daring and progressive energy of America would not be disturbed in the very least—a certain amount of money would be redistributed *et voilà tout!*

I say this not harshly, but merely to mark a difference. For this same thing could not be said of London, or Paris, or Vienna. The best society of Europe is success enjoying an idle hour or so; the best society here is idleness enjoying its success. One may go into society in Europe with a fair expectation of being stimulated, no matter what your own particular interests are; you go into society here and you are fortunate if, for any length of time, you are so much as diverted. In Europe they have had money so long that they are no longer amused by what mere money can do; here, apparently, society is still content with the juggling and transformations, with the luxury and the surprises, that gold can produce.

So the hook runs on. There are nearly three hundred pages of it, and they are all like those we have quoted.

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MATRIMONY AND THE STAGE.

The Commotion in New York Theatrical Circles Caused by Amy Busby's Marriage—Is there Objection to Married or Engaged Couples in Love-Scenes?

Amy Busby was married in Rochester last Saturday. She is a pretty woman and a fairly clever actress, and has made a distinct place for herself in the hearts of metropolitan theatre-goers in the last few years. She has had important rôles in Stuart Rohson's and W. H. Crane's companies, and this winter she has been playing the part of Edith Varney in W. H. Gillette's play, "Secret Service," which has been one of the very successes of the season. The man she married is Eugene H. Lewis, a lawyer of this city and a member of half a dozen clubs here and also of the Metropolitan Club, in Washington.

Under ordinary circumstances, Miss Busby's retirement into private life would be matter of no great general interest. The theatre-going public would have lost one of its popular actresses as it has lost many another before, some newcomer would step into her place, and in a few months but a vague recollection of her would remain in the public mind. All this, in fact, will happen, if Miss Busby does not return to the stage. But her theatrical taking off, so to speak, has been accompanied by an unusual commotion among the people of the theatres, and it has not been without interest for the outside world.

The gist of the matter lies in the question: Should engaged or married couples enact lovers' rôles together on the stage? It would seem that Mr. Frohman, under whose management Miss Busby has been playing in "Secret Service," observes a rule in the companies he controls that man and wife, or a man and woman who are engaged to marry, shall not be cast for rôles where they must make love to each other, and when we heard that Miss Busby left the cast of "Secret Service" a few days ago in Boston, the accompanying rumor rippled over the town that she had been discharged because a tender passion had grown up between her and Mr. Gillette, who played the opposite rôle to hers. Then we recalled similar rumors regarding troubles E. H. Sothern had had with Mr. Frohman a couple of years ago, when gossip coupled his name with that of an actress who was also in Mr. Frohman's employ, and the wise ones predicted an early disruption of the relations that have long existed between the clever young actor-author and his manager. But Mr. Gillette remained in "Secret Service," and suddenly, from Miss Busby's home in Rochester came the surprising news of her marriage to Mr. Lewis. I say "surprisingly" and "surprising," for, only two days before, Miss Busby had given to the press a flat denial of the rumors regarding her specific matrimonial intentions, and had even announced that she was "not going to marry anybody."

Well, she exercised her woman's privilege of changing her mind, and that chapter is closed. But people are still discussing the Frohman anti-matrimonial rule from all points of view. Mr. Frohman himself has come out with a statement in which he diplomatically expresses his opinion that "the presence of a respectable married, or soon to be married, couple in a company is beneficial to the general tone of the organization." This seems to be taking it all back; but it is not a categorical denial, and really there is no reason why a man should take the whole world, including his employees, present and prospective, into his confidence regarding the rules by which he governs the conduct of his business. David Belasco, than whom there is no better or more experienced stage-manager in New York, thinks it a bad plan to have married or engaged couples in the same company, and would never cast husband and wife for rôles requiring them to make love on the stage. Most of the other managers agree with him. Their reason is two-fold. In the first place, they say that the audience loses interest in a love-scene when it knows that the actors in it are a married couple, or even engaged; and, in the second place, discipline is harder to maintain in the company.

There can be little question that the actor's personal relations will force themselves on the spectator's mind. I myself recall the unpleasant impression suggested by seeing Charles Coghlan playing lover to his sister Rose, a few years ago. Their relationship was different, of course, from that under consideration, but I instance it to show how inevitably the personal relations of stage people thrust themselves on you in spite of their art, for both Charles and Rose Coghlan were then in the front rank of their profession. The Kendals, Mr. and Mrs. Beerholm Tree, and the Bancrofts to the contrary notwithstanding, there is unquestionably a large proportion of theatre-goers for whom the actor loses charm when they know that, instead of an impetuous young lover, he is in reality a staid married man, and the same thing holds true of the actress. These play-goers pay for their illusion and they want to get it undimmed by knowledge of the prosaic married state of their heroes and heroines. It is not so bad when the stage-lovers are not married to each other, for then there might be a suspicion of reality beneath the simulated passion; but two married people pretending to make love to each other—well, it may be art, but it is not interesting.

The managers, then, oppose married lovers because they have a chilling influence on the box-office, and also for the sake of their own peace of mind. For married couples in a company are a sore trial to stage-director and manager. Where the members of a company are separate entities, the stage-manager can lord it over them as suits his despotic will, and the manager will generally back him up. But in union there is strength. When an exasperated stage-manager speaks sharply in the language that stage-managers sometimes use to an actress worn out by hours of rehearsal, and her husband resents it, there is liable to be trouble in the camp; and a threat of resignation from two important members of a company—for husband and wife will generally sink their private differences to repel an attack from out-

side—places the manager in a most unpleasant predicament.

The actors naturally hold that art is to be considered above all things, and that the true artist—and they are all true artists, of course—loses his identity in the rôle he is playing. But the managers think of the box-office and the troubles they have had with married couples, and, having the whip-hand, they will cling to their rule. Among those who have expressed themselves in favor of it are Charles Burnham, of Wallack's, David Belasco, W. H. Macdonald and H. C. Barnabee, of the Bostonians, Manager McCormick, and Oscar Hammerstein. The latter, who is the manager of Olympia, thinks married lovers are all right in the highest form of the drama, but that in comedy, farce, or comic opera they would cause derision, and he carries this idea so far that on his own stage he positively prohibits the wearing of marriage-rings.

NEW YORK, March 26, 1897.

RECENT VERSE.

William Watson.

O strong, sweet Voice beyond the sunrise seas!
In something of the old prophetic tongue
Thou spakest, when thy scornful numbers rung
Rebuke to treacherous England's sordid ease.
And slumbers yet St. George? And lies the spear
Still idle? Strange! In old days, not so long
Departed, he awaked to combat wrong
For less than thy deep summons on his ear.
Ah, woe for Merry England, if he sleep
Too soundly for thy calling to arouse!
Not soon shall sound another Voice, so deep
With purposed ends of virtue, lit with flame
Diviner, O thou with unlabeled brows
Wreathed with the widening sunrise of thy fame!

—William Field in April Bookman.

Cor Peccatrix.

Since my Beloved has been false to me,
Thou knowest, Lord! the tears that I have wept,
And the long, unstarred vigils I have kept—
So long I had not known that nights could be—
So long, I oft have to my window crept,
Bewildered lest my fearful eyes should see
That Time had dawnd into Eternity,
While I had watched and while the world had slept.
Lord, count these not to him. Love's mighty task,
From all the dross of self the soul to purge,
I could not do, being all too weak for it.
Count not my tears; but hear me when I ask
Strength for that other standing on the verge
Of woe like mine or happiness infinite.

—April Scribner's.

The Victory of Samothrace.

Morning and night a Toiler turned aside
Out of the fret and tumult of the street,
Into the dim gray halls, with silence sweet,
Where the great Victory marks the steady tide
Of centuries sweep along its currents wide,
Headless, yet still with conquering life replete,
While bubble worlds go drifting past her feet,
And the great sculptors' dreams alone abide.
Morning and night the eager longing grew
That one might gather up the precious dust,
Trampled and strewn on Samothrace's plain,
And shape the splendor of that face anew,
The prophet eyes, the brow serene and just,
The gracious lips too calm for love's dear pain.

Then, in a dream, he saw her glorious face.
Out of the sea-mists curling round her breast
It dawned like some clear vision of the blest,
As a soft wind of God sighed through the place,
Lifting the eddying veil a little space.
But lo! the brow was scarred; the eyes' deep rest
Clouded with pity for the host that pressed,
A dim, sad multitude, in woeful case:
Women and men incredulous of good,
Captives set free, but bondmen still to fear,
And children weak that clutched her garment's hem.
Tender and strong, with brooding hands she stood,
And, with a smile that brought the morning near,
Caught the new day and flashed its light on them.

—Emily Huntington Miller in April Atlantic.

The Truce of God.

Blow, trumpets, blow heaven-high your swelling strain,
You who, indeed, shall blow for war no more;
Rampart to rampart down the Atlantic shore!
Sound from old Crown Point and along Champlain,
And sound where Marion's men fell fierce and fair!
Where shook the wilderness with your uproar,
Wherever valor gave you breath to pour,
Blow now your mighty music out again!
And over Flodden Field and Marston Moor,
Where Wolfe's, where Clive's, where Marlborough's clarions
would,
Call, you great trumpets overseas, nor cease!
While the dear Mother Land and we endure,
While day breaks over Honor's camping-ground,
Blow the long reveille of timeless peace!

—Harriet Prescott Spofford in the Independent.

The only genuine American train operated in England is on the Southeastern Railway, running between Charles Cross Station and Hastings every afternoon, and returning in the morning. It consists of six carriages, which were constructed in Troy, N. Y. These are entered at the ends, are lighted by electricity, are heated and admirably ventilated, and are operated with improved American wheels and brakes.

A water-tube jail is one of the latest achievements of Yankee ingenuity. It is no longer necessary to make the prison hars so heavy and so hard that cutting through them becomes very difficult, but instead they are made simply of pipes, forming part of a high-pressure water system. Should any of these pipes be severed, the water would escape and quickly give warning of the break.

The young Queen of Holland is beginning to stand upon her dignity. Not long ago she entered the cabinet-room while the council was in session and inquired of the prime minister why the postage-stamps continued to bear her image as a little girl. She requested that the objectionable stamp be discontinued as soon as possible.

ARE CANDIES ADULTERATED?

A Sao Francisco Confectioner takes up the Cudgels for his Guild.

Concerning one of the *Argonaut's* recent articles on adulteration, we have received the following:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., March 28, 1897.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I notice in your issue of to-day an editorial, "The Fight Against Impure Food," in which you refer to the adulteration of candies. Through this article you are, unconsciously perhaps, doing an injustice to the National Confectioners' Association of the United States, whose object and aim is to fight such small manufacturers of cheap goods as may desire to use adulterants. This association comprises almost all the wholesale manufacturers of the United States.

I have always considered your paper one of the few reliable papers of the Union and the only reliable one on this coast, and its views in the field of politics, literature, national economy, etc., are owing to this belief accepted by us as authoritative. Here, however, I find for the first time an error of the very gravest kind committed by you, in a field where I am at home, and in justice to a craft which, as a general rule, aims to produce the purest and not impure and dangerous food, you ought to in some manner rectify the same.

To draw your attention to particular errors, allow me to mention glucose is never used as a substitute for sugar, for it contains but a very small percentage of saccharine matter, neither is it injurious, as any well-posted physician will testify.

Cochineal is no chemical, neither is it injurious; it is the product of, or, rather, an insect itself.

As to the other long list of mineral colors you mention, I may venture to say that there are but few candy factories in this country and none, I am sure, on this coast, in which you could find them. Chemistry has produced for us the brightest colors, which at the same time are perfectly harmless, and we are all thankful for this, for in this direction did lie the danger and temptation, for we have to produce not alone what pleases the taste, but also the eye. Besides this, the cheapness of the coloring destroys all incentive to resort to the dangerous handling of mineral coloring. As regards terra alba, chalk, etc., I do not think that one in a thousand of the present generation of candy-makers has ever seen that article, and I, for one, although in the candy business as a practical candy-worker for twenty-seven years, would not know terra alba if I saw it.

I have been a constant reader of your paper since its first issue, have never to my knowledge missed one even, and while traveling in Europe it was sent to me regularly, and this is the first instance, to my recollection, that I have found the *Argonaut* in error.

I sincerely hope that you will in some way rectify the error you committed and excuse the correction on my part.

Respectfully yours, E. BERNHEIM.

The various assertions in Mr. Bernheim's letter may be thus refuted:

"Cochineal is not a chemical."

Cochineal dye is not a mineral, but it is certainly a "chemical." It is derived from an insect, and acquires its coloring power from the presence of a substance called carminic acid, a compound of hydrogen, carbon, and oxygen prepared from the aqueous decoction of cochineal.

"The writer knows nothing of the use of other chemicals mentioned as being used for coloring or for weight."

This is merely negative testimony, and has value only for the purpose of clearing him of the charge. It was not claimed that all manufacturers used these adulterants; it was merely urged that none should be permitted to do so. If the National Confectioners' Association has for its aim, as he asserts, "to fight such small manufacturers of cheap goods as may desire to use adulterants," it should welcome the efforts of the *Argonaut* to accomplish this same purpose.

"Glucose is never used for sweetening instead of sugar."

The city chemist reported during January three brands of condensed milk, one of raspberry syrup and two of honey in which glucose was used more or less largely for sweetening. The report for March contained five samples of jellies adulterated with glucose. The New York board of health reported glucose used for adulterating sugar and syrup. Figures based upon the reports of the boards of health of New York, New Jersey, Michigan, and Massachusetts place the adulterated sugar at twenty per cent. and the syrup at fifty per cent. The board of health of Michigan found in seventeen samples of table syrup, fifteen that were made of glucose.

"Glucose contains very little saccharine matter."

It has about one-third the sweetening power of sugar. It is the price rather than the strength that encourages its use.

"Glucose is not injurious."

It is made by submitting rice or corn-starch to the action of diluted sulphuric acid at a boiling temperature, the acid being afterward neutralized with lime and the solution evaporated to the setting point. If the neutralization is not thorough, the mixture may be extremely dangerous. Dr. Kedzie, of the Michigan board of health, found 72 grains of sulphuric acid, 28 of sulphate of iron, and 363 of lime to the gallon of a syrup that had poisoned a whole family. Another sample contained 141 grains of sulphuric acid and 724 of lime to each gallon.

But the most conclusive expert opinion upon the wholesomeness of glucose is that of Dr. Albert Hoy, one of the leading physicians of Chicago. In a recent work in which he discusses "the tests of food and drink in health and disease," he says of glucose:

"Commercial glucose as made from starch by chemical action is not a proper and acceptable substitute for the glucose of nature. The use of glucose in food is urged by those having it to sell, but it is not a proper food, and its use either in confectionery or syrups, uncaned or preserved goods, in jellies or any other form, should be prohibited by law. Its continued use is sure to overtax the functions of the liver and kidneys. Nature will not accept commercial glucose as a substitute for the natural kind. All commercial glucose should be eliminated from the diet."

As to the statement of Mr. Bernheim that "glucose is never used as a substitute for sugar" in confectioneries, we may say that he differs with the Federal authorities. In Bulletin No. 13, United States Department of Agriculture, on "Food and Food Adulterants," part 6, it is stated: "Not a single sample of the twenty-five candies examined consisted of pure cane sugar. They were all mixtures of cane sugar with commercial glucose, or starch, or both." And in the same bulletin the statement is made that seventy per cent. of the samples of syrups and molasses analyzed contained glucose.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN ABROAD.

Are her Puritanical Principles Deteriorating?—The German Treatment of German Women—Recent Scandals about American-Born Wives.

For the first time in my long remembrance (writes the Countess von Krockow from Berlin to the *Independent*), the German press is full of reports of sensational gossip concerning American women married abroad. The New-Year's Day columns of the newspapers give telegraphic dispatches and editorial comments about Yankee-horn ladies alongside of comments and dispatches about the late royal exchanges of New-Year congratulations and society's doings. There is a princess who has eloped from Brussels with a gypsy fiddler, a countess who has deserted Berlin and her spouse, a haroness whose flirtations caused the death of a diplomatist in a duel; and all these heroines of the journalistic pen are described as being "*sehr reiche Amerikanerinnen*." A year or two ago an American wife was one of the *dramatis personæ* of a jealous tragedy in Nice; and I remember the shame that we other American women, living quietly in Europe, felt over the fact of her being really a fellow-countrywoman.

In Yankee girls I fondly persist in seeing mettle; in American women, activity; in American men, clean energy; in all three, comprehension of one another. My ideal, in short, is a picture of health and life in harmonious working. For a dark contrast to its brightness, I look at the European girl and behold suppression; at the European woman, and perceive concession; at the European man, and detect oppression; an unnecessary and undue hemming, in other words, of the natural, human, individual activities. Nor has this conviction ever been shaken by the many protestations which I have heard against it by German ladies, who invariably assure others and themselves that their men do esteem women.

"You must have lived in both countries, my dear," is my usual reply, "in order to realize the romanticism of American men, as compared with the chivalry of your gentlemen. Your men respect ladies. Ours idealize women."

"All the more foolish!" comes the response; "for women do not deserve any better treatment than they get. They spoil our men." And with the latter remark, quite without realizing the fact, they lay bare the gulf between European and American ways of thinking. In the one country there is, namely, no spirit of community on the ground of sex. Social traditions and the cultivation of the sense of rank prevent its growth. The marks of appreciation which a lady demands are demanded on the ground of her position chiefly. She neither extends the privilege of demanding these marks to women of lower rank, nor does she expect so many marks herself if she remains unmarried, or if, by any hap, her family loses caste. The girls and women of the poorer classes are not felt to be nearer to her than the men of these same classes. In fact, many ladies can look upon a handsome mechanic with a sentiment of indulgence, whereas the beauty of a young girl of the same class becomes the object of censorious remark. There appears to be a good deal more of the dregs of unrefined sensuality in Europeans, in other words, than in Americans.

As respects the attitude of men in Germany toward these same girls of inferior birth, it may be described as one of perfectly *insouciant* pursuit. Every woman, not of their own class or of a higher rank, is legitimate prey in their eyes, about which they need give themselves no manner of trouble; hence, then, arises a habit of rudeness to females, which is worse than any insolence that they dare affect nowadays toward the men of the same class, for the reason, perhaps, that the men have ready fists, while a girl is weak.

Now such being the social education that men receive in Germany, and such the native manner of thinking, the kind of Yankee girl that married into German life has seemed to me to be of the first importance. Her sentiments being stanch for individual dignity and freedom, her minute influence, as one would think, could not fail to be beneficent in working like drops of leaven in the old, compact, gross dough of feudal society. She possessed a natural taste for elegance, and showed well. Her adaptability was eminent, and caused her to be received well. Her principles were of a haughty independence and commanded respect. There was not a tinge of servility in her spirit. Her errors were certain to be of the opposite sort to toad-eating. She overdid, not underdid. She came up to a mark in every contingency, or went beyond the proper limit, but not below.

For reason of this trait, titled men could marry her, as they could not handsome, rich girls of untitled families at home. Such native girls of the middle classes have been too deeply instilled with the sense of social differences ever to become quietly self-reliant. The republican-bred girl, on the contrary, could hear of no rank so high as to awe her; she feels quite up to any demands socially; and that is just the spirit that a nobleman requires in a consort.

The European gentlewoman who is taught from her birth to die a spinster rather than marry beneath her, is taught likewise not to be ready to unite with a great aristocrat. She is made aware of the fact that she is necessarily unfamiliar with the pedigrees, the estates, the pictures, and the paraphernalia generally of peers. And she is instructed that the ignorance of these things would force her to feel isolated in the society of her husband's associates, and force these to realize, in their turn, that she is an intruder and not of themselves. Rather than be exposed to such aching experiences, she is taught to relinquish the hope of social elevation, and vaulting ambition is denounced as a sign of vulgar breeding. When it happens that simple republican girls accept these same great alliances without hesitation or misgivings, the sense of the enormity of these girls' ignorance is most vivid and bitter. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread," is the curt comment, and how very often have I overheard it!

What I have yet to hear, however, is a comment to the

effect that these so-called initial fools have remained ignorant or inefficient. As a rule, they seem to have won the full esteem of native society everywhere. They have spared it the task of lowering its tone to condescension, the irksome bother of finding itself worshiped, the intolerable nuisance of seeing itself imitated. In many cases something was held in reserve by these strangers; and society, where it was fashionable and not provincial, delighted in the idea that this reserve was criticism of itself. How piquant!

The droll secret came out in time, perhaps, and ever was it the same—women in Europe are underestimated. "Yes," the cry was then sure to be, "that is the American idea of us. American women are freer than ours." Everybody understood perfectly; for society's frivolous head has caught and retained this one fact about American civilization.

The solitary girl tourists who represent the Unas among lions in the poetry of every-day life in Europe, have had something to do in spreading the idea. For this reason I bless every one I meet in traveling, and bid her secretly godspeed on her unconsciously pathetic way. But these young pioneers of culture, it must be remembered, lack the opportunity of meeting foreign ladies. Their lessons have been delivered perforce to the men only whom they have encountered. The intimate families of these men had, therefore, to be instructed as to what American women are and think themselves to be, by quite other agents than themselves. And these agents were the women who married abroad and settled among the people of their chosen husbands.

And herewith is reached the fact that I have been leading up to in such a roundabout way: *Women of Yankee birth have hitherto obliged foreigners to esteem them, but there are an increasing number of scandals in Europe among American-born wives.* What is the reason of them? Are American girls changing, deteriorating, being bred less Puritanically?

It almost looks so from this side of the ocean, concludes the Countess von Krockow, writing from the European side.

The latest dispatches from Cuha announce the most serious blow to the insurgent cause which it has sustained since the death of Maceo. The Spanish General Velasco, operating in the Rio Hondo district of Pinar del Rio, encountered on the 28th ultimo a detachment of Cuhanes under command of General Ruis Rivera. An engagement, lasting an hour, resulted in the defeat of the Cuhanes with considerable loss of life, and the capture of their commander together with his chief of staff. General Rivera was too seriously wounded to escape, and General Bacallao was taken while attempting the rescue of his superior. A drum-head court-martial and death may be the fate of the two prisoners. General Rivera is a popular and experienced Cuban leader, in the prime of life and efficiency. He served through the ten years' rebellion which began in 1868, and never surrendered to Spain. Early in the present war he was second in authority under Maceo, and on that officer's death succeeded as commander-in-chief. Rivera's successor will be General Julio Sanguilly, the partially naturalized American who was recently released from a Spanish prison through the good offices of the United States. He was also a hero of the former rebellion, and is said to be the equal of Maceo and Gomez as a military tactician. The destruction of the material resources of the island, partly in response to the Weylerian idea of pacification, and finally through the Cuban desire to cripple the country as a Spanish possession, is the source of untold suffering for the inhabitants, though vast herds of cattle still remaining enable the insurgent armies to keep the field.

The Congressional Directory of the Fifty-Fifth Congress has been distributed and the sketches of some of the new representatives as prepared by themselves in some instances contain some very amusing statements. William Henry Fleming, of the Tenth Georgia District, acknowledges the assistance of Alexander H. Stephens in the shape of a loan of money, "which was afterward repaid with interest." Edwin Reed Ridgley, of the Third Kansas District, takes eleven lines in an exposition of his views on economic questions. He "quit the Republican party in 1876 because of its financial policy." He then expounds a new theory in finance by advertising the public ownership and operation of all "public utilities," and thinks it "both a necessity and a duty of the State to supply all unemployed people voluntary access to all the necessary means of production and distribution among themselves of food, fuel, clothing, shelter, and education." Mæcenas E. Benton, of the Fifteenth Missouri District, writes that he "has been a delegate to every Democratic State convention held in Missouri." By way of parenthesis, Mr. Benton adds that he "is the original offensive partisan" who was charged with "pernicious activity" in politics. William Green, of the Sixth Nebraska District, says that as a legal practitioner he has "been more than successful, and has made for himself more than a State reputation as a criminal lawyer." John H. G. Vehslage, of the Seventh New York District, announces that in 1865 he entered the coal and wood business at 69, 71, 73 and 75 Ninth Avenue, corner of Fifteenth Street, at which place he is at present carrying on such business.

A new signaling light of extraordinary power has been invented by Colonel Miklashevski of the Russian engineers. During the autumn manœuvres of the Baltic squadron the signals were read at a distance of thirty-four nautical miles, and the inventor hopes to increase the distance to sixty miles by means of reflecting mirrors. The apparatus is compact, weighing about seven pounds. It contains spirit and two powders, one green, the other red, the composition of which the inventor keeps secret. The working parts are two tubes ending in pear-shaped halls, which, being pressed, send out a brilliant red or green flash; by a combination of flashes messages are formed. The powder keeps dry under water. Each lantern costs about one hundred roubles.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

John Biddulph Martin, a London hanker, who is best known to us through the fact that he married Victoria Clafin Woodhull, died a fortnight ago in London. He was a well-known writer on banking.

The third daughter of the late Ferdinand de Lesseps is shortly to marry a Baron Lagrange. She is said to be as beautiful as her mother, who still retains much of her beauty, notwithstanding her nine children.

Mlle. Reichenberg, who has been acting *ingénue* parts for thirty years, and is as popular now with the Paris public as she has ever been, has grown tired of her eternal youth and recently sent in her resignation to the Comédie-Française.

The tallest man in the Senate is Mr. Fairbanks, who succeeds Mr. Voorhees, sometimes called "The Tall Sycamore of the Wabash," as senator from Indiana. Mr. Fairbanks is the taller of the two men, and his peculiar erectness accentuates his height.

Whistler's latest evidence of versatility has been in designing a hook-cover. The hook is Charles Whibley's "Book of Scoundrels," and the principal motive of the design is a gallows, with the letters of the title around it and the death's-head and cross-bones below.

The man who invented the jinricksha, Izumi Yosuka, is old and indigent, and has applied to the Japanese Government for a pension. His invention was made before Japan had a patent law, and he has accordingly been obliged to earn his living like any other 'ricksha man.

Vice-President Hobart's official salary is ten thousand five hundred dollars. The *Newark Advertiser* says that upon taking office, Mr. Hobart resigned positions and connections paying him five times the amount of this salary, while the social functions he assumes will increase his expenses tenfold.

According to the *London Court Journal*, Li Hung Chang has a most arduous task before him. The story is that the Chinese emperor, being anxious to learn French, appointed the erstwhile possessor of the yellow jacket as his tutor. But when he discovered that his teacher had but a smattering of the tongue, he ordained that Li be incarcerated until he learns the language.

Mayor "Potato" Pingree, as the *New York Sun* calls him, because he utilized the vacant lots in Detroit as potato-patches to be worked by the poor, was elected governor of Michigan at the last election. He gave further evidence of his originality by trying to hold both offices at once, hut the supreme court of the State has decided that he can not hold them both at the same time.

Prince Borghese, whose sale of the famous Borghese art collection to the Italian Government we mentioned a few weeks ago, has found it necessary to raise more money. He has just sold a large tract of land adjoining the Vatican gardens to the Pope. Before the latter could use it, it was necessary that the Italian Government should extend the right of extra-territoriality now enjoyed by the Vatican to the new acquisition.

A sentimental interest attaches to the candidacy of Carter H. Harrison for mayor of Chicago. The office made his father famous on two continents. Mr. Harrison was born in Chicago thirty-seven years ago. He was educated in Germany, and was afterwards graduated from the Yale Law School. He acted as publisher of the *Chicago Times* while his father controlled that paper, and gained there much invaluable political experience.

William Drury, who died a few days ago at his magnificent home at Verdurett, was said to be the largest individual land-owner in the United States. He was eighty-seven years of age, and settled in Illinois in 1831. His holdings included hundreds of thousands of acres in Colorado, Nebraska, Kansas, Texas, and Illinois. In front of his house he had a park of thirteen acres stocked with buffalo, deer, elk, antelope, tiger-cats, badgers, and other wild animals.

The two daughters of Lord Rosebery will probably be presented at court by their grandmother, the Duchess of Cleveland, next season, although the elder, Lady Sibyl Primrose, is old enough to be presented now. They are said to be very charming girls and have been very sensibly brought up. For a long time they lived at Dieppe with a governess, and were known only as the Misses Primrose, no one suspecting that they were the daughters of an English prime minister and Derby winner.

The late Professor Sylvester once attracted a large audience in Boston by the announcement that he would read an original poem of four hundred lines, all of which rhymed with the name Rosalind. He read his explanatory foot-notes first, and, when he had finished them, glancing at the clock, he was horrified to find that he had kept the audience an hour and a half before beginning to read the poem they had come to hear. The astonishment on his face was answered with a roar of good-humored laughter from the audience, and then, having heged all his hearers to feel at perfect liberty to go whenever they chose, he read the Rosalind poem.

The Spanish council of state has just enjoined Don Fernando de Mendoza not to use his nobiliary titles on the stage. He is Duke of Balazode and Marquis of Fontaner in the peerage of Spain and Count of Lalaing in the nobility of Belgium. Having run through his money in acquiring the reputation of being one of the most popular members of Madrilene society, he last year married the daughter of the manager of the Teatro Espagnol and turned his abilities as an amateur actor to account on the professional stage. The appearance on the programmes of his name as duke, marquis, count, and grandee so excited his fellow-nobles that the government felt called upon to issue the prohibition.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Marshal of France.

While biographies of Napoleon Bonaparte seem to have had their day, narratives of the Napoleonic period are still rife. The "Memoirs of Marshal Oudinot" is a most vivid and picturesque account of that era of opportunities and achievements, before the splendor of Napoleon's ascendancy had been dimmed by defeat or the shadow of St. Helena.

There is comparatively little about Napoleon himself in the book; but, nevertheless, it abounds in interesting matter relating to the Revolution, the Directory, Napoleon's ascendancy, and the Restoration.

Like many of the nobility created by Napoleon, Marshal Oudinot, Duc de Reggio, was a man of the people. His father was a brewer. In those days before his qualifications as a soldier were appreciated by those under his command, they were not backward in showing their opposition to a man of humble origin. Aware of their hostility, he addressed them and said: "Gentlemen, it is because I do not bear an old name that you propose to desert me and return to your former titled chiefs? Or do you think that I am too young to command you? Wait until the next engagement and you shall judge for yourselves."

Impetuous, brave as a lion, he soon won the affection of his soldiers. He was wounded continually by sabre and ball as he mounted rank after rank, but seemed reserved by destiny for a better fate than death on the battle-field. With him, however, as with the ancients, a soldier's death was a boon to be ardently desired. When asked if he did not love those courageous men who overcame their prejudices so quickly and followed him so devotedly, he exclaimed eagerly: "Ah! you ask me if I loved them! I should think I did love them! I got them all killed!"

These memoirs are compiled by Gaston Stiegler from hitherto unpublished souvenirs of the marshal's wife, the Duchesse de Reggio, who accompanied her husband much in the field, even facing with heroism the intense cold and suffering of the retreat from Moscow.

After the abdication of Napoleon, Marshal Oudinot recognized the Bourbon régime. On Napoleon's return from Elba during the Hundred Days, he, however, remained faithful to the Bourbons. The fact that these military souvenirs are the work of a woman heightens their interest. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos.

Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

A Deadly Parallel.

Somebody calls the attention of the *Critic* to the following "unmistakable trace of the American influence" in Kipling's poem, "Bill 'Awkins," in "The Seven Seas":

"'As anybody seen Bill 'Awkins?'
"Now, 'ow is the devil would I know?"
"E's taken my girl out walkin',
An' I've got to tell 'im so—
Cawd bless—'im!
I've got to tell 'im so."

Long ago they used to sing in New Orleans this ditty:

"Have any o' yo' seen my Lulu?"
"How in de debil would you know her?"
"I'd know her by her apurn-strings,
'N' her shoe-strings a hangin' on the fio',
Gol darn her!
'N' ber shoe-strings a hangin' on the fio'."

"Memories of Hawthorne."

It is rare that the recollections of a nature so brave and lovable as Nathaniel Hawthorne's are embalmed in such gem-like, exquisite diction and with such genuine and delicate feeling as in this sympathetic volume by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

It consists mainly of letters written by Sophia Hawthorne, the wife of the novelist; but the daughter also contributes with honest pride and naive ingenuousness her tribute of affectionate memories.

The engagement and marriage of Hawthorne, his life in Salem, Lenox, Concord, England, and Italy, and accounts of the distinguished circle of friends gathered about this singularly united couple, make very pleasant reading, and one understands after reading these letters, if not before, why his personality left "upon the silent shore of memory, images and precious thoughts that shall not die and can not be destroyed."

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

The Story of a Dead Man.

"Tatterley," by T. Gallon, is a curious and well-constructed tale. Caleb Fry, a rapacious old man, had a servant who resembled his master very closely. This servant died, and the old man conceived the queer fancy of donning his clothing and allowing him to be buried as himself. He believes in this way that he will be able to test the worth of his relatives.

His plan succeeds. He is not recognized. In a fit of pique he has left all his money to a distant connection. From the time that his will is read, he keeps in touch with those who have waited hungrily for his death. Ingratitude, insincerity, misplaced indifference to his memory, and general unworthiness gall him, and he sees himself as others saw him. He is treated with kindness by those whom he ignored. He lives long enough to make a

partial reparation to those who had some right to look to him for care. From a hard and grasping nature he becomes gentle and loving. Why he does not reveal his identity and become a Nemesis the reader will discover in the skillful story.

The style is natural and the individuality of each character well marked. The author possesses the gift of arousing and sustaining interest by unexpected and original developments of plot.

Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The diary of Mrs. John Hays Hammond, wife of the American engineer who was imprisoned, sentenced to death, and finally released upon the payment of a heavy fine as a member of the Johannesburg reform committee, is now in the hands of London printers, and is awaited with considerable interest.

Edgar Fawcett's latest story, which the Lippincotts have just issued, is "A Romance of Old New York." The leading figure in the story is Aaron Burr.

Austin Dobson is preparing a single-volume edition of his poems, which he will send forth as the one he cares to be remembered by. It will contain most of the "Old World Idylls" and the poems in "At the Sign of the Lyre," with a few of the fugitive poems composed since the publication of those volumes.

Mr. Howells discusses Byron in *Harper's Weekly* in this fashion:

"His most crying sin will always be found to be that in his greatest poem he dealt falsely and to the enduring barm of all who give themselves up to his magic. This is the greatest of all pities; but no candid man can deny that the question of Lord Byron is ultimately the question of Don Juan; or that the thought of this is what first comes into the mind at mention of the poet's name. He is condemned to eternal association with a work whose . . . infamy no poet of a later time would accept for the sake of his fame. . . . His sin was largely a part of his pose, which was so largely a part of himself; and it must not be taken too seriously in making up a judgment of his character. Because he was turbulent and rebellious, it was imagined that he was liberal; because he was splendid and profuse, it was believed that he was generous; and he was always suffering from these misconceptions, both in his friends and in his foes. The truth is that Byron was always an aristocrat, with very feudal principles and instincts; and though he gave his money and at last his life to the cause of Greek liberty, he died as distinctly for Byron as for Greece."

Lewis Morris Iddings has an entertaining paper on "Ocean Crossings" in the April *Scribner's*. It is one of the series on the art of travel.

Thomas Hardy's new novel, "The Well-Loved," had a much better title, "The Pursuit of the Well-Beloved," when it appeared serially in the *Illustrated London News*. The story also is to be notably changed in the published book from its original form.

"Wilt Thou Have This Woman?" by J. MacLaren Cobban, author of "The King of Andaman," has been issued in the Lippincott's Series for March.

Richard Harding Davis has severed his connection with the New York *Journal* and resumed magazine work. He has sailed for England to write up the queen's jubilee, and his account of the inauguration of President McKinley and the retirement of Mr. Cleveland is now in the press.

The table of contents of *Scribner's Magazine* for April is as follows:

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—The Transformation," drawn by William Hole, R. S. A., in Scenes from Great Novels; "William Quiller Orchardson, R. A.," by Cosmo Monkhouse; "The Art of Travel—Ocean Crossings," by Lewis Morris Iddings; "Soldiers of Fortune," chapters IX.-XI., by Richard Harding Davis; "A Roman Easter," by Auguste F. Gorguet; "The Maryland Yellow-Throat," by Henry Van Dyke; "The Oak-Dwellers," by Charles D. Lanier; "Vo Espero," by Robert W. Chambers; "The Story of a Play," chapters IV.-VII., by W. D. Howells; "London: III.—London Parks," as seen by C. D. Gibson; "Bird Pictures," by William E. D. Scott; "Odysseus and Trelawny—A Sequel to Byron's Grecian Career," by F. B. Sanborn; verses by H. C. Bunner and Clinton Scollard; and the usual departments.

For its grammatical lapses, Miss Marie Corelli's story of "The Sorrows of Satan" has been nicknamed "The Sorrows of Syntax."

Mark Twain, who is at present in London, is about to publish a volume of essays under the title of one of them, "How to Tell a Story." It will include that "Defense of Harriet Shelley."

David Christie Murray has published a very interesting appreciation of Dr. George MacDonald and J. M. Barrie, in which he insists upon Dr. MacDonald's place as the father of the new Scots school of fiction. According to the London correspondent of the *Book-Buyer*, the Scottish school of fiction is losing vogue in England.

An interesting book recently published by the Lippincotts is "How to Live Longer and Why We do not Live Longer," by Dr. J. R. Hayes, medical examiner of the Bureau of Pensions at Washington.

William T. Stead has already published more than seven and one-quarter millions of his "penny novels." Rider Haggard is the most popular of the authors on his list, the abridgement of "She," which was the first of the series, having reached a sale of nearly five hundred thousand copies.

Gelett Burgess has announced that with the April number *The Lark* will cease publication. The first number was issued some two years ago, when the craze for freak magazines was just beginning, and it

immediately attained a wide popularity. It was fantastically original, but every number was bright and readable. The fame of the series of "Purple Cow" rhymes extended even to England. They were written and illustrated by Mr. Burgess, and other contributions in prose and verse were by Bruce Porter, Porter Garnett, and two or three other contributors. The drawings and posters were contributed by Mr. Burgess, Bruce Porter, Ernest Peixotto, and Florence Lundborg.

F. B. Sanborn contributes to the April *Scribner's* an article entitled "Odysseus and Trelawny—A Sequel to Byron's Grecian Career."

"The Ape, the Idiot, and Other People" is the title of a book of startling and uncanny tales by W. C. Morrow which the Lippincotts have just issued. Many of the stories were originally published in the *Argonaut*, and our readers will doubtless be glad to have them thus brought together.

Julian Hawthorne stopped for a few days in London on his way to India. While there he was interviewed by a representative of the *Daily Mail*. Of his own works he said: "I have three novels on the stocks, but don't expect to publish any of them before the end of the year. The last thing I did was to write a competition story for the New York *Herald*, which gained the prize of ten thousand dollars, and took me three weeks to write."

C. D. Gibson describes with pen and pencil Hyde Park and its types in the series "London As Seen by C. D. Gibson," in the April *Scribner's*.

Constant are the discussions over the pronunciation of the name of Samuel Pepys. In the *Graphic* of 1891 these verses are found:

"There are people, I'm told—some say there are beaps—
Who speak of the talkative Samuel as Peeps;
And some so precise and pedantic their step is
Who call the delightful old Diarist, Pepys;
But those I think right, and I follow their steps,
Ever mention the garrulous gossip as Peps!"

"A Marital Liability" is the title of the new book by Elizabeth Phipps Train, the author of "A Social Highwayman," which the J. B. Lippincott Company has just published.

The next interesting hook on Arctic life will probably be one by Harry de Windt, who, at the end of 1895, started on a trip from "New York to Paris by land." He traveled northward from Vancouver, through Alaska, and then by ship from the American side of Behring Straits to the Siberian coast opposite.

The April *Scribner's* contains an article by Cosmo Monkhouse on William Quiller Orchardson, which is copiously illustrated with reproductions from the artist's work.

Rudyard Kipling says that in story-writing the novel is the real thing, and that a man can not write a good novel before he is forty.

R. H. Sherrard is not a *persona grata* in Christianity, because he went for Ipsen tooth and nail. The Norwegian admirers of their dramatist have coined a special word. If anybody tells a lie they say "that is a Sherrard." Mr. Sherrard's reply is: "It would ill become an ardent philologist to object to anything by which a starveling and impetuous language may be enriched and beautified."

The J. B. Lippincott Company has just issued a posthumous novel by "The Duchess." It is entitled "The Coming of Chloe."

Dr. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, tells the following story on himself:

"While traveling in England," he said, "I fell into conversation with a stranger who proved to be a man of great intelligence and culture. We discussed recent novels, on which we spoke with much freedom. I expressed my opinion of 'Tess,' some parts of which I thought were very melo-dramatic, especial emphasis being laid on the first part of the compound word. 'In fact,' I said, 'they are so melo that they approach the stage of rottenness.' As we were parting the gentleman said: 'You may be interested in knowing that my name is Thomas Hardy.'"

Mrs. Hugh Fraser, the author of "Palladia," is a sister of Marion Crawford. She has written a number of other novels, but it is her latest work that has made her talked about.

Beatrice Harraden's new novel, "Hilda Strafford," went into a seventh edition a week after publication in England.

A new edition of Harold Frederic's novels is to be published, uniform with "The Damnation of Theron Ware." The name of this edition is "In the Sixties," and it includes "The Copperhead" and "Marsena and Other Stories," "Seth's Brother's Wife," "In the Valley," and "The Lawton Girl."

Mr. Zangwill's "Dreamers of the Ghetto" will be ready this fall. His "Children of the Ghetto," translated into Russian and Hebrew, has been admitted into Russia, and the book has a wide circulation there.

The Lippincotts have published a new romance, "Glamour," by Meta Orred.

The late Alexandre Dumas left a will which dealt exhaustively with his estate, but omitted to name anybody as his executor, and administration to his personality has only just been granted to his daughter. The full name of the late novelist was Alexandre Dumas Davy de la Pailleterie.

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AND WHY WE DON'T LIVE LONGER. By J. R. HAYES, M. D., Medical Examiner Bureau of Pensions, Department of the Interior, Washington, D. C. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00.

It is the aim of the author to point out many of the errors of living that tend to bring on disease in the human system and shorten human life. The object is to instruct against the incurrence of diseases rather than prescribe remedies for their treatment. As far as practicable, the use of all technical terms are omitted, the object in view being to give instruction to all classes upon subjects of vital interest to all.

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Startling and Uncanny Tales by W. C. MORROW. 12mo. Ornamentally bound, deckle edges, \$1.25.

The sheer power, artistic reserve, and knowledge of human motives stored up in these startling stories would furnish forth a legion of the shallow tale-tellers who gain an ephemeral reputation. The author seizes the essential of every episode which he narrates and burns them into his pages with an indelible pen. All this is done with such literary propriety and power, such grasp of detail and decisive selection, that the result is a series of tales which must inevitably take a high place in the letters of our day.

A MARITAL LIABILITY.

By ELIZABETH PHIPPS TRAIN, author of "A Social Highwayman," etc. Issued in the *Lotos Library*. Illustrated. 16mo. Polished buckram, 75 cents.

The authoress who wrote "A Social Highwayman" has a field in fiction all to herself. Her stories have the qualities of melodramas quietly but strikingly told, and her plots are ingenious as they are novel.

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By "THE DUCHESS," author of "A Point of Conscience," "A Lonely Maid," etc. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.25.

"It is with a source of regretful pleasure that one takes up this late story of 'The Duchess,' knowing that her work is over and this is the last but one of her entertaining novels. How often, when we have been weary and sad, has she rested and cheered us, for her charm is perennial! The freshness and spirit of her girl heroines glow on every page, and her ready wit is never failing."

"The Coming of Chloe" is well written, with an admirably conceived and executed plot, bits of graceful imagery and flashes of wit, just enough of sentiment to be human and natural, and thoroughly clean and sweet from beginning to end. The volume is well printed and tastefully bound."—*Boston Times*.

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WILT THOU HAVE THIS WOMAN?

By J. MACLAREN COBBAN, author of "The King of Andaman," in *Lippincott's Series* for March, 1897. 12mo. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

Mr. J. MacLaren Cobban has really surpassed himself in his latest story of so alluring a title. It is made up of love and intrigue in English society, and will delight those readers who like a book whose plot can not be guessed in the first chapter.

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"... Despite the undercurrent of gloominess, 'Glamour' holds the reader's attention, fascinates him, and in many of its details gives much to think about. The volume is very attractive in letter-press and make-up."—*Boston Times*.

Sold by Booksellers everywhere, or mailed upon receipt of price, by the Publishers.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Letters from Constantinople.

Mrs. Max Müller, aided by her distinguished husband, has written, in a pleasing narrative style, of her experiences in Constantinople, where she enjoyed peculiar opportunities for observing the court life of the present Sultan, Abdul Hamid, and penetrated further than most Europeans into places that no amount of *bachshish* opens to the ordinary traveler.

The author describes with felicity the beautiful Bosphorus, the kiosks of the Sultan, and the mosques, palaces, and treasures of Constantinople. With its snow-white minarets and mosques, its pomp and splendor, and the cruelty and tragedy hidden behind its harem walls, Constantinople has always possessed a fascinating interest. While the home life of Turkish women is usually as jealously guarded from Christian eyes as their faces are concealed behind the *yashmak*, Mrs. Müller took advantage of her privileges and visited many Turkish homes. She feels a genuine pity for the wife of a Turk, who, if she is educated, can not help but lead a restless and unsatisfied life, although her gilded cage may be provided with every luxury.

Professor Müller contributes several entertaining chapters. One, especially dwelling upon the attitude of Mohammed toward Christ, is remarkable. It reveals the extraordinary reverence of the prophet for the founder of Christianity.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.75.

Bird-lore.

For one desirous of forming a closer acquaintance with our feathered friends, "The Story of the Birds," by James Newton Baskett, M. A., will prove a valuable find. It is thoroughly up to date in method, substituting a lively phraseology for the formerly apparently inevitable dryness that seemed inseparable from the subject.

We are introduced to the bird's forefathers as far back as the pterodactyl. We are initiated into the cut of his frock, his underwear, his weapons, and his home. We are taught to watch the freaks of bachelor birds and Benedicts in feathers. We learn how he makes his living and what he knows about geography and arithmetic, how he goes to bed, and the way he travels. We are at last introduced to all his kinsfolk and share the family secrets.

Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, 65 cents.

A Beautiful Book.

Unusually elaborately and beautiful is the book in which Elbert Hubbard recounts his "Little Journeys to the Homes of Ruskin and Turner."

The volume is not only enriched by reproductions of Turner's famous masterpieces—in process-work on Japan paper—but the ornamental initials are illuminated by hand-work in color, like that in the old sixteenth-century missals. The title-page and colophon are adorned with blossoming sprays also painted by hand. The text is printed in the old black-letter type, and forms a "neat rivulet of text meandering through a meadow of margin." The whole volume presents an unique and artistic appearance.

Mr. Hubbard maintains his theme in his characteristic quaintly humorous style, full of readable comment and pungent anecdote.

Published at the Roycroft Printing Shop, East Aurora, N. Y.; price, \$5.00.

A Book of Verse.

Dainty in binding, printed on fine paper in clear type, "A Vintage of Verse," by Clarence Urmey, is a noteworthy addition to Western verse. Many of the poems have appeared in the various magazines. They do not aspire to rival the masterpieces of great singers, but the reader may glean several pleasing and melodious passages. They mirror the moods of Nature as she reveals herself to those who dwell among the vine-clad hills or wander by the sea or through the California redwoods.

Published by William Doxey, San Francisco; price, \$1.25.

The Sins of the Fathers.

"The Man who Wins," by Robert Herrick, is a bright if brief tale of heredity and neurosis. The Elwells are the anæmic and degenerate representatives of a once vigorous stock. The third generation have inherited devitalized and listless constitutions. Insanity and vice, scrofula and drink, have been hoarded in the blood and passed on. The signs are not very apparent, however, in the generation of which Leonora Elwell is a representative.

Jarvis Thornton, a well-balanced man of sterling blood, ignores the warnings he has been taught to perceive, and marries into the Elwell family. He has a moderate success in life as a nerve specialist; but nothing compared to the success he might have achieved, had his every effort not been handicapped by the infirmities of his apathetic wife.

A young fellow of fine qualifications as an artist falls in love with his daughter, who has the mother's taint in her blood. Dr. Thornton loves as a son the youth whose career he has helped to map out. Knowing how profoundly his own marriage has altered his life, and how, although it has not been a failure, all his best energies have been absorbed by an exacting passion for a neurotic woman, he seeks

to save his *protégé* from a like error before he has gone too far.

All his repressed ambitions and baffled hopes find expression in his farewell to the young man, who decides to profit by his experience: "Now, go, and godspeed to you! Go in to win!"

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, 75 cents.

New Publications.

"A Modern Corsair: A Story of the Levant," the latest output of Richard Henry Savage's busy story-mill, has been issued in paper covers by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents.

"Upon the Tree-Tops," by Olive Thorne Miller, records the observations of a sympathetic lover of birds. She has studied enthusiastically and minutely the habits of different well-known species, and noted also the character displayed by individual birds under her care. The genial and unaffected style of the author will recommend the book to fellow bird-lovers, and the imagination with which she has invested her topic clothes an ordinarily dry subject with new attractions. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

"Annotated Bibliography of the Fine Arts" is a very useful book, in which literature bearing upon the fine arts is appraised and commented upon. It notices one thousand carefully chosen works by descriptive, critical, and comparative notes. The department of the Fine Arts has been supervised by Russell Sturgis, and the part devoted to music has been conducted by Henry Edward Krehbiel. The annotations are valuable and good examples of art criticism. Published by the Library Bureau, Boston; price, 50 cents in paper, \$1.00 in cloth.

M. Louis Paulian relates in "The Beggars of Paris" the results of his investigation of begging as a profession. After reciting how he was led to become a beggar, he distinguishes between the really needy and the impostors, and points out the divisions into which mendicancy may be separated. Under the head of mendicancy he discusses the questions of work and money, and suggests reforms in the police department, the poor law, and also legislative reform. The domain of charitable societies is touched upon. Translated by Lady Herschell and published by Edward Arnold, New York; price, 60 cents.

"Miss Armstrong's and Other Circumstances," by John Davidson, is a collection of several bright sketches. The title-story represents the struggles of an earnest young girl to mold circumstances to her own wish. She receives some hard if wholesome knocks, and at last comes into contact with a circumstance that she does not desire to alter and which in its turn leads to a smaller circumstance, the source of much maternal happiness. "Among the Anarchists" is a description of an anarchists' meeting, presenting in happy phrase some sound philosophy. Published by Stone & Kimball, New York; price, \$1.25.

OLD FAVORITES.

From John Hay's "Pike County Ballads."

LITTLE BREECHES.

I don't go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handfull o' things I know,
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free-will, and that sort of thing,—
But I h'lieve in God and the angels,
Ever since one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along—
No four-year-old in the county
Could heat him for pretty and strong,
Pearl and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight,—
And I'd learnt him to chaw terhacker
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started,—
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches, and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie;
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we roused up some torches,
And searched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upst—dead heat—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me,
Of my fellow-critters' aid,
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch deep in the snow, and prayed.

By this, the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheep-fold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night,
We looked in and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white;
And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,
As peart as ever you see.

"I want a chaw of terhacker,
And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels,
He could never have walked in that storm;
They jest scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And fotching him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around the Throne.

THE MYSTERY OF GILGAL.

The darkest, strangest mystery
I ever read, or heern, or see,
Is 'long of a drink at Taggart's Hall—
Tom Taggart's of Gilgal.

I've heern the tale a thousand ways
But never could git through the maze
That hangs around that queer day's doins';
But I'll tell the yarn to youans.

Tom Taggart stood behind his bar,
The time was fall, the skies was fa'r,
The neighbors round the counter drewed,
And ca'mly drinked and jawed.

And at last come Colonel Blood of Pike,
And old Jedge Phinn, permiscus-like,
And each, as he meandered in,
Remarked, "A whisky-skin."

Tom mixed the leverage full and fa'r,
And slammed it, smoking, on the bar,
Some says three fingers, some says two—
I'll leave the choice to you.

Phinn to the drink pnt forth his hand;
Blood drewed his knife, with accent bland,
"I ax yer parding, Mister Phinn—
Jest drap that whisky-skin."

No man high-toneder could he found
Than old Jedge Phinn the country round,
Says he, "Young man, the tribe of Phinns
Knows their own whisky-skins."

He went for his 'leven-inch bowie-knife—
"I tries to foller a Christian life;
But I'll drap a slice of liver or two,
My bloomin' shrub, with you."

They carved in a way that all admired,
Tell Blood drewed iron at last and fired.
It took Seth Bludso 'twist the eyes,
Which caused him great surprise.

Then coats went off, and all went in;
Shots and had language swelled the din;
The short, sharp bark of Derringers,
Like hull-pups, cheered the furze.

They piled the stiffs outside the door;
They made, I reckon, a cord or more.
Girls went that winter, as a rule,
Alone to spellin'-school.

I've searched in vain from Dan to Beer-
Sheha, to make this mystery clear;
But I end with hit as I did begin—
Who got the whisky-skin?

JIM BLUDSO.

Wall, no; I can't tell you whar he lives,
Beca'se he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the *Prairie Belle*.

He weren't no saint—they engineers
Is all pretty much alike—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
And another one here, in Pike;
A keersless man in his talk, was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row,
But he never flunked, and he never lied—
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had—
To treat his engine well;
Never he passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's hell;
And if ever the *Prairie Belle* took fire—
A thousand times he swore,
He'd hold her nozzle ag'in the hank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All hoats has their day on the Mississipp,
And her day come at last—
The *Movastar* was a better hoat,
But the *Belle* she wouldn't be passed,
And so she come tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire hurt out as she cl'ared the har,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turoed, and made
For that willer-hank on the right.
There was runnin', and cursin', hut Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle ag'in the hank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot black breath of the hurnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're horn, they all got off
Afore the smoke-stacks fell—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the *Prairie Belle*.

He weren't no saint; hut at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim,
Longside some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty—a dead-sure thing—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

The April number is out today.

There is a great deal of out-of-door matter and illustrations in it.

"OCEAN CROSSINGS," by LEWIS MORRIS IDDINGS—Illustrated.

"LONDON AS SEEN BY C. D. GIBSON"—THE PARKS.

"YO ESPERO," by ROBERT W. CHAMBERS, a story with fresh air and mountains and moon-shiners in it.

"THE OAK-DWELLERS," by CHARLES D. LANIER—Illustrated.

"THE MARYLAND YELLOW THROAT," a poem by DR. HENRY VAN DYKE.

"BIRD PICTURES," by W. E. D. SCOTT—Illustrated.

Also: COSMO MONKHOUSE's paper on "WILLIAM QUILLER ORCHARDSON, R. A."—Illustrated.

WILLIAM HOLE's conception of DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—the frontispiece.

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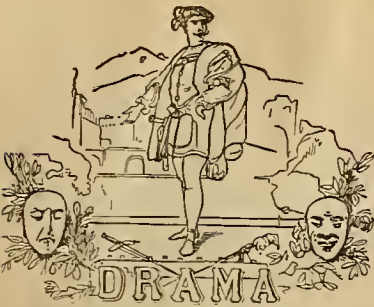
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Players like Otis Skinner and his leading lady, Maud Durbin, ought to be encouraged. From actors on this plane and with these ideals will come that refining and sustaining influence which will keep our drama from settling down in a body into vaudeville and farce. More than this, they have enterprise, these two young stars. In a three weeks' season they advertise three new plays. There has not been a romantic company here for years that has offered us so much novelty. There is the energy and hopefulness of youth about Mr. Skinner and Miss Durbin, and the stage wants youth. Only the other day a well-known actor complained that there was hardly a star actress in this country who was not middle-aged or positively old.

"His Grace de Grammont" is clever, elegant, witty, and Clyde-Fitch-y generally. There are Beau Brummelian moments in it. In the artificial, rococo surroundings of a painted and powdered past, Mr. Fitch finds himself most at home. He writes excellent dialogue of an ornate and flowery elegance. He can be very nearly as smartly impertinent as Congress himself. His style has a thin, high polish on it, like the glaze on certain kinds of china, and his mind has a sort of languid, ennuyé distinction. He belongs to the period when Boucher and Watteau painted all the world in the pink light of a golden age of gallantry and intrigue, when everybody was disreputably charming and did the most dreadful things in the most enchantingly well-bred way.

The court of the Merry Monarch is an unconventional if picturesque place to set a play. Even Mr. Fitch appeared to be a little abashed before the questionable company he takes us into. But he is blessed with a lightness of touch, a gay irresponsibility of mood, which takes him skimming over places where angels would fear to tread. It must have been a confusing era to live in. The most amiable person in the play—outside the hero and heroine—is Lady Castlemain, who comes out quite undefiled from all the pitch she has been touching. One expects to see Nell Gwynn and Louise de Kerouailles appear upon the scene in a state of expurgated saintliness, but Mr. Fitch draws the line at Castlemain. The Merry Monarch himself is not at all merry. If he could have been made a sort of wild, fascinating, brilliant creature like the king in "Le Roi s'Amuse," one could have overlooked a good deal. A light heart, a reckless spirit, and a witty tongue will cover a multitude of sins. But Charles is represented as a person of ponderous manners and love-affairs that he appeared to regard with a solemnity that was almost lugubrious. His kingly courting was quite the most dismal thing imaginable.

The interest of the piece centres in the love of the Duc de Grammont for La Belle Hamilton, upon whom the king has also cast his eyes. De Grammont is that type of irresistible, impulsive, hot-headed, warm-hearted squire of dames, who has been sung of and written of since romance came into the world. The drama has loved him dearly and he has laughed and swaggered and fought his way through it, here as Mercutio, there as Don Caesar, again as Ruy Blas, and soon re-appearing and repeating himself up to the present day. In him is all that is splendid and brave and debonair—a stanch friend, an honest enemy, a true lover. It is one of the most difficult types of character to act. The brilliancy of the villain, or the mere reckless *diablerie* of the man of many loves and many fights, is easy of portrayal, but when there are indications of a moral side, a restraining sense of honor in the background, matters become rather complicated.

De Grammont has all the charm, the life, the buoyancy of the typical courtier, the suavity of the man of the world, the flattering tongue of the gallant, and the high soul and spirit of the play hero. Mr. Skinner gives him courtly manners, a gracious address, and that magic of eye and voice which made him the rival of two kings. For De Grammont was sent out of France because he cut out Louis the Fourteenth, and nearly lost his head in England because he cut out Charles the Second. Mr. Skinner's impersonation is full of grace, youth, and impetuosity. He is almost the only romantic actor in the country who has the delicacy of imagination, the color, and the fire which go to the making of a good stage-lover. It is a melancholy fact that the American stage is sadly devoid of lovers. Dramatic talent in this country seems to run to the depicting of villainy. All the fine American actors have been incomparable villains, but our theatre has produced no great lover like Fechter or Rossi.

Mr. Skinner is fortunate enough to have found a suitable companion star in Maud Durbin. When this young actress was here four years ago with Modjeska, play-goers were struck by her delicate

and original talent. Hers was no school-of-acting style, but the spontaneous expression of a sympathetic temperament and an alert imagination. Her Marie in "Magda" was a work of art, quiet, low-keyed, but beautifully real and tender. In the four years she has grown thinner and lost some of her quick freshness. But she has gained in finish, and her candid girlishness, her lovely air of youth and confidence and charm are as delicately true as ever. She is of the Julia Marlowe type of actress, and, unless one excepts Julia Marlowe, is the most promising young player in that line now before the public.

She invests La Belle Hamilton with all the soft, engaging innocence and frankness that was one of the charms of that famous belle and beauty. The part is peculiarly suitable to her, as it has not any of the grandeur and haughty magnificence which tradition gives to so many of the great ladies of that fast and splendid day. La Belle Hamilton was unspoiled and untouched in an atmosphere which would have withered the freshness of any less choice and dainty spirit. Miss Durbin plays the part with an enchanting simplicity. She is the most real young girl we have seen since Mrs. Taber's Juliet. And only those who have seen many annual crops of stage *ingénues* trying to be young and artless, and only succeeding in being artificial and maddeningly idiotic, know how rare such a thing is. Her whole portrayal breathed a delicate fragrance of youth and sincerity. Even in the dance, with its shy, stolen kiss, she maintained the poise of the character, never losing her hold of the type under portrayal.

The production of "La Navarraise" should have packed the California, as it was a distinct event. The theatre, however, was not as full as it had been for "The Huguenots," or was later on for "Aida." "La Navarraise" is all drama and no music, everything is sacrificed for dramatic effects. The curtain rises to the accompaniment of musket-shots and falls to the mad laugh of an insane woman. Between the prelude and finale a story of blood and horror is unfolded to a surreptitious and suppressed musical accompaniment. Never has music—even in the music-drama—been so forced into the background. The piece is a quick dialogue, where the words are sung rapidly and without repetition to a subdued and carefully assistant orchestral undercurrent. The revolt against the concert-opera, with its set pieces and its singers drawn up in line, oratorio-fashion, has never gone so far as in "La Navarraise." It is a dramatic episode, touched up by musical high lights.

Massenet, with the penetrative, sharp cleverness of a modern man of brain and energy, has seen the tendency of the time and gone one better than his predecessors. He has not, however, the music in his soul that Leoncavallo and Mascagni have. Massenet has his music in his head, and "La Navarraise," with all its passion and anguish, blood and tears, shows this. The brain made it, and to the brain it appeals. With a story that should make the soul quake, it only evokes a quick interest and leaves one coldly respectful of the modish cleverness of the man who has played shrewdly on the whims of a wearied public. Here and there, there are snatches of picturesque beauty. When the Navarraise recalls that past period of happiness and joy, a softened melody, with the low throbbing of castanets beneath it, sweeps through the orchestra for one sweet, reminiscent moment, faint and elusive like the memory of a dream.

The interlude when the soldiers make merry is excellent in intention, but lacks that jovial, unpremeditated gaiety that should have marked it. The whole piece is dyed deep with drama and has no place for music. The crackling musketry, the smoke, the changing lights of night and dawn, tell the story well enough without the assistance of an art which should not be relegated to the position of the scenery and the calcium light. The moments are too short, the climaxes too sharp, for vocal explanation and delay. When the Navarraise creeps into the fort in the pink dawn, with wild, frightened eyes and bloodstained hands, and hoarsely demands her money, it is a climax for speech, not song. The fine dramatic instinct of the French told author and composer this, and La Navarraise, instead of voicing her demand in mellifluous notes, called it harshly in the grating tones of frenzy and despair. But this is not opera. Opera means music, and "La Navarraise" is not music. In fact, as one followed it, the idea kept rising to the mind that the music was an impediment, and that it would be much better without it, standing forth on its merits as a drama.

The more one sees of Mme. Fædor the more one feels that she is an artist. She has the soul, the poetry, the imagination—those great possessions that make their owner a being set apart from the herd. She has the temperament—the temperament that holds and thrills through the voice. It is lack of temperament that makes Massart and Prévost so uninteresting. It is a humiliating admission to have to make, but it seems impossible to tell one of those gentlemen from the other. Which is Prévost and which is Massart? It is like a puzzle. They are so alike, and they sing so alike, and they are both so equally lacking in all that makes singing a soulful joy. But Fædor and Albers are artists with souls and voices that glow, and melt, and mourn through the rising and falling cadences.

Few of the greatest singers have the charm of Fædor. Her Aida, for example, was the only Aida seen here in which the character was indicated. We have all seen famous Aidas, who sang the rôle

grandly, but who before has ever seen the woman herself—the swarthy captive pining for her country, the dark woman listening by the moonlit ruin to the wild pleadings of her father and the passionate reproaches of her lover? It was the realization of Verdi's dream—the dark-skinned creature, panther-soft in her movements, brooding in her captivity, yearning for the country of her wild youth, staking her life upon her love, stealing away to die beside him like an animal stricken to the heart. She and Albers were never more intensely poetic in their work than in this opera. Their appreciation of the artistic side of it is exquisitely fine. Albers was a tragically convincing Amonasro, his dark face alight with suspicion, anger, and pain. In places Mme. Fædor found the score too high. In the scene by the river—a fearful ordeal for any voice—she had difficulty in reaching some of her notes. It seems a pity that so rich a voice should have to undergo this devastating strain.

The Art Association.

The annual meeting of the San Francisco Art Association was held last Tuesday at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art, and the following gentlemen were elected directors for the ensuing year: Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. L. P. Latimer, Mr. Edward Bosqui, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. J. C. Johnson, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. Arthur Rodgers, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Irving M. Scott, Mr. William G. Stafford, and Mr. James W. Byrne. The report of Secretary Martin showed that the association is in a flourishing condition, with \$24,459.14 in the treasury.

The Bristol celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the North American continent by John Cabot is to be held in the summer of this year. The result of the Cabot expeditions of 1497 and 1498, sailing from Bristol, was to preempt the North American continent for the English-speaking peoples of the world. The citizens of Bristol have organized a strong committee, presided over by the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, with the intention of adequately commemorating the part taken by their ancestors in these important expeditions, and the most favored proposal is that a monument shall be erected within the limits of their city. They have already collected over two thousand pounds for this purpose, and they expect to collect in all some four or five thousand pounds. Subscriptions from citizens of the United States resident in England to the amount of several hundred dollars have already been promised; but in order to carry out the proposed plan it is necessary to have aid from the United States. An American committee, presided over by Ambassador Bayard, has charge of the American campaign. Subscriptions may be sent to the secretary, Lorin A. Lathrop, United States Consulate, Bristol, England.

English and American visitors are so numerous in Nice this season that English is said to be the predominating language on the promenades. A new and interesting feature of the Nice carnival was the bicycle battle of flowers, which took place the day after the flower battle from carriages. Some beautifully bedecked wheels were ridden, those of Lord Uxbridge and Miss Lee Mitchell being most admired. The wheel of the former resembled a swan, the design carried out in white carnations, with reins of pink ribbons. Miss Mitchell's bicycle was transformed into a miniature yacht.

Visitor—"Were you ever in the chorus?" Prima donna—"Yes; when the manager asked last week if we wanted our salaries."—*Texas Siftings.*

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Last Performances: Monday Evening, April 5th, "William Tell"; Wednesday, "Les Huguenots"; Friday,

"Hamlet" (Benefit Henri Albers); Saturday Matinée,

"Carmen." Saturday Evening, Grand Farewell. Triple

Bill—"Pagliacci," "La Navarraise," Scene from "La Favorita," etc.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The French Opera Season.

The season of French grand opera at the California Theatre is rapidly coming to an end. Halévy's "La Juive" will be sung for the last time during the engagement to-night. The last week will begin with a performance of Rossini's "William Tell," which has not been heard here for a number of years. The ballet *divertissements*, which are so frequently omitted, will be given in the first and third acts. This first performance of the week will take place on Monday evening, instead of on Tuesday as heretofore. Owing to the success of Verdi's "Aida" on Tuesday night of this week, it will be repeated on Wednesday, April 7th, in place of "The Huguenots," as was first announced. Much store is set by the production on Friday night of Ambrose Thomas's "Hamlet." It will be the first time that this opera has been given in San Francisco, and further importance attaches to the occasion from the fact that it will be a benefit for M. Albers, the baritone. "Carmen" will be given at the farewell *matinée* on Saturday afternoon, and the final performance on Saturday night will be a gala performance, a triple bill, including Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci," Massenet's "La Navarraise," and a scene from "La Favorita."

Otis Skinner's Second Week.

Otis Skinner will begin the second week of his engagement as a star at the Baldwin on Monday night. The first five nights of the week will be devoted to "A Soldier of Fortune," "Romeo and Juliet" will be given at the Saturday *matinée*, and the Saturday evening performance will be a double bill, consisting of "The Merchant of Venice" and "Katherine and Petruchio." To the last week there will be a change of bill nightly.

"A Soldier of Fortune" is a romantic drama of Mr. Skinner's own writing. The scene of the play is laid in Italy in the early part of the sixteenth century, during the second French invasion. Caesar Borgia, Machiavelli, and other historical personages figure in the story, which is a thrilling one, set forth in dramatic situations and clever dialogue.

War-Drama at the Columbia.

Mr. and Mrs. Russ Whytal will begin their second week at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night. They will continue to appear in "For Fair Virginia," a romantic play of the Southland during the Civil War, which was written by Mr. Whytal. Both Mr. and Mrs. Whytal are well suited with their roles, and the minor parts are taken by a fairly strong company.

Georgia Cayvan will make her first appearance as a star in this city at the Columbia Theatre on Monday, April 12th. Her engagement is one of the important theatrical events of the season, and is unquestionably attracting more than ordinary interest. Miss Cayvan's long years of service on the stage have not only developed her fine artistic instincts, but have won her a wide circle of friends, and they all wish her well in her present venture. Her repertoire is entirely new to San Francisco. It includes "Squire Kate," "Mary Pennington, Spinster," "Goblin Castle" and "The Little Individual." Her supporting company is an excellent one. Among its members are Orrin Johnson, Lionel Barrymore—a son of Maurice Barrymore—Frank Atterly, George Woodward, Alfred Brown, Anne Sutherland, Florence Conron, Winifred McCaull, Louise Palmer, and Miss Ten Eyck.

The New Tivoli Spectacle.

"Don Juan (Ad Lib.)" has met the usual fate of Tivoli extravaganzas; that is to say, it is a success, and will be continued until further notice. The cast includes all the leading members of the stock company. Laura Millard appears as the beautiful Haidee; Elvia Crox-Seabrooke as her maid; Anna Suits as the Queen of the Mermaids; Rafael as Lord Bateman; Maurice Darcy as his valet; W. H. West as a retired pirate; and Ferris Hartman as the latter's valet; with Rhys Thomas, Marcel Perro, Fred Kavanaugh, Anna Schnabel, Jeonle Stockmeyer, and others in the minor roles. One of Ferris Hartman's hits is in singing "Sister Mary Jane's Top Note," which is the latest popular song in New York, and he has a medley of popular songs and some topical duets with Miss Seabrooke and Mr. Darcy. Rafael and Miss Millard both have pretty ballads to sing, and there are two notable ballets, the "Sailor Boys" in the second act and "The Mermaid's" in the last.

When it is necessary to find a successor for "Don Juan," it will probably be Sir Julius Benedict's romantic opera, "The Lily of Killarney."

Novelties in Vaudeville.

Delmore and Lee are the most notable of the newcomers announced on the Orpheum programme for next week. They are announced as "gymnasts extraordinary, with illuminated revolving ladders," which means that they perform remarkable acrobatic feats while perched upon revolving ladders. Another novelty is Titenia, a "toe-dancer," whose feats are said to be decidedly original. Of those who are on the programme now, the four Cohans, Werner and Reider, and Johnny and Emma Ray will be retained. The latter are an Irish knock-about team, consisting of an unusually large woman and a grotesque little man, and they live up the designation of "knock-about."

The big woman throws the little man about the stage in a way that ought to reduce him to a pulp. It is very rough work, but at the same time it is very laughable.

The management is now making unusual efforts to secure new features for the future, and announces that some of the best European and Eastern artists will shortly be seen on the Orpheum stage.

A San Francisco Girl in New York.

Alice Nielson, the San Francisco girl who left the Tivoli company to join the Bostonians a year or so ago, is being much talked of in New York. She had her first real chance when "The Serenade" was produced at the Knickerbocker, and the papers praised her highly. One said "the ultimate success of 'The Serenade' was largely due to the startling superiority of a comparatively unknown singer, Miss Alice Nielson. . . . The whole aspect of things is changed by the rendering of one number, 'In Andalusia,' by little Miss Nielson. The singing of that number weathers a crisis."

But it is not by her singing alone that Miss Nielson attracted attention. In one scene the Duke brings Dolores (Jessie Bartlett Davis) to a convent for safe-keeping, and Dolores, seeing Yvonne (Miss Nielson) over the wall, proposes that they change clothes. As Miss Nielson would tip the scales at something less than one hundred pounds, while Jessie Bartlett Davis is sadly in need of a course of bicycling, the proposition struck the audience as humorous, and it simply howled.

Notes.

There are over seventy individuals and three brass bands in Primrose and West's Minstrels this season.

Clyde Fitch, the author of "His Grace de Grammont" and "Beau Brummel," is writing a new play for W. H. Crane.

Theresa Vaughan is soon going to London to produce a piece which was written by her late husband, William Mestayer.

Joseph Wheelock, an admired Romeo and Claude Melnotte of early days, is now appearing in a variety show in Cincinnati.

De Wolf Hopper's engagement at the Baldwin is set for next month. His principal opera will be Sousa's "El Capitan."

Henri Albers will sing the title role of Ambrose Thomas's "Hamlet" on the occasion of his benefit at the California Theatre next Friday night.

Harry Mann, brother of Al Hayman and at one time manager of the California Theatre, is to manage the Knickerbocker Theatre in New York next season.

The opera of "Hamlet" differs in many points from the play. For one thing, the soliloquy is given in the fourth act instead of before the players' scene.

Georgia Cayvan had a very gratifying success in New Orleans. She completely filled the Academy of Music there every night during her two weeks' engagement.

We shall have our first opportunity to judge Otis Skinner's interpretation of the melancholy Dane this evening at the Baldwin. Maud Durbin will, of course, be the Ophelia.

In spite of the success of "Rosemary," it is probable that John Drew will not continue to present it after this season. He has a number of new plays which he has contracted to produce next year.

The regular Lyceum organization will include "The Prisoner of Zenda" in its repertoire when it comes to the Baldwin in June. Two additional companies will be sent out in the play next season.

Among the members of the company that will present "A Run on the Bank" at the Columbia are Harry Vokes, Happy Ward, Harry Clay Blaney, Tony Williams, Gilheri Learock, Inez Rae, and Clara Belle.

"Katherine and Petruchio" as it is to be given by Otis Skinner at the Baldwin, next Saturday night, is in two acts. It will be the last section of a double-bill, which will also include "The Merchant of Venice."

There are four new songs in "Courtied into Court" which will be heard here for the first time when that lively farce-comedy comes to the Columbia. They are entitled "Crazy Dan," "Old Tom," "My Onliest One," and "Ob, Lulu."

Blanche Bates, T. Daniel Frawley, and Frank Worthog are now in Paris. Miss Bates is laying in a dazzling supply of costumes for the new plays which the Frawley company will produce during their annual engagement at the Columbia.

Augustin Daly is to revive Shakespeare's "Tempest" at his New York theatre this (Saturday) evening, with Miss Rehau as Miranda, Miss Earle as Ariel, Mr. Clarke as Prospero, and Mr. Power as Caliban. His regular season will close April 24th.

Wadsworth Harris, of the Otis Skinner company, is not an entire stranger in San Francisco. He was here with Mme. Modjeska some time ago. While on his way to this city, he stopped at Marysville last Saturday night, and was entertained at the residence of Mr. Norman D. Rideout. He gave a highly successful reading there, which included selections from

Shakespeare, Owen Meredith, Proctor, and Eugene Field.

Yvette Guilbert has made a decidedly novel departure by appearing in a species of monologue at La Scala, in Paris. Its title is "Pessima." It is described as "a symphonic and allegorical triptych," and in it she sings and recites twenty-two songs, which are illustrated with views thrown on a screen.

James Barton Key has organized a company to play one-act operas at vaudeville theatres. Years ago he brought out one of the best comic-opera companies that ever visited San Francisco. Marie Jansen was at the head of it, and others who are still remembered are Laura Don, Richard Golden, and John Howson.

William Curtis Gibson, the managing editor of *Puck*, has just written a play. It is a melodrama entitled "In Old New York," and deals with life in that city in the days of the volunteer fire department. "The play makes no pretense to historical accuracy," according to the *Sun*, from which we gleaned the above information, "and is founded entirely on Mr. Curtis's own reminiscences."

Henry E. Dixey is giving an imitation of Ellen Terry which is said to be nearly as good as his famous caricature of her famous stage-companion, Henry Irving. He recites the old verses about the mao whose friend paid a debt of two dollars to him after his death, and astonished him so that he died again of the shock. He has been telling that story in the fashion of a great many actors, but none of them is better than the way he thinks Ellen Terry would do it.

William Harris, of the Harris-Rich-Frohman syndicate, has completed the farce-comedy stock company which is to produce John J. McNally's new piece, "The Good Mr. Best." Of course May Irwin is not in it, but it contains some well-known players, including Jobo G. Sparks, Julius Witmark, Georgia Caine, Josie Sadler, Annie Yeamans, and Hope Ross. This is rather a descent for Miss Ross to change from the Frawley Company to farce-comedy.

She was entering the train, and as she passed through the car to her seat (says the *New York Times*), she brushed by a woman whose face was strangely familiar. "Where had she seen her before? She could not tell, and yet the familiarity was remarkable. The stranger also appeared impressed. She hesitated, looked puzzled, and then passed on. "Where have I seen that face?" said the first woman, as she took her seat beside a friend. The friend was in convulsions of laughter. "In your mirror, my dear," she answered; "that woman looks enough like you to be your twin sister."

In the pocket of Superintendent Morrison, who was recently killed at Cygnet, O., in a nitro-glycerine explosion, there was found a silver dollar in the face of which a ten-cent piece had been imbedded by the force of the explosion. On the other side of the dollar is the plain imprint of the opposite side of another dollar.

A Yorkshire vicar who quarreled with the squire of the parish has been put under a boycott by the latter. He can obtain neither food nor lodging in the village, the shop-keepers refuse to sell him their wares, and he is obliged to clean the church, light the lamps, and ring the bells himself.

Australia has no orphan asylums. Every child who is not supported by parents becomes a ward of the state, and is paid a pension for support and placed in a private family, where board and clothes are provided until the fourteenth birthday.

The final day of the present fortnight of racing at the Ingleside track will take place this (Saturday) afternoon. The occasion is one of unusual interest, for the California Derby is to be run, and a splendid lot of entries have been made for it.

A newly invented hat-pin makes the following bid for feminine favor: "The patent stationary hat-fastener, warranted to keep the hat on straight in a cable-car when rounding curves."

A commission of five has just been appointed by President Diaz of Mexico to report on the best means of preserving the timber throughout the republic.

The habit of always beginning his work by taking a rest has prevented many a man from retiring on his income.—*Life*.

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HONOLULU, H. I.

ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1897, AT 12 O'CLOCK noon, at the front entrance of the Executive Building, Honolulu, will be sold, at public auction, the Hawaiian Hotel premises at Honolulu.

These premises are centrally located in the city, in the center of the block bounded by and with access to, from Hotel, Richards, Beretania, and Alakea Streets, and the grounds contain an area of 1-7/10 acres.

The buildings consist of the hotel proper, of two stories and basement; built of brick and concrete, with broad verandas at front and rear of each story. The main building covers an area of 10,800 square feet, with Lanai or wing addition on one side 40x74 feet, and wooden addition on opposite wing, for kitchen, 60x18 feet. There are also four cottages on the premises, with ample provision for bath-rooms and closets.

The main building contains a spacious parlor, public and private dining-rooms, large billiard-hall and bar-room, and forty sleeping-rooms—the cottages contain about twenty additional sleeping-rooms. The main building cost a little over \$100,000 in 1874.

A water-tank, with capacity of 10,000 gallons, is placed on a tower at an elevation sufficient to give a good water pressure in second story of the main building. This tank is supplied from an artesian well on adjoining premises, owned by Dr. J. S. McGrew.

The buildings and grounds are thoroughly lighted with electric light.

Plans of the buildings and grounds can be seen at Hawaiian Consulate General, 266 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

Terms of sale are cash—in United States gold coin. Upset price, \$60,000.

In case there is no bidder to purchase the property at the above upset price, a lease of the same will immediately be offered for sale at an upset price of \$4,000 a year for a period of thirty years under the conditions set out in Act 7, Laws of 1896, and more particularly of Section 2 and 4 of said act, which reads as follows: "Section 2. Every such lease shall contain a covenant on the part of the lessee that he shall, during the first four years of the term of the lease, cause to be erected upon the leased premises a fire-proof building of brick, stone, or metal, in a workmanlike manner, satisfactory to the Minister of the Interior, at a cost of not less than fifty thousand dollars; and keep the same suitably insured at not less than two-thirds of its value for the benefit of the lessor; and shall keep the building in good repair during the remainder of the term of the lease, and shall repair and wear thereof only excepted; and in case of damage or destruction of such building by fire, shall make good such loss or damage by the necessary repairs or reconstruction, or else surrender the insurance to the lessor."

"Section 4. Every such lease shall also contain a covenant on the part of the lessor, that upon the request in writing by the lessee or his representatives, before the expiration thereof, the premises, with the improvements, shall, if all of the conditions to be performed by the lessee have been satisfactorily performed, be put up at auction for a lease for a term of not over twenty years; unless said premises shall be required for public uses, of which the lessee shall receive at least one year's notice. Such auction sale shall be held not more than six months nor less than one month before the expiration of said term."

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VANITY FAIR.

Discussing the American girl as she is presented by Charles Dana Gibson in his book of "Pictures of the People," the London *Queen* says: "It tempts natural vanity to say that the girls, who have the air of being more fashioned after a type than the men or the older women, are exponents rather of the English class of beauty than of the American. But that, we are willing to admit, must only be the delusion of patriotic self-complacency. We hasten even to add that American girls with faces of generous yet delicate outline, picturesquely abundant hair and fine, stately carriage, have, happily, not been unknown to us. It is an odd circumstance, however, that the woman whom we in England know for an American on the instant by a certain erect leanness of figure, and by a peculiar stiffness with which the hair is disposed in tendrils upon the brow, and by half a dozen other little indices of which the eye takes cognizance sooner than the mind, is nowhere to be found in Mr. Gibson's pages. She appears neither as mother, aunt, nor chaperon. For her fellow-countryman she does not exist. And yet her existence is no dream of ours. The explanation is that Mr. Gibson is not interested in her, and consequently he forgets her."

One of the novel features of a sky-scraping office building, now being finished in New York, is that for the first time in the history of such buildings sleeping-rooms will be allowed and provided for persons who want them with offices. Of course sleeping-rooms at a rental of one to two dollars a year for each square foot of floor space, besides the cost for care, are rather expensive luxuries, but when the president of one of the companies that have hired offices in the building saw the magnificent views over the rivers and down the bay, he decided to have a room there if possible, where he could sleep during the summer when his family was in the country. So a bedroom is being fitted up for him, and it is understood that a number of other similar rooms will be provided. The men who will occupy these rooms will never have to leave the building if they do not want to. Some of them will have private bath-rooms attached to their bedrooms, but these will not be necessary, for another novel feature of the building is that there are regular bath-rooms in the toilet-rooms, and these baths are to be kept ready for the use of tenants, and may be had by application to the janitor for a key. Even in the general toilet-rooms there will be no round towels, but individual towels, supplied as freely as they are in the most expensive hotels. If the tenants in this building want ice-water, they will find it on tap at two places in the hallway of each floor. This is another of the new features. The restaurant will be built upon the regular roof, and will have accommodations for five hundred persons, besides having a large open space outside of it where one may dine in the open air. It will also have a number of small private dining-rooms and a smoking-room. The building also recognizes that the bicycle has come to stay, and in the basement a store-room for wheels has been provided where fifty or sixty of them can be kept for the tenants.

The lobby of the House of Commons at Westminster in old days was a haven of refuge to which members resorted to enjoy a little gossip when some bore was addressing Mr. Speaker. Then enterprising journalists discovered it to be a happy hunting-ground where members could be stalked and hrought down by the interviewer's pencil and note-book. But nowadays (says a writer in the *Bazar*) a woman has asserted her rights even in this sacred spot, and ladies and the latest fashions enliven the scene. Some fair enthusiasts may come there from a severe sense of duty, but the great majority come for pleasure alone. This large class of visitors are usually on their way to the terrace overlooking the River Thames, and the object that attracts them is afternoon tea with some honorable member. The ingenious young lady who first discovered the charm of these gatherings has not had her name immortalized by fame, and at first she had few followers who were entertained by the younger men in limited but very engaging parties at the small tables placed on the terrace on pleasant afternoons. Then the example spread; the terrace became like a lady's reception-room. Members who wanted to smoke grumbled at being obliged to refrain, the "whips" complained that their followers were deaf to the calls of the division bell, and one crusty old gentleman went so far as to make a motion in the House in which he described it as a nuisance.

Those people who go to Europe frequently and who, when they are compelled to remain at home, give their orders for gloves, small wares, and merchandise of various kinds to their friends who make the trip, are interested in that part of the new tariff bill which will restrict the importation of merchandise by tourists. At present one may bring from Europe wearing apparel and other personal effects in large quantities, provided they are not to be sold or given away, and every steamer brings to the United States great trunks full of all sorts of "personal property" for which no duty is paid. The new tariff bill restricts the importation to one hundred dollars in value by the following paragraph, which appears under the head, "Free List": "Wearing apparel, articles of personal adornment, toilet articles, and

similar personal effects of persons arriving in the United States; but this exemption shall only include such articles as actually accompany, and are in the use of, and as are necessary and appropriate for the wear and use of such persons for the immediate purposes of the journey and present comfort and convenience, and shall not be held to apply to merchandise or articles intended for other persons or for sale; and in case the persons thus arriving are citizens or residents of the United States, the articles exempted shall not exceed one hundred dollars in value, nor shall the exemption apply to residents of other countries entering the United States more than once in each year; provided, however, that all the wearing apparel and other personal effects of residents of the United States so returning, as may have been taken by them out of the United States to foreign countries, and which have not been advanced in value or improved in condition by any process of labor or manufacture in such countries, shall be admitted free of duty, without regard to their value, upon their identity being established under appropriate rules and regulations to be prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury." Dressmakers, tailors, and haberdashers are particularly happy over the one-hundred-dollar clause, and believe that its passage will benefit their business materially. Buying things in Europe is an unquarable habit with many Americans, and they come back from a European tour loaded down with all sorts of merchandise which they would never think of buying in this country. Men go to London and buy large quantities of clothing, enough sometimes to last them through several seasons, and bring winter coats in summer or light-weight clothing in winter; being careful, however, in many instances, to wear the unseasonable pieces for a few moments so that they may declare them as having been worn. Women are even better customers in the shops of Europe than men.

The impressions of a debutante who was presented to the queen at the recent drawing-room are thus recorded in *Punch*: "Study of the weather. Will it be cold or hot? Waiting for the dress-maker, the hair-dresser, and the attendant with the feathers and tulle. Finishing touches put to one's train spread on a sheet in the drawing-room. Following mamma into the brougham after running the gauntlet of the baker, the butcher-boy, and the driver of the van from the Stores. Taking up position in the Buckingham Palace Road, and nodding to friends and acquaintances. Proceeding by jerks and starts into St. James's Park amid a crowd of not-too-complimentary sight-seers. Driving briskly through the outer yard past the military band up to the inner entrance. Getting out of the carriage and into the room devoted to the care of outside wraps. Up the staircase and past the writing-table and card-baskets. First room and first wait. Old stagers secure chairs. New-comers get as near the barriers as possible. Gentlemen-at-arms objects of great interest. False alarms. Fluttering of plumes. Rustle of trains. Officers counseling patience. General request 'to resume our seats.' March from room to room. Long pause in each apartment. Plenty of time for looking at the pictures and getting a view of 'the park-like grounds' skirting Grosvenor Place. Nearing the Presence. Disappearance of 'gentlemen in attendance upon ladies of their family.' Getting into single file. Close to the great moment. Display of full length of train. Court officers adepts in the spreading out of drapery. Card passed from hand to hand. Name read out with explanatory matter by lord high chamberlain. The important Thirty Seconds. Train caught up and folded round arm, and short rest in the room beyond. Back down the staircase to the apartment with the wraps. Telephonic communication with the coachman without. Amusing mutilation of names and titles. A weary wait of something under an hour in the hall. Carriage announced. Sharp drive back with mamma to home and freedom. Congratulations of friends and drawing-room tea. Quiet evening, simple dinner, and—thank goodness it's all over—peacefully to bed."

The frightful ravages made by heraldic error in America were pointed out to the New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution in "an illustrated talk," by William H. Abbott, last week. The lecturer said: "The second generation of Pilgrims and Puritans, out of sentiment for the old country, adopted in many instances coats-of-arms. They were not entitled to them, and did not understand the subject. They therefore tried to improve upon the originals, and in many instances with the most ridiculous result. . . . Another common mistake in this country is when the daughter of a family which has a coat-of-arms marries a man who has none, and the latter assumes hers. In the next generation the mistake is increased by the daughter taking it, who has no right whatever to it. This is done in the third, fourth, fifth, and even sixth generation, a process which would give every human being in the world a dozen coats-of-arms, if it was carried out."

A prominent feature of the second annual Sportsmen's Show, held at the Madison Square Garden, was the proof which it gave of the constantly and rapidly increasing interest felt by women in all branches of outdoor sport. Shooting, fishing, golf,

lawn-tennis, cycling, and boating were the sports most prominently illustrated. In the first of these a highly significant amount of attention was paid by the various manufacturers to the line of weapons intended expressly for women's use. A few years ago such a thing as a rifle designed for a woman was unheard of, and the handful of women who took up shooting as a pastime were greatly handicapped in their achievements by the burdensome weight of the fire-arms which they were obliged to handle. Now in all the noted lines of rifles may be found beautifully made specimens, twenty-two calibre, and weighing from four to six pounds. What is true of the rifles is also true of the different kinds of pistols and of the shot-guns; in every department there has been a recognition of and provision for the needs of women who enjoy shooting. Miss Cornelia Crosby, better known to visitors to the Maine streams as "Fly Rod," a woman who says frankly that she would rather fish than do anything else in the world, was constantly in attendance near the Maine exhibit. The dress which Miss Crosby wears while on her trips is worthy of notice. It consists of a skirt and jacket of soft tanned leather worked until it is almost as pliable as cloth would be. The skirt falls about half-way between the knee and the ankle, and is met by high laced boots of soft russet leather, similar to those used in cycling. Knickerbockers are the most suitable things to wear under the skirt. A shirt-waist is worn under the jacket, and the leather of this latter garment often makes its removal a necessity on a hot summer day. The advantage of the leather costume over one of any kind of cloth is easily appreciated when one remembers the continual wet and rough usage to which a dress worn in a fishing-boat is subjected.

"The officers of American ships, about fifty years ago," said an old skipper to a New York *Sun* reporter recently, "were, as a class, the best-dressed men in the country. Their apparel, when ashore, was without foppery as it was understood in those days. Of course, they had foreign countries to draw upon for their figured-silk waistcoats and their embroidered shirt-fronts, which might be thought a little extreme in these unromantic times. The frock-coat in those days was cut with a short skirt and was buttoned at the waist. The waistcoats were cut low, exposing an expanse of immaculate shirt-bosom, and the trousers were cut large at the bottom and set neatly over the instep. I can see now one of the old-time Yankee sailors, a first or second mate of a China clipper or an Atlantic packet, walking up the 'shilling' side of Broadway on a pleasant afternoon. You could discern no difference between his shore togs and the dress of the regular Broadway swell, either in cut or quality, and yet every one knew the mariner, because he had the air of the traveler and, perhaps, a suggestion in his gait of the man of the sea. His trousers were light gray or lavender, his coat dark blue, and his waistcoat maroon or wine-colored silk, heavily embroidered. He sometimes affected a light rattan or whalebone cane, and also wore the tall silk beaver hat fashionable at that period. His cravat was always sky-blue, and was tied in the old-fashioned slip-knot, now termed the 'yacht-knot.' The soft white hat was in favor with our sailor swells; in fact, they introduced it into this country long before the 'Kossuth' became common."

Conversation is acknowledged to be an art, yet it is one we are supposed to acquire without systematic instruction. Society in Paris and in London reached its highest pitch of importance through conversation alone; the gaming-table, music, dancing—all these things existed, but are only remembered now as weaknesses or embellishments, while the conversations in the salons of Mme. de Staël and Lady Blessington have passed into history. The habit of to-day differs from that of those famous times in being productive of easy, brilliant conversational pyrotechnics, instead of a determined and exhaustive following of one particular subject or line of subjects. The older method would seem to-day stilted and would necessitate previous study upon given topics, without which one would appear dull and ignorant. As it is, all subjects are touched upon, sometimes through discussion, at other times by a mere cursory allusion, and every one has a chance to show his or her specialty. De Quincey suggested a symposium which should have tucked up his sleeve a number of pertinent topics to be skillfully introduced from time to time, letting one succeed another as soon as animated discussion had been replaced with a desultory floundering in the marshes of thoughtless verbosity. The modern adaptation of this idea is not a bad thing; in fact, every successful hostess appoints herself to the position of symposiarch, and seats herself at a dinner-table with her mind well stored with topics which she can start by some subtle question, and which, provoking answers from more than one, may excite a half-aggressive, half-playful battle of opinions and repartee.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Two Turks were at a French banquet. Toward the conclusion of the feast a Frenchman selected a tooth-pick from the tray near him, and politely passed the tray on to his neighbor, who, however, peremptorily declined the offer, exclaiming: "No, thank you! I have already eaten two of the accursed things, and I want no more!"

Speaker Reed was making a speech on his native heath last summer, and to show the effect of the Wilson bill on sheep-farming, said: "You have three thousand sheep, and you get but twelve cents a pound for your wool." "You're wrong there, Biddy," called a voice in the crowd, with characteristic Yankee familiarity, "we only get ten cents." "Well," responded Mr. Reed, quickly, "you see, you can always retail what I tell you at a profit."

One well-known and decidedly inartistic quality of Lord Leighton's was his punctuality. He was once in Damascus, and was urged to remain there, but he declined. His reason was that he had to be in London on a certain day because he had made an engagement with his model. A friend was anxious to learn whether Lord Leighton had actually kept this engagement, and he found that when the artist was ascending the staircase straight from Damascus, the model was knocking at the door of the studio.

When Admiral Codrington, who commanded the British fleet in the action of Navarino, in 1827, when the Turkish fleet was destroyed by the allied powers, returned from the Mediterranean, he met in town a country acquaintance of the class whose souls are wrapped up in their lands and turnips. "Hullo, Codrington!" he exclaimed, in blind ignorance of all contemporary history, "I haven't seen you for some time. Had any good shooting lately?" "Why, yes," replied the admiral, "I've had some rather remarkable shooting." And with this he went his way.

The Count Saint Germain, who appeared in Paris in the reign of Louis the Fifteenth and pretended to be possessed of the elixir of life, had a valet who was almost as great as his master in the art of lying. Once, when the count was describing at a dinner-party a circumstance which occurred at the court of "his friend, King Richard the First of England," he appealed to his servant for the confirmation of his story, who, with the greatest composure, replied, "You forget, sir, I have been only five hundred years in your service." "True," said his master, musingly, "it was a little before your time."

Shortly before Father Healey's death he met Mr. Gladstone at a dinner in London. The ex-premier insisted upon bringing up theological points of difference. At last he said: "Mr. Healey, I have recently come from Rome, where I saw the offer of a plenary indulgence for fifty francs. Now what authority has your church to forgive my sins for fifty francs?" "That is too large a subject for us to take up with the dessert," the Irishman replied, gently; "but," his eyes twinkling, "I think that any church which will forgive your sins, Mr. Gladstone, for fifty francs, is letting you off very cheaply."

A captain in a regiment stationed in Natal, when paying his company one day, chanced to give a man a Transvaal half-crown, which, as one would naturally expect, bears "the image and superscription" of President Kruger. The man brought it back to the pay-table and said to the captain: "Please, sir, you've given me a bad half-crown." The officer took the coin, and without looking at it, rung it on the table, and then remarked: "It sounds all right, Bagster. What's wrong with it?" "You look at it, sir," was the reply. The captain glanced at the coin, saying: "It's all right, man; it will pass in the canteen." This apparently satisfied Bagster, who walked off, making the remark: "If you say it's a right, sir, it's a right; but it's the first time I've seen the queen with whiskers on."

During the flood of five years ago (says a writer in the Chicago Times-Herald), I visited the section below Memphis with a newspaper artist. One afternoon we were perched on the top of a bit of highland viewing the waste of waters when an old negro approached and offered to sell two fine roosters. With great volubility he explained that the fowls had eaten so much corn that he could not afford to keep them onger, and therefore he had decided to sacrifice them and stop the drain on his corn-crib. "Where did you get them, uncle?" I asked. The old man looked at us quizzically for a moment and then said with a buckle, "Yo' gemmen are from the No'th, ain't o'?" "Well, yes," I replied, "but what has that to do with it?" "Becuz, sah," he said, "no Southern emman evah asks a nighgah whah he gets anything."

There was once an Irishman (says the Boston Budget) who sought employment as a diver, although he had never been beneath the water. The firm banded to need a new man, and so on the following Monday morning Pat hid his smile for the first time in a diving-helmet. The crew to which Pat had

attached himself was working in comparatively shallow water, and Pat was provided with a pick and told to use it on a ledge below. Down he went with his pick, and for about fifteen minutes nothing was heard from him. Then came a strong pull on the signal-rope, indicating that Pat had a very decided wish to come to the top. The assistants pulled him hastily to the raft and removed his helmet. "Take off the rest av it," said Pat. "Take off the rest of it?" "Yis," said Pat; "O'il worrik no longer on a domn job where Oi can't spit on me hands."

In County Sligo there is a small lake renowned for its fabulous depth. A professor happened to be in that part of Ireland last summer, and started out one day for a ramble among the mountains, accompanied by a native guide. As they climbed, Pat asked him if he would like to see this lake, "for it's no bottom at all, sorr." "But how do you know that, Pat?" asked the professor. "Well, sorr, I'll tell ye; me own cousin was showin' the pond to a gentleman one day, sorr, and he looked incredulous like, just as you do, and me cousin couldn't stand it for him to doubt his word, sorr, and so he said, 'Begorra, I'll prove the truth of me words,' and off with his clothes and in he jumped." The professor's face wore an amused and quizzical expression. "Yes, sorr, in he jumped, and didn't come up again, at all, at all." "But," said the professor, "I don't see that your cousin proved his point by recklessly drowning himself." "Sure, sorr, it wasn't drowned at all he was; the next day comes a cable from him in Australia, askin' to send on his clothes."

THE WRONG PACKAGE.

A Blockade-Runner's Adventure During the War.

In 1863, John Smith, a Southern speculator, who was better known by another name, which it is not necessary to give here, thought it best to wind up his business and get out of the Confederacy. He quietly converted his property into Confederate money, with which he purchased diamonds and greenbacks. The money and gems amounted to about one hundred thousand dollars.

The speculator had made arrangements to take passage for Nassau on a blockade-runner from Wilmington. He had exemption papers and a Confederate passport, and the only thing he dreaded was his possible capture by a Federal war vessel. To guard against this he spent two or three months in Wilmington before sailing, and he made it his business to cultivate the most experienced blockade-runners and get pointers from them about his trip.

It was a dark, rainy night in October when Smith boarded a blockade-runner and went to his stateroom. He was plainly dressed in a suit made to stand the wear and tear of travel, and it was his intention not to take off his clothes until he reached a place of safety on dry land. Under his sack-coat, suspended by a strap around his shoulder, he wore a strong leather pouch, securely locked, and in this receptacle he carried his money and diamonds. He intended, when he reached Nassau, to take passage on a British steamer for Liverpool and remain in Europe until the war was over.

Just before the ship weighed anchor that night, a messenger from Richmond came on board and asked for Mr. Smith. He was conducted to the passenger's state-room and there introduced himself. He brought with him a package of dispatches from the Confederate State Department to its representatives in London and Paris, and a letter requesting Mr. Smith to see that the documents were placed in safe hands, so that they would reach their destination.

This was an unpleasant surprise to the speculator. If he was captured with these papers on his person it would go hard with him. He was not so much concerned about his valuable personal property, because he had influential kinsmen in high Federal positions who would look after his interests.

He could not refuse, however, to take the dispatches. If he carried them safely they would introduce him to some very prominent men, and if he found himself in danger of being captured he could at the last moment throw them overboard. So he took the package, unlocked his leather pouch, and stowed the little bundle snugly away side by side with his own precious parcel. The man from Richmond departed, and Smith proceeded to the deck, where he watched his surroundings with lively curiosity.

After taking several pulls at a flask, Smith swelled with pride as he thought of his important mission.

Perhaps the fate of the Confederacy was in his hands. He would deliver the dispatches in person, and he would make the highest officials of the English and French Governments understand that he was their equal—an envoy extraordinary in disguise on secret business. He would become familiar with court life and perhaps get a glimpse of royalty.

He took another drink, and was framing some grandiloquent sentences to be used when he met the head of the British Foreign Office—he was in the midst of this occupation when an unusual bustle around him attracted his attention. It was good daylight, and the ship was out on the broad ocean, with no land in sight.

The gently lifting fog made the outlines of three Federal cruisers distinctly visible a short distance off. Smith did not know what to do, and he took another bracer. This last drink muddled his head.

He ran in every direction, looking for his friend the captain, but that worthy was too busy to attend to him. Then he questioned the other officers and the sailors, but could learn nothing definite. He was told that they were in a devil of a fix and would be captured.

The Federal cruisers came nearer, and one of them fired a shot which narrowly missed the blockade-runner.

"What is the matter with our ship?" yelled Smith to a passing sailor.

"Machinery disabled," was the answer. "We must get back to port or be captured."

Escape was out of the question, and the frightened man opened his pouch, slipped his hand into it, and threw a package into the sea.

"That won't trouble me any more," he said, "and if I am taken prisoner I will swear that I am a Union man leaving the Confederacy to avoid military service. That will save my property." One or two more shots were fired and the vessel surrendered. In a few minutes she was in the possession of a Federal lieutenant and a squad of marines. The captain answered the questions frankly, and was told that, while the vessel and cargo would be confiscated, he would probably be released after a short detention.

Mr. Smith then loomed up as the chief object of interest. He was questioned closely and his valise was searched.

"You will have to submit to a personal search," said the officer in command.

"All right," replied Smith. "I am, as I told you, a Union man, and I was not willing to fight the old flag. I turned my property into money and diamonds, and they are here in this pouch. If you are going to take charge of them, give me a voucher. They will be returned to me after I see the authorities at Washington."

The officer took the pouch and opened it with the key handed to him by its owner. He pulled out a package and glanced at it.

"I see nothing here but letters," he said, inquiringly.

"Great Goddlemighty!" shouted Smith, "where are my diamonds and the money?"

"How should I know?" answered the other.

"Well, I know," groaned Smith; "I threw the wrong package overboard by mistake, and I am a ruined man."

The unhappy passenger made an attempt to leap into the water, but two marines held him.

"These letters," said the officer, "are addressed to various Confederate ministers and agents in Europe. I must send them to Washington, and you will be sent there also."

"I am a Union man," pleaded the prisoner.

"That may be," was the reply; "but you have been caught running the blockade with Confederate dispatches. The matter will have to be investigated."

Smith protested and swore, but he was removed to one of the cruisers, and in due time he reached Washington.

He told his story and was sent to prison. Then his Union relatives worked in his behalf, and at the end of a year he was released, a broken-down, penniless man. He was required to take the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government, and drifted about aimlessly, trying to get a job, and regarded with suspicion everywhere.

In the fall of 1864 he returned South, slipping through the lines with a lot of quinine, which he thought would yield him a profit. He was arrested and forced to join the army, and his quinine was confiscated.

He lived many years, but never recovered from his mistake in throwing the wrong package overboard.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Faults and Follies of the Age
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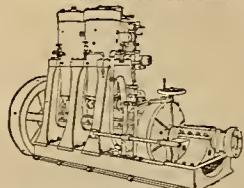
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SOCIETY.

The Cooper-McGrew Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Kate Christie McGrew and Dr. C. B. Cooper took place in Honolulu on Wednesday evening, March 24th, in St. Andrew's Cathedral. The bride is a daughter of Dr. John S. McGrew, of Honolulu, and a sister of Mr. Tam McGrew, who is well known in society and club circles here. She visited friends here and in Berkeley last year, and became very popular. The groom is government physician at the Queen's Hospital, surgeon at the Oahu prison, and regimental surgeon in the National Guard, with the rank of major.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Alexander Mackintosh in the presence of a large assemblage of friends of the contracting parties. Miss Elise Gay, of Kauai, was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Adèle Widdifield, Miss Pauahi Judd, Miss Emily Halstead, and Miss May Damoo. Dr. Ramood acted as best man, and the ushers were Dr. H. V. Murray, Mr. J. Walter Jones, Mr. A. M. Brown, and Mr. George C. Potter. A reception was held after the ceremony at the residence of the bride's parents. Afterward the newly wedded couple went to Aila to pass a week at the country home of Dr. McGrew. They sailed for this city on April 1st on the steamer *Monowai*. After a visit to this coast, they will make a trip to the Eastern States and Europe.

The Maon Reception.

Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann gave a reception last Saturday afternoon at her residence, 3414 Washington Street, and pleasantly entertained about fifty of her friends. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Charles Fox Tay, Mrs. James Alva Watt, Mrs. Walter Marius Willett, Miss Florence Beveridge, of England, and Miss Adalade Russell, of Alameda. The affair was quite a novelty in one way, as an original game was introduced called "Comptant les Fleurs." Three baskets of flowers contained respectively violets, roses, and buttercups. The game was to have the guests guess how many flowers were in each basket, and the successful ones were awarded handsome prizes. Refreshments were served, and the afternoon was made one of much enjoyment. Among the guests were:

Mrs. Aurelius E. Buckingham, Mrs. James Stewart, Mrs. William Vose Bryan, Mrs. William Thomas Seson, Mrs. Archibald Unsworth, Mrs. John N. Neims, Mrs. W. August Bryant, Mrs. James Albert Margo, Mrs. Robert Bonestell, Mrs. Joseph M. Masten, Mrs. Charles J. Stovel, Mrs. Frederick A. Stolz, Mrs. John Dempster McKee, Mrs. James Suydam, Mrs. Charles J. Bandmann, Mrs. Frederick H. Hood, Mrs. Julian Sonntag, Mrs. Huber Tilden, Mrs. Alfred Morris, Mrs. James Hamilton Morton, Mrs. Laurence Phillips, Mrs. James W. G. Cofran, Mrs. Charles B. York, Mrs. Arthur Albert Martin, Mrs. William Hulbert Morrow, Miss McDonald, Misses Hughes, Miss Clarisse Sheldon, Miss McNeil, Miss Adèle Martel, Miss Craegh, Miss Mattie Whittier, Miss Moulder, Miss Andrews, of San José, Miss Harrison, Miss Knox, Miss Wall, of Oakland, Miss Boole, Miss Voorman, Miss Hitchings, Miss Stanford, Miss Hunter, of Alameda, Miss Haskell, Miss Julia Mau, Miss Alice Voorman, Miss Soule, Miss Conroy, Miss McMullin, and Miss May.

The Tracy Dinner-Party.

Mrs. A. F. Tracy gave a charming dinner-party at the Hotel Bella Vista last Monday evening in honor of her cousin, Mrs. H. B. Greco, of Portland, Or., who is visiting her. Covers were laid for twelve in the private dining-room, and the table was graced artistically with pink and yellow roses, these two colors forming the tone-effect of the entire room. The evening was very pleasantly passed. Mrs. Tracy's guests comprised:

Mrs. H. B. Green, of Portland, Or., Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. John O. Harron, Mrs. Bessie Tracy Smith, Mr. W. F. Goad, Mr. J. Lawrence Hawks, and Mr. Theodore Tracy.

The Burlingame Club.

The Burlingame Club, under the new régime, is prospering and progressing well toward the end it has sought to achieve, and the people of San Mateo County are showing an increased interest in the club owing to its development of out-of-door sports.

Polo is played occasionally, and the San Mateo Hunt Club follows the hounds twice a week. Much interest is being manifested in the spring races, which will take place on a date soon to be announced. The most exciting feature, probably, will be the steeple-chase contest for the silver cup presented by Mr. Francis Francis, and known as the "Francis Cup." The new boulevard is also a matter of much interest to the club members, who are in earnest cooperation with property-owners throughout San Mateo and Santa Clara Counties to San José, to have this much-desired work completed.

There is a noticeable activity in the way of building at Burlingame. Beautiful cottages are being constructed for Mr. J. B. Crockett, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. Julius Kruttschnitt, Mr. Francis J. Carolan, and other members of the club.

The Cosmos Club.

The members of the Cosmos Club had a reunion and dinner last Saturday evening in their new quarters, corner of Sutter and Octavia Streets. About one hundred gentlemen were at the dinner, a feature of the conclusion of which was the presentation to the president, Mr. William B. Bradford, of a handsome loving-cup. President A. Chesebrough, of the Pacific-Union Club, President George Chismore, of the Bohemian Club, and President J. E.

Tucker, of the University Club, were among the honored guests. After dinner many members and their friends called, inspected the building, and enjoyed an entertainment, to which Mr. Frank Lincoln and the Press Club Quartet contributed. The Cosmos Club is now in a flourishing condition, and has more than two hundred members.

The Los Angeles Fiesta.

The fiesta that is to be held in Los Angeles seems to be attracting attention all over the coast, and there can hardly be any doubt of its success. President F. K. Rule has appointed Miss Francesca Alexander as Queen of La Fiesta, and his choice has met with unanimous approval. She is the daughter of Judge Alexander, of Los Angeles, and is a beautiful brunette, with a courtly bearing. Mr. Frank J. Thomas will be prime minister to the king. Those who have been selected so far as ladies of the court are:

Mrs. Granville McGowan, first lady-in-waiting, Mrs. E. D. Silent, Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Mrs. William Bishop, Mrs. Albert Carlos Jones, Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt, Mrs. Frank J. Thomas, Mrs. Orthena Stevens, Miss Florence Silent, Miss Alice Keenan, Miss Margaret Landell, Miss Carrie Waddilove, Miss Susie Gay, Miss Gertrude Devereaux, Miss Newmark, Miss Cole, and Miss Froelich.

Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Jessie Glascock to Mr. Alexander Richards Baldwin. Miss Glascock is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Glascock, of Oakland. Mr. Baldwin is the son of Mrs. A. R. Baldwin, of this city. He is a graduate of the University of California and is an attorney at law. The date of the wedding has not been set.

The engagement has been announced in New York city of Miss Isabelle Bonner to Mr. Beconi Lockwood, Jr. The bride-elect is a daughter of Mr. John Bonner, of this city.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Louise Hughes, of Portland, Or., to Lieutenant C. H. Martin, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., who is stationed at Vancouver Barracks, Wash.

The wedding of Miss Aileen Goad and Mr. Charles K. McIntosh will take place at five o'clock next Wednesday afternoon at the home of the father of the bride-elect, Mr. W. F. Goad, on Washington Street. Mr. C. T. Hamilton will act as best man. The wedding will be a quiet one, as only relatives and a few very intimate friends have been invited to be present.

The wedding of Miss Mattie Whittier and Mr. William B. Wier, of New York, will take place at half-past eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, April 21st, at the residence of the father of the bride-elect, Mr. W. F. Whittier, 2030 Jackson Street. Only the bridal party and relatives will witness the ceremony, but a large number of invitations will be issued for the reception.

The wedding of Miss Emelie Ethel Cohen and Lieutenant Charles Lyman Beot, First Infantry, U. S. A., will take place at the First Unitarian Church at half-past eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, June 2d. A large number of invitations will be issued for the affair. Afterward a reception will be held at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. Henry Gibbons, corner of Geary and Polk Streets.

Miss Genevieve Goad gave a dinner-party last Thursday evening at the residence of her father, Mr. W. F. Goad, on Washington Street. Her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., Miss Edith McBean, Miss McNutt, Miss Alice C. Hoffman, Miss Hattie Belle Goad, of Colusa, Mr. E. A. Wiltsee, Mr. Lawson Adams, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. George B. de Long, and Mr. Maxwell McNutt.

Miss Hecht gave a dinner-party last Tuesday evening at the residence of her parents, Colonel and Mrs. M. H. Hecht, 2200 Washington Street.

Mr. William Alvord gave an elaborate dinner-party to Mr. Whitelaw Reid at the Pacific-Union Club on Thursday evening.

Mrs. John O'Neal Reis entertained a number of her friends last night by taking them out to the Chutes. They enjoyed the various amusements there and a delicious supper afterward.

Mr. Pelham W. Ames gave a bicycle-party last Saturday, taking his friends to Palo Alto and San José, and returning here on Monday. The others in the party were Miss Bessie Ames, Miss Marie Wells, Miss Patten, Miss Katherine Du Val, Mr. Alden Ames, Mr. Leonard Chenery, Mr. Patrick Grant, and Mr. W. S. Du Val.

Mrs. M. H. de Young received a large number of her friends last Thursday evening at her residence, 1919 California Street, and entertained them most hospitably. Dancing and an elaborate supper were the features of the evening.

Mrs. Hager will not give a private theatrical entertainment after Lent, as has been stated in several papers.

The lady managers of the Children's Hospital are making preparations to give a grand entertainment in May for the benefit of that worthy institution. It is to be hoped that they will meet with the hearty cooperation of all who are charitably inclined.

Much interest is being manifested in both San Francisco and Oakland about the bal-masqué that is to be given in the Ebell Hall, Oakland, on Tuesday evening, April 20th. The patronesses are Mrs. Brown, Mrs. McNutt, Mrs. Orestes Pierce, Mrs. J. R. Glascock, Mrs. Spiers, Mrs. Wilson, and Mrs.

John B. Mhoon. It is to be a subscription affair, but only those who receive invitations will be able to secure tickets. It is proposed to make it a brilliant affair, and all who attend are requested to appear in fancy dress.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Symphony Society.

The fifth concert of the San Francisco Symphony Society, under the direction of Mr. Gustav Hinrichs, was given last Thursday afternoon at the Columbia Theatre. The usual large and appreciative audience was present, and the presentation of the following excellent programme was received with high appreciation:

(a) "Tannhäuser"—overture, Orchestra; introduction to act two and aria of Elisabeth: "Dich, theure Halle"; introduction to act three, recitative of Wolfram, prayer of Elisabeth, and "Song to the Evening Star" (Wolfram); Elisabeth, Mathilde Wilde; Wolfram, Jacob Mueller. (b) "Lohengrin"—prelude, Orchestra; act two, scene two, balcony scene (Elsa), invocation (Ortrud), duet (Elsa and Ortrud); Elsa, Mrs. Cecelia A. Keating; Ortrud, Mrs. Katherine Fleming-Hinrichs. (c) "Siegfried"—"Waldwehen," Orchestra. (d) "Götterdämmerung"—"Gesang der Rhein-Töchter," Orchestra. (e) "Die Meistersinger"—Act three, Walther's "Preislied"; quintet: Eva, Mrs. Cecelia A. Keating; Magdalena, Mrs. Katherine Fleming-Hinrichs; Walter, Mr. Rhys-Thomas; David, Mr. Alois Werner; Hans Sachs, Jacob Mueller. (f) "Die Walküre"—"Wotan's" Abschied und Feuerzauber," Orchestra.

The Urso Coconcert.

Mme. Camilla Urso, the violon virtuoso, gave a concert on Friday evening at Golden Gate Hall, attracting a large audience of music-lovers. The following interesting programme was presented:

Piano solo, rhapsodie No. 10, Liszt, Mr. George Wesley; romanza, "Spirito Gentil," Donizetti, Mr. Edwin Douglas; song, "Die Lorelei," Liszt, Miss Minnie Methot; "Capriccio" (op. posthumous), Niels Gade, Mme. Camilla Urso; piano solo (a) nocturne, (b) cracovienne, Paderewski, Mr. George Wesley; duet, "Mazeldin nimm dich in Acht" ("Maiden Beware"), Petrich, Miss Methot and Mr. Douglas; songs, "I'll Sing Thee Songs of Araby," Clay, "Ich Liebe Dich," Foerster, Mr. Edwin Douglas; violin solo, adagio from ninth concerto, Spohr, Mme. Camilla Urso; "Serenata," Tosti, Miss Minnie Methot; "Airs Russes," Wieniawski, Mme. Camilla Urso.

Mme. Urso will give a coconcert at Golden Gate Hall at half-past two o'clock this afternoon. She will play numbers by Paderewski, Rust, Sgambati, Paganini, and Saint-Saëns. Mr. Douglass and Miss Methot will also appear.

The Ursuamado Coconcert.

Mr. and Mrs. Vincenzo Ursuamado, the pianists, gave a concert last Tuesday evening at the Association Auditorium. The following programme was presented before a large audience:

Trio for piano, violin and cello in E-flat (first time in this city), Martucci, Messrs. Ursuamado, Ninetti, and Heine; "Evening Star" (from "Tannhäuser"), Wagner, Mr. Herbert Medley; (a) Improvviso, Longo, (b) Melodie of Glück, Sgambati, (c) "Cavalleri Arabi," Palumbo, Mrs. V. Ursuamado; "Il est doux" (from "Hérodiade"), Massenet, Mme. E. Tojetti; "Andante Cantabile" Sgambati, Mr. G. Ninetti; "Concert Patetique" (for two pianos), Liszt, Mr. and Mrs. V. Ursuamado.

Mr. and Mrs. Henri Fairweather will give another of their musical lectures on Wagnerian music next Tuesday afternoon, at three o'clock, before the members of Sorosis in Mr. William Keith's studio on Pine Street. The members evince much interest in these lectures, and it may be possible that Mr. and Mrs. Fairweather will give them another series on some other composer's works.

The Knickerbocker Male Quartet and the Colonial Quartet will give a popular concert at the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium next Thursday evening for the benefit of the Young Men's Improvement Committee. Mr. Roscoe Warren Lucy, pianist, and Mr. Cyrus Brownlee Newton, reader and impersonator, will assist.

Mr. Clarence Eddy, the well-known organist of Chicago, will preside at the organ at Grace Church on Palm Sunday, April 11th, at both the morning and evening services. On Easter Sunday, April 18th, he will play at both mass and vespers in St. Ignatius Church.

The seventh Bacon-Minetti ensemble coconcert will take place at three o'clock this afternoon. Miss Dorothy Goodsell, soprano, will be the soloist.

The Loring Club will give its third concert of the twentieth season at Odd Fellows' Hall on Tuesday evening, April 6th.

Favorite Brand of Champagne.

Speaking of champagnes, the Moët & Chandon brand appears to be the favorite among swells. Unaided by the influence of caterers and leaders so frequently employed, Moët & Chandon appears to have captured New York cultured society. The brand was exclusively served at the Patriarchs' ball, Washington Gridiron Club (banquet of international repute), New-Year party of O. H. P. Belmont, and at the famous Bradley-Martin costume ball.—*Hotel Gazette*.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. John Skae and Miss Skae have returned from the East, and will spend April and May at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. Charles Tower, of Philadelphia, has been appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Austria-Hungary, and will soon leave for his official residence at Vienna. Mrs. Tower is a daughter of the late Mr. G. Frank Smith, of Oakland.

Mrs. William Greer Harrison, with her daughters, Misses M. L. and E. G. Harrison, sailed from New York March 24th on the White Star liner *Tonic* for Liverpool, en route to the Continent.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Campbell, of Vancouver, are guests at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Ignatz Steinhart are registered at the Hotel Rafael.

Dr. George Shiels was at the Hotel Rafael last week. Mrs. Jane Stanford will spend several days of April in Sacramento, at the old family mansion.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph R. Ryland have returned to their country-place at Los Gatos from their winter residence in San José.

Mrs. Charles M. Gayley went East last week to visit her family in Detroit until Professor Gayley's departure for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Loring G. Nesmith have returned home to San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Alphonso Wigmore left town on the first of April to occupy the cottage at Belvedere which they have taken for the summer.

Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Agnes McLaughlin, who had been down to their summer home, Golden Gate Villa, at Santa Cruz, returned to the city Wednesday. Major McLaughlin is expected back from the East very soon.

Dr. H. B. de Marville was in San Rafael last week, and stopped at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. Gustav Sutor and Miss Sutor are guests at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. T. W. Lillenthal is in San Rafael, a guest at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Luning, of Oakland, have returned from a nine-months' tour of Europe.

Mr. John E. Searles, of New York, was a guest at the Palace Hotel during several days of last week.

Mr. George A. Knight is in Washington, D. C. Among the late arrivals at the California Hotel are Colonel K. C. Pardee, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Webster, of Buffalo, and Mr. R. G. Sykes and Miss Sykes, of Miles, Ohio.

Mrs. J. T. Little and Miss Little are sojourning at the Hotel Rafael.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Colonel William R. Shafter, First Infantry, U. S. A., Commandant at the Presidio, is in Washington, D. C., enjoying his month's leave.

Owing to the absence of the post commander, the review of the troops at the Presidio Wednesday was conducted by Lieutenant-Colonel S. B. M. Young, of the Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A.

Major-General Thomas H. Ruger, U. S. A., commanding the Department of the East at New York, was retired by law, on account of age, on April 2d. At this writing, the promotions consequent on the retirement have not been announced, but it is believed that Colonel Shafter will receive the brigadier-generalship.

Captain Lewis T. Grant, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Twenty-Fourth Infantry to the First Infantry, Company A.

Lieutenant Hiram McL. Powell, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Second Infantry to the First Infantry, Company B.

The *Oregon* has gone to Port Orchard, Puget Sound, to be overhauled in dry-dock.

The Secretary of the Navy has directed that such vessels as the duty of the squadron may render practicable shall rendezvous at San Francisco during the week of the carnival.

The cruiser *Yorktown*, on the Asiatic station, has gone from Chin Kiang to Wuhu.

The cruiser *Boston* has sailed from Amoy to Hong Kong.

The *Philadelphia*, flagship on the Pacific Station, is in San Diego harbor. During her stay there Captain Charles S. Cotton, U. S. N., will be relieved by Captain C. M. Chested, U. S. N., detached from the receiving-ship *Richmond*, League Island, for that purpose.

A cable dispatch from Rear-Admiral McNair, U. S. N., on the Asiatic station, reported that Commander Morris R. S. Mackenzie, U. S. N., of the *Albatross*, had been found by a medical survey to be incapacitated and would return home.

Lieutenant W. E. Safford, U. S. N., has been ordered detached from the *Alert*.

Lieutenant Walter S. Hughes, U. S. N., has taken an apartment for permanent residence at the California Hotel.

Captain George W. Sumner, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monadnock*, of which he is commander, with one month's leave.

Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, U. S. N., will relieve Captain George W. Sumner, U. S. N., of command of the *Monadnock*, in San Diego harbor, on April 15th.

Civil-Engineer Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., celebrated as an explorer, has been detached from the New York Navy Yard and ordered to Mare Island for duty.

Civil-Engineer Frank O. Maxson, U. S. N., has been detached from service at Mare Island, and ordered to the League Island Navy Yard, Philadelphia.

Captain Henry L. Howison, U. S. N., recently commanding the battle-ship *Oregon*, has been ordered to Washington for examination for promotion to the rank of commodore, to which grade he became eligible on Admiral Walker's retirement.

Lieutenant Charles F. Pond, U. S. N., has been ordered detached from the *Alert*.

Lieutenant W. C. P. Muir, U. S. N., of the *Alert*, has been ordered to Mare Island for examination for promotion.

Dr. J. Miller Moore, U. S. N., on leave, arrived in the city last week, and is registered at the Occidental Hotel.

Ensign Newton A. McCully, U. S. N., of the Coast Survey Steamer *McArthur*, has been ordered to Mare Island for examination for promotion.

Dr. C. T. Hibbett, U. S. N., came down from Mare Island last week, and was a guest at the Palace Hotel.

Ensign B. W. Wells, Jr., U. S. N., of the *Thetis* (on special service), has been ordered to Mare Island for examination for promotion.

Ensign Thomas Washington, U. S. N., gazetted to the *Terror*, on the North Atlantic station, is registered at the Occidental Hotel.

TO USE OLD MAGAZINES.

By reason of the great number and variety of periodicals which nowadays come into the family, and because of their bulk and the cost involved, few people bind them. Another reason for not preserving them is because of the space required to accommodate their rapidly increasing numbers. Assuredly the chief reason must be their unavailability after they are bound and shelved. The name of the magazine or of the review does not suggest the subjects contained or the matter for which we are in search, and without a classified index at hand search is always laborious and often fruitless. But even with a classified index of current literature in the library the difficulty is not removed, and the proper disposition of one's magazines and reviews remains an unsolved problem. The experience of one who has given the subject some attention is recorded in the March *Century*, and we reproduce it here for the benefit of our readers:

"The back numbers of the magazines and reviews having been assembled from their dark corners, the work of dissection is begun, the first step being to remove the covers and the pages of advertisements. Next, with a strong, sharp pair of nippers, the wire fastenings are clipped and drawn, or the threads cut with a sharp knife. A careful examination of the contents is now made, and the separation of the leaves is undertaken. This requires great care, and boxes of pins and small rubber bands should be kept at hand. Having disposed of stories [which are likely to be reprinted] and undesirable articles, and with still further eliminations which suggest themselves before the work of assortment and classification is begun, the original pile of publications is greatly reduced. Now classification begins. Like the cards in lotto, sheets of paper on which are written comprehensive headings or titles are spread out over a large table, or sometimes over several tables, and upon these sheets the respective articles are placed. As many sheets as there are classifications are laid, and the headings used on these may be the titles adopted for the respective columns after the classified articles had been bound. Some of these are taken from one magazine or review, and some from another, and indiscriminately mixed. Thus many good things are brought together and grouped.

"The periodicals in the present instance must have numbered five hundred or more, and after their articles were separated, classified, and bound, they numbered between sixty and seventy volumes. The size of the respective volumes can not be definitely prescribed, but in thickness they should not exceed one and a half inches. Here are a few of their titles: 'Art Papers,' 'Artists,' 'Architecture,' 'The Stage,' 'The Press,' 'Clubs,' 'Libraries and Museums,' 'The South,' 'Kentucky,' 'Indian and Negro,' 'International Questions,' 'Biographical,' 'Historical,' 'Municipal Government,' 'Invention and Discovery,' 'Industrial Enterprises,' 'Educational,' 'Colleges and Universities,' 'Scientific,' 'Financial Papers,' 'Authors and Authorship,' 'Books and Book Notes,' 'Great Ship Canals and Highways of Commerce,' 'Government Control of the Railway and the Telegraph,' etc. Again, the magazines are brought together in more noticeable and delightful companionship, 'Topics of the Time,' 'Points of View,' and 'Easy Chair' commingling, comparing notes, and imparting wisdom in one group, while the 'Editor's Drawer' and 'In Lighter Vein' go into another.

"It is inconceivable to the casual reader how much literature of real and permanent value appears monthly in the magazines and reviews of the United States and England, but all doubt is removed and a clear conception is obtained after consulting the shelf of books just described. Here, for example, is the way an interesting symposium is formed by papers appearing in the volume entitled 'Ships that Sail the Sea,' viz.: 'Are Fast or Slow Steamers the Safest?' 'The Limit of Speed in Ocean Travel,' 'The Ship's Company,' 'The Good Ship Constitution,' 'The Ocean Steamship as a Freight-Carrier,' 'The Revenue-Cutter Service,' 'Ocean Passenger Travel,' 'With Uncle Sam's Blue-Jackets Abroad,' 'With Yankee Cruisers in French Waters,' 'Speed of Ocean Steamers,' 'Steamship Lines of the World,' etc. The volume entitled 'The Great Ship-Canals and Highways of Commerce' contains the following between its covers: 'The Present State of the Panama Canal,' 'Waterways from the Ocean to the Lakes,' 'The Nicaragua Route to the Pacific,' 'The Nicaragua Canal,' 'Impediments to Our Domestic Commerce,' 'The International Railroad Problem,' 'The Nicaragua Canal and Commerce,' 'Our Lake Commerce,' 'Ways to the Ocean,' 'The Isthmian Ship-Railway,' 'Ship-Railways,' 'Evolution of the English Channel,' and 'Speed in Railway Travel.'

The Acme of the Paper-Makers' Art.

The new stationery, 'Italian Blue,' which has met with so much favor, is a special tint which is difficult to obtain. It is so named from the soft, delicate color of the skies of Italy. The agents for this paper, Messrs. Cooper & Co., have several other new papers in the newest shapes, which, combined with their already large assortment, gives them without exception the best and most complete stock of fine stationery on the coast.

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ALL-FOOLS' DAY RHYMES.

"True Lover, You Were Stupid."

He met her in the morning—
The birds sang loud and clear.
"Last night the March departed;
To-day the April's here."

"I love you, dear, I love you;
Do you love me?" he said.
She looked at him a moment,
Then slowly shook her head.

He met her in the evening;
His face gloomed like the night;
But hers—no sunny noonday
Of summer was more bright.

"Your question now I'll answer,"
She whispered. "Can you guess
What little word I'll give you?
You can not? Why, 'tis 'Yes.'"

"'Yes?' stammered he. "This morning
I'm sure you told me 'No.'
Oh, naughty maid, how could you
Treat your true lover so?"

"True lover, you were stupid;
I thought, of course, you knew
That I was only making
An April-fool of you."

—Margaret Eytinge in the *Bazar*.

An April Episode.

It was at a dainty dinner
That he first beheld her face,
He a many-seasoned sinner,
She a miracle of grace.
Hers the laugh to snare a man, it
Fell with such alluring slips
From the cloven pomegranate
Of her lips.

Many times ere waned the winter
Did he strive in vain to tell
How his heart was but a splinter
'Neath the magic of her spell;
After weeks of aggravation,
Forced to keep young Love from sight,
He declared in desperation:
"I will write!"

So he bravely set to burning
Gallons of the midnight oil,
Passed through many a tortuous turning
In epistolary toil;
Begged that he might forge the fetter
That but Death (or Law) unlocks;
And at last he dropped the letter
In the box.

Dreaming she'd be "his devoted,"
How his soul was stirred to song
As the postman, sober-coated,
Trod the drowsy street along.
Then one morn that worthy's whistle
Shilled more sharply than before,
And there fell a small epistle
At his door.

O, he doubted not the sender,
For her crest the wax revealed;
With what trepidation tender
He the envelope unsealed!
But the fervor of his passion
Grew upon a sudden cool,
For she answered in this fashion:
"April fool!"

—Clinton Scollard in the *New York Sun*.

To Celina.

I would not kiss you if I could—
I would not press your hand, I swear;
'Twere vain t'undo your silent snood,
To tempt me with your golden hair.

My arm abhors your dainty waist;
My head upon your virgin breast
Nor comfort can, nor rapture taste,
But sighs for pillows and for rest.

My eyes I close and turn away,
If but an ankle steal in sight.
And to your rippling laughter gay
I shut my ears with all my might.

And, yes, though you're the brightest miss,
That ever babbled French at school,
If you believe one word of this,
I'll laugh and call you—April fool.—*Life*.

— WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS. MAGNIFICENT assortment to choose from at Art Store of S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary Street.

— PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFITS AND SUPPLIES, models 1897. Instruction free. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

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The house has large porches, and contains modern improvements, hot and cold water, patent closets, etc. Use of stables and reliable horses can be had.

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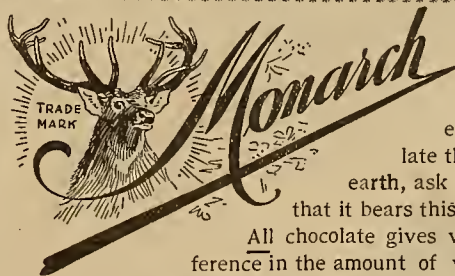
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La Fiesta de Los Angeles
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Golden Gate Carnival
To be held in San Francisco during the week commencing May 3d, promises to be the most brilliant Festival ever witnessed on the West. Unique features never before introduced, and an unbroken succession of surprises and attractions. California's thrilling and romantic history since the discovery of gold will be depicted, and many novel creations that exemplify her marvellous industrial development. It is proposed to fix this event permanently in the Golden Gate Calendar.
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Summer Outings
Will soon be here. If your plans are not matured, and you desire more information about the many attractive retreats all over the State, send to the General Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific Company for circulars and folders describing the various and other Resorts of the grand Shasta Region, Castle Crags, Lake Tahoe and neighboring attractions on the Sierra Summits, Yosemite and Big Trees, the Santa Cruz Mountains, Lake County, and Southern California. REDUCED RATES in many directions. Inquire of Southern Pacific Co. agents.

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Trains leave and are due to arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From March 21, 1897.	ARRIVE
7:00 A	Niles, San José, and Way Stations.	8:45 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding via Davis.	6:45 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Tehama, and Red Bluff.	4:15 P
8:30 A	Peters and Milton.	7:15 P
9:00 A	New Orleans Express, Raymond (for Yosemite), Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton.	4:45 P
9:00 A	Vallejo.	6:15 P
9:00 A	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.	7:15 P
9:00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.	9:00 P
1:00 P	Niles, San José, and Livermore.	8:45 A
11:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations.	17:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.	11:15 A
4:30 P	Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, and Fresno, going via Niles, returning via Martinez.	11:45 A
5:00 P	Los Angeles Express, Tracy, Fresno, Mojave (for Randsburg), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	7:45 A
5:00 P	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	7:45 A
6:00 P	European Mail, Ogden and East.	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 A
17:00 P	Vallejo.	17:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	11:15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

17:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.	18:05 P
8:45 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.	5:50 P
2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.	11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San José, and Los Gatos.	9:50 A

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts)

7:00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).	1:30 P
9:00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf, and Principal Way Stations.	4:15 P
10:40 A	San José and Way Stations.	6:30 P
11:30 A	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	5:00 P
2:30 P	San Mateo, Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.	10:40 A
3:30 P	San José and Way Stations.	9:45 A
4:30 P	San José and Way Stations.	8:05 A
5:30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.	8:45 A
6:30 P	San José and Way Stations.	6:35 A
11:45 P	San José and Way Stations.	17:45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

7:00 A	MELROSE, SEMINARY PARK, FITCHBURG, SAN LEANDRO.	7:15 A
8:00 A		7:45 A
9:00 A		10:45 A
10:00 A		11:45 A
11:00 A		12:45 P
12:00 P		1:45 P
13:00 P		2:45 P
4:00 P	ANO	5:45 P
5:00 P		6:15 P
5:30 P	HAYWARDS.	7:45 P
7:00 P		8:45 P
8:00 P		9:45 P
9:00 P		10:50 P
11:15 P		11:20 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—	
7:15	9:00 11:00 A. M., 11:00 2:00 13:00
7:45	15:00 16:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—	6:00 8:00
10:00 A. M.	12:00 1:00 2:00 3:00 14:00
5:00 P. M.	

A for Morning, P for Afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Treddie is jealous of his prerogatives, ain't he?"
"What makes you say so?" "He got angry the other night and told me not to be a fool."—*New York Sun.*

"How could you have the nerve—after hearing her—to tell her that she sang divinely?" "Why, my dear fellow, a woman who would sing like that could be doing anything!"—*Puck.*

"Do you think Skinner can make a living out there?" "Make a living! Why, he'd make a living on a rock in the middle of the ocean—if there was another man on the rock."—*Tit-Bits.*

Mrs. Spat—"Your husband is an inventor, I believe?" Mrs. Spatter—"Yes. Some of his excuses for coming home late at night are in use all over the country."—*Philadelphia North American.*

"Was hael!" cried the Medieval Era. "If I were so drunk," retorted the End of the Century, "that I could not pronounce 'wat tell,' I think I would go home and go to bed."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"And how did he die?" asked the lady who had come West to inquire after the husband she had lost. "Er—by request, ma'am," said the gentle cowboy, as mildly and regretfully as possible.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Mrs. Vanwart (sitting up in bed, horrified)—"Reginald! what made you swear so when you stepped on that tack?" Vanwart (wildly)—"For a moment I thought I was cycling and had punctured my tire."—*Puck.*

"It's perfectly absurd, this clamor about our hats. People who can't see over them would better not go to the theatre." "I know; that's what I told my husband; and he said, 'All right, we won't go'; and we don't."—*Bazar.*

Simonsbee—"I have a chance to marry two girls; one is pretty, but a mere butterfly, as it were, and the other, though plain, is an excellent housekeeper." Mr. Russell of Chicago—"Take the pretty one first."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Corporal Salvation Army—"Will you come in and join us, my friend?" Weary Walker—"Say, I don't think much of youse people, but I ain't in a position to refuse to drink with any one who asks me. Lead the way, cap!"—*Puck.*

A young student lately presented himself for examination, and ignominiously failed. To his family, anxious to hear of his success, he telegraphed thus: "Examinations splendid; professors enthusiastic. They wish for a second in October."—*Tit-Bits.*

He—"Do you remember when first we met? The dew was on the grass, the air was full of summer scents, and—" She—"Yes; and now there's no summer, no dew, no grass, and no sense. By the way, have you heard of my engagement?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Brookson—"Uncle Stayles is a man from whom I have expectations, you know; but I see I'm alienating him by not laughing at the right place in his stories. How am I to manage?" Crain—"Why, it's dead easy; get close enough to him so he can nudge you."—*Puck.*

"O did not mind the threats av'im," Mr. Hogan explained, "as much as th' insultin' sthyle av his remarks." "And fwat did he say?" asked Mr. Grogan. "He says to me 'Hogan,' says he, 'tis a great notion I have to jump on you and knock your face into shape.'"—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"What nonsense they do print about the nobility of the horse! I never knew a man yet who had much to do with horses who was not made coarser in his manners," said the finical boarder. "Still," said Asbury Peppers, "you must admit that there is something elevating about a mule."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Willy—"Yahs; that Broadway Cable Car Company is an outrage on every decent New Yorker. They wun everything in a high-handed manner. Why, the other day they actually carved Bobby and I two blocks beyond where we wished to get out!" Miss Levelhead—"Yes; they do carry things too far, sometimes."—*Puck.*

Mrs. Yeast—"I wish I could think of something to keep my husband at home at nights." Mrs. Puncheon—"Get him a bicycle." Mrs. Yeast—"That would take him out more than ever." Mrs. Puncheon—"Oh, no, it wouldn't! My husband got one the day before yesterday, and the doctor says he won't be out for a month."—*Household Words.*

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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The Argonaut.

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SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 12, 1897.

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The opening month of President McKinley's term has presented a contrast with the preceding administration which is both pleasing and auspicious. The dangers threatened by certain elements in the campaign so sobered the minds of men that the whole public, irrespective of party divisions, was not only prepared for, but eager to welcome, a safe, sound, and conservative conduct of national affairs. For four weary years the executive had been a man of the "grand, gloomy, and peculiar" type, hedging himself with barriers against the people, distrustful of party leaders, fond of wrapping both public and private acts in mystery, exceeding in ungraciousness the cold austerity of John Quincy Adams and the sullen obstinacy of Andrew Johnson. Seldom has a change been so cordially received. Only occasional mild notes, critical of Republican policies, have

appeared in the press, and these so tempered by an expressed desire that the new administration should have plenary power to benefit the nation if it can, as to be almost apologetic.

Possibly, considering his training and temperament, no better selection could have been made to meet the demands of the situation than William McKinley. His service in Congress, his personal bearing during the campaign, and his first month in office are all evidence that he possesses those personal characteristics which mark a popular official. He is fortunate too in the sharp contrast with his predecessor. To have been the leader of a great party and to have gained the positions he held in New York and at Washington, Mr. Cleveland must at some time have possessed a power of personal attraction, but strife within his party, enhanced by his own stubbornness and lack of tact, appear at last to have soured his disposition and estranged his followers. Angered by opposition, he made himself exclusive, surrounded his office with extraordinary police and clerical protection and came and went mysteriously—shunned by congressmen and the reputed tyrant of his cabinet. Such a public course had its effect in making his personality almost repugnant, and though history may review his public life with greater favor, he left the White House most cordially disliked.

President McKinley is profiting by Mr. Cleveland's mistakes. Already the fellow-citizens of the President are cordially welcomed to meet him at hours which he can spare from public business; the police sentry-boxes are no longer a feature of the landscape about the executive mansion; the spacious south grounds—*terra incognita* of late—have been thrown open to the public with the wonted freedom of other days; and the President appears daily walking or riding on the streets of Washington, recognizing the passers who greet him, and evidently enjoying a well-earned popularity which is as grateful to people as to President. That the change is agreeable is evidenced by the throngs of people who come to see the President. In one day, as late as March 29th, twenty-five hundred were received from ten A. M. to four P. M., and the prevalence of spring millinery and smart new gowns among the callers indicated that office-seekers were not predominant.

Populists, Democrats, and silver Republicans are finding the kindly greeting at the White House that is accorded the members of the party which elected the President. This is as it should be in a democratic government, where the highest official, as well as the lowest, is only a temporary servant of all the people. It is genuinely American. While it suits the temperament of McKinley, it is really no more than a return to American ways, a return to the sentiments and traditions surrounding the administrations of a long line of Presidents, not one of whom required the European methods of exclusiveness and safeguards from the common people which were affected by Mr. Cleveland. Let Europe enjoy the stately progress of her monarchs by divine right. It is strictly European to stand in awe of the unapproachable mystery of the "purple-wearing architects of empires." The people are reared in its atmosphere, they expect and would feel lost without it perhaps, but it is not a fit growth for American soil. The first sickly plant has already withered and been rooted up and cast out by the people with rejoicings. The experience of the last four years, although it has been un-American and unpleasant, has not been wholly without value. We have learned by contrast to appreciate the whole-souled, democratic simplicity of our government as it was originally conceived. In the restiveness of the whole country we trace a renewed devotion to the underlying principles of free government. We recognize the patience of a people who counted the years, the months, the weeks, and at last the days to the fourth of March which should close an administration grown distasteful from setting itself apart from the people. Party leaders have discovered that parties may be disrupted by the responsible head withdrawing himself too far from the sympathies of the common people.

In the meantime the country is to be congratulated on the satisfactory completion of the happy return to American

ways—ways best fitting a people consecrated to democratic government, free institutions, and equality in citizenship.

The recent riot in the Japanese quarter of Honolulu is being magnified by certain newspapers in this country into a "speck of war." These journals profess to see in the conduct of some turbulent Japanese, filled with what the islanders call "sandpaper gin," a defiance to the United States. They are already talking about Japan sending a fleet to seize the islands, and they are demanding that the entire United States navy be concentrated in Hawaiian waters.

It is unfortunate that this little trouble should have occurred at this time, for it may be used as a lever either to force a continuation of the reciprocity treaty or to bring about annexation. The continuation of reciprocity with Hawaii is now being considered by Congress. In fact, it has been incorporated in the Dingley tariff bill which passed the House, and which may be passed by the Senate. If our jingo senators and newspapers should talk in their usual strain about Japan and Hawaii, we shall have more than reciprocity, we shall have annexation forced upon us.

As we said, it is unfortunate that this complication should have arisen at this time. There was some hope that the Congress and the people of the United States would consider and discuss calmly the questions of reciprocity and annexation. If this war-talk is allowed to pervade the halls of Congress and the columns of the press, it will do away with all calm consideration, and precipitate the nation into hasty annexation.

It is only within the last year that the people, the politicians, and the press of California have been changing their views in regard to Hawaiian reciprocity. The fact that California has done a certain amount of business with the Hawaiian Islands has caused the people of the State to believe that Hawaiian reciprocity was desirable because it advantaged California—possibly at the expense of the rest of the nation. Now, however, that the beet-sugar industry is beginning to look like a factor in California's future greatness, people are changing their minds. Even Senator Perkins, who was a beaten advocate of Hawaiian reciprocity, is now understood to be opposed to it.

We do not see how there can be any question about the reciprocity matter. To put the question briefly, the reciprocity treaty with Hawaii has built up some large fortunes in the islands, has made one multi-millionaire and several millionaires, and has made some two hundred planters very wealthy. It has given a certain amount of business to a few large mercantile houses in San Francisco. But it does not advantage the people of the United States one iota, and has done very little for the retailers, the mechanics, the artisans, and the farmers of California. When it is considered that the entire population of the islands is about one-third that of the city of San Francisco, the people of California may note how small a "market" for their products is involved.

It was in 1876 that Congress made a reciprocity treaty with Hawaii, providing for the free entry of her sugar into the United States. At that time our total exports to Hawaii amounted to about \$1,000,000. In 1895 they had reached nearly \$3,600,000. Our imports from Hawaii in 1877 were \$2,500,000, while the average for the past ten years has been \$10,000,000. We imported, from 1878 to 1895, \$140,500,000, while we sent to Hawaii only \$56,500,000 of goods. The balance of trade thus recorded against us was \$84,000,000. As to the goods sent to us, they consist practically of nothing but sugar. Out of the \$140,000,000 of goods sent from Hawaii to the United States, \$139,000,000 consisted of sugar, which came in free. When the reciprocity agreement was made, the Hawaiian sugar tonnage amounted to practically nothing. But by 1887 it had arisen to 30,000,000 pounds, and in 1896 over 400,000,000 pounds came into the United States from Hawaii duty free.

The argument made by those in favor of the continuation of reciprocity is that there is invested in Hawaii about \$18,000,000 of American capital. We do not see why the United States is called upon to protect American capital

when it is taken out of America. As for the "Americans" down there, a good many of them have taken the oath of allegiance to the Hawaiian Republic, and many of them freely state that they would take the oath of allegiance to any other government, even that of Japan, to protect their business interests. Therefore, we do not see why the United States should agitate itself about the protection of such American capital.

But let us look at the figures concerning the number of Americans there. The superintendent of the census has just sent out advance sheets of the recently completed census. From this we learn that there are in Hawaii 31,019 Hawaiians, 3,086 Americans, 2,250 British, 1,432 Germans, 13,191 Portuguese, 24,407 Japanese, 21,616 Chinese, and a few hundreds of scattering nationalities, amounting in all to 109,020. Thus we find that the total number of Americans whose "American capital" is at stake is about 3,000. We do not quite see why the United States should have forfeited between forty and fifty millions of dollars in the remission of duties on sugar in order to fill the pockets of 3,000 Americans who choose to live abroad.

In the latest number of the Hawaiian *Commercial Journal* we find, on looking at the Hawaiian stock reports, a list of the corporations engaged in sugar-planting. There are forty of them. We observe such figures as these: Hawaiian Agricultural Company, par value, \$100, current quotations, \$137.50; Honoum Sugar Company, par value, \$100, current quotations, \$155; Honoka Sugar Company, par value, \$100, current quotations, \$165; Haiku Sugar Company, par value, \$100, current quotations, \$150; Koloa Sugar Company, par value, \$1,000, current quotations, \$1,200; Libue Plantation Company, par value, \$100, current quotations, \$285; Pacific Sugar Mill, par value, \$100, current quotations, \$250 to \$300. These are only a few of the quotations, quoted for the purpose of showing how the prices of these sugar stocks have been swollen. And why are they swollen? Because the United States remits the duty on their sugar, and allows it to come in duty free.

In this country there is an attempt now being made to create a beet-sugar industry. It is in a fair way to become successful. In at least six States there are large acreages of sugar-beets and large plants for beet-sugar refining. In California there are several such plants, and the sugar-beet acreage is being extended from year to year. If Claus Spreckels lives, it is our belief that in ten years California will be one of the great beet-sugar districts of the world. This country paid last year over \$96,000,000 for sugar which it imported from abroad. It is now trying to raise its own sugar. The way to do it is not by letting in foreign sugar free of duty, but by encouraging the farmers to raise beet-sugar here. If any one can tell us why the duty should be remitted on 400,000,000 pounds of Hawaiian sugar per annum, and how that is going to encourage the American farmer in raising sugar, we should like to know the reason.

Two years ago a law was enacted providing for an annuity fund for public-school teachers in this State, and under its provisions eight teachers were retired. It was found, however, that the income was not sufficient for the purpose, and several amendments were adopted at the last session of the legislature. As it now stands, the law provides that an annuity fund shall be created by contributions from the teachers of one dollar a month, and also the setting apart of one-half of the fines paid by teachers on account of absences. Membership is voluntary to any teachers now in the department, but compulsory as to all who may be hereafter appointed in this city. The money received is to be placed in two separate funds, twenty-five per cent. going into a permanent fund until it amounts to \$50,000, which must be invested in government bonds, and only the income of which is available. The remainder goes into the annuity fund, and is to be paid out as required. Any unexpended surplus at the end of a year is to be deposited in a savings bank. Should the money in the annuity fund be insufficient, the annuities are to be reduced pro rata. Any teacher, after thirty years of service, may voluntarily retire and receive an annuity of \$50 a month. After five years of membership, a disabled teacher may be retired on an annuity rated according to the number of years of membership. Any member retiring before having paid dues for thirty years must pay into the fund a sum sufficient to make up \$360.

The object of this law is an excellent one, and will command the ready sympathy of every person interested in the welfare of the public schools. But, as it stands at present, it seems to be doomed to failure. There are 927 teachers in the school department of this city, and the number increases at the rate of about three per cent. each year. Assuming that all the teachers join, the membership would be 955 next year, 1,074 in the fifth year, 1,241 in the tenth, 1,436 in the fifteenth, and 1,664 in the twentieth. This would insure a revenue from dues of \$11,640 in the first year, and increasing annually to \$19,968 in the twentieth.

It is stated by Mr. Webster, superintendent of schools, that the fines for absences amounted to \$11,000 last year, which would give \$5,500 to the annuity fund. This amount would probably increase in the same ratio as the number of teachers, and therefore \$7,165 would be received from this source in the tenth year, and \$9,490 in the twentieth.

The permanent fund is made up of twenty-five per cent. of the receipts. It would therefore increase, on the basis of calculation assumed, at the rate of about \$5,000 a year, and would reach the limit of \$50,000 during the tenth year. After that, all money received would be available for the payment of annuities. The interest from this fund, which is immediately available, would amount, at five per cent., which is a fair rate on government bonds, to \$234 the first year, and would increase to \$1,246 in the fifth. In the tenth year and thereafter, it would be \$2,500. In addition to these sources of income, some revenue is expected from donations and bequests, but this is so uncertain in amount that it need not be taken into the calculation.

The income being thus fairly determined, the outgo is the next important consideration, and this is far more difficult to estimate. For the purpose of this calculation it may be assumed that the teachers enter the department at an average age of twenty-five years. This is probably above rather than below the actual fact. They would then be eligible for the roll of annuitants at the age of fifty-five. According to the tables of the expectation of life, 662 in each 1,000 would probably be alive at that age. Of the 927 teachers, therefore, 311 would probably be removed by death, leaving 616 as candidates for annuities at the end of the period.

There is a further reduction to be made, however, on account of those who might retire before the expiration of the term, and who would not be entitled under the law to have any of their money repaid. It is difficult to determine how many would be withdrawn from this cause, as statistics on the subject are not obtainable. An approximation may, however, be arrived at by taking the number of teachers who had served five years or more five years ago, and subtracting from it the number who have served ten years or more, according to the latest report. Subtracting from this the probable number of deaths, we obtain 173 as the withdrawals. The greater number of teachers who withdraw from the department do so during the early years of their service. The greater number of marriages occur during this period; young men and women adopt teaching as a temporary makeshift until they can become permanently settled in life. Those who follow teaching for ten years usually accept it for their life work. It is not probable, therefore, that the other withdrawals would exceed 173 more, leaving only 300 out of the 927 to complete the term of thirty years' service. Though their ages would not be uniform, it may be assumed that ten, or one-thirtieth, would become eligible each year. As the number of teachers increase, this number would increase until it would reach twenty in the twentieth year.

Not all of those who were eligible, however, would apply for annuities. So long as they were able to work they would prefer their larger salaries to the annuities. Probably not more than one-half would apply during the first five years. After that time, however, the eligibles of the first year would be sixty years of age, their efficiency would be impaired after thirty-five years in harness, and they would begin to seek rest and comfort for their old age. The roll of annuitants would contain 36 names in the fifth year, 47 in the sixth, and from that time it would steadily increase. Against this the deaths would be set off. According to the insurance tables of the actuaries, the first death would probably occur in the sixth year, two more would die the next year, four the next, and so the number of deaths would go on increasing, until 37 would die during the twentieth year.

With this probable number of annuities, the demand upon the fund can be easily calculated. During the first year, \$7,200 would be called for against an income of \$14,300, leaving nearly one-half to be deposited in the bank. During the second year, the demand would be \$10,800 and the income \$15,150; during the third year, \$14,400 against \$15,734. The demand, which has been steadily increasing, would exceed the income the next year, being \$18,000 against \$16,261, but the accumulation from previous years would be sufficient to meet the deficit, as it would be the next year also.

The sixth year would see the threatened collapse of the system, however. The income with the balance in the bank would amount to only \$24,279, while the demand would be \$28,200. The forty-seven annuitants would therefore have to be satisfied with a pro rata dividend amounting to \$516.50 apiece, or \$43 a month. From this time the deficit would steadily increase, the annuity would steadily decrease. In the seventh year, the dividend would be \$396, or \$39 a month; in the tenth year, \$288, or \$24 a month; in the fifteenth year, \$200, or \$16 a month; and in the twentieth year, \$152, or \$12.50 a month. The

relief from the payments to the permanent fund and the reductions from death would be wholly insufficient to stem the current.

This is the cold logic of the situation, however much the friends of the teachers may wish it to be otherwise. Indeed, it is a most favorable presentation, and it is probable that the figures we have given are too favorable, and that the scheme would collapse even before the time we have set. The *Argonaut* has always had the welfare of the teachers at heart and has sought to aid them in every way. It would be glad to see the teachers of San Francisco, whose work is difficult and of the highest value, enabled to insure themselves against an old age of poverty or self-denial, but their present scheme is mathematically impossible.

During the past week municipal elections have been held in many States throughout the country. Interest has centered particularly in the Democratic victories. Results in cities of the Mississippi Valley, because in that region the political battle of last fall was fiercest, and there also the most phenomenal victories for McKinley were gained. The reception of the news from these local elections has been made the occasion by the Democratic press to announce the foreshadowed doom of Republicanism. An examination of the dispatches reveals to the dispassionate mind that the startling features of the telegrams are confined to the flaming head-lines, and that the hope may be indulged that the Republican party may still be found doing business at the old stand.

There is really no ground for comparison between the late national election and those of last week. The former contest was waged about two national issues—coinage and the tariff—while the latter have been influenced by as many causes as there were localities, and the invariable legacies of an acrimonious national election. One would be credulous, indeed, to believe that an administration elected by an overwhelming majority in November, to accomplish certain ends, had been rebuked in the following April before that administration had been in control sixty days.

In Chicago the great contest was over the mayoralty. There were four candidates—Harrison, an Altgeldian Popocrat; Hering, a gold Democrat; Harlan, an Independent Republican; and Sears, regular Republican. The election was contested on strictly local issues, of which Chicago has a wealth, complicated by the factions which split both parties. Harrison was elected because his natural opposition was divided into three parts. That the election was on local interests is shown by the attitude of the *Times-Herald*. That journal, a stalwart McKinley organ, last fall recommended to the voters certain candidates in the different wards for aldermen. In a list of twenty-eight wards the paper indorsed thirteen Republicans, seven Democrats, and eight Independents. In the other cities of Illinois the dispatches show an equal division of the victories.

In Cincinnati, the election took the form of a personal fight against George B. Cox, a Republican boss, and a Democratic mayor, elected by Republican votes, was the natural result. Cleveland reelected a Republican mayor. Toledo, Ironton, and Steubenville were also carried by the Republicans, and Columbus, Springfield, Hamilton, and Portsmouth by the Democrats.

A similar condition is presented in Michigan, where the object of the voters, pertinently expressed in Detroit, was not to inaugurate free coinage or free trade, but to defeat a candidate named for mayor by Governor Pingree. The accomplishment gives Detroit a Democratic mayor. The Republican State ticket was however elected, and out of ten cities reported, eight have been carried by the Republicans.

In Wisconsin, party lines were not closely drawn in any locality, and the honors are very evenly divided.

Only two telegrams appear from Iowa. Keokuk elects a Republican mayor and a majority of the city ticket, and a Citizens' Independent ticket wins in Dubuque.

Indiana returns are from Evansville alone, and give the city election to the Democrats on local issues.

Connecticut reports a clean sweep for the Republicans in Hartford and Bridgeport, and a Democratic mayor for Stamford, elected by a union of gold and silver factions.

St. Louis, Mo., returns a full Republican ticket, while Jefferson City gives the offices of mayor and city marshal to the Democrats, and all other offices to the Republicans.

Kansas, the late fountain-head of Populism, evinces a gratifying change of heart by handing the cities of Topeka, Wichita, Atchison, Kansas City, and Hutchinson over to Republican control. Leavenworth is Democratic, thanks to a Republican faction fight, and Emporia has been won by a Citizens' Independent ticket.

Santa Fé, N. M., was carried by the Republicans. A year ago the city was Democratic.

Tacoma, Wash., electing councilmen, seats four Republicans, two Democrats, and two Populists.

Colorado, the banner silver State of last fall, returns a

silver Republican, running on an independent ticket, for mayor of Denver. There were twelve other candidates in the field, which indicates something beside free coinage as an issue. Leadville sends a unique report of the success of a Democratic-Republican fusion against the Populists. The issue was strictly local and grew out of the troubles of the late miners' strike. Trinidad has gone Republican, and in Colorado Springs and Pueblo the result is in doubt.

San Diego, Cal., closes the list with a Republican victory.

The foregoing presents as large a share of Republican success as could have been anticipated. It must be remembered that these reports are not complete over the area of the States named. They are from the larger cities only, where Democratic votes are thickest. The farmer has had no voice in this expression except in the single instance of Michigan, and there the Republican State ticket triumphed. On the whole, there is nothing surprising, nothing alarming. The Democrat who foresees the downfall of the Republican party in the late dispatches is a blind prophet.

Some months ago, the *Argonaut* urged strongly the passage of a municipal ordinance restricting the height of buildings in San Francisco. We pointed out the fact that there was no necessity for unusually tall office buildings here; that there was plenty of ground for buildings; that the erection of every ten or twelve-story building meant the emptying of two or three other buildings of half the size; that such was the necessity for light and sun in this foggy city that the erection of many tall buildings would render down-town San Francisco unhealthy and uninhabitable. Notwithstanding these facts, which are indisputable, the board of supervisors refused to restrict the height of tall buildings to any reasonable limit, notwithstanding the experience of European cities. We warned them then that even in Eastern cities, where ground was much more valuable, there would speedily be restrictions passed upon the height of buildings. Already our words are coming true. A bill has just passed one of the houses of the New York legislature restricting the height of office buildings and graduating them according to the width of the streets. While the bill has not yet passed both houses and received the signature of the governor, it stands so excellent a chance that New York capitalists believe that it will speedily become the law. George Crocker, the California millionaire who recently purchased a piece of ground in down-town New York, has rushed his plans for a twenty-two-story building, in order to get it started before these laws go into effect. Other men will follow his example.

We pointed out to San Franciscans many months ago that it was high time for them to pass restrictive ordinances concerning the height of buildings while tall buildings were few. As usual, San Francisco waited for other cities to show her the way. Now that New York has acted, she will doubtless soon pass restrictions on the height of buildings. But when she has done so there will be yet other tall buildings like the Mills Building, the Crocker Building, the Chronicle Building, the Claus Spreckels Building, and the Hearst Building, each of which will occupy three times as much cubic feet as it should rightly do, and each of which will forever keep down the price of land occupied by lower buildings and forever keep down the price of rentals earned by lower buildings.

The time for the governor's action on the measures that were passed at the recent session of the legislature having expired, the work of legislation is completed, and what has been accomplished may be reviewed. Many of the new laws are of interest only to the legal fraternity and the litigants who may be affected by their provisions, others carry appropriations also of limited interest, and still others have but a local application. The measures that may profitably be considered at the present time are those relating to this city and those affecting the interests of the whole State.

The most important measure relating to San Francisco is that providing for freeholder and charter elections. It permits a reduction in the number of precincts and of members of the election boards at such elections, which, without loss of efficiency, will considerably decrease expense. The city is authorized to erect a municipal hospital building, at an expense not to exceed three hundred thousand dollars, according to plans to be approved by the board of health, and the law of 1895 authorizing the construction of the hall of justice on the old city hall lot, is amended to permit the supervisors to pay the contractor for extra work and material within the original total limit of three hundred thousand dollars.

The salaries of the police and fire departments were increased, and the board of supervisors is authorized to increase the membership of the fire department whenever deemed necessary. In case of such increase, the supervisors may fix the salaries of the new appointees, and they may increase any salaries at any time, but no power is given to decrease them. The police pension law is amended to permit any officer to retire on half-pay after twenty years' service, the provision requiring it to be continuous being stricken out. No franchises can now be granted by the supervisors, except a special privilege for a less term than two years, save after advertising for bids, and bids for the renewal of a franchise can be advertised only within one year of its expiration. No stated amount is to be paid for a franchise, but a portion of the gross

receipts, amounting to not less than three per cent., is to be paid after the first five years. One of the muddles created by the supreme court's decision declaring certain officers in this city and county to be county officers is cured by making their office hours conform to those of city officers. By an amendment of the municipal corporations act, cities having a population of from one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand are transferred from the first to the second class. This will have little effect at the present time, as none of the cities of the State come into this class, but it may cause trouble later, as cities of the first class are described in the statutes indiscriminately as those of the first class and those having more than one hundred thousand population.

To amend the election laws, many bills were introduced:

Of these, which included seven relating to primary elections, six relating to registration, five relating to the conduct of elections, one amending the purity of elections law, eight providing for the adoption of voting-machines, and five miscellaneous bills, only two became laws. The important one of these is the Stratton primary election law. The other prohibits candidates from pledging their support to any measure other than to the convention that nominates them, and prohibits any person, other than a member of such convention, from asking a pledge of any candidate.

The road legislation is disappointing.

The highway bureau is continued with slightly increased powers, but the State system of highways was defeated by the governor. The rock-crushing plant at Folsom is continued, but preference is given to orders for country roads in order to protect quarries in cities and towns. In the control of the county roads the supervisors are given power to set apart bicycle paths and to erect and maintain waterworks for sprinkling in addition to the powers heretofore exercised by them. For the establishment of a uniform system of road government the counties are divided by a subsequent statute into road districts. The district roads are placed under the control of a board of three trustees, one of whom is to be elected by the voters annually. These trustees collect the road poll-tax, which forms the district road fund, and may call a special election to determine whether a district road-tax shall be levied or whether road bonds shall be issued. A majority vote is sufficient for a tax, but a vote of two-thirds is required for an issue of bonds. A new feature of this law is that requiring three meetings each year of the electors of the district to consult and advise with the trustees regarding road matters. The law would be an excellent one were it not for the defeat of the bill classifying the roads into State highways, county thoroughfares, and district roads. As it now stands, the control of all roads is taken out of the hands of the supervisors and given over to district trustees. This is a distinct step backwards, and is contrary to the intention of the framers of the bill. This complication also conflicts with two other laws that were enacted. One of these provides for the construction of flumes, ditches, or canals to protect roads from damage by storm water, which is properly a part of the control of the roads, and the other provides that the supervisors shall not allow any claim for work except upon a report of the official in charge. The obnoxious system of working out the road poll-tax is continued.

As was rendered necessary by the defects in the irrigation laws, very extensive changes have been made.

Irrigation districts are to be organized upon petition of a majority in numbers and value of the land proposed to be included to the board of supervisors. The supervisors may modify the boundaries, but not so as to exclude any land that is susceptible of irrigation from the common source. An appeal from the decision of the supervisors to the superior court is given to any interested person who is a party to the record. The district, when thus authorized, is divided into either three or five divisions, from each of which one director is elected. An assessor, tax-collector, and treasurer are also elected from the district. All qualified electors in the district may vote at such election, and any owner of property liable to assessment may contest the validity of the election in the superior court, with a right of appeal to the supreme court.

The directors have general control of the construction and work of the district, but they may not purchase real estate at a price exceeding ten thousand dollars except upon petition of a majority in numbers and value of the land-owners. Bonds are to be issued on a majority vote of the electors at a special election called by the directors on petition of a majority in numbers and value of the freeholders. The bonds are to bear five per cent. interest, and to be payable in series running through thirty years. To supplement the money received from bonds, the board of directors may levy an assessment after a favorable vote of a majority of the electors. Changes in the boundaries of any irrigation district so that land may be excluded, upon petition to the board of directors by the owner of such land. The fact of the filing of the petition is published, and, on a day fixed, the directors hear the objections, if any are offered, and determine whether the petition shall be granted. The granting of the petition, however, does not relieve the land from any lien arising during the time it formed a part of the district.

Refunding bonds may be issued under the same conditions as original bonds, but the board of directors must, within thirty days after their issue, bring an action in the superior court to determine their validity. If the board of directors fails to take such action, it may be taken by any assessment-payer in the district, and after such action has been taken, no question as to the validity of the bonds may be raised. Irrigation districts may be abandoned upon an election called by the directors on petition of a majority of the assessment-payers, unless the amount of the bonds sold exceeds two-fifths of the total assessed value of all the real property in the district.

Several miscellaneous laws of importance have been enacted.

The Torrens land registry law has already been described in these columns. Several years will be required for the system to come into full operation, and, in the meantime, considerable extra work will be placed upon the courts and some expense to the owners of land. In the end, however, it will prove a decidedly beneficial measure. The pure-food movement has been recognized by the enactment of two special laws, supplementary to that of 1895, to prevent deception in the manufacture of butter and cheese, and to prohibit the adulteration of honey. Dibble's bill prohibiting discrimination against any person on account of race or color in places of public accommodation or amusement has become a law. The property rights of married women have been further increased by a provision that when property is conveyed in writing to a married woman, it is presumed to be her separate property; if conveyed to her and her husband, they are presumed to be tenants in common. This presumption is conclusive in favor of any purchasing from her for a valuable consideration and without knowledge that the facts are otherwise. Any real property acquired by a married woman prior to May 19, 1889, may be conveyed

by her, and her husband, heirs, or assigns are barred from setting up a claim that it was community property after one year from the recording of the conveyance, or, with regard to conveyances heretofore made, after one year from the passage of the act.

A State commission of lunacy is created, consisting of the governor, secretary of State, and attorney-general as *ex-officio* members, the secretary of the State board of health, and a reputable physician, who is made superintendent of the State hospitals of California, and who is appointed by the governor for a term of four years. The commission is charged with the execution of the insanity laws and examines insane asylums and their management. Visits of inspection are made at least twice in each year by the superintendent and a majority of the commissioners, and recommendations for the better management may be made by them to the commission. The five asylums are placed under the control of boards of managers, subject to the statutory powers of the commission and appointed by the governor. The boards of directors have general control over the affairs of the respective asylums.

The exercise of the right of eminent domain is extended to land required for electric light, power, transmission or railway plants, mining and irrigation water-works, reservoirs and tunnels for water for domestic and drainage purposes, bicycle paths, and oil-pipe lines. A commission is appointed to confer with similar bodies to secure uniformity in the laws of the United States regulating marriage, divorce, probate, and commercial law, and the acknowledgment of deeds. Finally, the free public market on the city front of this city is authorized.

On the thirty-first of March, the New York assembly, which is now in session, passed unanimously the bill of Assemblyman Dudley, providing for a graded inheritance tax. The vote of the bill was unanimous, standing 131 to 0. This bill increased the tax on large estates by graduated plan. When the value of an estate exceeds \$500,000, an additional tax is imposed at the accumulating rate of 1 per cent. for each additional \$250,000. If the estate exceeds \$3,000,000, it is subject to a tax of 15 per cent. It is estimated that the new tax will bring at least \$4,000,000 a year additional into the treasury of New York State. The bill means that abnormal estates will pay from 10 to 15 per cent. If a man dies worth \$60,000,000, the State will come into at least \$6,000,000 on the owner's death.

Some years ago the *Argonaut* advocated the levying of a collateral inheritance tax in this State. The matter was taken up by Senator McAllister, of Marin County, and through his efforts there resulted the appearance of the present collateral inheritance tax upon the statute books of California. Already it has brought in large sums of money to the State, but we notice a disposition on the part of some legatees to contest it. In fact, a case is still pending before the Supreme Court as to its constitutionality, on the ground that it excepts estates below \$500, which the contestants hold is unequal taxation. This strikes us as being absurd. It would cost more to collect an inheritance tax on an estate of \$500 than the tax would amount to. But what we wish to point out is that the State of New York, instead of abolishing the collateral inheritance tax, is extending its operations by graduating large estates and heavily taxing what we call abnormal estates. We think the move is in the right direction. There are few who will oppose such taxation, because the multi-millionaires never think they are going to die, and their heirs, when they do, are so glad to get any portion of their estates that they are willing to submit to the tax.

Colonel Harrison G. Otis, of the Los Angeles *Times*, was looked upon as being "very close to Mc-Kinley and Hanna" during the campaign last year. Such were the efforts of himself and his paper that he was looked upon as the leader of the Republican forces in Southern California. It was supposed that Colonel Otis could obtain an office if he desired one, and he applied for the position of First Assistant-Secretary of War. But inasmuch as Otis had been involved in difficulties with his printers, extending over many months, the National Typographical Union opposed him bitterly. The Typographical Union succeeded in getting the Indiana Republican delegation under their thumbs, and Senator Fairbanks and Congressman Overstreet, of that delegation, opposed Otis. The recently appointed United States District Attorney for Indiana, Hon. A. W. Wishard, also aided the National Typographical Union. Walking-Delegate Thomson, of Cleveland, succeeded in getting Senator Hanna to protest against Otis's appointment. The campaign of the printers was successful, and Colonel Otis failed to secure the office which he desired to obtain. This is the story as given out by the Typographical Union. We would like to learn from Colonel Otis if it is true.

THE TROUBLE AT SAINTS' REST.

Consequent on the Advent of Miss Miggins.

The group of waiting idlers, who had followed in its course the shade of the big pine in front of the stage office, were listening with languid though critical interest to Long Jake's story. Old man Summers walked slowly over to the stage road and gazed down into the valley.

"Here she comes!" he shouted, standing in the middle of the road, with his right hand over his eyes. The listeners sprang to their feet and hastened to the roadside.

A swirl of dust appeared around the bend, and out of it came the noise of the rattling of wheels and the beating of hoofs. Then a stage appeared, and a minute later the driver made his usual theatrical stop before the office.

The guard, jumping lightly to the ground, beld open the stage-door. Mrs. Miggins, fat, fair, and certainly more than forty, awkwardly descended to the ground, and then appeared Miss Miggins. Miss Miggins was young and Miss Miggins was pretty. Charming glances from her melting blue eyes accompanied her musical voice, while her red cheeks and hair of gold made the surrender of the hearts of the men of Saints' Rest unconditional.

The last roll of blankets had found its owner, the horses had been led away, and the sleeping stage-coach stood to one side. The major was enthusiastic and the group before him was attentive: "At last the eye of the world is becoming focused upon the great natural resources of Saints' Rest. It is quite evident, suh, even to a superficial observer, that Mrs. Miggins and her lovely daughter have been lured bither by the unparalleled attractions of Saints' Rest to spend their days in rapturous contemplation of the beauties of Nature."

"Yer mistaken, major," said old man Summers, who had been diligently scraping his pipe. "Mrs. Miggins ez goin' to open a boardin'-house."

"Who said so?" demanded the major, blankly.

"That sage-brush pirate who pilots the stage. Mrs. Miggins told him."

The major looked out across the valley for a moment and then stalked silently away. No one thought of disputing the word of the stage-driver, who was to the camp what a weekly newspaper is to a rural community—an unquestioned source of enlightenment.

Old man Summers gazed after the retreating form of the major with twinkling eyes. "Oh, yes, Miss Miggins ez purty," he remarked. "So's a Sierra rattler sunnin' hisself in a trail. But I'll bet a pair of giraffes ag'in' a one-eyed hippopotamus that trouble an' this Miss Miggins travel together."

On the evening following the day of Miss Miggins's descent upon the peaceful camp of Saints' Rest, every miner in the Lost Horse Gulch, from the crest of the ridge to the bed of the wash, found that he had pressing business on the main street of the camp.

Among those who took their ingenuous ways up and down the uneven paths was Jim Bowloe. Nature had not been niggardly with her materials in his building, and Jim was fully aware that his appearance justified the turning of heads in admiring glances. When he stumbled on the best claim in the gulch, he accepted the fact nonchalantly, realizing that it was but the due of a man of his superior gifts, and when black-eyed 'Cencion joined her mother, who ran the Bonita restaurant, the camp unmurmuringly recognized his right to be first in love as well as business. But now, with the spell of Miss Miggins over them all, Jim was pained and surprised to note that about every other able-bodied man in the gulch was obtrusively present.

Jim Bowloe had a bunk-house partner, Bobby Henderson, who being in stature and ambition rather insignificant in comparison with his partner, was usually referred to as "Bowloe's partner." He, too, was with the crowd, wearing a look of conscious innocence, and Jim wasn't exactly pleased to observe that his hair, which had not heretofore had an encounter with a brush since he left the States, was now combed as nearly straight as Nature would permit.

Great changes in the social life of Saints' Rest followed the arrival of Miss Miggins. Every day there was that noticeable air of dressed-up stiffness which had before appeared at first-class funerals only. Certain prominent citizens declined to get hilarious except after nightfall, a tribute to the influence of Miss Miggins which at first excited some uneasiness among the dispensers of various elixirs, but when they found that her presence did not prevent the scrupulous ones from remaining under the rule of Bacchus the following day, they accepted the reform with great good nature.

The partners, who lived in a cabin on the hill-side, did not become guests of the new boarding-house, partly because of pride, partly because of an indisposition on the part of either to broach the subject, and largely because of the very great distance of the Miggins establishment from their claims. But neither was long in obtaining an introduction to the daughter of the house.

Since the junior Summers was a fiddler whose fame stopped not short of two days' travel from the camp, there was really no good reason for not having a Thanksgiving ball. A committee secured for a hall-room the large card annex of the Saints' Retreat, a resort with a somewhat misleading name, and the camp resolved itself into a committee of the whole to see that the hall was a success. Invitations were not issued, for in the perfect democracy of Saints' Rest the right of every sober inhabitant to be present was recognized without debate.

Old man Summers and Long Jake discussed the social situation with interest. "It strikes me," said Summers, "that the favorite lightin'-rods hyarabouts air Bowloe and Henderson."

"I do look that way," admitted Long Jake; "but the head man at a funeral ain't always the most joyful. You know that cabin o' theirs—two rooms and three doors. They say ez how since this Miss Miggins arrived that the

spiders hev cobwebbed the door 'tween the rooms and tied the han'le to the walls 'thout ever hein' bothered."

As Thanksgiving approached, the excitement in the society circles of the gulch increased. Hair that before had found no harber in the wilderness, now made the acquaintance of the shears; clothes which had never before given their owners any anxiety, now became the objects of critical inspection; and boots and handana handkerchiefs received equally careful attention. And what thrills of delight were experienced by the owners of "sto" clothes of the Sunday-go-meetin' style, relics of San Francisco civilization! The partners were among this lucky number, but neither rested on his laurels.

The express-agent had closed his books for the day and was balancing them in his usual easy manner, cash-hook in one hand and report-book in the other, when he was interrupted. Jim Bowloe leaned upon the counter, holding in his hand a soiled copy of a San Francisco newspaper. "I want yeh to help me out," he said, in answer to the agent's look of inquiry. A low-voiced conference followed. Together they examined the advertising columns of the *Alta*.

"Forty-five dollars, did yeh say?" said Jim.

"Forty-five dollars."

"Pears to me that's steep, purty steep, but I ain't the man ter kick about trifles. Here's yer money. Git it started as soon as yeh can." The agent smiled softly, while Bowloe trudged away in the darkness.

Strange happenings, like calamities, often come not singly. It was the very next evening, and the express-agent was engaged in a hopeless effort to make every dollar in the cash-drawer balance two in his accounts, when he glanced up and found Bobby Henderson attentively regarding him over the counter. He, too, was confidential, and he, too, had a copy of a San Francisco paper. There was a whispered conference.

"Forty-five dollars?" said Henderson. "Ain't that rather high?"

"Oh, no," answered the agent, smilingly; "such things don't grow on every mesquite bush."

"Well," said Henderson, "this ain't a question of 'dohes, so here's your dust."

The next stage brought two packages to the camp that were exactly alike, outwardly. One was addressed to Bowloe and the other to Henderson.

It was the evening of a day not long before Thanksgiving, and Jim Bowloe was preparing to take his departure from the Miggins parlor. He hesitated for a moment as he arose, and Miss Miggins smiled encouragingly.

"Of course, Miss Miggins, you'll be down at the big time Thursday night. An' I'll feel most uncommonly obleeged if you'll let me have the pleasure of seein' you down ther an' back. I'll fix up so I won't be any disgrace ter you." And Bowloe threw back his shoulders and looked down at himself admiringly.

To this Miss Miggins, smiling sweetly and holding open the door, replied: "I'll be ready to go not later than eight o'clock."

The next evening, Henderson stood on the door-step, twirling his hat. Miss Miggins regarded him with a pleasant look of inquiry.

"Miss Miggins," said he, "I know I ain't equal to the occasion, but neither's nary other man in the gulch. But I reckon you'll want to see the dance, an' if you need a feller to kind o' p'int out the way, it'll be great joy ter me to be the-favored man. An' I'll fix up as much for the occasion as Californy will allow."

Miss Miggins was kind-hearted. She looked at the face of the young man before her, and then said simply and sweetly: "I'll be ready at eight o'clock."

It was supper-time in the gulch. The express-agent leaned idly against the stump of the big pine that used to mark the bend in the cañon and, with an expression of amusement curling his lips, regarded 'Cencion, who stood before him with her black eyes flashing.

"It will be a good joke," he said, "and that is the reason I spoke of it to you, for I am of your opinion that Jim needs taking down a little. But you'd better take both outfits, for neither of them knows what the other has done, and if either lost his lay-out and then saw the other arrayed in purple and fine linen—well, there would be trouble and a funeral, to say the least."

"It is well," said the girl, and disappeared among the growing shadows.

The express-agent gazed after her departing form curiously. "If she could write," he murmured, reflectively, "there is one word she would certainly begin with a capital letter. And that is 'Revenge.'"

The candles sputtered bravely that night in front of the tin reflectors, the lone fiddler played with all the fervor the occasion demanded, and the floor creaked and groaned under the grand march, but neither Bowloe nor Henderson saw the opening of the grand ball.

The partners did not arrive at the cabin on the hill-side at the same time after supper. Bowloe, with thoughts of neckties of flaming hues, white collars of wonderful heights and stiffness, and shirts upon the fronts of which were pictured all the flowers of the field, arrived home early. It is not known just what his feelings were when he comprehended the situation, but the opinion prevailed in the camp that by not being present, it lost the effect of the most expressive and artistic hurst of profanity ever uttered in the mountains. Jealousy fathers distrust, and Bowloe searched his partner's room, but uselessly. Then, relying on the natural graces of his person, he arrayed himself as best he could and started for the Miggins home. If Henderson had—He shut his teeth hard at the thought.

"Oh," said the freckle-faced young lady who answered his rap, "Miss Miggins went ever so long ago with another gentleman." And she smiled as only a neglected young lady can under such circumstances. Bowloe stared at her for a moment, speechless, and then, filled with astonishment and rage, turned away in the darkness toward the scene of the festivities.

Ten minutes later, the maid, who was gloomily reflecting upon the unkindness of fate that made her stay at home the night of the ball, heard another knock. This time it was Henderson that the light of the candle shone upon, and his face, too, gave evidence of inward trouble. "Miss Miggins," said the maid, "has been gone quite a while. She went with another gentleman." Bobby's face turned to flint.

Jim Bowloe did not find Miss Miggins at the dance. He felt relieved, for if she had disappointed him, she had, at least, not favored any one else. And so, having a great regard for the reputation of James Bowloe, Esquire, he affected an air of great enjoyment, and to one or two inquiries regarding Miss Miggins, he shrugged his shoulders as much as to say that that was a subject in which he was not interested. His laugh was the loudest, his jokes the most numerous, and his dancing the liveliest of all the company. Bobby Henderson, coming down the street, had no thought of the pleasures of the ball. He was fully satisfied that Bowloe was a thief and that he was the victim of the robbery. At the door of the improvised ball-room, he paused for a moment, and then, in the whirl of dancing figures, one caught his eye and he saw nothing else. His lip curled scornfully. Bowloe the brave, Bowloe the mighty, had stolen his clothes, but was afraid to wear them! Straight across the floor he strode, heedless of the dancers' rights, and in another moment Bowloe was gazing into the angry eyes of his partner. Then Henderson spoke. His tones were not loud, but his tense voice caused every dancer to stop and listen, and the scorn and rage expressed in every word and gesture held their attention.

"A man might jump a widder's claim and then try to distract her attention by killin' her six small children, or he might trade all the good words on his mother's tombstone for a drink of had whisky; but that man's a gentleman 'longside of a feller that steals his partner's layout and then is too big a coward to use it."

In the moment of silence that followed, every man drew his breath and turned his face squarely to where the forms of the partners stood statued in the candle-light, and every woman shrank instinctively toward the door. Bowloe's red face swelled darkly with rage.

"You scoundrel!" he shouted, as he leaped forward. And then the trouble began.

It was well that it had been made the unwritten law of Saints' Rest that no gentleman should carry a weapon to a social entertainment, for if it had not been so the population of the camp would have been sadly less by sunrise. As it was, there were many private scores to be paid off, many personal grudges to be settled, and the population of Saints' Rest rose joyfully to the occasion.

The major and Superintendent McAdoo, of the Starlight Stage Company, rode side by side in the moonlight, while two officers and a detective loyed close behind.

"His reports," said Superintendent McAdoo, "bave not been satisfactory for some time, but I thought it was the result of incapacity or carelessness rather than dishonesty, and that is the reason I wrote and asked you to keep an eye on the young man and find out what kind of hours and company he was keeping. To think that he should fool us all in that way! But Johnson hack here seems to have pretty good evidence that our Saints' Rest agent is about as clever a villain as ever committed a bank robbery in New York or forgery in Boston."

"I suspected him," returned the major, "just as soon as he refused to snap up some of those bargains in fifty-foot lots on Hermosa Boulevard, which we are going to build, for I knew he was bright enough to know what a good thing they are at the figures I am asking. I felt certain he was getting ready to skip out—"

A chorus of yells interrupted the major. For a moment the party slackened pace and listened. They were at the outskirts of the camp, and as they realized that the noises that the evening breeze brought to them were not sounds of joyous revelry, with one impulse they started forward. Down the street they galloped and drew up clattering before the dance-hall, from which issued all that echo-awakening clamor.

The participants were almost exhausted, and the officers, armed and experienced in the handling of men, with the vigorous aid of the major and the superintendent, succeeded in restoring order. But, though they searched long and carefully and inquired of all who were in a condition to answer, no trace could be found of the stage-agent, Joe McLeary. The next morning brought no better success. Indeed, it is a difficult matter to get information out of a man who has his head handaged with a towel or carries a newly lamed arm in a sling; or who is perchance, like Henderson or Bowloe, confined to his bed with aches and sprains and bruises. So sore a subject was the Thanksgiving hall that strangers for months afterward found it unprofitable to introduce it as a topic of discussion.

The next day at noon old man Summers dismounted from his burro in front of the Saints' Retreat and ambled inside. He smiled grimly as he listened to Long Jake's history of the Thanksgiving ball. Then he laid down his pipe and took off his old felt hat. The crowd gathered around him, for they knew he had some important news.

"I was comin' down the Elk Flat trail when I met these parties last night. I can't say what they war talkin' about, but this I observed: the man had on a b'iled shirt an' a white collar which that stage-agent didn't hev when I saw him last, an' the woman was Miss Miggins, and the mewls walked close together."

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1897.

PAUL SHOUP.

As a result of the discoveries made in Röntgen-ray photography of the identity of actinic rays of light with those which occasion sunstroke, it is proposed to line the British soldier's helmet with a strip of ruby-colored material as the best protection for the brain. The fatalities at Majuba showed that white helmets were dangerous articles of head-gear in the sun.

THE LAND OF THE LOTUS-EATERS.

A French Critic's Opinions of Charles Warren Stoddard—Mme. Blanc Compares him to Pierre Loti—Bits from his Studies of the South Sea Islands.

In a recent issue of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Mme. Blanc, writing over her famous pseudonym of "Th. Bentzon," introduces to her countrymen Charles Warren Stoddard, whose rarely beautiful sketches of life in Hawaii and the coral islands of the South Pacific are too little known, even in his native land. She pays him the high compliment of classing his work with that of "Pierre Loti," some of whose work has been in much the same line. In the course of her comparison of the two writers, Mme. Blanc says:

On his side, "Pierre Loti" tells us that the charm of Tahiti is not in the sensual half-civilization of a colonized town, nor even in the eternal spring of flowers or of young women, to which he was so susceptible, but that this charm dwells on the shores of the coral reefs before the immense deserted ocean; but scarcely ever does he take us there. If he spends a few days in an unpeopled region, he is somewhat astonished. He admits that his heart sinks in this solitude of Robinson Crusoe.

Stoddard, on the contrary, finds himself more at ease there than anywhere else. He requires only forty-eight hours to learn the use of the fork and to find that no way of preparing a chicken approaches roasting it under the cinders, with a beautiful succulent leaf to surround and protect it.

Neither naval officer nor romancer—for his laziness prevented him from writing anything of any length, any story with a beginning, middle, and end—Stoddard roves through his remembrances, jotting them down haphazard on the paper, and, almost without turning a page, passes quite naturally from his familiar style to poetry.

Where "Pierre Loti" had been in a transitory dream, intoxicated with sadness and voluptuousness, Stoddard realized a dream innocent and ancient, which always hurried him on toward primitive and elementary life. He has an equal need of laziness and of independence, a horror of all convention, and, added to this, an insatiable thirst for tenderness, which makes him, as he says, carry his heart on his sleeve, at the disposition of whoever will take it. Nevertheless, he does not marry in Polynesia, even according to the fashion of the country for a day. There is no woman in all his work. I see but the vague silhouette of a certain Elizabeth, reared at the Protestant mission with the daughters of the clergyman and provided with all the arts of civilization and all the principles of austere Christianity. But this does not prevent her, in spite of her European training, from throwing herself into the arms of the first naked pagan of her race who comes with a bamboo flute at his nostrils, singing of love unbanned by the law and the Bible. Save this Elizabeth, one meets only anonymous groups of women who form an integral part of the landscape.

Mme. Blanc here quotes a description of the dance of Papeali, which we reproduce in Mr. Stoddard's own words:

The fire glowed fervently; bananas hung out their tattered banners like decorations; palms rustled their silver plumes aloft in the moonlight; the sea panted on its sandy bed in heavy sleep; the night-blooming cereus opened its waxen chambers and gave forth its treasured sweets. Circle after circle of swart, savage faces were turned upon the flame-lit arena where the dancers posed for a moment with their light drapery gathered about them and held carelessly in one hand. Anon the music chimed forth—a reiteration of chords caught from the birds' treble and the winds' hiss; a full and resounding syllable, richly poetical, telling of orgies and of the mysteries of the forbidden revels in the charmed valleys of the gods, hearing which it were impossible not to be wrought to madness; and the dancers thereat went mad, dancing with infinite gesticulation, dancing to whirlwinds of applause till the undulation of their bodies was serpentine, and at last in frenzy they shrieked with joy, threw off their garments, and were naked as the moon. So much for a vision that kept me awake till morning; when I plodded on in the damp grass and tried to forget it, but couldn't exactly, and never have to this hour.

Nor has he forgotten the prowess of the daring surf-swimmers of Hawaii riding their small boards:

Bold, agile, narrow-hipped youths, with tremendous biceps and proud, impudent heads set on broad shoulders like young gods. These were the flower and chivalry of the Méha blood, and they swam like young porpoises every one of them.

There was a break in the reef before us; the sea knew it and seemed to take special delight in rushing upon the shore as though it were about to devour sand, savages, and everything. Kahéle and I watched the surf-swimmers for some time, charmed with the spectacle. Such buoyancy of matter I had never dreamed of. Kahéle, though much in the flesh, could not long resist the temptation to exhibit his prowess, and, having been offered a surf-board that would have made a good lid to his coffin and was itself as light as cork and as smooth as glass, suddenly threw off his last claim to respectability, seized his sea-sled, and dived with it under the first roller which was then about to break above his head, not three feet from him. Beyond it, a second roller reared its awful front, but he swam under that with ease; at the sound of his "open sesame," its emerald gates parted and closed after him. He seemed some Triton playing with the elements and dreadfully at home in that very wet place. The third and mightiest of the waves was gathering its strength for a charge upon the shore. Having reached its outer ripple, again Kahéle dived and re-appeared on the other side of the watery hill, balanced for a moment in the glassy hollow, turned suddenly, and, mounting the towering monster, he lay at full length upon his fragile raft, using his arms as a bird its pinions—in fact, soaring for a moment with the wave under him. As it rose, he climbed on the top of it, and there, in the midst of foam seething like champagne, on the crest of a rushing sea-avalanche about to crumble and dissolve beneath him, his surf-board hidden in spume, on the very top bubble of all, Kahéle danced like a shadow. He leaped to his feet and swam in the air, another Mercury tiptoeing a heaven-kissing hill, buoyant as vapor, and with a suggestion of invisible wings about him—Kahéle transformed for a moment, and for a moment only; the next, my daring sea-skater leaped ashore, with a howling breaker swashing at his heels. It was something glorious and almost incredible.

Mme. Blanc declares that the exquisite perfection of form which distinguishes Stoddard's briefest fantasies was not sufficient to obtain grace for him in a country "where 'artistic writing' is still a meaningless phrase, where the greatest number have no picturesque expression, often lauding to the skies authors whose style is of no value." When the "Prodigal in Tahiti" first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, the interest aroused was, however, very lively. Critics recognized the character of truth, they were sensible of the humor which sparkled in every line, and the subject was one pleasing to an adventurous nation. Mme. Blanc continues:

He himself relates the story of the prodigal child, the son of a good family, whom caprice carries off with a handful of dollars in his pocket to the gardens of the Pacific, where he finds himself *de trop*. No employment offers—no one will take lessons of any kind, no one wants a clerk, and when he says that he is a correspondent of a newspaper, they answer him, "Prove it," which he is unable to do. "They," be it understood, represent the white colony.

In a short time he reaches the deepest depths of discouragement and misery, walking through the streets at night, or sleeping, in company with all the insects of creation, in uninhabited houses, taking a cup of coffee at the market in the morning, with one or two spoonfuls of sugar or of ants dipped from an old cigar-box, and with it a crust of bread. The rest of the time he lives on bananas and fills the hollows of his stomach with water.

Upon a fine day, the best of inspirations comes to him. He goes away from the town. He walks straight ahead and finds a paradise. "Oh, to be alone with Nature! Its silence is a religion. Its sounds are delightful music." Dreaming thus, the vagabond advances further and further. He has discovered his true vocation. "The inhabitants of the country light their coconut-shell fires in the evening, they receive him and oblige him to partake of a piece of fish or of the fruit of the bread-tree. Has he a stream to cross? Two herculean shoulders are found at the appointed time, in this solitude, to carry him to the other shore. A cordial welcome, 'Aloha,' comes from the threshold of every hut. He has only to choose the house where it will suit him to sleep. At his wish, a mat will unroll upon the earth, as of its own accord." Here his beautiful confidence, lost for a moment in the wide world, comes back. He becomes proud again, for no savage is more free than he. No one has a right to say to him, "Why stand ye here idle?" He can be as lazy as he pleases. And all his life after this experience the regret will remain an indefinite nostalgia, the secret longing for this fleeting intercourse with the most seductive of all mistresses—Nature. It was at this time, doubtless, that he formed that bond of friendship, so poetically shown in the most important of his writings, "Chumming with a Savage." It is the only one, perhaps, in which there is a trace of arrangement and composition.

Mme. Blanc begins her consideration of this companionship by quoting the charming introduction:

"Its abrupt walls were hung with tapestries of fern and clambering convolvulus; at one end two exquisite waterfalls, rivaling one another in whiteness and airiness; at the other the sea—the real South Sea—breaking and foaming over a genuine reef and even rippling the placid current of the river that slipped quietly down to its embracing tide from the deep basins at these waterfalls."

The landscape (she continues) is animated by a figure worthy of it—worthy of an antique statue. Crowned with a cap of leaves, briefly clothed in a short tunic, white as snow, a drapery without sex on a body slender and of perfect proportions, stands a youth with a beautiful, smiling countenance, a countenance of sixteen years, lit by eyes resplendent as the stars. Kana-Ana is the offspring of a race of chiefs, that is to say, he belongs to an aristocracy that goes infinitely beyond all European aristocracies, a chief in Polynesia, never having been anything less, and his origin running back to the first age of humanity, the age of heroes and of gods.

Kana-Ana attaches himself at first sight to this other youth. Friendship in Polynesia is sudden, expansive, and generous. "He regarded me for five minutes with an honest and frank expression. Having weighed me in his balance—and you may be sure his instincts didn't cheat him; they don't do that sort of thing—he placed his two hands on my two knees, and declared I was his best friend, as he was mine; I must come at once to his house and there live always with him. What could I do but go? He pointed me to his lodge across the river, saying there was his home and mine." How could he refuse when, almost immediately, the mother and grandmother of his friend begged in their turn, assuring the stranger by gestures that he had need of repose, that they did not want his silver but himself. He finds this spontaneous affection is reflected in the acts of two hundred individuals—cannibals perhaps, with tawny skins. There, the stranger, indifferent to the warnings of his friends, dwelt the sole specimen of the white race in this Arcadia. For excuse, he had but one thing to say, and it sufficed: "The whole island was enchanting; it was a world in miniature, uniting all imaginable beauties, and, better than the rest, where they loved as they little know how to love in civilized countries."

The shadow on this picture is that all these brave men have but one idea in their heads: to gorge him with food—fish, taro, poi, and goat's milk. The whole village put itself out. They piled up at his door guavas, mangoes, oranges, that seemed to have absorbed all the roteness of the skies. Coconuts, citrons, and yams, grown miles away, were sent for so that he might be content. No assertions, no renouncements on his part, had the slightest effect upon the poor souls, who believed that he was starving. Eat he must, at all hours and in all places; and eat, moreover, before they would touch a mouthful. So Nature teaches her children a hospitality which all the arts of the capital can not effect. In the interval there were walks without end; canoe rides up and down the winding stream; bathtings in the sea and in the river, and in every possible bit of water, at all possible hours; expeditions into the recesses of the mountains to the waterfalls that plunged into cool basins of fern and cresses, and to the orange-grove through acres and acres of guava orchards; some climbing up the precipices; goat-hunting, once or twice, as far as a solitary cavern said to be haunted—these tramps always by daylight; then a new course of bathtings and sailings, interspersed with monotonous singing, and occasional smokes under the eaves of the hut at evening."

He feared to give way, little by little, to this kind of enchantment, which entangled him more and more. The same adventurous disposition which had urged him to break with civilized life, to throw himself into this solitude, filled him with a fresh desire to return to that from which he had fled. His parents recall him. In short, he procures a canoe and engages two native rowers to take him away in secret; for courage fails him to inform Kana-Ana of his decision. Kana-Ana appears to have a presentiment, like the instinct of a faithful animal. He will not quit him for a step. Finally, to avoid distressing farewells, the ungrateful one embarks at the dawn while his friend sleeps. But scarcely is he at sea when he hears across the heaving waters a cry of genuine agony. He recognizes the voice. It is that of Kana-Ana, who bounds forward like a madman. He has discovered all; he runs, he precipitates himself into the sea, swimming, repeating a single name in his violent struggles against the opposing sea, which throws him back. Frightened, the fugitive presses the rowers on, for he knows if he allows himself to be overtaken, never will he escape again.

In "Hawaiian Life, or Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes" Stoddard recounts vividly the method of deep-sea fishing pursued by his dusky friend, Kana-Pihi:

Before the days of dynamite, deep-sea fishing was an art in which few excelled, but with Kana-Pihi it was a specialty, and when we had weathered the breakers and were out upon the swell beyond the reef, he dropped a handful of bait into the water and watched it as it slowly sank; then he cautiously climbed out of the canoe and with fearless resignation sank after it. It was as if he were having all the laws of Nature—as if he were defying death itself.

Breathlessly I watched him as he sank feet foremost into the depths; I saw his motionless body slowly descending, growing dimmer in outline all the while; I saw the fish circling suspiciously about him, attracted by the bait, which they were greedily devouring, and evidently filled with curiosity as to the nature of the man-fish in their midst, who, like a corpse, was fading in the horrible obscurity of the sea; then, at the moment when it seemed life must have deserted him, with a sudden lunge he buried a knife in the body of a huge fish and rose like a water-wraith out of the waves. It was the work of a moment only, but it seemed to me an age since I had seen the sea close over him.

Several times he repeated the act successfully, and it became difficult to see through the blood-stained water; but by moving the canoes cautiously from point to point, we still kept within reach of the shoal and avoided the crimson cloud that marked the scene of Kana-Pihi's recent marine combat. A highly successful catch was the reward of his prowess, and with our canoe well laden we headed for the shore.

Mr. Stoddard's famous description of his visit to the lepers of Molokai aroused Mme. Blanc's admiration. From the long passages she quotes, we extract the following:

The afternoon was waning in the tropical sea-port; already the heat was tempered and the glare softened by the humidity of the slowly approaching dusk. A little while and the sun would sink silently into the immeasurable abyss beyond the waves, and the brief, delicious twilight, bathed for a moment only in the splendor of the afterglow, would adorn itself with clusters of trembling stars.

At such an hour, beguiled with reveries and soothed by the exquisite fragrance that exhales at dew-fall, I was startled by a piercing cry that seemed the last agonizing protest of a riven heart. Not one voice only broke upon the stillness, but another and another, and yet another, until a chorus of despair rang shrilly over the low-roofed cottages in the grove that stood between me and the not far distant shore. With no little emotion, I hurried seaward, and speedily overtook a melancholy procession of weeping women following a few silent people, who were being conducted with decent haste toward the esplanade of Honolulu.

The miserable beings, with the dazed look of lingering death in their

fearful countenances, were soon disposed of on the deck of a small outward-bound craft; and then, in the few minutes that intervened between the casting off of the shore-line and the sudden impulse of the little steamer as she swung about in midstream and made bravely for the mouth of the harbor, the pitiful wail of men, women, and children was renewed. Those grouped upon the extreme edge of the wharf were wringing their hands over the water, while rivers of tears coursed down their ashen cheeks. The others, upon the deck of the departing vessel, bronzed for a time as in dumb agony, but anon an unearthly cry rang over the tranquil sea: it was their long farewell.

So faded that ill-starred bark like a mote in the shimmering sea. A few moments only, and the splendor died away; the twilight glow of the tropics is as brief as it is intense, and the sudden coming of night drew a veil over a picture that, though frequent, is nevertheless painful to the least sympathetic observer.

Darkness had come; the silence that came with it was broken only by the splash of ripples under the bow of some passing canoe or the low moan of the water upon the distant reef. But the mourners were still crouching upon the edge of the deck, whence their eyes had caught the last glimpse of the fading forms of those whom they were never again to behold in the flesh; for those despairing but unresisting souls, swallowed up in the transfiguration of the sunset, were lepers, snatched from the breast of sympathy and from the arms of love, doomed to the hopeless degradation of everlasting banishment, and borne in the night to that dim island whose melancholy shores are the sole refuge of these hostages to death: an island as solitary, as silent, as serene as dreamland—mournful Molokai.

After some further description, Mme. Blanc quotes the following account of Kalawao, the larger of the two villages:

At first sight, Kalawao is a prosperous hamlet of five hundred inhabitants. If one did not look too closely at them one would believe, at first, to have to do with a most joyous community, for from all the windows, from all the doorsteps, comes a cordial and vibrant greeting to the visitors, "Aloha." At the end of the street, near the sea, is a little chapel. Beyond, the cemetery, invaded by a troop of urchins as jolly as other children of their age, but all covered with cicatrices, with haggard eyes, bleeding and deformed feet and hands. They are lepers. Others come running, for the arrival of a stranger makes a sensation at Kalawao. As their number increases in the cemetery, it seems that each one is more horrible than his predecessor, and that the decomposition of the flesh could go no further.

Then the chapel-door opened and a young priest appeared. His old cassock was threadbare and his hands were hard with work; but he looked healthy and had an open and smiling face. It was Father Damien, the voluntary exile, the hero of duty, the marked martyr, for he knew what would be the end of his sacrifice. By a miracle he had resisted eleven years of apostolic work, the only intact one in this disgusting flock.

With the best will in the world, he puts at the disposition of the strangers the little he possesses and hastens to accompany them to the hospital, where he is the doctor's most zealous help. He knows each particular case. At sight of him all the poor faces express confidence and joy. The smile is the last trait which vanishes from the face of a Hawaiian. This smile is naturally amiable and ingenuous; but the dreadful disease destroys its expression, transforming him into an abominable wreck. It is a touching sight. The least ill pass their time in nursing, in binding, in fanning, in consoling those who are ending their sad existence. Between these cares, quite gratuitous, they play at cards, amuse themselves in some way, with a carelessness which is not disturbed by the incessant noise of the hammer rattling the coffins.

Before the verdict of expulsion had been pronounced, when the lepers remained in their respective villages, they were taken care of in the same manner by their friends in health, ignorant of all fear and of all repugnance. Love in these exceptional surroundings is truly stronger than death. Among these gentle and tender fatalists, a perpetual exchange of clothing, a constant habit of smoking the same pipe, were caresses, of which no one seemed to suspect the danger.

The lepers scarcely able to walk inhabit small houses surrounded by flowers. They are accustomed to the frequent visits of their pastor, who finds between his occupations the time to bring them good words and small presents. From early mass till twilight Father Damien works. All these clean dwellings, which take the place of the old huts, he has helped to construct. Forty children are brought up under his immediate supervision. He christens, buries, and marries; for marriage is allowed among young lepers.

Stoddard's touching picture of the high mass at Kalawao is duly admired, and Mme. Blanc continues:

But where the horror of this queen of frigates, leprosy, appears especially is at the end of the sketch named "Night Dances at Waipio." The Hawaiian message, called *toni-toni* and the *hula-hula*, forbidden then but still danced clandestinely, are painted with spirit. Then suddenly in the midst of the description of these exercises, which might be called hysteria, and last, strange to relate, without any one dying, from the rising of the moon till dawn, is recalled—frightful contrast!—a certain *file macabre* at the hospital of Molokai. They are no longer beautiful young girls, twisting their flexible hips and beating the air with their naked arms in every attitude of seduction, but mutilated ones, infirm ones, who gather together, when night has come, in the death-chamber lighted up for the occasion. Two or three young men, possessing still a few fingers, recall joyous airs upon their bamboo flutes. Voices that have no more music in them rise in chorus, and the half-paralyzed legs agitate themselves in increasing delirium. The passion of the dance galvanizes by degrees these miserable wretches. A half-blind leper seizes a woman with a Gorgon face. Excited by their efforts, intoxicated by the corpse-like odor that fills the hall, the pairs give themselves up to a dizzy whirling. Having attained the paroxysm of excitement, they clamor for the *hula-hula*, and enjoy it until they are completely worn out. It was before the arrival of Father Damien that this memorable "Dance of the Dead" occurred.

Mme. Blanc does not fail to note that Charles Warren Stoddard has visited other lands than these islands of Oceania. She says:

His trip into the Orient has been published under the name of "Mashallah." He relates in it his flight into Egypt and also a certain stay in Paris in the Latin quarter. Let him go back to the South Sea. It is there alone that he can sustain the comparison with Loti. It is there alone that he is at home. "Oh, Hawaii, Hawaii! Cinderella among the nations, a handful of ashes on the fruitful heart of coral beneath the sky and the dew of an eternal summer. How solitary and beautiful you are!"

Mme. Blanc concludes her review with the statement that Stoddard's ships have not brought him success. "But he has, what is perhaps better—he has the sympathy of a few fine minds that class his vagabond fancies among the most delightful pieces of literature in the English language."

"A man receives a certain term of life," Nicola Tesla said recently, "so many hours to pass on this earth—I mean hours when he is alive, awake; I do not count the hours when he is sleeping; I do not believe they are, strictly speaking, included in his term of life. When a man really lives he is dying hour by hour, but when he sleeps he is accumulating vital forces which will make him go on living. In other words, in measuring out our dole of hours to each one of us, the great time-keeper stops his count while we are sleeping. Therefore, the longer a man sleeps the longer he will remain on earth."

The famous rivers of ancient Greece, which are mentioned so often by the poets and historians of the peninsula, were mere creeks, some of them scarcely larger than brooks, and not deserving the name of river.

THE OTHER BOX.

A Tale of a Practical Joke in which a Cobra Figured.

A well-brought-up boy learns at a very early age that practical jokes are dangerous things. Sometimes he learns it at his mother's knee, sometimes on his father's—face down. Otherwise he receives physical demonstration from a bigger boy. From which it would appear that the youngsters gazetted to the Irrepressibles were not well brought up. At all events, they had the reputation of being the most rowdy crew in the army list. Now, in India, a reputation is only gained by being deserved. And it was in a hill-station that the subalterns of the Irrepressibles reached the loftiest pinnacle of their folly. The affair was hushed up afterwards, for the honor of the regiment, as such things should be.

The Irrepressibles were unlucky in their quarters that year. They were fixed on the plains at a time when there was nothing to do, no game, no society, no anything. In a case like that they were thrown back on themselves, and the result was unfortunate. Men's tempers began to give way under the strain, and, from the commanding officer down to the smallest boy capable of beating a drum, there was not one who did not curse the hour he was born at least seven times a day.

The trouble came. It all arose out of the Junior Subaltern going out fishing one day, or out of the fact that he caught nothing. Coming back, however, he must needs run across a cobra, which, with his usual foolhardiness, he duly forked and transferred alive and wriggling into his creel. Thence, on arrival at quarters, it was removed to a perforated box and tenderly fed.

Two of the subalterns began to develop a most astonishing degree of hatred the one for the other. They were two men sufficiently alike in character and capabilities to be either the firmest of friends or the bitterest of enemies. As a matter of choice they were the latter. Jealousy was at the bottom of the trouble, no doubt. To the natural order of things, this little feeling didn't make life any the pleasanter for the rest. At first it was treated as a welcome diversion, and for a time the other youngsters used to take an artistic pleasure in fanning the quarrel, foremost being the Junior Subaltern.

What was originally a variation on the monotony of life, however, soon came to be a nuisance, and the Irrepressibles began to feel very sick. Then they got to wishing that one or both of the men would die. This is not a nice sentiment to entertain toward any man, especially if he is a brother-officer. But, most of all, each of the men wished that the other would go out, and this was even worse.

At last matters came to a head. The two subalterns had a regular row one night after mess. They would have come to blows if it hadn't been for the interference of the older men. There were six men present, all subalterns except one, and it would have been better if they had let the two fight it out then and there. Probably the difficulty might have been settled finally. But peace was patched up for about three days, and then they broke out worse than ever, and said things that half a century ago would have led to pistols next morning. In the meantime, the Junior Subaltern and four other imps of mischief had matured a plan by which they hoped to fix up the matter once for all. And in this plan, naturally enough, the snake took some part. It was a grim enough practical joke at the best, and they ought to have possessed more sense between the five of them than to think of such a thing.

The idea was nothing more or less than to propose to the two men to spend a night together, and with the cobra, in a disused room in quarters. They were to be locked in and left to settle the matter among themselves during the night, and in the morning the rest of the party would release the survivors, if any. Of course there was no thought, even for a moment, of letting loose the cobra in that way, but, as the Junior Subaltern said: "It won't do them any harm to think it out, and perhaps with reflection will come an increase of wisdom."

While the two men were still in the heat of anger, the Junior Subaltern propounded to them his idea of settling their difficulty by means of the snake. He and his confederates looked narrowly at the men, and fancied they blanched slightly at the prospect. This must have been imagination, however, for, as with one breath, they both agreed, and even seemed anxious to have the matter settled. They must have been very mad.

The affair being thus decided, a disused room was chosen as the scene of the ordeal, and was hastily cleared of what furniture was in it. This being done, the two men, who had not changed color during the scene, were stationed at opposite corners of the room, propped up in sitting positions, with a clear space between them of something like fifteen feet.

All preliminaries having been arranged, the boy brought in the fatal box and deposited it in the centre of the room, in such a manner that the lid should open sideways. Here again his ingenuity came into play. It was obvious that the box must be opened when all except the principals were outside the door. Luckily, the box had a sliding lid, and the Junior Subaltern was able to arrange it so that, by attaching a piece of string, any one standing outside the door would be able to slide back the lid and so release the presumed occupant of the box.

During all these arrangements the five conspirators had felt very serious. They began to realize that it was rather a grim joke they were having, and it is probable that the two men who weren't behind the scenes, who each doubted whether he might be alive in the morning, were less nervous. But then they were still very angry, and hadn't had time yet to think out all the details.

At last all the arrangements had been settled with due exactness. The Junior Subaltern had been an unconscionable time at work. It is probable that he was getting very sick of his hoax, and would have been glad enough to show

it up if any one had given him the lead. After all, he knew that there was an ugly side to the farce, and as his first boyish enthusiasm died away he wanted to throw the thing up. But no one helped him out of it, and for very shame he could scarcely give himself away. Besides, the two principals wouldn't have thanked him.

Nothing more remained to be done. There was a solemn enough leave-taking on all sides as the five youngsters filed out of the room and locked the door, leaving the two men in their corners and the box in the centre of the room. For a moment or two the five stood in silence out in the passage, the Junior Subaltern bolding the end of the string and shaking like an aspen leaf with suppressed excitement. Then he gave it a sharp tug, and they could hear the box-lid sliding back until it dropped to the floor with a slight smack.

It was a hushed and rather conscience-stricken band that dispersed to the various rooms in quarters, and the hours of that night hung heavily. It is a fact that the five youngsters did not average an hour of sleep between them. This was proved by the alacrity with which they all turned out at the first break of dawn, and assembled, shivering and drawn-looking and haggard, ready to go and release their voluntary prisoners.

They were, in fact, so disturbed that they took no notice of the Senior Captain, who, for some reason best known to himself, had turned out, too, and followed them as they trod softly along to the door of the disused room. He was still unnoticed as they reached it, and there made a marked halt; and his curiosity to see their little game prevented him from announcing himself. They stood for a moment in breathless silence, showing a strange, sudden disinclination to stir.

Then, as was the case the night before, the Junior Subaltern took the lead. There was a faint murmur as he turned the key in the lock and stepped boldly into the room, the rest following in a crowd. The Senior Captain stood for a moment outside, wondering and trying to make out what it all meant. But a sudden, stifled cry caused him to step quickly after them.

He was a man who had been in several actions. He had seen men killed under all sorts of ghastly circumstances. He had commanded burial parties sent out after the Afghan women had been at their devilish work, and had seen sights that, hardened as he was, had made him feel sick and full of horror. But those scenes were in no way comparable with what met his eyes as he entered the room behind his juniors.

The two men were no longer propped up in the position in which they had been left. Their swollen, distorted bodies were huddled on the floor in attitudes that showed the awful manner in which they had met their doom. But the figures, almost grotesque in the contortions which had attended the last death agony, were as nothing. In each case the face was upturned, livid, with distended cheeks and cracked skin, with flecks of blood oozing from mouth and nose, and with eyes widely open and a fear and horror in them past all description. It was not so much the physical agony as the expression of terror in the fixed faces that rendered these corpses so dreadful to contemplate. Yet the two men, while alive, were as brave, with all their faults, as any men should be.

As he looked in, the Captain was glued to the ground by the nameless horror of that death-stare. He seemed forgetful of his companions, of where he was, all his faculties concentrated on the two huddled masses on the floor.

A ghastly incident aroused him. The Junior Subaltern burst into a laugh, faint at first, and then swelling into peal after peal of uproarious mirth. The others stood and watched him.

"Ha! ha!" he shouted, reeling from foot to foot, and holding his shaking sides. "Look at them! Don't they sham well? Aren't they first-rate actors?"

The Senior Captain stepped up to him, and laid a hand roughly on his shoulder.

Then the boy turned, and they could all see in his eyes that he was mad. But the touch had quieted him.

"They act beautifully, don't they?" he whispered confidentially to his senior officer. "I wonder when they first found out the joke."

"What do you mean?" asked the other, soothingly.

"Mean?" the maniac replied. "Why, don't you see? I had two boxes just alike, and I put the empty box in here. The snake is still in my own room."

It seemed something like a grim contradiction that, almost at the same moment, a flat, spectacled head reared itself from under one of the bodies, and two baleful eyes surveyed the awe-struck group.

The log of the *Mayflower* is to be given to the people of the United States, and to be deposited in Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth, Mass., or in some other safe place to be designated by the President. It is an account of the voyage of the *Mayflower*, and a history of the Plymouth colony from 1602 to 1646, written by Governor William Bradford, and handed down in his family through four generations. Massachusetts was originally a part of the Diocese of London, and this manuscript, with others, found its way to the library of the See of London, where it was discovered in 1846. It contains a registry of births, marriages, and deaths of Pilgrims, and records about their property. The President, through the American ambassador, asked that it be given to the United States. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London backed the ambassador's request, and on March 25th a Consistory Court of the Diocese of London determined to hand over the log to Mr. Bayard whenever he was ready to receive it. The only conditions of the transfer are that a photographic, certified copy of the book shall be left with the present custodians of it, and that the original shall be put in a safe place where persons concerned can have access to it.

In the fiords of the Norway coast the clearness of the water is wonderful. Objects the size of a half-dollar may be seen at a depth of twenty-five or thirty fathoms.

PARIS RESTAURANTS.

The "Swell" Places—Their High Charges—Some Sample Bills—Prices Sometimes Astonish Americans—Tips to Intending Travelers.

Those Americans who think that New York is an expensive place ought to go to Paris. There is no doubt that the prices of New York at first-class places are high. But the New York restaurants have not reached such expertness in making out bills as they have in Paris. Therefore it is not at all uncommon to notice an American with his wife—or perhaps with somebody else's wife—going over his bill with the hair slowly rising upon his head.

There are plenty of places in Paris where you can get a dinner cheaper—the "Bouillons Duval," for example. These restaurants are sprinkled all over Paris, and they give you plain food very well cooked at a reasonable figure. But the average American generally goes to the swell places, which are about twelve in number. There is the Café de Paris, Cubat's, Chevallard's, Durand's, Joseph's, the Restaurant Larue, the Tour d'Argent, Maire's, Paillard's, the Maison Dorée, the Café Voisin, and the Restaurant Lucas, together with the Café Anglais, the Lion d'Or, Foyot's, and Marquery's, if you choose to include them. The Café Anglais is no longer first class, the Lion d'Or has been closed, Foyot's is in the Latin quarter, and Marquery's is only middle class. The highest-priced places are Durand's, Paillard's, and the Café Voisin, and these are the most frequented. Each year the restaurant frequented by the "swells" changes. Two years ago it was Durand's, last year it was Paillard's, and this year it is Voisin's. Americans are generally disappointed in the appearance of these places, because they are frequently small and by no means gorgeous in their equipments. They are all arranged in about the same way—a row of cushioned seats, or divans, running around the wall, with tables placed next to them. The guests nearly always ensconce themselves on the seats next to the wall, and are served from the other side of the tables by the waiters. Occasionally, when the place is crowded, people will seat themselves on the outside, but ordinarily they are found on only one side of the table. As for the table-linen, the china, the knives and forks, they are by no means as fine as we find in many of the American hotels and restaurants. The cooking, however, is hard to excel. The reason that the Paris restaurants obtain such high prices is owing to their peculiarity of getting what they call *primeurs*. Their Paris epicurean guests seem to want to eat things out of season. For example, they are fond of serving you peas in January. Then they will give you pheasants and bird-nest soup and other exotic dishes.

Here is a sample dinner and a very plain one for two at a Paris restaurant. They charge you, by the way, fifty centimes, or ten cents, to sit down. Therefore, for the two places, or *couverts*, put down one franc; an *apéritif*, the substitute for our American cocktail, another franc; a bottle of ordinary white wine, three francs; a bottle of ordinary Burgundy, seven francs; a tureen of bouillon, another franc; a sole with Normandy sauce, eight francs; a duckling with turnips and cream, fifteen francs; asparagus with a delicate sauce, twelve francs; ice-cream tart, five francs; coffee, half a franc; *liqueurs*, one franc; tip, half a franc; total, about sixty francs, or about twelve dollars.

The French have many ways of cooking eggs most deliciously. For example, eggs with shrimps, scrambled eggs with chicken gravy, and scrambled eggs with almost everything, much better, you find, than in America. They also cook many things in covered saucepans which are most appetizing. Their saucepans are earthenware, of the kind called *casseroles*, and by keeping them covered they can cook a chicken *en casserole* which will make your mouth water. The average American chicken is baked in an oven—although the cook thinks she is roasting it when she is only baking it—and, as a rule, it is dry and tasteless and unfit to eat.

You can get a lunch, or what the French call a breakfast, at any of these restaurants, including a bottle of ordinary wine, butter, shrimps, eggs, and mushrooms, chicken with artichoke hearts, strawberry-tart, coffee, and cheese for about twenty-five francs, say five dollars. But all of these bills that I am giving you are the dinners and breakfasts ordered by people who are careful. The average American is apt to take things which are suggested to him by the waiter, and when he has eaten with his table-companion say four dishes and finds that it costs ten dollars apiece, it makes him very tired.

If you will notice, I have put on the bills of fare above only ordinary wines. If you place yourself in the hands of the *sommelier*, or wine-steward, and tell him you want something very good, he will bring you up an old cobwebby bottle of Burgundy without any tag on it, and will tell you that it is good. So it is. It will generally cost you more than champagne, and by the same token it is better than champagne. Americans soon find out the places where they have good Burgundy and Bordeaux, but they have to pay for them. I would advise these Americans always to trust in the *sommelier* rather than attempt to find things themselves from the wine-list, because the wine-list is meaningless. All it can tell you is vintages and prices, and sometimes not even that.

PARIS, March 20, 1897.

ST. MARTIN.

Not less than fifty-five thousand Canadians live in the State of Maine, and a large percentage are as distinctly French as were their ancestors when they settled in Canada. Their language has lost some of its original purity, but they have held to their mother tongue with remarkable fidelity. They are regarded in Maine as a permanent, important, and valuable element of the population. It is probable that Maine's loss by the emigration of native stock to the West will be offset, so far as numbers go, by this class of immigrants.

GOTHAM'S NEWSPAPER WAR.

A Remarkable Upheaval in the Journalistic World—Collapse of the United Press—Hearst Spends Another Quarter Million on the Journal.

Homer Davenport, who, I believe, comes from your city, had a clever cartoon in the *Journal* a few days ago. It was in the issue following that in which the *Journal*, *World*, and *Herald* secured such a scoop on the other papers by printing exclusive accounts of the *St. Nazaire* disaster. None of the other papers had it, and Davenport used the incident to plant a barb in Mr. Dana's skin. He represented the venerable editor of the *Sun* asleep with a broken looking-glass over his head, the fragments bearing the legend: "If you see it in the *Sun*, you're lucky." This paraphrase of the *Sun*'s well-known catch-line, "If you see it in the *Sun*, it's so," has taken on a deep, and, perhaps, prophetic significance within the past two or three days, for the *Sun*'s great news-trust has collapsed and the journal "that shines for all" is cut off from the almost indispensable service of the press associations. The *Journal*, too, was in the same box, but Mr. Hearst has just managed to extricate it from the predicament by disbursing another quarter of a million of his patrimony.

The story behind this is an interesting one, revealing a long and bitter warfare between the two great news-gathering agencies of the country. The first organization of the kind was formed half a century ago, when seven newspapers in this city went into a pool for the collection of certain kinds of news—reports of the proceedings of Congress at Washington and of the legislature at Albany, general foreign cablegrams, shipping news, and the like. The combination effected a saving in salaries and in telegraph tolls, and relieved the special correspondents of much routine work. Other papers in the State applied for participation in the scheme, and gradually the New York Associated Press was formed on a coöperative basis, each paper in the pool receiving the news and paying therefor in proportion to the extent of its territory and circulation. The scheme proved so successful that minor associations were formed in various sections throughout the country, each having its connection with the parent organization. One of these, the Western Press Association, attained such strength that, in 1882, it demanded a full share in the profits and conduct of the business, and, after a brief battle, the two bodies formed a partnership, with an executive committee consisting of James Gordon Bennett and Whitelaw Reid, of the New York *Herald* and *Tribune*; Richard Smith, of the Cincinnati *Gazette*; and Walter Haldeman, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, who elected Charles A. Dana, of the *Sun*, as chairman, and William Henry Smith, a Western man, as general manager.

It was not to be expected that such a profitable concern should not have rivals, and one of these, the United Press, became formidable through a remarkable chain of circumstances. It borrowed money on its stock as collateral, and the stock was purchased largely by the members of the executive committee of the Associated Press. Charles A. Dana became its president, and William M. Laffan, publisher of the *Sun*, its vice-president. Melville E. Stone, of Chicago, the general manager of the Associated Press, charges that the executive committee of the New York and Western Associated Press combination entered into a secret contract with the United Press by which they exchanged reports, the United Press practically living on its rival at comparatively small expense; and, moreover, he charges that the United Press sold reports to Associated Press papers, which were compelled to buy in order to protect their field. At any rate, United Press stock rose very suddenly from a valuation of twenty thousand dollars to one million dollars, and paid six per cent. annual dividends on that sum. It is alleged that in the final division of stock, Mr. Dana, Mr. Reid, Mr. Haldeman, and Richard Smith received seventy-two thousand dollars each, and William Henry Smith and Walter P. Phillips fifty thousand dollars each.

In 1891 the secret treaty was discovered, and war broke out. The Western men re-incorporated under the name of the Associated Press, and they have fought the old organization bitterly until now they have wiped it out of existence. The *Sun*, *Tribune*, *Times*, and *Herald*, of this city, have backed the United Press, and up to a year ago, when the *Times* went into bankruptcy, it is said to have cost them six hundred thousand dollars. In the middle of February, the other three papers deserting it, the *Sun* took in the *Journal* for a consideration of seven thousand dollars a month, for it seems that the *Journal* could not get into the Associated Press. But it has been a losing fight. Last week the Boston *Herald* headed a stampede of New England papers to the Associated Press camp, the Philadelphia *Ledger*, *Record*, and *Telegram* followed suit, and then papers all over the country deserted the United Press and applied for franchises from its victorious rival. The latter's patronage is being extended as rapidly as possible, and will probably run up from six hundred papers to one thousand. Finally, the United Press has utterly collapsed, Mr. Dana, as president, having made an assignment of its effects last Monday. Its assets are practically nothing, and its liabilities, including debts to the telegraph company, are said to be about two hundred thousand dollars.

All this is nuts for Mr. Joey Pulitzer, of the *World*. It is a crushing blow for Mr. Dana, with whom he has been on terms of the bitterest enmity ever since his advent in metropolitan journalism, and it has cost Mr. Hearst, his rival in the "new journalism," a very pretty penny. As the *Journal* could not enter the Associated Press, Mr. Hearst was in a most unpleasant predicament, but he cut the Gordian knot yesterday by putting up two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for the *Morning Advertiser*. The sale does not include the *Commercial Advertiser*, which is considered a paying property. The *Morning Advertiser* is practically valueless in itself, but it had the Associated Press franchise,

and Mr. Hearst had to buy it to get the news. A comic feature of the sale is that the gentleman who sold a worthless newspaper to the agitated Mr. Hearst for a quarter of a million is Mr. C. P. Huntington, whom Mr. Hearst does not love.

What Mr. Dana will do remains to be seen. He is in a very unpromising position just now, but he is a man fertile in expedients and will doubtless find a way out.

NEW YORK, April 2, 1897.

FLANEUR.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Albert Aheille, a brother of the man whom Edward Parker Deacon shot in Nice a few years ago, recently blew out his brains in Paris.

Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas, the present leader of the Democrats in the House of Representatives, is the youngest man who has held that position, being now in his thirty-fourth year.

Coningshy Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield's nephew and heir, has not fulfilled the promise of his political debut. He has cut no figure in the political world, and is temporarily rescued from oblivion only by his marriage to a Miss Silva in London.

The late Dr. Coham Brewer did not complete his "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable" until he was in his eighty-fifth year. He worked his way through Cambridge University and came out, not only free from debt, but with one hundred and fifty dollars in cash.

Ellen Terry's son appears as Imogen's (Miss Terry's) brother, in the Lyceum cast of "Cymeline," and in one place picks her up and carries her off the stage. Before she would allow this in public, Miss Terry tested her son's muscular ability by making him race with her in his arms twelve times around the table.

There is but one new woman in the Ladies' Club, of Paris, which has just celebrated its first anniversary. She is the Marquise de Belhœuf, a daughter of the late Duc de Morny. Some years ago, to the intense disgust of her family, she adopted the fashions of a veritable female fop, including a single eye-glass, a cane, a straight collar, a pot hat, and narrow, short cloth skirts.

The Duke of Leeds, who succeeds the Earl of Aberdeen as Viceroy of Canada, is known in England as the "gin duke," being the senior partner and managing director of the firm of Holland & Co. His countess is a very tall woman, but not so tall as her husband, who shares with the Duke of Somerset the distinction of being taller than any other member of either House of Parliament.

General Horace Porter, the new United States Ambassador to France, is an unusually good French scholar. Katharine de Forest relates that, one evening at a performance by Coquelin and Jane Hading in New York, he commented at the end of one phrase "that *liaison* has just been decided by the Academy." Many Frenchmen would be unable to recognize the last *liaison* made by the Academy.

Henry Russell, the composer of "A Life on the Ocean Wave," is the oldest living English composer, having been born in 1812. He has composed more than eight hundred songs. His "Cheer, Boys, Cheer" is played by the Guards' drum and fife band when a British regiment leaves for abroad, and "A Life on the Ocean Wave" was adopted in 1889 by the admiralty as the special march of the Royal Marines.

James Bryce, the English statesman and author of "The American Commonwealth," recently paid Lord Hugh Cecil, son of Lord Salisbury, a high compliment in a London Radical journal. He says that he "unites with unquestioned intellectual power a certain nobility of feeling and elevation of character that remind us now and then of what, by the testimony of his contemporaries, the young Gladstone must have been."

Frederic C. Penfield, our consul-general at Cairo during the last four years, has been of great service to his countrymen in a social way. Recently the entertainments at the Khedive's palace have been overcrowded by tourists, and the master of ceremonies found it necessary to exclude all but "diplomats, officials of the Egyptian Government, foreign princes, dukes, marquises, counts, senators, and deputies." This seemed to exclude all Americans, but Mr. Penfield sent a polite note to the master of ceremonies saying that, while there were no titles of nobility in this country, all Americans were sovereigns in their own right. A conference was held at the palace, and as a result all Americans for whom Mr. Penfield asked cards were invited.

Calvin S. Brice made his debut as a railroad man by selling a short railroad line that ran from Lake Erie down toward the region dominated by Jay Gould. After unsuccessfully hawking it about New York, he heard that a party of British capitalists were coming over to seek investment. He cabled them not to come, as he was on his way to London with a "big thing," and eventually he sold them the property and was made president of the road. The first time he appeared at a board meeting, he astonished the old-fashioned directors. In response to his inquiry, as to what they thought railroads were built for, a snowy-haired financier of the old school replied that they are "the great distributors of the products of nations, the grand avenues of commerce," etc. "Bosh," said Brice; "railroads are built to sell." Mr. Brice, by the way, is one of the youngest graduates of Miami College, and left college temporarily before his graduation to fight in the Civil War. After graduation he returned to the war, and at its close was breveted to a lieutenant-colonelcy, but he has made little use of his war record.

IMPURE FOOD.

The Crusade of the Board of Health against the Local Grocers and Packers—Their Pitiful Pleas in Defense of Adulteration.

There must be something incidental to the handling of jellies and preserved fruits that has a benumbing influence upon the moral sense of those who indulge in it. The grocers and packers who have been charged with offering for sale adulterated goods now advance the plea that as long as the substitutions do not kill their victims there is no great harm in them. It seems to be difficult for them to understand that there is any dishonesty in selling an article under a false name so long as it contains nothing injurious to health. Nothing could have proved more conclusively than this how extensively the practice of adulteration has grown in this State, where, because of the abundance and cheapness of fruit, there is so little excuse for it. The present attitude of the accused grocers justifies the campaign that has been inaugurated by the board of health and urges its vigorous prosecution. Of what value are their protestations of approval of the pure-food law and devotion to its principles, when, in the same breath, they defend the very practices that law is intended to prevent?

One of them urges the novel plea that he does no wrong in manufacturing currant jelly by coloring apple jelly to the shade necessary to deceive the purchaser, because there are not sufficient currants grown to satisfy the demand for jelly made from that fruit. All of the land in this State suitable for currant culture is not now in use, and many farmers might secure a much-needed increase to their revenue could they be certain of receiving a fair price for the small fruits they might raise. The practice of substitution tends to decrease the demand for these fruits and to discourage the farmers from growing them.

A prominent fruit-canner, Mr. P. D. Code, says that Eastern competition has flooded the market with cheap adulterations, and that the packers here must follow their example in order to compete. He added that jelly can not be made of oranges, peaches, or pine-apples. If this statement is true, and it probably is as to all but the oranges, why should the packers make some other mixture and sell it under these names? If it is "pure fruit jelly," as Mr. Code asserts, it should be sold under that name. As to the Eastern competition, no discrimination is made against California adulterations; the board of health proposes to banish all impure goods and substitutions from the market, without reference to where they are made. When these substitutions are sent out of this State to compete with the Eastern products, a greater harm is done. The reputation of California fruits and jellies is injured and irreparable harm is done to the horticultural interests of the State. Pure-food laws are in force in many of the other States, and in time will be in all. In the end, greater loss will be suffered by the California packers if their goods are condemned as impure than would result from the competition of Eastern adulterations.

The action taken by William Cline, the grocer who was convicted of selling adulterated raspberry syrup, in suing the concern that sold the stuff to him, points the way for the other grocers. Frederick Welker, the president of the company, said in its defense that most of their product was foisted upon the residents of other States, but, as has been said, this seriously harms all reputable manufacturers in this State, and is a further offense rather than an excuse. California jellies have already been rejected in Colorado because of the adulterations, and the sale has fallen off in other Central and Eastern States from the same cause.

If the grocers and dealers are to protect themselves they must take action similar to that of Mr. Cline. It is impossible that the prosecutions should be suspended until they have time to dispose of the stock of adulterated goods they have on hand; it is to prevent just such disposal or sale that the law has been enacted and is being enforced. Their remedy is against those who sold them the goods. The only manner in which the law can be enforced is for the authorities to proceed against those who offer these goods for sale wherever they are found. Many of the offending manufacturers are beyond the jurisdiction of the San Francisco courts; others are beyond the jurisdiction of the courts of California, and these can not be reached in any prosecution. If the dealers are to be permitted to plead the baby act, that they can not ascertain whether goods are adulterated or not without going to the expense of costly chemical analyses, there can be no solution of the problem at all, and there is no remedy for the abuses. Every grocer who understands his business knows within certain limits what pure goods should cost, and is placed upon his guard when they are offered at less price. He has his remedy in damages when fraudulent goods are sold to him, and it is to his own advantage as well as a defense of the public to enforce this remedy rigorously. The matter must be solved by reputable dealers purchasing reputable goods from reputable manufacturers and packers, and it can be solved in no other way. If the dealers are not willing to do this they must be forced to do so, and they are injuring themselves when they struggle against the adoption of such a policy.

Henry Norman, the English newspaper man and author of several books on the politics of the Far East, was recently arrested by the Turks as a spy. He had wandered over the Greek frontier, but his passport secured his release. Mr. Norman, by the way, has earned the displeasure of his own government. He has been charged with unpatriotic conduct, first at Washington and then at Athens. In the first instance, it was his instrumentality in opening the eyes of the British public, and also of the British Government, to certain untenable propositions in the original British case about the Venezuelan boundary.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Friendly View of Eugénie.

With "Louis Napoleon and Mademoiselle de Montijo," M. Imbert de Saint-Amand enters auspiciously upon a vivid and picturesque record of that romantic period of French history, the Second Empire. It is written with the freshness imparted by personal recollection, for M. de Saint-Amand was a witness of all the notable events in France, from the *coup d'état* to Sedan. As he says in his introduction:

"I was present at the birth of the empire, I witnessed its last agony, and from the terraces surmounted by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs I watched the crowd crossing the Pont de la Concorde to invade the Corps Législatif and proclaim the downfall of Napoleon the Third and his dynasty. Having been in relations with the greater part of the famous men and women who were conspicuous in Paris when I was young, I might say I had a prosenim-hox from which to witness the varied and extraordinary scenes which unfolded before my eyes, and the memory of which I am desirous to retrace."

In sharp contrast to those presented by other writers is this picture of the Empress Eugénie:

"The unfortunate sovereign has held a sceptre which women prize above that of royalty or empire—the sceptre of beauty. The Empress Eugénie is a remarkably gifted woman. Truly Spanish in character, impassioned for religion and for glory, she loves all that is beautiful, chivalrous, heroic. There is vehemence to her mind and exaltation in her heart. Hers is a nature full of resources, which immeasurable misfortunes have not beaten down and which everything still interests. But the empress has been on a level with her misfortune, and we do not believe that any widow, any mother deprived of her only child, has shown more dignity in her sorrow."

M. Saint-Amand is more impartial in his estimate of Louis Napoleon. Beginning with his childhood, he traces his career through the many experiences which culminated in his election to the presidency of the republic, the *coup d'état*, and the proclamation of the empire.

This record of a period almost contemporaneous with our own gains an additional interest from the fact that one of its principal personages, the Empress Eugénie, still lives, winning more respectful consideration, perhaps, than in her halcyon days.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Two Effective Stories.

Simple, dramatic, and full of the atmosphere of Western life is "The Spirit of an Illinois Town," by Mary Hartwell Catherwood. The heroine is a young girl of lovely disposition, whose patient, plucky, and resourceful character incarnates the cheerful enterprise of the place. The value of the story, however, lies chiefly in its strong characterization and local color. Without undervaluing the literary skill with which the sweet, tender love-tale has been interwoven with the details of ordinary life in "Trail City," one finds much entertainment in the wholesome pleasantries of Mrs. Catherwood's humorous characters and the pictures of Western enterprise and crudeness.

Her capacity for dramatic narration is shown by the following extract portraying a cyclone:

"Night swept suddenly through the office. Then I heard a stampee of feet on the pavements below. Little pillars of dust walked like phantoms. The air, which had been sultry, turned deadly cold, and yet you could not breathe in that strange vacuum. It was as if air had been withdrawn, and a stifling, odorless gas substituted. It rasped all objects with a whistling scream. I saw the sky dragging on the opposite roofs, rising and rebounding. I ran down into the eclipsed streets. My head was bare, and I had a sensation of having my hair pressed into my skull."

"Northward, vapor hounded along the surface of the earth at right angles to a moving wall of blackness coming out of the south-west. Ragged lights of bird's-egg green zigzagged in this wall, and the faces of all around me were dim and ghastly. We smothered in an icy river of exhausted air, and the wall came on with a million locomotive roars, crashes and screams rising in its course."

The second story of the volume, "The Little Renault," is an effective tale of Indian life and battle in the days of Tonty and La Salle.

Mrs. Catherwood's narratives show dramatic quality, and she appears equally adroit in handling softly tinted romantic themes of the legendary past or the sharp, colorless, black and white of our utilitarian modern life.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

The latest issue of the dainty Biblot Series contains "Selections from Dr. John Donne," Edmund Gosse has described Dr. Donne as "this veiled Isis whose utterances outweigh the oracles of all the visible gods," and he says that Dr. Donne's potent influence colored English poetry for nearly a hundred years. Published by Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Me.; price, 5 cents.

A pretty little book of verse is "The House of the Heart," by Irving Browne, a well-known contributor of verse to the lighter magazines. Its contents are arranged in a curious manner, being grouped under such headings as "The Window Looking Over the Sea," "The Window Looking on the Street," "By the Hall Fire," "The Nursery," "The Library," and so on. Published by the Peter Paul Book Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

A new volume in the uniform library edition of Mark Twain's works is "The American Claimant." It contains also several stories and sketches that have appeared in the various magazines. Among them may be mentioned the two war-stories, "The Private History of a Campaign that Failed" and "A

Curious Experience"; also the celebrated "Meisterschaft in Three Acts" and "The £1,000,000 Bank-Note." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.75.

An interesting memoir, entitled "The Home Squadron under Commodore Conner in the War with Mexico," has been prepared by Philip Syng Physick Conner. There was very little fighting to describe, and Commodore Conner has been placed in a false light by that fact, but his son here rehabilitates his memory by setting forth the facts as they are recorded in such authentic records as his father's correspondence, both official and private, and governmental and executive documents. Published by the author at Philadelphia.

A little manual of "Laboratory Practice for Beginners in Botany" has been prepared by Dr. William A. Setchell, professor of botany in the University of California. After a very brief introduction, it gives explicit directions for the analysis of seeds, seedlings, roots, stems, and the other parts of flowers, and considers all the various phases of their life. There are two appendices, containing suggestions to students and to teachers, and the book is indexed. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 90 cents.

"The Happy Hypocrite," by Max Beerbohm, is a crisp and brilliant fantasy that fairly overflows with sparkle and dainty grace. Beneath its wit and airy persiflage lies a beautiful allegorical significance that the frivolity of the style does not mask but only adorns. For the period of Beau Brummel in which the tale unfolds was gay and fickle, flighty and vivacious, and as affected as a Dresden shepherdess or a beauty of the French court. It is what it purports to be, "a fairy-tale for tired men." Published by John Lane, New York; price, 35 cents.

"A Pocket Manual for Ready Reference" has been compiled by P. J. Haltigan, proof-reader at the United States Government Printing Office, for the use of copy-editors, proof-readers, and others to whom correct typography is essential. It contains a complete vocabulary of double words from Webster's "International Dictionary"; a list of foreign and colloquial phrases, with their definitions; alphabetical lists of abbreviations; lists of county names in the United States, the Declaration and the Constitution of the United States; and other useful information. Published by the Excelsior Publishing House, New York; price, 75 cents.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A posthumous volume by Henry C. Bunner is to be brought out under the title of "Three Operettas." Oscar Weil, who was the musical critic of the *Argonaut* a number of years ago, has written the music for the book, which is for children.

M. Zola is going to keep on trying to get into the French Academy. Perhaps he will "break the record" of Laujon, the song-writer, who was a persistent candidate for half a century, and was finally elected at the age of eighty-two, "because," they said, "he would soon go to heaven, and it was well that he should go thither by way of the Academy."

John Habberton, the author of "Helen's Babies," has written another story of child life, which is soon to be published. It is entitled "Trif and Trixy."

Laurence Hutton has been writing some chapters that look autobiographical for a juvenile magazine. They are printed under the title of "A Boy I Knew." The lad is described as having been staying with his father in the Pulaski house at Savannah, in 1853 or 1855, when Thackeray was there. The boy's father told him to particularly observe

"The old gentleman with the spectacles who occupied a seat at their table in the public dining-room; for, he said, the time would come when The Boy would be very proud to say that he had breakfasted, dined, and supped with Mr. Thackeray." The youngster was duly attentive, and "one morning Mr. Thackeray paid a little attention to him of which he is proud indeed. Mr. Thackeray took The Boy between his knees and asked his name and what he intended to be when he grew up. He replied, 'A farmer, sir.' Why, he can not imagine, for he never had the slightest inclination toward a farmer's life. And then Mr. Thackeray put his gentle hand upon The Boy's little red head and said: 'Whatever you are, try to be a good one.'"

Some unpublished letters written by General Sherman to a young woman between whom and an army officer the general undertook to reestablish a broken romantic relation, are published in one of the April magazines. The letters exhibit Sherman in a charming way.

Kipling's new story, "The Slaves of the Lamp," is to make its first appearance in the April number of *Cosmopolis*.

The *Bookman* apologizes for the paragraphs in the March number in reference to Mrs. Craigie. "The several statements of a personal character," it says, "we are now satisfied are inaccurate, the writer having been misinformed."

Mr. Howells's latest novel, "The Landlord at the Lion's Head," which has been running through the periodical press, is to appear in book-form this month.

William T. Adams ("Oliver Optic"), whose books have been enjoyed by two generations of boys, died a fortnight ago. Stiff-necked librarians, who have shut out his books as sensational, will be surprised

to learn that he was a Sunday-school superintendent for twenty years. And people who supposed that, because he had nearly reached his seventy-fifth year, he was old-foggyish, will be astonished to learn that he had used a type-writer for more than twenty years.

Tourgueniev wrote many letters to George Sand. The subject matter was literary criticism, with some little of a sentimental turn. The letters are to be translated and published.

"Madeline S. Bridges," a name which has appeared at the bottom of a great number of clever verses in *Life*, *Puck*, *Judge*, and other publications, is the pen-name of Mary Ainge de Vere, who signs her real name to her more serious poetical contributions to the *Century* and other magazines.

It is understood that a successor to "Looking Backward" may be expected before long. Edward Bellamy has published no book in the ten years since "Looking Backward" appeared.

The latest news of weekly journalism in London is thus summarized:

The *National Observer*, started seven years ago, is to be amalgamated with the *British Review*, a comparatively new Conservative weekly. The *National Observer*, once the *Scots Observer*, was the most brilliant production of its kind while under the editorship of W. E. Henley. Lately, under J. E. Vincent, it has been more decorous and respectable. There is also to be another entirely new weekly, of independent Conservative views and "literary" tone. The report that Alfred Beit, the South African multi-millionaire colleague of Mr. Rhodes, had bought the *Saturday Review* turns out to be unfounded.

A new volume by Richard Harding Davis, entitled "Cuba in War Time," will contain twenty-four full-page illustrations from drawings by Frederic Remington. In this book will be given Mr. Davis's admired story of the death of Rodriguez.

Dean Farrar's book of reminiscences, "Men I Have Known," is to be published shortly. The papers composing this volume have appeared in periodical form, and, on the whole, they are exceedingly amusing. Dean Farrar knew Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Stanley, Darwin, Tyndall, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, and many other celebrities.

Field-Marshal Lord Roberts's "Forty-One Years in India" ran through eight editions in nearly as many days. The book is a very expensive one, which makes its immense success surprising.

Henry Seton Merriman, one of the younger English romantics, is objecting because an American publisher has reprinted, "under the title of 'Christian Dellacott, the Journalist,' a novel published in England and elsewhere as 'The Slave of the Lamp.'"

Marie Corelli, the author of "The Sorrows of Satan," has never been photographed, but the *Bookman* supplies this pen-portrait of her:

"Miss Corelli is short, very dark, and with a face that is neither pretty nor plain, but has a rather intense and slightly weird expression, such as one would look for in the author of 'The Sorrows of Satan.' She has deep gray-blue eyes and arching brows, and is famous for her beautiful arms and hands. Her friends say that she is an accomplished pianist, an expert performer on the mandolin, and a graceful dancer."

The Springfield *Republican* says: "The report that Rudyard Kipling, who has been in England of late, has been sent to Crete as war correspondent of the London *Times* at a salary of five thousand dollars a month, is confirmed by letters received by his friends in Vermont."

Dr. Gamett, lecturing the other evening on "The Dictionary of National Biography," held out hopes that this great work might be completed in 1899. It will fill about twenty-five thousand pages and deal with about thirty thousand names.

Olive Schreiner's new book, "Trooper Peter Halket of Mashonaland," has rapidly won popularity. In England it has already a wide circulation, and here a second edition is announced.

Mr. Kipling's last volume of poems has served the purposes of one firm of English publishers in a way which may lead to trouble. The firm has started a new series under the title of "The Seven Seas Series." Whether Mr. Kipling can prove a copy-right is doubtful.

In its latest issue, the *Bookman* reiterates the story of Sir Edwin Arnold and the advertising man in this language:

"A well-known advertising agent came to Sir Edwin and offered to purchase the manuscript of a poem at a liberal price, asking permission to make any use of it that he might see fit. Sir Edwin demurred to this last stipulation, but finally consented, in consideration of the payment of an additional sum of money. The agent then got the poet to sign an agreement in writing which embodied this permission. Later, when the verses appeared in 'Bovril' advertisements, and when the fact had been very severely criticised by the press, Sir Edwin began to bluster and to talk about the 'outrage' to which he had been subjected. Finally he even put the matter into the hands of his lawyers, who were at once met by the written agreement authorizing the agent to make any use of the poem that he pleased."

Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, the author of "Colonial Ballads" and other poems, died at her son's house in Baltimore on March 28th.

F. Lawley, who is about to leave the London *Daily Telegraph* after thirty years' service, is writing a life of Judah P. Benjamin, the well-known Southern lawyer, who took up his residence in London after the fall of the Confederacy.

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LITERARY NOTES.

The Quest of a Dreamer.

In "The Well-Beloved," Thomas Hardy has written the heart-history of a susceptible and artistic temperament. It differs from his other work as Zola's "La Réve" diverges from the plan followed in his coarser novels.

Against the rocky side of that strangely formed peninsula, the "Gibraltar of Wessex," which juts into the English Channel, nestles a townlet of sturdy insular folk who still adhere to ancient manners and customs. Jocelyn Pierston, a descendant from these islanders, is a sculptor susceptible to a marked degree to the influence of beauty; but his ideal refuses to dwell for any length of time in a single human form. His quest of the Well-Beloved is constant, but when he believes she is within his grasp, the spirit of his dreams forsakes the bodily tenement in which she had taken up a temporary residence, and becomes again an illusive vision, a haunting, ever-changing phantasm. When he firmly believes his ideal of the Well-Beloved is incarnate in one of the opposite sex, the subtle charm which first attracted him departs and she becomes one of many memories. Fickle to all, he remains constant to his conception of perfection.

In his youth, in pursuit of this elusive chimera, he slighted Avice Caro on the eve of her betrothal to him. Aphrodite, legend relates, was once worshipped by the primitive inhabitants of this peninsula, and he half believed himself a victim of the goddess, who had become offended by his capricious inconstancy.

For years in the great world he met many who embodied a suggestion of his ideal in a light of the eye, a parting of the lips. But, by a strange vagary, the memory of Avice Caro still haunted him, and he returned after many years to find her image re-incarnated in her daughter. This daughter, however, had formed an attachment elsewhere and was beyond his reach. With a heart still young, he wanders over the earth only to be drawn irresistibly to his native place, where he beholds Avice the third. Avice Caro the first was his ideal in soul; Avice the second, in outward form; but Avice the third was the flower of them all. With wealth, position, and fame to lay at her feet, he seeks to make her forget his age. She hesitates, but is not lost. Finally he gives up his ideal and settles down to a prosaic marriage.

Although the story is fanciful and quite improbable if regarded as an allegory, it is delicately worked out and harmonious, and its smooth, choice, simple English flows softly on, without exaggeration or striving after effect.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Ten Best Short Poems.

In response to a correspondent who asked the New York Sun to "name the best ten short poems in the English language," it made up its list of titles. We reproduce the poems here:

AT THE CHURCH GATE.

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover;
And near the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The minister hell tolls out
Above the city's rout,
And noise and humming;
They've hushed the minister bell;
The organ 'gins to swell;
He's coming, coming!

My lady comes at last,
Timid and stepping fast,
And hastening hither,
With modest eyes downcast;
She comes,—she's here, she's past!
May Heaven go with her!

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits, who wait,
And see, through heaven's gate,
Angels within it.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

PIROCH OF DONUI DHU.

Pibroch of Donui Dhu,
Pibroch of Donui,
Wake thy voice anew,
Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from your deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer,

Leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadsword and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster.
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaid, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donui Dhu,
Knell for the onset!—Sir Walter Scott.

BRAHMA.

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.
Far or forgot to me is near,
Shadow and sunshine are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear,
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out,
When me they fly I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahman sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good,
Find me and turn thy back on heaven.
—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

BRUCE TO HIS MEN AT BANNOCKBURN.

Scots, who hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory head,
Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slavery!

Who will be a traitor knave?
Who can fill a coward's grave?
Who sae base as he a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Who for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every row!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!—Robert Burns.

THE TIGER.

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned that fire within thine eyes?
On what wings dared he aspire?
What the hand dared seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
When thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain,
Knit thy strength and forged thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dared thy deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile his laugh to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?
—William Blake.

MOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, and scarce you level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On! ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet!
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

—Thomas Campbell.

BUGLE SONG.

The splendor falls on castle-walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
Oh hark! oh hark! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!

Oh sweet and far, from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.
—Alfred Tennyson.

SONNET.

When I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide;
"Dost God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts: who best
Bears his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."
—John Milton.

SONNET.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate:
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.
—William Shakespeare.

GUNGU DIN.

You may talk o' gin an' heer
When you're quartered safe out 'ere,
An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it;
But if it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's
got it.
Now in India's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,
Of all them black-faced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din.
He was "Din! Din! Din!
You limping lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din!
Hi! slippery hitherao!
Water, get it! Pancee lae!
You squiddy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din!"

The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before,
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,
For a twisty piece o' rag
An' a goat-skin water-bag
Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.
When the sweatin' troop-train lay
In a sidin' through the day,
Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eye-
brows crawl,
We shouted "Harry By!"
Till our throats were bricky-dry,
Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e couldn't serve us all.
It was "Din! Din! Din!
You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been?
You put some julee in it,
Or I'll marrow you this minute
If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din!"

'E would dot an' carry one
Till the longest day was done,
An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.
If we charged or broke or cut,
You could bet your bloomin' nut,
'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.
With 'is musick on 'is back,
'E would skip with our attack,
An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire."
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!
It was "Din! Din! Din!"
With the bullets tickin' dust-spots on the green,
When the cartridges ran out,
You could 'ear the front-files shout:
"Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!"

I sha'n't forget the night
When I dropped be'ind the fight
With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.
I was chokin' mad with thirst,
An' the man that spied me first
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.
'E lifted up my 'ead,
An' 'e plugged me where I bled,
An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water—green:
It was crawlin' and it stunk,
But of all the drinks I've drunk,
I'm gratefulest to one from Gunga Din.
It was "Din! Din! Din!"
'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen:
'E's chawin' up the ground an' 'e's kickin' all
around:
For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga Din!"

'E carried me away
To where a doolt lay,
An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.
'E put me safe inside,
An' just before 'e died:
"I 'ope you liked your drink," sez Gunga Din.
So I'll meet 'im later on
In the place where 'e is gone—
Where it's always double drill and no canteen;
'E'll be squattin' on the coals
Givin' drink to pore damned souls,
An' I'll get a swig in Hell from Gunga Din!
Din! Din! Din!
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!
Tho' I've helted you an' flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!
—Rudyard Kipling.

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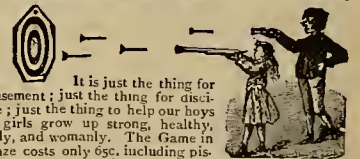
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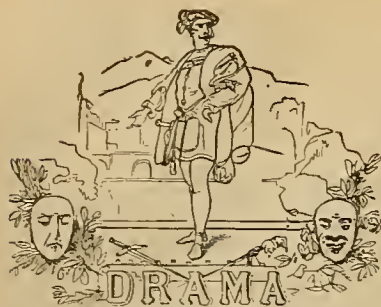
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It is a curious thing that so many intelligent, experienced actors seem to use so little judgment in their selection of plays. Here is Mr. Skinner, with lots of talent, years of training in first-rate companies, a good troupe of his own, and an unusually attractive leading lady, playing one of the most absurdly bombastic, rhetorical, old-fashioned plays we have seen since that bright and bloody week when Mr. James did "Spartacus."

Why can not players realize that the public wants a story on the stage, or, if it is the public of a big city, a character study? But actor after actor makes the mistake of thinking that a piece which shows him off in a series of striking costumes and gives him the opportunity to make half a dozen picturesque entrances and exits is what people go to the theatre to see. Of all artists, the player is the one most bound by tradition. It is he who wants the startling climax and the brilliant entry. If you tell him that these things are old-fashioned and stilted, and to write a whole scene up to that one instant when the hero dashes in with a drawn sword and says: "By heaven, unlaid the maid!" is bad art and worse sense, he will tell you that art and sense may be hanged, that's the way those scenes have been written and must be written till the end of time. It is the actor, in his narrow world of stage convention, who is keeping the drama tight and fast within the cramping bonds of tradition. And the most intelligent actors seem to have this extraordinary blindness. They say the public will not stand new styles. If they only knew how the public longs for a chance to show its appreciation of what is really a new style of play!

Mr. Skinner's new play belongs to the era of "Metamora" and "Douglas." It relies for its interest not on a good plot, unraveled by lively and life-like scenes, but on a series of climaxes and what might be called dramatic tableaux. Between these there is nothing. Each act has so many, and, as they approach, gathers itself together for that supreme moment when the soldier of fortune dashes in through the back to the succor of beauty in distress, or dashes out through the side in pursuit of an enemy. The entire play is constructed and written with an eye to these spirited moments, and toward the end they come so thick and fast that one begins to imagine Fabian Torelli can be in two places at once, like Sir Boyle Roche's bird.

A thin, traditional plot of primitive antiquity and simplicity wanders through the play, acting as a sort of thread upon which the incidents are strung. The historical people are thick upon the ground. All sorts of celebrities saunter through the scenes in a familiar, intimate sort of way, bother themselves a little about the career of Fabian Torelli, and saunter out again. The two Borgias, Lucretia and Caesar, come in and make things decidedly lively, which is all one expects of a Borgia. They do their great poisoning act, and also become smitten suddenly with two desperate loves.

In the moonlit garden of the Borgia palace they are presented to us hatching a plot to poison the Cardinal of Narbonne—who has something important to do with the story, but just what it was, could not be discovered. Then they turned from the serious to the frivolous, and made love in the good old, mad, glad, romantic-drama way to the people that an obliging playwright happened to direct to the spot. Laura, the object of Caesar's infatuation, was well-trained in the ways of romantic melodrama—"Lay but your polluting hand upon me and I spring into yonder flood," said she, with a fine, dramatic gesture. The villains in romantic dramas are so used to this sort of phraseology that they do not mind it a bit. They say, "Maiden, you shall be mine," quite as a matter of course. Laura, the ward of Machiavelli, had not the brains of her celebrated guardian. Looking about her, she said in a distracted voice, "Will no one help me?" but the original and remarkable idea of helping herself by leaving Caesar and the garden at once, did not seem to occur to her. Laura knew how the heroine of a romantic melodrama should behave under the most diverse and trying circumstances. She knew also that when she gave her celebrated wild shriek and told Caesar that she was going to precipitate herself into the Tiber, Fabian Torelli would suddenly appear, sword in hand, and in a haughty voice cry out, "Release that lady!" "That lady" is rather modern. "Release the maid!" is the correct expression for the romantic drama, and for the modern melodrama—"I've got you now," with a raised pistol instead of a sword.

Now what makes Mr. Skinner play this sort of antiquarian thing? Actors are a mystery to those on the other side of the footlights, for one never can tell what are to be the next vagaries of the most intelligent. Mr. Mausfield plays "Kodion the

Student," John Drew plays "That Imprudent Young Couple," and here is Mr. Skinner injuring his season by producing a piece that is silly, amateurish, and so old-fashioned that if he advertised it on his programme as the work of Otway, we would be surprised only that Otway did not do it better. Why could he not see that the story was defective and that it is the story which must carry the play? The skeleton is what must be good. All the climaxes, all the wild tearings in and out and waving of swords and rescuing people will not create interest in a poor story. Is it that actors are so concentrated in their own part of the performance that they can not see beyond it? If this is the case, they will only learn by repeated failures that the public will not have a one-man play unless it is a good one-man play. The individual must subordinate himself to the interest of the whole.

Naturally neither Mr. Skinner nor Miss Durbin could make anything of their respective rôles. The two characters of Fabian Torelli and Blanche Daubigny were only names. There was no attempt at characterization in their dialogue, and their actions were the actions of stage puppets worked by wires. Blanche is a suffering and maltreated wife in one act, a wild and spirited heroine in another, and a malapert page in a third. Miss Durbin, with all her talent and all her fresh, spring-like charm, could not succeed in lending consistency and *vraisemblance* to these disconnected and sketchy figures. The greatest histrionic genius that ever lived could not have created the impression of a single character under different circumstances from this series of vaguely indistinct outlines. As for Mr. Skinner, though he had all the choice bits in the way of exits and entrances, that was really all he did have. To rush madly on the stage to the succor of distressed damsels may be part of the business of a star, but there ought to be something else for him to do. And Mr. Skinner deserves a better fate. He is the most promising young romantic actor in this country, and he ought to know that the public can not be amused for three hours by a series of timely entrances and picturesque exits, no matter how continuous and varied they may be.

The opera was not well patronized on Monday evening, though they gave "William Tell," with Prévost, Albers, and Athes. "William Tell" has not enough of the prima donna in it to be a popular opera, especially with a company where the prima donna is the star. On the stage, and on the operatic stage particularly, the leading lady is the centre of interest and attraction. Only compelling genius in an actor makes him able to sustain the interest of a play, like "The Bells," where the feminine side of the cast is subsidiary. No one but Wagner would have been able to keep up the attraction of the two first acts of "Siegfried," where the only woman's voice used is that of "The Forest Bird," which sings behind the scenes. In the realms of opera, the prima donna is supreme; there, indeed, she is the absolute leading lady, and the men, unless they are Marius, must take places in the background.

"William Tell," with its episodic glimpses of Mathilde and its stern, cold story of tyranny and patriotism, is a man's opera. The soft flute-notes of women's voices have no place in these grandly austere choruses and these solemn chords, which ring with the notes of bugles and the march of men. The music is as sternly bracing as the air from the Alps that blushed in the rising sun on the morning when Tell's followers took the road to Altorf. There is a majestic dignity about it, the dignity of self-renunciation and the grander, broader loves of country and kin. Arnold renouncing his Mathilde, Tell shooting the apple off his son's head, are figures with which no lyric melodies can be associated. On this plane of lofty renunciations and conquered selfishness move the stern spirits of that mountain land, to music that reverberates and swells with the cry of liberty and the martial tread of fighting men. Woman is in the background. Her little, tuneful notes belong to the piping times of peace. So she remains in the shadows of "William Tell," and without her "William Tell" is grand and inspiring; but we do not go to see it, because she is not there.

The French singers gave it excellently. Their dramatic sense responded passionately to its sombre tragedy, and they sang with a wild and sweeping sympathy. M. Prévost, as Arnold, at last satisfactorily established his identity apart from that of M. Massart. M. Prévost is the sort of tenor that San Francisco loves. He is lavish with his high C's, and when he sings one, he strides down to the footlights and gives it to the audience straight between the eyes. Then the audience is delighted and goes home feeling it has not spent three dollars in vain. The trio in the end of the second act was finely given. Prévost's high, hard voice softened by the smooth, sonorous notes of Albers' baritone and Athes's big, hollow, vibrating bass, which, despite its tendency to oscillate between two notes, has a sort of gloomy, rumbling grandeur.

A New Zealand matron carries her sixty years so lightly that she thinks nothing of riding on her bicycle one hundred miles in a day, and since she first became a cyclist has covered, in all, some five thousand miles.

— PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFITS AND SUPPLIES, models 1897. Instruction free. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

GAS AND ELECTRICITY.

The Consolidated Companies' Handsome New Offices.

The San Francisco Gas and Electric Company, into which, last January, was merged those two great interests, the San Francisco Gaslight Company and the Edison Light and Power Company, is now permanently housed and transacting business in its new building at 415 Post Street, above Powell. The old offices at First and Natoma Streets, and on Stevenson Street, have been abandoned to the "coyote and the raven." Their past inconvenience will be more than made up in the pleasure it will be to go to the new establishment. The building is readily accessible by car lines that transfer from every quarter of the city, and it is just far enough removed from the rush and roar of the mercantile streets to make it agreeable to ladies and safe for any member of the family to visit it for the purpose of clearing the household accounts. The general offices are on the main floor, only a few steps up from the sidewalk, and the business machinery is arranged with a simplicity and nicety that approach perfection, insuring ease to the patron and courtesy, neatness, and dispatch from the officials and clerks.

The company's new building is an acquisition of which the city may be justly proud. It is a three-story-and-basement structure of stone, iron, and brick, constructed on the best principles known to modern building science and art; it is a model house as regards light, heat, ventilation, and sanitation; and at a glance the visitor is impressed with its enduring solidity and rare architectural beauty. The basement and first floor are in Raymond granite. The main floor is finished with Flemish oak, highly polished, with brass counter-rails and trimmings, wainscoting of Tennessee marble, and a mosaic-work floor. The two upper stories are in buff brick, with terra-cotta trimmings, and an interior finish in quartered oak.

The main floor is given up entirely to the use of the general offices. It is lighted north and south from wide plate-glass windows and is conveniently divided for the expedition of the business there to be transacted. At the right of the entrance is the president's office, secretary's office, and stenographers' room. Across the rest of the front is a handsome counter, with the cashiers' wickets and space for the convenience of the various departments. The arrangements for the book-keepers and collectors are perfect. Back of the president's office are the safe vaults for the storage of the company's cash, securities, books, and other valuable assets, fitted up in a way that would put a small banking house to shame.

There is a fine modern electric passenger and freight elevator on the left side of the building half-way back. The stairways are found at the left.

On the second floor, overlooking Post Street, is the room apportioned to the board of directors. It is long, and wide, and high, is finished in Flemish oak, is handsomely carpeted, and has a great fire-place built in best modern style, with an Ionic effect produced by columns that reach the ceiling. Portraits of past officers are on the walls. The rest of the front on this floor is taken up by the roomy, substantially furnished office of the engineer, Mr. Edward C. Jones. It is thoroughly equipped, handsomely decorated, with a finish of white cedar, carpeting selected to match the room, and a general air of erudition and enterprise to match the official himself. Back of this office is a room for the use of the engineer's clerks, in which all the accounts on the manufacture of gas are kept. In another room are kept maps and charts of the city, containing the lines of street-mains, locations of lamp-posts, and a card catalogue of all the meters in use.

The electric-light department occupies the rear of the second story. The third floor is occupied by the engineer's assistants and draughtsmen. In the basement is the department of supplies, under a store-keeper; also the gas-stove department, in which are kept samples of every known appliance for heating and cooking with gas. The samples are open to free inspection. The company attempts to make no profit on the goods stored there, but keeps them merely to accommodate patrons and encourage the use of gas.

The entire building is heated by means of Perfection asbestos grates. For very cold weather, a furnace is used. Quite naturally, the conveniences of electricity have been utilized extensively. The building is "wired" most thoroughly from top to bottom. The house telephone system may be seen there in its perfection. There are ten of these telephones in the building, all centering on an operator and switch-board in a small office on the second floor. Thus the officers or departments may communicate at will from their desks, and at a word may be connected with any part of the city or the Sunset system. There are private underground wires to the company's North Beach and other buildings and shops. A push-button plate is on each officer's desk for the instant summoning of any desired assistant.

In the reorganization nearly all the old officials and clerks were retained and readjusted. The present officers of the company are: J. B. Crockett, president; William G. Barrett, secretary; directors: J. B. Crockett, G. W. Prescott, Adam Grant, Levi Strauss, Daniel T. Murphy, J. Downey Harvey, A. H. Payson, James B. Stetson, W. F. Whitler, C. E. Green, and P. J. Donahue.

COMMUNICATIONS.

As to Car-Brakes.

1523 SCHILLER STREET, ALAMEDA, April 1, 1897.
EDITORS ARGONAUT: I gather from your mentioning in your issue of March 29th the results of some braking tests given in New York city by the compressed-air cars, that your readers are interested in the subject, and so call your attention to the fact that here, in San Francisco, the Market Street Railway Company, after continued experimental tests covering some ten months, are equipping their electric cars with a brake as powerful as those you mention. It gets its power for operation from the natural momentum of the car itself—not from electricity or compressed air—a force hitherto allowed to waste and only now successfully controlled. In a word, connection is made, by the operator, with the rail, and the car stops itself.

It might be of further interest for you to know that this principle, believed by engineers to be the most practical and simplest method of stopping an electric or other car, originated in San Francisco.

A WELL-WISHER FOR OUR CITY'S PROGRESS.

A new Hungarian bank-note has lately been issued which is something of a novelty in the way of bank-notes. Its value is for a thousand gulden, and one of the geni who adorn its angles is to represent Luis Blaha, the Nightingale of the Nation, the genial sourette of the Volks Theatre at Buda-Pesth.

Bicycling seems to be having a beneficial effect on British art. A critic of a recent exhibition states that "owing, perhaps, to the rage for cycling, the amateur works are less numerous than usual this year, and smaller in size."

Cymbals are believed to be among the earliest musical inventions. They were used in Egypt at least four thousand years before Christ.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER
Commencing Monday Evening, April 12th. Picturesque Production of Sir Jules Benedict's Romantic Irish Opera,

THE LILY OF KILLARNEY (The Colleen Bawn.)

A Superb Cast, Beautiful Light and Water Effects, Scenery, Costumes, and Accessories All New.

Popular Prices.....25 and 50 cents

BALDWIN THEATRE.

AL. HAYMAN & CO. (INCORPORATED).....PROPRIETORS
Commencing Monday, April 12th. Third and Last Week. Engagement of

OTIS SKINNER!

Monday, "Richard III." Tuesday, "Lady of Lyons"; Wednesday, "Merchant of Venice"; and "Katherine and Petruchio"; Thursday, "Romeo and Juliet"; Friday, "Hamlet"; Saturday Matinee, "Lady of Lyons"; Saturday Evening, "Richard III."

Sunday, April 18th, Primrose and West's Big Minstrels.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & CO., LESSEES AND MANAGERS

Two Weeks, Beginning April 12th. Limited Engagement of America's Favorite Society Actress.

MISS GEORGIA CAYVAN

And Her Admirable Company in a Repertoire of New and Interesting Successes. Week of April 12th, Robert Buchanan's Charming Pastoral Drama,

SQUIRE KATE

Next Week, a Change of Bill.

ORPHEUM.

Week Beginning Monday, April 12th,

A GREAT BIG BILL!

MERRILEES SISTERS, European Premier Singers and Dancers.

HARRIS and WALTERS, Eccentric Comedy Duo.

KRONMANN BROTHERS, Grotesque Gymnasts.

EVANS and VIDOCQ.

Barnes and Sisson, Lillie Laurel, and Delmore and Lee.

BALDWIN THEATRE.

AL. HAYMAN & CO. (INCORPORATED).....LESSEES

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, APRIL 14th

A SPECIAL MATINEE

WILL BE GIVEN BY

MR. OTIS SKINNER

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

The Sick Nurse Fund of the Fruit and

Flower Mission.

A Grand Triple Bill will be presented, consisting of Scenes from

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE,"

and "HIS GRACE OF GRAMMONT" (Second Act).

Tickets, costing \$1.00 each, may be obtained from the members of the Mission, or at the box-office on the day of the performance.

ZITHER LESSONS.

Pupils for the Zither will be received daily at my studio, 22½ Geary Street, from 1:30 to 3 P. M.

CHAS. MAYER, Jr.

APOLLO LEFT OUT.

A galvanized-iron Mill, we are told, is branding its product "Best Bloom" in the manifest expectation to pass it for ours.

It's a very good name; Apollo Best Bloom is good iron.

Apollo Iron and Steel Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Georgia Cayvan as a Star.

Mr. and Mrs. Russ Whytal are giving their last performances of "For Fair Virginia" at the Columbia Theatre, and on Monday night Georgia Cayvan will make her first bow to San Francisco as a star at the head of her own company. It is doubtful, however, if there will be apparent any great difference from her former appearances here. As leading lady of the New York Lyceum Stock Company and the Madison Square Company, she has had almost the prominence of a star. She has made a great many admirers for herself in this city, and her two weeks' engagement promises to be a very successful one.

For her opening week, she will be seen in an old favorite in a new form, Robert Buchanan's pastoral drama, "Squire Kate," which has been slightly revised to suit Miss Cayvan. Later in the engagement, she will be seen in "Mary Pennington, Spinster," and the double bill, "Gohlin Castle" and "The Little Individual."

Otis Skinner's Last Week.

Otis Skinner will bring his second week at the Baldwin to an end this (Saturday) evening with an elaborate production of "The Merchant of Venice." His third and last week will begin on Monday with a presentation of "Richard the Third." The same play will be given at the farewell performance next Saturday evening. On Tuesday night and at the Saturday matinee Mr. Skinner will be seen as the famous stage-lover, Claude Melnotte, in "The Lady of Lyons." For Wednesday night the double bill, "The Merchant of Venice" and "Katherine and Petruchio" will be repeated. "Romeo and Juliet" is announced for Thursday night, and "Hamlet" for Friday.

The engagement of Primrose and West's Minstrels at the Baldwin will begin on Sunday night, April 18th, and will last two weeks. The troupe is an unusually large one, including one hundred minstrels and three bands.

"The Lily of Killarney" at the Tivoli.

"Don Juan (Ad Lib.)" is in its last days at the Tivoli. Sir Jules Benedict's romantic opera, "The Lily of Killarney," will be presented there next Monday and throughout the week. The opera was written thirty-five years ago, and has remained in the popular repertoire ever since. The story was adapted from Dion Boucicault's play, "The Colleen Bawn," and the music is of rather a high order for romantic opera, with a number of well-known ballads scattered through the three acts. The cast will include Laura Millard as the Lily, Elvia Crox-Seahrooke as the lively heiress, Bernice Holmes as the haughty Mrs. Cregan, Josie Intropidi as Sheelagh, Maurice Darcy as Myles na Coppaleen, Rhys Thomas as Cregan, Rafael as Danny Mann, Ferris Hartman as Mr. Corrigan, and W. H. West as Father Tom, the parish priest. The opera will be elaborately mounted, with new scenery and costumes.

A decided novelty is in preparation for production after Easter at the Tivoli. It will be an "annual review," such as has long been a feature of the theatrical year in Paris, and was successfully adapted to American purposes in New York a year or so ago. The title selected for it is "Miss Frisco."

The Orpheum's Programme.

There has been an admirable programme presented at the Orpheum during the present week. The Four Cohans are still there with a number of novelties in their entertainment. Barnes and Sisson are presenting "The Singer and the Maid," the Rays appear in "The Wild West," Delmore and Lee perform their revolving-ladder act, Mlle. Titenia does a number of novel dances, and the programme is filled out by other people who are good in their various lines. Delmore and Lee, Barnes and Sisson, and Lillie Laurel will be retained in the bill next week, and the novelties will include the Merrilees Sisters, dancers, who were for three seasons with Hoey's company; Harris and Walters, eccentric comedians; Krone-mann Brothers, grotesque gymnasts; and Evans and Vidocq, who are described as "eccentric conversation artists" and are said to outdo any other team of the kind in the amount of nonsense they can rattle off in a given space of time.

Notes.

Isabel Irving is to take Maud Adams's place in John Drew's company next season.

Nancy McIntosh is taking Ada Rehan's place as Miranda in "The Tempest" at Daly's this week.

Albers is to be heard in two rôles at the California Theatre to-night, in "La Favorita" and "L'Africaine."

De Wolf Hopper and Edna Wallace Hopper will be at the Baldwin during carnival week. They will present Sousa's opera, "El Capitán."

"The Good Mr. Best," the latest of the McNally farces, which is shortly to be produced in New York, is already booked for the Columbia Theatre.

Among the people who are to support Ward and Vokes in "A Run on the Bank" are Charles Guyer, who has been the clown in Hanlon's "Superba" for

two years; Emma Francis, a new importation from Australia; Charles A. Mason, and Gus Meehan.

"In Old Kentucky" has reached its two thousandth performance. When it returns to San Francisco in the fall, it will be seen at the Columbia Theatre.

James K. Hackett, who was so well received here in "The Prisoner of Zenda," has achieved a striking success in the Lyceum Company's play, "The Mayflower."

Nat Goodwin is coming to the Baldwin Theatre on the seventeenth of May for a two weeks' engagement. He will probably go from here to Australia.

Two well-known comic-opera favorites who are coming to this city early next season are Digby Bell and Laura Joyce Bell. They will be seen in two new plays.

Mrs. Elizabeth Saunders celebrated her seventy-eighth birthday last Sunday. She received a great many friends and congratulatory telegrams from professional people in all parts of the country.

George Wilson, who is a member of Primrose and West's company, is probably the highest-priced minstrel now on the stage. The Miller Brothers' Diorama is still a feature of the entertainment.

Ward and Vokes, who are coming to the Columbia Theatre after Georgia Cayvan's engagement, were for a number of years with Tony Pastor. Their present company includes thirty persons.

Rice's "Excelsior, Jr." is to be seen at the Columbia next month. The company is headed by Sadie Martinot, and the comedians are Joe Cawthorne and that extraordinary little person, Johnny Page.

Mrs. Leslie Carter has an excellent company supporting her in "The Heart of Maryland" in New York. Among the members are Herbert Kelcey, Frank Mordaunt, Odell Williams, Helen Tracy, Angela McCaull, and Winona Shannon.

Frank Daniels, who has not been seen here for three or four years, is contemplating for next season a tour which will include San Francisco. If he comes, he will doubtless show us his new comic-opera success, "The Wizard of the Nile."

Manager Friedlander, of the Columbia Theatre, has purchased the exclusive rights of "Trilby" west of Chicago, and is arranging to send out a company which will include many of the original cast. The tour, which will commence at St. Paul, will include San Francisco.

It is now said that the theatre in the St. Nicholas Hotel building, on Market and Hayes Streets, is to be opened before the end of the year. The Lyceum Theatre Company was incorporated with that end in view a few days ago, and they purpose spending fifty thousand dollars on and about the stage.

The funny man of the gallery actually turned up at one of the London theatres, a few nights ago. Julia Neilson had been playing Rosalind, and in speaking the epilogue said: "If I were among you I would kiss such of you as had heard that pleased me." "Me first," shouted a stentorian voice from the gallery.

Howard Paul is responsible for this anecdote of Lillian Russell: The fair vocalist was lunching at a restaurant and ordered "floating island." In due course it arrived, and on its snowy surface three little red ants were wriggling about. "Waiter," said Miss Russell, "I asked you for an island, but I said nothing about its being inhabited. Take it away and bring me a dessert island."

The Pacific Coast Women's Press Association is to have a performance given for the benefit of its new club-house. It will take place at the California Theatre on Friday evening, April 23d, and the programme will consist of a fairy extravaganza, which will be produced with elaborate scenery and costumes and a grand ballet. A hundred children will take part in the performance. Tickets may be obtained at Sherman & Clay's or from any of the members.

Oscar Hammerstein has secured the American rights for a comic opera which is having a great run at the Prince of Wales Theatre in London. It is entitled "La Poupée," and its hero is a young monk who is left a fortune on condition that he marry. He thinks to get around this by marrying a doll, but at the last moment the doll is broken and the toy-maker's pretty daughter takes its place. "La Poupée" is said to be, not musical farce, but pure operetta.

The last two performances of the French Opera Company at the California Theatre will take place this (Saturday) and Sunday evenings. The bill for to-night is an extraordinary one. It will include the second act of "L'Africaine," the overture to "William Tell," "La Navarraise," the second act of "La Favorita," the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," and the grand ballet from "Faust." On Sunday night the farewell performance will be given at popular prices. The programme will consist of "Traviata" and a grand ballet.

Henry E. Dixey won a large sum of money on the Fitzsimmons-Corbett fight, and was almost immediately overcome by a tired feeling which prevented his appearance in "Gayest Manhattan." The

manager of the house says they have been paying Mr. Dixey four hundred dollars a week for brief daily performances, and he thinks he had a right to expect Mr. Dixey to rest up between times. He attempted to insure Mr. Dixey's complete recuperation by engaging Robert E. Graham to play his part during the remainder of the run of the piece, but Mr. Dixey was immediately engaged by a rival vaudeville house for nine weeks at an increase of one hundred dollars a week.

New Battle-Ships and "Premiums."

We note by the dispatches that the "battle-ship Iowa," the last of the premium battle-ships in the navy, earned for her builders, Messrs. William Cramp & Son, of Philadelphia, two hundred thousand dollars by making an average of seventeen even knots an hour, which was over the government requirement. The Iowa proved herself to be superior to either the *Indiana* or *Massachusetts* by a considerable fraction of a knot. We rejoice to hear that the Iowa is the last of the premium battle-ships. We think that this premium business has gone far enough. It has generally resulted in the builders succeeding in making fast time on the trial trips, which time the ships never again succeeded in equaling, and it is believed that the great strain to which boilers, engines, and hulls are exposed in the trial trips has left the ships unable ever to equal their time on such trials. However that may be, the fact remains that all of our naval-ships have proved ludicrously slow when put into commission. Every one remembers the attempt of the "fastest American cruiser" last year to heat one of the "Atlantic greyhounds" on her voyage from Southampton to New York. The ship-of-war came into New York harbor several days after the transatlantic liner had docked. Another instance in point took place on this coast. Some time ago the *Philadelphia* was to sail from San Francisco hence for Honolulu. Several of the officers' wives were going to Honolulu on the Oceanic Company's steamer *Australia*. There was some little badinage about the speed of the two boats, and the officers of the *Philadelphia* so arranged it that the two vessels sailed at about the same time. The *Australia* made the twenty-one hundred miles in her usual time, six days and six hours, burning fifty-six tons of coal per day. The *Philadelphia* reached Honolulu in nine days, after having burned one hundred and ten tons of coal a day. When these results are considered, we think that Uncle Sam will do very wisely to abolish "premiums" for fast-warships.

Africa's Grand Old Man.

That extremely long-headed old gentleman, Paul Krüger, President of the Transvaal Republic, has ordered the arrest and trial of his grandson, Lieutenant Eloff, for having recently used offensive language about Queen Victoria. It would be difficult to find a shrewder statesman than this uneducated and semi-illiterate old Dutchman in South Africa. Throughout all the complicated incidents of the Jameson invasion, in fact before and after that, he has shown a profound knowledge of the world and of human nature which has baffled the most cunning diplomats of Europe. At present he has a little claim against Great Britain of nearly ten millions of dollars for the Jameson invasion and the damages resulting therefrom. It is an extremely injudicious time for Lieutenant Eloff to begin abusing Queen Victoria, and it is probable that his grandpapa will put him through a severe course of sprouts. It will do Lieutenant Eloff good, and we hope it will enable "Oom" Paul to get some of the good English gold he wants, but we do not think he will get it all.

In the files of the House no signatures of Webster, Clay, or Lincoln remain. While there should be hundreds of letters from these distinguished men in evidence, all have disappeared, and there is no trace of their whereabouts. President Lincoln in the course of his official career in Washington sent hundreds of original documents bearing his signature to both House and Senate, but on all these original papers filed in the House the signatures have been cut off. There are other important documents in the House files which have been similarly mutilated.

The cravat was once the name of a great military nation, the Croats, or Cravates, of the Balkans. It was their fashion to wrap large shawls or pieces of cloth around their necks and shoulders. About the middle of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth he uniformed several regiments in the Croat fashion, with huge shawls about their necks. The fashion took, and the shawl diminished in size to the slight strip of cloth we still have with us.

Herbert Gladstone declares that the story recently published that his father had learned to ride a bicycle is a hoax.

VIN MARIANI

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THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC.

"For several years I have taken Vin Mariani; when I say I would not be without it, it is simply paying that wonderful tonic its just due."

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AT DRUGGISTS & FANCY GROCERS. AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS.

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SALE OF THE HAWAIIAN HOTEL PREMISES

HONOLULU, H. I.

ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1897, AT 12 O'CLOCK noon, at the front entrance of the Executive Building, Honolulu, will be sold, at public auction, the Hawaiian Hotel premises at Honolulu.

These premises are centrally located in the city, in the centre of the block bounded by and with entrance drives from hotel, Richards, Beretania, and Alakea Streets, and the grounds contain an area of 1.7-10th acres.

The buildings consist of the hotel proper, of two stories and basement; built of brick and concrete, with broad verandas at front and rear of each story.

The main building covers an area of 10,300 square feet, with Lanai or wing addition on one side 40x24 feet, and wooden addition on opposite wing, for kitchen, 60x18 feet. There are also four cottages on the premises, with ample provision for bath-rooms and closets.

The main building contains a spacious parlor, public and private dining-rooms, large billiard-hall and bar-room, and forty sleeping-rooms—the cottages contain about twenty additional sleeping-rooms. The main building cost a little over \$100,000 in 1874.

A water-tank, with capacity of 10,000 gallons, is placed on a tower at an elevation sufficient to give a good water pressure in second story of the main building. This tank is supplied from an artesian well on adjoining premises, owned by Dr. J. S. McGrew.

The buildings and grounds are thoroughly lighted with electric light.

Plans of the buildings and grounds can be seen at Hawaiian Consulate General, 206 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

Terms of sale are cash—in United States gold coin. Upset price, \$50,000.

In case there is no bidder to purchase the property at the above upset price, a lease of the same will immediately be offered for sale at an upset price of \$4,000 a year for a period of thirty years under the conditions set out in Act 7, Laws of 1895, and more particularly of Section 2 and 4 of said act, which reads as follows:

"Section 2. Every such lease shall contain a covenant on the part of the lessee that he shall, during the first four years of the term of the lease, cause to be erected upon the leased premises a fire-proof building of brick, stone, or metal, in a workmanlike manner, satisfactory to the Minister of the Interior, at a cost of not less than fifty thousand dollars; and keep the same suitably insured at not less than two-thirds of its value for the benefit of the lessor; and shall keep the building in good repair during the remainder of the term of lease, reasonable use and wear thereof only excepted; and in case of damage or destruction of such building by fire, shall make good such loss or damage by the necessary repairs or reconstruction, or the surrender of the insurance to the lessor."

"Section 4. Every such lease shall also contain a covenant on the part of the lessor, that upon the request in writing by the lessee or his representatives, before the expiration thereof, the premises, with the improvements, shall, if all of the conditions to be performed by the lessee have been satisfactorily performed, be put up at auction for a lease for a term of not over twenty years; unless said premises shall be required for public uses, of which the lessee shall receive at least one year's notice. Such auction sale shall be held not more than six months nor less than one month before the expiration of said term."

JAMES A. KING,
Minister of Interior.

GET Whitman's
INSTANTANEOUS
Chocolate Pure, wholesome,
convenient—made
in a jiffy—
NO BOILING.

TO ARGONAUT READERS.

Those among our readers who would like to bring this journal to the attention of their friends may do so by sending a postal card to this office, with the address of the person or persons to whom they desire it sent. On receipt of the postal, a sample copy will be immediately forwarded.

YOUR EYES Should have the BEST OF CARE.

Many persons do not see as well as they should. Others can see well, but their eyes soon tire. Some suffer with headaches. The remedy is a pair of glasses properly fitted. I have all the appliances for fitting glasses and years of experience. Call and be convinced.

GEO. H. KAHN,
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VANITY FAIR.

The Ladies' Club of New York is talking of winding up its affairs. The Ladies' Club was really the idea of Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer, eldest daughter of Mr. Gracie King. Mrs. Van Rensselaer had long felt there was a need of some convenient place where women of position and acquaintance could obtain a quiet luncheon, meet servants, have parcels sent, or occasionally a room over night during the four or five months of the year which they passed in the country. She found that the idea was favorably received, and especially so by several New York women who made their homes in the country the year round. A small house was leased at Lexington Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street, and the club began its existence. It was prosperous until a year or so ago, when its fortunes began to decline. The changes in social conditions in New York during the last two or three years have probably had much to do with the decline of the Ladies' Club. With the opening of the Waldorf came new ideas. Up to that time women of position and prominence did not consider it exactly good form to lunch alone, or even in small parties of two or three, in a public restaurant. The semi-seclusion and the refined atmosphere of the Waldorf and other new and fashionable restaurants did away with this feeling, almost imperceptibly at first, until now any woman at all sure of her position thinks nothing of lunching or breakfasting alone, or with a woman friend, in any public restaurant of established reputation. The desire to see and be seen has led to the desertion of the luncheon room of the quiet Ladies' Club for the more animated and luxurious restaurants.

The Ladies' Club's reported financial straits have caused much amusement in the men's clubs. Numerous and humorous remarks have been made about the probable decline in the purchases of tea and biscuits, and possibly of cigarettes, in the Ladies' Club, and it has even been slyly hinted that one marked effect of the declining membership of the club has been the falling off in the receipts from rentals and sales of private letter-boxes. It is said that one of the most amusing features of the Ladies' Club has been the constant procession on mornings and afternoons during the season of well-known women to and from the club's letter-boxes, and that the same conditions prevail at the Acorn, the ladies' club of Philadelphia, and at similar organizations in all the larger cities. The ownership of a private club letter-box has always been one of the special prerogatives of clubmen, and there is no stricter club law or rule than the unwritten one which forbids a club letter-box being opened by any one except the owner, or even the forwarding of his letters, except on his own personal written order. Two of the best servants in one of the leading New York clubs, and who had been fixtures there for years, recently lost their places through a violation of this unwritten rule. They delivered a certain member's letters on an order brought by a messenger, signed with his name, but not in his hand-writing, which they knew, and the result of their carelessness was a family scandal, and their discharge soon, after on some technical ground of complaint. The servants in question were well aware what the real cause for their discharge was, but could not prove it. The story spread among the servants in the other clubs, and she will be a smart woman who can hoodwink any club steward or servant in the same way again.

There are restraints of a maddening nature in the English—now our own—system of dinner-giving and taking. The conventional dinner, although it has been lopped from year to year until the old-fashioned twenty or twenty-five course inquisition has been replaced by the modest two-hour meal now in vogue, is still too long, and when one considers that the men linger unconsciously "over their wine and cheroots" (as the English legend goes), and that an uncongenial environment may repress one through the two hours, and that one goes home five minutes after the "gentlemen join the ladies"—another legend—it is easy to reflect how evenings are utterly spoiled by careless hostesses, at times, in assuring her people ill. The English idea of dinner-giving is feeding so many at so much—as little as one can—and of being fed in return. Some women go through their lists with sighs, and write their notes with groans, receive regrets with joy and acceptances with pious resignation. It is this spirit of free-handed hospitality that usually makes big English dinners so hearty and so happy. "I have been at a dinner," writes Mary Abbott in the *Chicago Times-Herald*, "where ten extra men were set to a side-table to feed. It would have seemed almost polite to give them a little money and let them choose their restaurants, but they brought up (or down) the average by grumbling about the meanness of their entertainers in diluting the champagne with seltzer water." However this may be—and any average Londoner will subscribe to the purely commercial spirit of the dinner trade there—the English do not at present want it changed. One can imagine the horror with which a London hostess would receive the suggestion that she ought to select her guests with a view to their mutual enjoyment, or mutual improvement, or mutual anything. "How horrible!" she would say. "Is that what you do in America? As if it were not bad enough to have to give dinners at all, without putting

one's self out more than one need about it!" And the most admired hostess is she who, perfectly unmoved, ready to a minute, beautifully erect and statuesquely impassive, murmurs as she extends two fingers: "How good of you to come!" or, "I'm afraid you found it cold getting about!" These little speeches or none at all finish your fine lady's colloquial duties for the evening. She may talk if she likes, and she may be silent. This, perhaps, is the one advantage the system possesses. The men talk very loud and the women very low, and "Really!" or "Yes, isn't it?" or "How stupid of him!" are the usual womanly fragments overheard. The Anthony Hope, Dodo, Hichens, and other styles of English dinner dialogue are confined to the artistic and fast sets, and to novels principally, if the truth were known, and occasionally a remark out of the conventional reaches the ear at the better sort of country-house dinner. But the solemnity and frigidity of London dinners "in the season" would freeze the marrow of a typhoid-fever patient.

Russia is probably the only country where a maximum age limit to marriage is put: a Russian may not marry after eighty. One is apt to suppose that such laws must be works of supererogation; for what old great-grandpa over eighty could expect or wish to get married? But self-deception is marvelous, and especially so is that of men about their perennial attractiveness to the other sex. In an English matrimonial agency case, a few months ago, an old farmer of sixty-seven told counsel that he (the witness) believed himself as attractive to the ladies as ever. "Now, we women," writes a contributor to an English weekly, "are much better trained. Men in their literature and otherwise tell us so candidly, not to say brutally, that to a young man a woman over thirty-five is quite an aged person, that we do not flatter ourselves on the point. But men certainly want a rude awakening on this subject; they want somebody to tell them candidly that a man over forty seems as old to a girl in her teens as a woman of forty seems to a young man, and that it is as absurd or worse for a man of sixty to marry a woman in her bloom as the reverse performance is admitted to be."

But at what age does a woman really lose her personal attractiveness? The French and the English novelists differ in no point more absolutely than in this matter of opinion. One of Mr. Thomas Hardy's heroines dies outright of reflected shock on seeing the horror of repulsion that is produced by the spectacle of her aged decay in her husband returned after an absence of some years—and she is about thirty-two or three. Another popular novelist carries on a conversation between his heroine and "the *passée* lady," this being the description he applies to a woman of twenty-seven! Balzac more truly said that a woman does not attain her full attractiveness of face and figure till thirty, and Guy de Maupassant even speaks of a woman a little past forty as at "that most dangerous period when all the charm of the person is about to dissolve under the hand of time." Certainly intellectual women can charm till late in life. George Eliot's marriage, when she was sixty, to a man just half her years, was an abnormality. But how interesting is the picture given by Clement Shorter in his "Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle" of the genuine passion aroused by that little lady when she was thirty-six! And there is no shadow of doubt that Mme. de Staël was passionately loved by young De Rocca, whom she married when she was forty-four.

In a clever article in the *Paris Figaro*, Jules Lemaitre roundly abuses the corset; complains that present modes receive their inspirations merely from by-gone fashions, or are genuine or modified copies from the national costumes of different countries; and adds that woman seeks only to call attention to excessive exaggeration of the lines with which nature has thought fit to endow her figure. After M. Lemaitre's article was published, a reporter was sent to interview the leading *couturières*. M. Doucet acknowledged that there was much truth in what M. Lemaitre had said, but defended himself by declaring that neither he nor his *confères* were responsible for the fashions any more than were the smart women for whom they are made and who are looked up to as leaders. "Fashions," he went on to say, "are a succession of variations which link themselves illogically, by the assistance of a fatal caprice, thereby gaining novelty by producing a change to-day—of no matter what—from the thing which was worn yesterday. For instance, lace comes into fashion simply because it has not been worn before; and less of it will be worn to-morrow merely from the fact that a great deal was worn the day before. Gigot sleeves grew exceeding large simply that the chance of change in their decrease should be possible, and they will entirely disappear because women have had enough of them. It is through the influence of all the smart women in the great world that the distinguished Paris makers are able to form new fashions. It would be extremely difficult for them to modify, except in a very small degree, existing defects; and whatever advice we stand ready to give them, we can not run the risk of incurring their reproaches. They owe and all bold tenaciously by the lines of their figures, and nothing can ever change them. If we should try to influence them to adopt some of those lovely draperies which accentuate so

delightfully the best lines of the figure, some of their friends would rush up, and, with the sweetest of smiles, say: 'Ah, my dear, that drapery makes you look immense. Your waist is ruined!' This is the main reason why the lines so generally exposed by all women of our day remain unchanged."

In Paquin's opinion, the corset was much maligned. It was, he said, "the pivot of the entire toilet, for skirts were obliged to have some support; and I do not see," said M. Paquin, "that women suffer in any way because they wear them, as they are constantly being improved upon. As for the exaggerated lines in a woman's figure, of which M. Lemaitre complains, I do not see how they can be changed." "Why abuse the corset," asked Leoty, when approached, "when from an aesthetic point of view it gives to women who have lost every vestige of figure—and there are very many of them—rather presentable lines? Fancy a robust woman, no longer young, without a corset to support her mass of flesh. What would she look like? You must own that a well-made corset is quite an indispensable article, and that nothing has ever been invented to give a better outline to a woman's figure." The interviewer fled.

A novel and effective piece of furniture that is finding its way into smart houses is what in India is called a hanging divan. These seats are not manufactured or to be bought outside Bombay or Calcutta, and the most gorgeous of those so far brought to this country have cost their owners, when hung and in order for use, all of three hundred dollars. The seat itself is about four and one-half feet square. The wood platform is nearly five inches thick, richly varnished or lacquered and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Four ponderous chains fixed in the ceiling, wrought entirely of brass, the links representing apes and elephants, hooked together by trunks and tails, suspend the seat about twenty-six inches from the floor. The massive glittering chains are fixed in the ceiling through big engraved plates of brass that have bolts to the cross-beams, and then on this great, broad, gently swaying divan is first laid a thick, soft mattress. Its covering is a rich cloth of crimson silk and gold, and banked at either end are pillows of every size, upholstered in oriental silks. Usually, at one side of the divan, sits a stand and equipage for oriental coffee and at the other a smoking outfit from India. At a point between the four chains hangs a lantern that sheds electricity through its stained glass and beaten brass windows, while still below it hangs a spice-burner.

The young man who wishes to please the girl he loves best will not send her this year a bunch of American Beauties or a growing Easter lily on Easter morning, as he did last year, but will substitute a handsomely gilded wicker basket full of growing roses, lilacs, jonquils, tulips, or some other spring flower. If he wishes to be particularly up to date in his selection he will choose a basket of gardenias or cape jasmines. With the gardenias he will select a sprig of acacia, growing in one corner and trailing over the handle of the basket. A huge bow of fancy white grenadine ribbon embroidered in yellow will lend the finishing touch.

An odd story of engagement-rings and a broken engagement is narrated in the *New York Sun*. A very wealthy young woman, it seems, became betrothed about two years ago, and the young man sent her four rings that she might decide which one she liked best. All of them were very handsome. The finest was selected by the young woman, and it was with considerable hesitation that she made up her mind to send back the other three. Ultimately she decided to buy them, and selecting one as her fiancé's gift, she paid for the other three herself. This was perfectly satisfactory to her and to the young man for a while. Then their engagement was broken off. The question of returning the engagement-ring came up. The young woman concluded that she would not return one without seeding the rest. So, to the astonishment of the former fiancé, the four rings came back to him. Three of them were returned, but only to be sent once again back to him. It was not more than six months after her engagement was broken that this young woman married. Her former fiancé had kept the three rings in the hope that he might some day have the opportunity of returning them to her in a way that would make it impossible for her not to accept them. But the marriage settled that, and the jewelry was then sold for the benefit of a charity to which they had been presented.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Judge Roy Bean, of Langtry, Tex., was once trying a Mexican for stealing a horse, and his charge to the jury (as given in *Lestie's Weekly*) was one of the shortest on record: "Gentlemen of the jury, that's a greaser in the box, and a boss missing; you know your duty!" And they did.

At a *table d'hôte* dinner at a hill station in India, a very young officer just up from the plains found himself seated next to a lady whom he took for one of the grass widows common in those parts. He made himself agreeable, but his neighbor seemed a good deal out of spirits; so he said, sympathetically: "I suppose you can't help thinking of your poor husband grilling down below?" But the lady was a real widow, and when he learned that he changed his seat.

A certain clergyman would always wear a M. A.'s hood over his surplice. Some of his *confères* objected to his doing so, as he was only a B. A. of one of the universities and had never taken his M. A. degree. One indignant and duly qualified person (says *Vogue*) went and remonstrated with Archbishop Magee, and begged him to interfere in the matter, for, said he, "The man is simply wearing a lie." "Oh—no—not so bad as that," replied the archbishop; "only a falsehood!"

Justin Huntly McCarthy was once showing a young American woman over the Houses of Parliament. In escorting her through the library of the Commons, he casually mentioned, as a more or less interesting fact, that it was against the rules for a woman to sit down there. "Is that really a law of the place?" asked the fair American. "That is so," answered McCarthy, gravely. "Then," said his visitor, "you just see me break it," and, drawing up a chair, she sat resolutely down at the table.

When Washington Hising, of Chicago, was devoting all his energies to the conduct of his paper, the *Staats-Zeitung*, there was a big fire in Chicago which his paper failed to mention. "Why didn't we have a report of that fire last night?" he asked next morning of a fresh reporter who had been assigned to it. "My dear Mr. Hising," replied the young journalist in surprise, "there was nothing new to print about it. Every one in Chicago was there and saw it." "Young man," said Mr. Hising, "if any one asks you if you work for the *Staats-Zeitung*, tell him no."

A young aid-de-camp who at a party in Dublin Castle once approached Archbishop Whately and asked, "Does your grace know what is the difference between an ass and an archbishop?" "No," was the grave answer. Then the youth went on, "An ass has a cross on his back, but an archbishop has a cross on his breast." "Very good," said the archbishop; "now, will you tell me what is the difference between a young aid-de-camp, like yourself, and an ass?" "I don't know," said the youth. "Neither do I," said the archbishop, and walked away.

Thaddeus Stevens was once opposed in debate by Horace Maynard, of Tennessee. Maynard was very tall and straight, and had long black hair which he wore well down over his coat-collar and which gave him somewhat the appearance of an Indian. It was even rumored that he had some aboriginal blood in his veins. Maynard prided himself on his scholarly attainments, and at the close of his address he quoted one or two Latin verses. Old Thad replied to Maynard's argument in his usual vigorous manner, and then paused for a few seconds until he had secured the attention of the entire House. Turning to Maynard, who sat some distance behind him, he delivered this parting shot: "So much for the gentleman's English. As to his Choctaw, I do not profess to understand it."

Sheridan once had occasion to call at a hairdresser's to order a wig. On being measured, the barber, who was a liberal soul, invited the orator to take some refreshment in an inner room. Here he regaled him with a bottle of port and showed so much hospitality that Sheridan's heart was touched. When they rose from the table and were about separating, the latter, looking the barber full in the face, said: "On reflecting, I don't intend that you shall make my wig." Astonished and with a blank visage, the other exclaimed: "Good Heavens, Mr. Sheridan! How can I have displeased you?" "Why, look you," said Sheridan, "you are an honest fellow, and, I repeat it, you shan't make my wig, for I never intended to pay for it. I'll go to another less worthy son of the craft."

One day, at the Academy of Sciences, a position which Pasteur took was actively controverted by two men who knew not a tittle of what he knew of the subject. He heard them patiently, and then rose and with much animation answered them, to the satisfaction of every one present; but warmed up with the controversy, he concluded: "Do you know what you lack? You"—indicating one of them—"lack the power of observation, and you"—the other—"lack the reasoning faculty!" Pasteur

was rebuked by the president for exceeding the proper limits, and he saw that the rebuke was just. "I am sorry," he said; "I was carried away by the heat of the discussion. I beg the pardon of the members to whom I have referred, and of this honorable body." Every one smiled at the frankness of this apology. Then Pasteur added: "Having recognized my fault, may I not mention an extenuating circumstance in my favor? All that I said was true—absolutely true!" And he seemed to wonder that everybody present laughed, including his two opponents.

THE ENGLISH WAY.

A Courtship in Venice.

CHARACTERS.—The PRINCESS ALTANEGRA, a young and pretty widow. GEORGE STEVENAGE, a young Englishman to whom the PRINCESS has been guide and mentor for several weeks.

SCENE.—The dining-room of a Venetian palace. The room is lighted by shaded candles in massive silver candlesticks on the table. A full moon is shining through the open windows that give upon a balcony.

PRINCESS—[dipping a bunch of grapes into her finger-bowl]—I think one dines only for the sake of dessert.

GEORGE [laconically peeling a fig]—Women may—men certainly don't.

PRINCESS—Of course they don't. Men are so much more material, especially where foods are concerned. Yet, when you first came to Venice I thought your enthusiasm would conquer your appetite. You were quite charming then.

GEORGE [boyishly]—But you told me when you first met me that I should be quite charming when I had exhausted my adjectives; and now you say I was quite charming then.

PRINCESS [smiling]—You are a delicious boy. You actually believe everything a woman says.

GEORGE [reproachfully]—Some women, Princess.

PRINCESS [seriously, after a silence]—You English are so literal, you have no subtlety—that is why you don't appreciate dessert, when one may talk as one pleases over one's wine, with no servants to check one's tongue. [GEORGE flushes and is about to speak.] Now, don't interrupt. You English, as I say, are literal, but you are adorable. Your minds are as clear as your faces. Solid foods delight your palates and solid facts satisfy your intellects. In fact, you surround your minds with a cactus hedge of facts.

GEORGE [smiling]—And is this harangue entirely apropos of dessert?

PRINCESS—Ah, be English—be serious. I have never known an Englishman so intimately as I have known you, and I want you to talk to me just as you would to one of your own countrywomen—facts, if you will.

GEORGE [earnestly]—But, Princess, it is quite impossible to talk to you as one would to an English girl. You—you are so different.

PRINCESS—That is because I am a widow, and, consequently, have all the experiences of matrimony without the drawback of a husband.

GEORGE [a trifle sentimentally]—I don't like to hear a woman talk badly of marriage. [Then naturally and with some heat.] Besides, it isn't playing the game. When a woman marries she practically gambles, playing either for money or love. If she loses her stakes she shouldn't grumble. But so many of you seem to think that if you marry a man for his position or money-bags, and then find that these are not wholly satisfying, you have a perfect right to talk cynically of marriage. And on the other hand, if you marry for love—

PRINCESS [who has been smiling indulgently]—Yes, if we marry for love? You are growing interesting.

GEORGE—Well—well, you make an awful fuss if you draw an unlucky number.

PRINCESS [rising suddenly, and going to the window, and speaking sadly]—Yes, you are right; most women do make a fuss if they draw an unlucky number. I—I drew an unlucky number.

GEORGE [who has risen also, twisting his serviette nervously between his fingers]—I am awfully sorry I said that. I—didn't know.

PRINCESS [laconically]—Very few people do.

GEORGE [crossing the room, and standing beside her, and speaking impetuously]—I always seem to be hurting you or making you angry. You're so clever, and I'm such a blundering idiot. You bewilder me, and I blurt out things I should never dream of saying to any other woman. [The PRINCESS does not speak, and there is a long silence.] You don't know what a difference you have made to my visit to Venice. Before I met you I didn't understand its beauty in the least; but you have taught me so many things, and I shall never cease to be grateful to you. Have I sinned past forgiveness?

PRINCESS [stepping on to the balcony]—Come and look at the moon—the Venetian moon. You only spoke the truth—and women hate the truth. [Then lightly]—Have I been such a good tutor after all?

GEORGE [leaning on the balustrade and looking at her]—So good that Venice has not your equal.

PRINCESS [playing with her fan]—But you must remember that your education has been neglected.

You English forget all about your minds, and spend all your time in developing perfect bodies. Your system of education is really humorous.

GEORGE [after a pause]—You told me once that education and love-making were the two periods into which a man's life was divided. Does our love-making strike you as being as humorous as our education?

PRINCESS—Infinitely more so. Imagine an Englishman, an Italian, and a Frenchman each in a gondola with a lovely woman, to whom they wished to propose, on such an incomparable night as this. The Italian would liken her beauty to the radiance of the sky, her eyes to the brilliance of the stars, her hair to the golden ripple on the lagoon; the Frenchman, provided he were satisfied as to the lady's *dot*, would echo the Italian, but less passionately; the Englishman would say: "I love you awfully. Will you marry me?" And then, when she had consented, would put his arm around her waist, kiss her, and say, with a sigh of satisfaction: "By Jove! what a jolly night!"

GEORGE [laughing]—Complete the story. And afterward—

PRINCESS—Afterward the Italian would grow fat and be always merry, and his wife would have to be satisfied with a life of mere contentment; the Frenchman would grow *bourgeois* and talk incessantly of many abstract things with his friends, while his wife would be expected to be solely *bonne ménagère*. [A pause.]

GEORGE—And the Englishman?

PRINCESS [suddenly grave]—The Englishman? Well—he would be like a Newfoundland dog, always faithful, always loyal, a constant protector and a lover always. His wife would be his companion and his friend.

GEORGE [seizing her hands]—Ah! I have no right to ask you such a thing, and perhaps you will send me away, but, Anna, will you be my—companion.

PRINCESS [averting her face]—You can not be serious. I am so old, five years older than you are—

GEORGE [gravely]—You have taught me many things, Anna, since I met you that wonderful day on the Lido, but one of your lessons I can never forget. You have taught me to love you.

PRINCESS [with signs of yielding]—But you are so young and—

GEORGE [seeing his advantage and speaking as lightly as his trembling voice will allow]—Well, you know we never forget the lessons we are taught when we are young.

PRINCESS [smiling shyly]—I—I think I must alter my opinion of English love-making. [She steps back into the room.]

GEORGE [following her, taking her in his arms]—But that isn't an answer to my question.

PRINCESS [demurely]—I have always adored Newfoundland dogs—and I think I shall draw a lucky number now.

GEORGE [kissing her rapturously]—My darling! [They return to the balcony. GEORGE'S arm around the PRINCESS'S waist. For some time they stand looking over the lagoon in silence.]

GEORGE—By Jove! What a jolly night!

PRINCESS [archly]—I told you so!—Black and White.

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To bring them about, and are always more complete and lasting when they proceed with steady regularity to a consummation. Few of the observant among us can have failed to notice that permanently healthful changes in the human system are not wrought by abrupt and violent means, and that those are the most salutary medicines which are progressive. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the chief of these. Dyspepsia, a disease of obstinate character, is obliterated by it.

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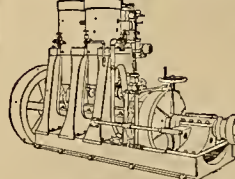
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SOCIETY.

The McIntosh-Goad Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Mary Aileen Goad and Mr. Charles K. McIntosh took place at five o'clock last Wednesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's father, corner of Washington and Gough Streets. The bride is the second daughter of Mr. W. F. Goad and sister of Mrs. C. Osgood Hooker, Miss Genevieve Goad, and Mr. W. F. Goad, Jr. The groom has for many years held a position of trust in the First National Bank of this city, and is a prominent member of the Cosmos Club. Both are well known and popular in society circles, and have a host of friends.

The large hallway and all of the rooms on the main floor sustained a tasteful decoration of apricot, peach, and pear-blossoms, and in contrast occasionally were clusters of American Beauty and Papa Gontier roses. There were about sixty relatives and intimate friends present when the orchestra played the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" and the bridal party appeared. Three little children, Miss Rebecca Kruttschnitt and the Misses Aileen and Isabelle Mackenzie, were the ribbon-bearers. Miss Genevieve Goad was the maid of honor, and wore a handsome gown of white mousseline de soie over white silk, with trimmings of white chiffon. Mr. Claude T. Hamilton acted as best man. The bride was escorted by her father and given by him into the keeping of the groom. Her robe was of white satin, trimmed with rare point lace. The flowing veil was of white silk moiré and her hand-bouquet was of Bride roses.

Rev. Robert Mackenzie performed the ceremony most impressively, and then the newly wedded couple received the congratulations of their friends. Afterward a supper was served under the direction of Ludwig. The ring in the wedding-cake was secured by Miss Hattie Belle Goad, of Colusa, a cousin of the bride. Miss Genevieve Goad caught her sister's bouquet when she threw it away. Mr. and Mrs. McIntosh left for a brief Southern trip, and when they return they will occupy a cottage in Sausalito, adjoining the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Osgood Hooker. The wedding-gifts were beautiful and costly.

Honors to Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who has been here on a visit of a few weeks' duration, has been the recipient recently of some pleasant social courtesies from her friends. Mr. and Mrs. Reid and Mr. D. O. Mills will return to New York city this evening. The departure of Mr. Mills is hastened by his desire to attend to the details of the new hotel he is having erected in New York city for the accommodation of poor tenants. Mr. Reid is still in poor health and has accepted but one of the many dinners that have been tendered him, the one given by Mr. William Alvord. Mrs. Reid has been desirous of remaining here a month longer, and leaves her many friends with much reluctance.

Mrs. William Babcock gave a lunch-party last Monday at her villa in San Rafael, as a compliment to Mrs. Reid. Ten ladies were seated at the table, which was graced with quantities of pure white La Marque roses, producing an exceedingly pretty effect. Mrs. Babcock's guests were:

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. A. M. Easton, Mrs. Harry Babcock, Mrs. C. B. Brigham, Mrs. C. P. Eells, Mrs. James Coffin, Mrs. Sidney M. Smith, and Mrs. Carter Pomeroy.

Mrs. William Alvord was the hostess last Tuesday at a luncheon that she gave at her residence, 2200 Broadway, in honor of Mrs. Reid. Covers were laid for fifteen, and the table was ornate with carnations, maiden-hair, snailax, and rich silver service. Those invited to meet Mrs. Reid were:

Mrs. A. M. Easton, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Charles B. Brigham, Mrs. Edward W. Hopkins, Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. I. Lawrence Pool, Mrs. Theodore M. Payne, Mrs. William H. Howard, Mrs. Charles M. Keeney, Mrs. James W. Keeney, and Mrs. Ansel Mills Easton.

Notes from Los Angeles.

Major and Mrs. Ben C. Truman gave a dinner-party at their residence recently in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Francis. A unique feature of the affair was the distribution of fifteen sets of quotations, each appropriate to the course with which it appeared. At each cover were envelopes of rough, grayish green paper, bearing Mrs. Truman's monogram in scarlet and gold, and a quotation peculiarly appropriate to each guest. Besides the guests of honor, there were present Mr. and Mrs. F. K. Rule, Miss Truman, Mr. Daniel Freeman, and Mr. A. H. Wilcox.

Mrs. M. A. Wilcox, formerly of this city, gave a luncheon recently at her home in Los Angeles. Covers were laid for twelve at a handsomely decorated table, and the invited guests comprised: Mrs. Urquiza, Mrs. Ben. C. Truman, Mrs. Miner, Mrs. Drake, Mrs. Prager, Mrs. Banning, Mrs. John F. Francis, Mrs. M. W. Longstreet, Mrs. Mossin, Mrs. Arguello, and Mrs. de Cels.

Captain and Mrs. Gilbert E. Overton, U. S. A., gave a dinner-party recently at their home in Los Angeles, and entertained Major and Mrs. F. K. Upham, U. S. A., Mr. Noah Brooks, of Boston, and Lieutenant Davis, U. S. A. Mr. Brooks was naval officer of San Francisco thirty years ago, and later was editor of the *Alta-California*.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Rosa May and Mr. Carl A. Dahlstrom will take place at one o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, April 14th, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. A. W. May, 527 East Eleventh Street, Oakland. Only relatives have been invited to witness the ceremony. Mr. Dahlstrom is a member of the firm of Otto Dahlstrom & Co., of Stockholm, Sweden. On the evening of the wedding he and his bride will leave for Europe to reside in Stockholm.

Mr. Horace Davis gave a dinner at his residence, 1800 Broadway, last Monday evening, in honor of Rev. Clay MacCauley, of Tokio, who is one of the leading *littérateurs* of Japan. Covers were laid for twelve, the guests comprising members of the faculty of the University of California and a number of prominent attorneys.

Mrs. Horace Davis gave the last of a series of luncheons at her home last Wednesday and hospitably entertained a number of ladies.

Mrs. J. B. Crockett gave an enjoyable lunch-party yesterday at her residence, 2029 California Street.

Colonel C. F. Crocker entertained a number of gentlemen at dinner last Thursday evening at his residence on Leavenworth Street.

Mrs. E. B. Crocker met with a very painful and serious accident last Monday afternoon while visiting East Park in Sacramento. While descending some steps she tripped and fell headlong, dislocating her shoulder. She was conveyed to her residence and medical aid summoned at once. She has been in great pain, but there is every hope for a speedy recovery.

The entertainment given by Mrs. de Young a week ago Thursday was not a "dancing-party," as has been stated, but merely a theatre-party, followed by a supper.

The spring exhibition of the Sketch Club will close this evening in the rooms at 508 Montgomery Street. Some meritorious sketches are to be seen, and admission is free.

Preparations are actively under way for the entertainment to be given for the benefit of the Children's Hospital in May, and the lady managers are receiving much encouragement.

The manager of a London factory which turns out annually one thousand tons of cyanide of potassium, five grains of which is enough to kill a man instantly, says that the poison exercises over the men engaged in its manufacture a remarkable fascination which resembles the desire experienced by many persons when standing on the brink of a precipice to throw themselves down. The operatives are haunted by a constant desire to eat the stuff, though perfectly aware that to give way to the craving would mean instant death. During the present manager's service in the factory three men have killed themselves for no other apparent reason than a yielding to the desire. He has himself experienced the same strange longing, and has more than once had to leave the works to overcome it.

"Excellencies," as all travelers know, are dirt cheap in Europe, for every liberal man is so-called by all the servants and peasants in Italy and the other Latin countries. Only one American at a time, of all our seventy-odd millions, is entitled to be so called. That person is the Governor of Massachusetts. He is so by a constitutional provision of the commonwealth. Not even the President of the United States is entitled to be so addressed. This matter was settled more than a century ago in the convention which framed our constitution.

Professor Kraft Ebing, the famous Viennese alienist, is now treating a Hamburg woman who seems actually to have been a victim of hypnotic suggestion used for criminal purpose. Her family physician could not understand her strange hallucination that she was to die at a certain date; but Dr. Kraft Ebing discovered that her husband, who had had her life insured for fifty thousand marks, had hypnotized her and "suggested" that she kill herself on a certain date, a few days before the expiration of the policy.

Mrs. Leila Ellis and her daughter, Miss Owen Ellis, gave a dramatic recital on April 2d, at the residence of Mrs. Gilbert Jones, 222 Madison Avenue, New York city, and it proved to be very successful. They will give another recital on April 12th at the studio of Miss Thury, in the Carnegie Building, and will illustrate plantation life in the Old South.

The historical "thin red line" so often mentioned by English writers in connection with their scarlet-coated army is becoming decidedly thinner. For, according to orders just issued by the War Department in London, the chest-measurement for infantry recruits has been reduced to thirty-two inches.

A female burglar, twenty-one years of age, recently sent to jail in London, was proved to have worked her way through an opening nine and one-quarter inches square, and on a previous occasion had wriggled through a hole eight inches square.

Lenenhook and Humboldt both say that a single pound of the finest spider webs would reach around the world.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Last Symphony Concert Postponed.

The sixth and last concert of the most successful series of symphony concerts ever given in this city by a local organization, will take place at the Columbia Theatre Thursday, April 22d, instead of the 15th, as that day falls on Holy Thursday. The programmes that have been given this season will stand comparison with any of the European or Eastern societies. Mr. Hinrichs is certainly a fine programme-maker, and he has arranged another extremely fine offering for the final concert. It consists of the "Oberon" overture by Weber; Rubinstein's G-minor symphony, No. 5, performed here for the first time; scherzo, "Queen Mab," from the "Romeo and Juliet" symphony, by Berlioz, also for the first time; and the famous "Nutcracker Suite," by Tchaikowsky. The soloist will be announced during the coming week. As this will be the last chance to hear this really fine organization for some months, there should be a crowded house to show the board of guarantors, Mr. Hinrichs, and Manager Greenbaum that their efforts have been appreciated.

The Urso Concert.

Mme. Camilla Urso gave her final concert here Saturday afternoon at Golden Gate Hall. She attracted a music-loving audience, who enjoyed the presentation of the following excellent programme:

Piano solo, polonaise, Paderewski, Mme. Camilla Urso; romanza from "Martha," "M'appari," Flotow, Mr. Edwin Douglas; aria from "Linda," Donizetti, Miss Minnie Methot; suite for violin (composed in 1787), introduction, fugue, gigue, and finale, Rust, Mme. Camilla Urso; piano solo, "Serenade," Liszt-Schubert, Mr. George Wesley; duo from "Romeo and Juliet," Gounod, Miss Minnie Methot and Mr. Douglas; violin solo, andante cantabile, Spangbati, Mme. Camilla Urso; songs, "Gold Rolls Here Beneath," Rubinstein, "Die Post," Schubert, Mr. Edwin Douglas; ballad, "Heart's Delight," W. W. Gilchrist, Miss Minnie Methot; violin soli, (a) etude, Paganini, (b) "Rigaudon," Saint-Saëns, Mme. Camilla Urso.

A Popular Concert.

A popular concert was given at the Association Auditorium last Thursday evening for the benefit of the Young Men's Improvement Committee. The following interesting programme was presented:

"Blue Bells of Scotland," Schilling, Knickerbocker and Colonial Quartets; piano solo, "Twelfth Hungarian Rhapsody," Liszt, Mr. Roscoe Warren Lucy; soprano solo, "Thou Brilliant Bird," David, Miss Florence Doane; reading, "Between the Gates," B. F. Taylor, Mr. Cyrus Brownlee Newton; (a) "Ride of the Elves," (b) "Slumber Song," Mendelssohn, Colonial Quartet; tenor solo, "The Land of the Harp," Anon, Mr. D. M. Lawrence; alto solo, "Storm and Sunshine," Buck, Miss Mary Mann; "Marguerite," Meyer-Helmund, Knickerbocker Quartet; reading, "The Baron's Last Banquet," Anon, Mr. Cyrus Brownlee Newton; serenade, "Robin Hood," De Koven, Colonial and Knickerbocker Quartets.

The Sanderini Concert.

Mme. Thea Sanderini gave a concert last Thursday evening at Golden Gate Hall, and attracted a large and appreciative audience. The following programme was presented:

Trio for violin, cello, and piano, Mr. Harold Kayton, Dr. A. T. Regensburger, Signor Martinez; "Salve Maria," Garcia, Mme. Thea Sanderini, (violin obligato, Mr. Harold Kayton); "Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12," Liszt, Signor Martinez; "Let Me Love Thee," Arditi, Miss Rae Landecker; lute solo, selected, Mr. Samuel Adelstein; "Spirito Gentil," Donizetti, Mr. A. Werner; "Romance," Bohm, Dr. Arthur T. Regensburger; duet, "Parigi Caro," Verdi, Mme. Thea Sanderini and Mr. A. Werner; "Zigeunerweisen," Sarasate, Mr. Harold Kayton; "A la Stella Confidente," Rohaudi, Mme. Thea Sanderini, (violinobello obligato, Dr. A. T. Regensburger).

The Loring Club.

The members of the Loring Club gave their third concert of the twentieth season last Tuesday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall. A very large and fashionable audience was present and enjoyed the following attractive programme:

"In Maytime," Billster; "Bedouin Song," Foote; soprano solo, (a) "Du Bist Wie Eine Blume," Wilson G. Smith, (b) "Summer Evening," Lassen; "The Gondolier," Schubert; "Sunset," Billster; "Italian Salad," Gené; "Hush," Neidlinger; soprano solo, (a) "Winds in the Trees," Thomas, (b) "The Heart's Fancies," Thomas; "Longheard's Saga," Lloyd.

The Bacon-Minetti Concert.

The seventh Bacon-Minetti ensemble concert took place last Saturday afternoon, and the following programme was presented:

Op. 63, trio for piano, violin, and cello in D-minor, Schumann; vocal selections, Miss Dorothy Goodsell, soprano; piano and cello sonata in D-major, op. 18; Rubinstein.

For the benefit of the Maria Kip Orphanage a promenade concert will be held on Saturday afternoon, May 22d, at the new home, corner of Seventh Avenue and Lake Street. It is expected that the orphanage will be ready for occupancy on July 1st.

— HURD'S "ROYAL WHITE" AND "ROYAL PURPLE" writing-papers, 15 cents. "Colonial Buff," 20 cents per quire. Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. George Crocker is in town from New York. Mrs. Crocker, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Alice Ruthford, has gone to Paris.

Mr. Harry M. Gillig and Mr. Frank L. Unger are in New York city.

Mrs. William Burling is convalescing at Coronado Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Sprague have been visiting Mrs. Sprague's parents, Judge and Mrs. William T. Wallace. Miss Romietta Wallace accompanies them on their return to New Orleans. The party will go to Europe on a tour of several months' duration.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis left the city on Thursday to pass several days at their ranch, "Camp Idle," near Greenwood, in the Santa Cruz Mountains. In May they will go there to reside throughout the summer months.

Mrs. Christina de Noon, Miss Mabel C. de Noon, and Mrs. Emma E. D. Lewis, who recently returned from the north, have left the city for a visit in the southern counties. Mrs. W. F. McNutt, Miss McNutt, Miss Ruth McNutt, and Miss Genevieve Goad will spend the summer at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. E. A. Van Bergen is at El Paso de Robles. Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Lawrence Mack have moved from the Palace Hotel to their apartments recently taken at the Hotel Richelieu.

Mrs. Ellen Wertheimer and Mrs. Henry Reed have returned to Oakland after a several weeks' stay at Byron Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Neville H. Castle, of San José, have moved into their North Second Street residence.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Scott left unexpectedly for the East in a private car last week, called to the bedside of their daughter, who is suffering from appendicitis. Miss Laura McKinstry accompanied them.

Miss Alice Owen accompanied them.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Van Bergen have returned to Oakland.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Miss Isabel McKenna, and Mr. Peter Martin are traveling in Southern California. Mrs. Martin's health is much improved.

Mrs. S. G. Wheeler and Miss Helen Wheeler have returned to their cottage in Sausalito for the summer.

General and Mrs. James F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton have returned to the city after a long and pleasant visit in the East, particularly in Massachusetts.

Mr. George Bonny left for the East last week. He will be joined at New York in a few weeks by Mrs. Lewis, widow of Mr. A. J. Lewis, his late partner, and her son and daughter. Mr. Bonny will accompany Mrs. Lewis and her family abroad, returning in a few months. Mrs. Lewis, however, intends to remain in Europe with her son and daughter for some years to come.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King are preparing for a trip to New York and the East. They will go by way of the City of Mexico and the South.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Kohlberg and daughters have returned from an extended visit to Portland, Or., and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Kohlberg at 3020 Clay Street.

Mrs. Aleec Van Bergen sailed from Liverpool March 24th for New York on the *Majestic*.

Prince Poniatowski will go to London next month on business.

Mrs. M. Castle, having disposed of her home on Laguna Street, has moved into the Mathews cottage, 2115 Sacramento Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Townsend have gone abroad and will be in London for the jubilee.

Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Kohl are registered at the Waldorf Hotel, New York city.

Colonel C. F. Crocker and family will not move down to San Mateo until June, when they will take possession of the Howard Villa for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Riggs, formerly Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, will go to England as usual this month.

Mr. W. B. Bancroft is at the Hotel Cecil, London.

Major Frank McLaughlin arrived from Washington Tuesday evening and went to the Palace Hotel. Mrs. McLaughlin and Miss McLaughlin came up from Santa Cruz to meet him.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Davis and family have moved to their country home at Belvedere for the summer.

Mrs. D. L. McDonald and Miss Theresa McDonald have gone to Los Angeles to visit Mrs. McDonald's daughter, Mrs. McNeal.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Watson, who are visiting the southern counties, were in Coronado during the early part of the week.

Mr. I. W. Taber and Mr. Benjamin Taliaferro have arrived in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Morse are in Canton, O., visiting their relatives, the parents of President McKinley. They will return to San Francisco in a few weeks.

Mrs. J. Thomas Boyesen is in Paris.

Mrs. W. A. Nevada, accompanied by Miss Mollie Pierce, sailed for China and Japan on the *Coptic*, April 1st. They will make the tour of the Orient during the summer months, and, after a visit to Samoa, will return to the city in September.

Dr. Samuel O. L. Potter, accompanying Mr. Joseph R. Walker, of Salt Lake City, Mrs. Walker, Mr. Charles Walker, and Mr. Bert Walker, sailed, April 3d, on the *Mariposa* for a voyage to Australia. The party is expected back on the return trip of the *Mariposa*, which is next due in this port on June 3d.

Mr. John B. Luther is in New York city.

Mrs. H. F. Hubbard and the Misses Hubbard, of Stockton, came to this city last Thursday, and are staying at the Occidental Hotel for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Francis will leave Los Angeles Easter Monday for a prolonged European tour.

Mr. Clarence King, of New York, the well-known mining expert, is at the Palace Hotel.

Among the recent arrivals at the California Hotel are Mr. J. S. Mable, of Dunsmuir, Mr. C. M. Morris, of Milwaukee, Mr. W. C. Russell and family, of Hartford, Conn., Judge J. C. Daly, of Ventura, Mrs. J. L. Latham, of Los Gatos, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Veuve, of San José, and Mr. A. Schilling, of New York.

Miss Young and Miss Marjorie Young will join their father, Lieutenant-Colonel S. B. M. Young, U. S. A., at Fort Yellowstone late in the summer.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Colonel William R. Shafter, U. S. A., has been definitely selected by the President for appointment to the brigadier-generalship.

Lieutenant Richard C. Croxton, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been transferred from Company A to Company G.

Lieutenant-Colonel S. B. M. Young, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been appointed commander of Fort Yellowstone and superintendent of Yellowstone National Park.

He will leave this week for Fort Walla Walla, whence he will march with Troops D and H of his regiment over six hundred miles to his new post in Wyoming.

Lieutenant Robert F. Lopez, U. S. N., has been ordered to the Union Iron Works as inspector of equipment.

Lieutenant Kenneth Morton, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been ordered before the army board at New York for examination, with a view to transfer to the Ordnance Department.

Captain George W. Woods, Medical Director, U. S. N., is at the California Hotel.

Lieutenant A. H. Martin, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been detailed for service at the Leavenworth School.

Lieutenant A. C. Baker, U. S. N., who returned with the *Alert* from Honolulu, is registered at the California Hotel.

Lieutenant S. M. Rutherford, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been detailed for service at the Leavenworth School.

Ensign Edward Campbell, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Philadelphia* and ordered to the *Alert*.

Lieutenant J. B. Milton, U. S. N., has been detached as inspector of equipment at the Union Iron Works, and ordered to Mare Island.

Lieutenant H. McL. Powell, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been transferred from Company F to Company A.

Captain Samuel McConihe, U. S. A., is at the Redondo Beach Hotel.

Before Inspector-General Colonel George H. Burton, U. S. A., on April 1st, the garrison at the Presidio, evenly divided, engaged in battle maneuvers. Captain Louis Brant, First Infantry, U. S. A., commanding the "Browns," attacked Captain James Lockett, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., who was defending Fort Winfield Scott and the Point. According to the umpires, the "Browns" were repulsed and almost annihilated.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles P. Eagan, A. C. G. S., U. S. A., has been appointed chief commissary of the Department of California, relieving Major Wells Willard, C. S. U. S. A.

Captain Henry L. Howison, U. S. N., late of the *Oregon*, was confirmed by the Senate, Wednesday, to be commodore.

Major Michael Cooney, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted ordinary leave for four months, to take effect upon the expiration of his present sick leave.

Lieutenant George A. Detchemendy, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave, to take effect about May 1st.

Lieutenant John W. Hagenman, U. S. N., retired, is sojourning at the Hotel del Monte.

Major William B. Kennedy, U. S. A., retired from the Fourth Cavalry, has taken a permanent residence at 318 West Thirtieth Street, Los Angeles.

Lieutenant James Hamilton, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to the retiring board for examination.

The army retiring board, Department of California, has been dissolved, and the following board appointed: Brigadier-General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A., department commander; Colonel William R. Shafter, First Infantry, U. S. A.; Colonel Charles R. Greenleaf, Assistant Surgeon-General, U. S. A.; Lieutenant-Colonel S. B. M. Young, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A.; Captain Guy L. Edie, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Richard C. Croxton, First Infantry, U. S. A., recorder.

Captain H. J. Slocum, U. S. A., is domiciled with his family at the Redondo Beach Hotel.

Rear-Admiral Francis M. Ramsay, U. S. N., Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, was retired, April 5th, on account of age.

Captain Henry C. Taylor, U. S. N., of the battleship *Indiana*, was offered the place vacated by Admiral Ramsay, but declined, preferring to remain on sea duty.

Captain Arent S. Crowninshield, U. S. N., commander of the *Maine*, has been appointed Chief of the Bureau of Navigation.

The *Philadelphia*, at San Diego, is preparing to sail for Honolulu.

Lieutenant James M. Helm, U. S. N., late of the *Portland*, has succeeded Lieutenant James H. Sears, U. S. N., in command of the survey steamer *McArthur*.

Lieutenant Sears is retired from sea duty.

Lieutenant-Commander Richard Inch, U. S. N., of the Engineer Corps, was registered at the Occidental Hotel, early in the week, from Mare Island.

The *Alert* is in port after an easy voyage from Honolulu. The *Marion* relieved her at that station.

The *Oregon* is on the dry-dock at Port Orchard. She encountered a furious gale en route. The State of Oregon, during her stay in Puget Sound, will present the battleship with a five-thousand-dollar silver and cut-glass punch service.

The return of Captain Henry Glass, U. S. N., late commander of the *Texas*, to service at Mare Island, is received with much pleasure by his friends on this coast.

The cutter *Corwin*, lying in San Diego harbor, has received orders for six months' cruise in Alaskan waters.

The *Olympia*, flagship on the Asiatic station, has gone from Hong Kong to Yokohama. The *Yorktown* is on the way from Kikuiang to Hankow, eight hundred miles up the Yang-Tse-Kiang.

The *Adams* has sailed from San Diego and is on the way to Magdalena Bay, Mexico.

In an Italian daily newspaper, the *Roman Tribune*, of the twenty-ninth of January, occurs this extraordinary paragraph: "In San Francisco, California, there took place recently a terrible panic in a theatre. During a performance a lamp exploded, which caused a panic and wild rush for the door, during which three hundred spectators and thirty-six actors were killed." This is another illustration of the old saying, "Go from home to learn the news." There certainly has been no such panic in a San Francisco theatre of recent years, and we doubt whether there ever was.

A device is on trial in a Boston hotel which, it is hoped, will reduce the rate of deaths by asphyxiation. A small chamber of brass containing quicksilver is so attached to every jet in the house that unlighted gas escaping through a stop-cock will ring an electric bell in the office. One night recently two guests accidentally left the gas on unlighted, and a prompt alarm to the office proved the efficacy of the contrivance.

The contributors to the West Cumberland Times receive their little checks in a printed letter containing the following notable paragraph: "As this remittance is by check, it is unnecessary for you to acknowledge receipt; we therefore deduct twopence, cost of receipt-stamp and postage."

The oyster is one of the strongest creatures on earth. The force required to open one is more than nine hundred times its weight.

A Benefit for the Fruit and Flower Mission.

The Fruit and Flower Mission, one of the most deserving of local charities, intends to extend its good work by inaugurating a sick-nurse system. For this purpose a fund is necessary to pay the expenses of the trained nurse who will visit deserving sick persons and minister to them. The ladies of the society have interested Mr. Otis Skinner in the matter, and he has kindly tendered them a benefit performance, which will take place at the Baldwin Theatre next Wednesday afternoon, April 14th. The ladies regret that, owing to Mr. Skinner's early departure from the city, it has been found necessary to give the matinee during Holy Week. But charity covers a multitude of sins, and, moreover, the programme is an unusually interesting one. It will be a triple bill, including scenes from "The Merchant of Venice" and "Romeo and Juliet" and the second act of "His Grace de Grammont." The price of seats in all parts of the house has been set at one dollar, and tickets may be obtained from the members of the mission or from the box-office of the theatre on the day of the performance.

News came by telegraph this week of the death, on April 4th, in Baltimore, Md., of Miss Winifred Martin. Miss Martin was a half-sister of the late Mrs. Annie Donahue, of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, and of ex-Governor John G. Downey, and was the aunt of J. Downey Harvey. She was seventy-nine years of age. Miss Martin was one of the heirs of the late Governor Downey, and in the disagreement which has recently arisen over the distribution of his estate, she sided with Mrs. Eleanor Martin against J. Downey Harvey. As two of the heirs to Governor Downey have died so recently, Mrs. Donahue and Miss Winifred Martin, it leaves but two surviving. J. Downey Harvey and Mrs. Eleanor Martin. Miss Martin will bequeath more than one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to Catholic churches and institutions, five thousand dollars each to her four nephews—J. Downey Harvey, Peter D. Martin, Walter D. Martin, and Andrew D. Martin—and her two grand-nieces—Anita and Genevieve Harvey—and a number of smaller bequests to friends in California.

The late Miss Isabel Murphy, daughter of the late Daniel T. Murphy, of this city, formerly of Murphy, Grant & Co., died recently in London leaving a fortune estimated at three hundred thousand dollars to the Rev. Father Smullen. Preparations were at once made for a contest in the courts of this State, but a dispatch from London states that the priest has waived all rights in the matter, and desires that the estate be distributed to the relatives of the dead lady.

A ruby weighing as much as five carats is worth ten to twelve times as much as a diamond of the same weight, even though the latter might be of the "first water." The ruby, therefore, instead of the diamond, is the material which embodies the highest money value in the smallest compass.

An attempt to acclimatize ostriches in South Russia has proved successful. The ostriches born in Russia are much less sensitive to cold than the imported ones, and their plumes are equally good.

— WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS. Magnificent assortment to choose from at Art Store of S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary Street.

— RACE, FIELD, MARINE, AND OPERA-GLASSES, microscopes, thermometers, barometers, and scientific instruments. Henry Kahn & Co., 642 Market Street.

— BEST CALIFORNIA WINES FOR FAMILY USE at Napa and Sonoma Wine Co., 314 Post Street. Celebrated "Eagle Brands."

— FOR HIGH-GRADE DIAMOND-JEWELRY, GO TO Hirschman's, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

— GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRESS SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

— DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST. THOSE FAT bloater mackerel at S. Foster & Co.'s, 26 California St.

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Cooper's Olive Oil, qts.		1.20
Thermal Ranch Olive Oil, qts.		1.00
S. C. S. Genuine French Oil, qts.		.50
Hills Bros. Fancy Cal. Olives, none equal.		.50
The Dunkley Co.'s Celery Goods.		.25
Lowney's Chocolates, received fresh weekly.	lb.	.50
French Nougat, fresh and delicious.	lb.	.50
Sliced Peaches, for cream, from A. T. Hatch's Ranch.		.25
Sliced Apricots, sublime.		.25
Blue Lake String Beans, gall. cans.		.40
Home-packed Jellies, in glass, 3 for.		.25
Frank Sidal's Soap, 3 for.		.25
Finest Mackerel, kils.		\$1.00 to .25
Fancy Snow Drop Liv. Salt, 50-lb. bag.		.60
Ralston Breakfast Food or Pancake Flour, 2-lb. pkg.		.12 1/2

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From 1877 to 1897.

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A prominent grocer of San Francisco recently said "I predict that in 25 years Cocoa will be the drink of the world." This from a man who watched the sales of Cocoa increase year by year's worth noting. Cocoa is one of the best beverages that is not a stimulant. It is a food drink, rich in fat-forming elements; and a producer of natural animal heat of no mean power. Ghirardelli's is by far the strongest, hence the most economical Cocoa made. Guaranteed perfectly pure. 32 cups 25c.

FIESTAS

CARNIVALS and SUMMER OUTINGS

A grand round of merrymaking throughout the land . . .

La Fiesta de Los Angeles

Will take place in the Southern Metropolis April 20th, and continue five days. Unique day parade of Spanish caballeros, Chinese with their Great Dragon, Mexican vaqueros, etc. Beautiful electric night parade of California flowers. Great Water Carnival. Floral Parade and Battle of Flowers. Novel street carnival at night.

Golden Gate Carnival

To be held in San Francisco during the week commencing May 3d, promises to be the most brilliant Festival ever witnessed in the West. Unique features never before introduced, and an unbroken succession of surprises and attractions. California's thrilling and romantic history since the days of '49 will be typified, and many novel creations will exemplify her marvelous industrial development. It is proposed to fix this event permanently in the Golden Gate Calendar.

The season for

Summer Outings

Will soon be here. If your plans are not matured, and you desire more information about the many attractive retreats all over the State, send to the General Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific Company for circulars and folders describing the Camping and other Resorts of the grand Shasta Region, Cascade, Lake Tahoe and neighboring attractions on the Sierra Summits, Yosemite and Big Trees, the Santa Cruz Mountains, Lake County, and Southern California. REDUCED RATES in many directions. Inquire of Southern Pacific Co. agents.

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From April 6, 1897.	ARRIVE
*6.00 A	Niles, San José, and Way Stations.	8.45 A
7.00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	8.45 P
7.00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsy, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding via Davis.	6.45 P
7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6.15 P
8.30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Tehama, and Red Bluff.	4.15 P
9.00 A	Peters and Milton.	*7.15 P
9.00 A	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	4.45 P
9.00 A	Martinez and Stockton.	4.45 P
9.00 A	Niles, San José, Lodi, and Stockton.	6.15 P
*1.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.	*9.00 P
1.00 P	Niles, San José, and Livermore.	8.45 A
*1.30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations.	*7.45 P
4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9.15 A
4.00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.	11.15 A
4.30 P	Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Raymond (for Yosemite), and Fresno, going via Niles, returning via Martinez.	11.45 A
5.00 P	Los Angeles Express, Tracy, Fresno, Mojave (for Randsburg), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	7.45 A
5.00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	7.45 A
6.00 P	European Mail, Ogden and East.	9.45 A
6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7.45 A
17.00 P	Vallejo.	*7.45 P
7.00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	11.15 A

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

17.45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.	18.05 P
8.45 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.	5.50 P
*2.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.	*11.20 A
4.15 P	Newark, San José, and Los Gatos.	9.50 A

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts)

7.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).	1.30 P
9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf, and Principal Way Stations.	4.15 P
10.40 A	San José and Way Stations.	6.30 P
11.30 A	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	5.00 P
*2.30 P	San Mateo, Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.	*10.40 A
*3.30 P	San José and Way Stations.	9.45 A
*4.30 P	San José and Way Stations.	8.05 A
5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.	*8.45 A
6.30 P	San José and Way Stations.	6.35 A
11.45 P	San José and Way Stations.	*7.45 P

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

*7.00 A		7.15 A
8.00 A		7.45 A
9.00 A	MELROSE, SEMINARY PARK.	10.45 A
10.00 A		11.45 A
11.00 A	FITCHBURG, SAN LEANDRO.	12.45 P
2.00 P		7.45 P
3.00 P		8.45 P
4.00 P		9.45 P
5.00 P		10.45 P
6.00 P		11.45 P
7.00 P		12.45 P
8.00 P		1.45 A
9.00 P		2.45 A
11.15 P	† Runs through to Niles.	† 12.00 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—

*9.15	9.00	*6.00 P. M.	1.00	*2.00	3.00
*9.00	9.00	*6.00 P. M.	1.00	*2.00	3.00

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—

*10.00 A. M.	*12.00	*1.00	12.00	*3.00	4.00
*5.00 P. M.					

A for Morning. P for Afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. †† Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Has Dr. Nansen any social standing?" "Dear me, yes. He moves in the highest circles."—*New York Sun.*

Cynic—"I can't see why a man who is happy when single should every marry." Friend—"He never does."—*Puck.*

He—"You girls seem to be awfully fond of sweets." She—"And you men seem to be awfully fond of sour."—*Cornell Widow.*

Stern father—"I hear you were out gambling last night. Is it true?" Gay youth—"No, sir; I was ahead."—*New York Journal.*

Beggar—"Please, sir, I'm so exhausted I can't get my breath and—" Gentleman—"Here's five cents; go and buy one."—*Harlem Life.*

The doctor—"It's twins, sir." Young husband—"I might have known it; it's my wife's theory that two can live as cheaply as one."—*Tid-Bits.*

Mr. New Hub—"What does it mean when a bride promises to obey?" Mrs. New Hub—"Simply that she prefers not to make a scene."—*Puck.*

A ray of hope: The bride—"I'm so worried about Fred's cold!" Her mother—"Still, the majority of cases of cold in the head terminate favorably."—*Puck.*

Barnes Tormer—"Talk about your frosts! Why, a boy came down from the gallery and wanted his money back because he was afraid to stay alone."—*Life.*

"But we can not live on papa," protested the savage's bride to be; "he is dreadfully poor." "We can wait until he is fatter!" said the cannibal.—*Detroit Journal.*

"You poor schoolma'ams are woefully underpaid." "Oh, I don't know. I have taken enough chewing-gum away from the children to last me three years."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"Ah, my poor man," said the benevolent old lady, "I suppose you are often pinched by want and hunger, are you not?" "Yes; and by de cops."—*Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.*

"Mrs. Chink has hit on a plan to keep her husband from smoking in the parlor." "What did she do?" "She hung the portraits of her three former husbands there."—*Chicago Record.*

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again," quoted the earnest man. "True," replied Senator Sorgum; "but, in many cases, not until after the referee has counted ten."—*Washington Star.*

"And are the divorce laws so very liberal in your section?" "Liberal? Say! They are so liberal that nobody ever heard of a woman crying at a wedding out there."—*Detroit Journal.*

Bachelor—"Do you think a man will have bad luck if he gets married on Friday?" Benedict—"Oh, I don't think it makes any difference whether it's Friday or not."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

He—"Miss Bellaour claims to belong to a very old family." She—"Well, she's justified. There are six of those girls, and the youngest of them must be at least thirty-five."—*Cleveland Leader.*

The farmer's wife—"Would you be willing to saw some wood for your breakfast?" Fluent Fontleroy—"It would be useless, madam. My teeth are not as good as they once were."—*Cornell Widow.*

Jinks (at a party)—"I don't see what's the matter with that pretty woman over there. She was awfully flirty a while ago and now she won't have anything to do with me." Stranger—"I have just come in. She's my wife."—*Scottish Nights.*

"Oh, Delilah, Delilah—why did you betray me?" said Samson, meeting the young woman at Queen Elizabeth's dance; "you ruined me when you cut off my hair!" "I didn't mean to, Sammy," sobbed Delilah; "I—I didn't know you were going to play foot-ball any more."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Ethel—"Oh, dear me! I don't know what to think! Algy asked me last night if I wouldn't like to have something around the house that I could love, and that would love me." Edith—"Well?" Ethel—"Well, I don't know whether he means himself, or whether he is thinking of buying me a dog!"—*Puck.*

"Science," said the lecturer, "has established beyond peradventure the indestructibility of matter. Chemical or mechanical agencies may change its form and its location, but somewhere in some form it still exists." "That seems tew explain," whispered Farmer Hayrick to his wife, "how Grover Cleveland came tew turn up over in Jersey."—*Chicago Journal.*

Don't Worry Yourself

And don't worry the baby; avoid both unpleasant conditions by giving the child pure, digestible food. Don't use solid preparations. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

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9:49 a.m.	Merced	3:14 p.m.
11:50 a.m.	Fresno	1:10 p.m.

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What is the matter with business? What is the reason that the promised wave of prosperity has not come? The Republican party was successful in the elections of last November because it explained to the people that a sound currency and an efficient tariff were necessary to that business confidence and those industrial conditions without which prosperity

could not return. The voters chose to accept Republican advice, and commissioned the party to put its suggestions into the shape of laws. The result of the ballot was the occasion of great rejoicings. The picture of the future was bright with promise. Prosperity was seen in the foreground, and the unsound financial theory seemed dead. Indeed, the actual immediate effect on business activity gave promise of a rapid return of prosperous days.

The hesitancy in the financial world since then makes the truth apparent that the elections turned upon a majority too narrow to insure the final settlement of the vexed currency question. More than 6,000,000 voters who indicated their preference for free silver are holding their organizations intact, are still urging their theories from the stump, and proclaiming themselves prepared for a successful contest on the same lines in the future. A careful examination of the returns disclosed the narrow margin of the victory. A change of less than 500 votes apportioned between Kentucky and Wyoming would have thrown 15 additional electoral votes to Bryan, a change of less than 2,500 votes would have given him 13 more from California and Oregon, and a change of 25,000 votes in Indiana, Kentucky, West Virginia, Wyoming, California, Oregon, and North Dakota would have insured him the election.

An election so nearly even is a warning that the fight may not yet be finished. The serious defeat of protection in the elections of 1892 was not conclusive of that issue. The history of all issues has been similar. Then let us not be lulled into the dangerous certainty that the free-silver heresy is incapable of revival. What must we do to he saved from such a contingency? The country is looking to the Republican party for a solution of the problem. Properly enough, the tariff question has been attacked, and a bill quickly passed by the House of Representatives; but not only is there a promise of vexatious delay in the Senate on that measure, but the currency reforms have received no apparent attention from the administration. Business men and capitalists are waiting for something definite before launching out into new enterprises or extending old ones. They do not propose to part with the accumulations they have and take the chance of being caught by the triumph of a repudiation policy in the next campaign. Prompt action is necessary to retain the confidence expressed at the polls and to reap its fruits in prosperity.

There is urgent necessity that our heterogeneous financial system be improved, and then the free-silver heresy may die indeed. The volume of currency is ample for the country's needs. The national treasury is burdened with \$500,000,000 more of silver than can be forced into circulation. Banks are filled with funds which no one has the courage to borrow and invest, safe-deposit vaults are still heavy with capital waiting for better times. There remains, then, but the permanent adoption of the gold standard in consonance with the policies of the most enlightened nations with whom our trade is greatest—for, if international bimetalism is not a mere chimera, it is at least impracticable of accomplishment—the formation of a plan for the gradual withdrawal of the greenbacks from circulation, and the reorganization of the national banking laws. These things are as important as the tariff, and must receive early attention, or we may find that we have the same ground to fight over again in 1900. A carefully drawn bankruptcy bill is another requirement, not to be talked to death in the Senate, as was done last winter, but to be put into operation. Thousands of business men, whose energies and abilities made the prosperity of the last decade, are lying helpless on their oars, caught in a financial storm whose fury no one could foresee. A bankruptcy bill would return them to the ranks of business activity, where their experience and enterprise would be valuable in the reorganization of our industrial system. A bill for the encouragement of American commerce on protective lines would stimulate ship-building, employ labor, spread our flag on every sea, and put into American pockets the vast sums we now pay to foreign ship-owners to carry our goods to market. The same policy which makes our postal routes on land efficient, applied to the ocean, would

go far toward effecting such results. We now pay money for making up the deficits in unprofitable mail routes on land—why not on the sea?

But the main thing to be done to revive business is to settle definitively the medium with which business is conducted. And until that is permanently settled, business will not permanently revive.

The spectacle of a millionaire confined in a whitewashed cell beneath the San Rafael court-house, and in the custody of the sheriff like a common criminal for the non-payment of a debt of seven hundred and fifty dollars, is one that may well attract general interest. It has been the boast that our humane civilization has abolished imprisonment for debt; that the genius of the modern law recognizes that an inability to pay what is owed is a misfortune to inspire sympathy rather than a crime to be punished. Yet here is Colonel P. A. Finnegan, mine-owner and the possessor of valuable real estate, languishing in jail because he has not paid the paltry sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars declared by the court to be due to his wife.

According to his story, Colonel Finnegan was married thirteen years ago to a handsome young woman. He says that she was extravagant and flirtatious. She says that he was cruel and jealous. At last the wife brought suit for divorce, and, in the preliminary hearing, the judge ordered that the colonel should pay her four hundred and fifty dollars to defray the expenses of her suit for divorce and her lawyer's fees, three hundred dollars alimony, and a further sum of one hundred dollars a month for her support during the pendency of the action. This struck the colonel as a most offensive method of furnishing the sinews of war to the enemy, and he promptly refused to comply. The law, however, is nothing if not gallant, and the court as promptly espoused the feminine side of the quarrel. The colonel was given his choice of paying up or going to jail until he did so, and he unhesitatingly chose the latter alternative.

Since his incarceration, Colonel Finnegan has become quite a hero. He holds daily receptions in his cell, at which he entertains the numerous friends who call, his furniture has been brought from the hotel, and his meals are furnished by a French restaurant across the street, his humble apartment is daily garnished with fresh flowers, and the door of his cell is left open all day that his visitors may come and go at their pleasure, for the authorities have no fear that their prisoner will attempt to effect an escape. Indeed, the colonel expresses the utmost content with his present condition and surroundings. He has never slept so well, and he looks forward with equanimity to an imprisonment that may last, as he jokingly expresses it, "for life or only for sixty years."

The situation has its humorous phases, but there is a serious side also. Imprisonment for debt is not recognized by the laws of this State. Modern business methods make so extensive use of the system of credits, and the dangers of heavy pecuniary loss that constantly hest the business man are so many, that failure must be recognized as a legitimate risk of business. Insolvency and bankruptcy laws are enacted to enable the merchant who has been unfortunate in his ventures to be relieved of his debts and make a fresh start in life. Imprisonment in a civil action is allowed only when a debtor is attempting to defraud his creditors, and in the case of a public officer, an officer of a corporation, or an attorney or agent charged with embezzlement. In each of these cases there is some criminal element present, and even then the prisoner may be released upon filing a bond sufficient in amount to protect the creditors. The prisons are recognized as places of detention for criminals who have committed some wrong against the community, and not to be used to enforce obligations between individuals.

In cases of divorce the law places the wife under the special protection of the courts. The husband may be ordered, as in this case, to pay the wife's expenses during the trial, including a sum proper for her support, and

where she secures the decree, a regular allowance for her future support proportioned to his means. These orders the court will enforce even to the extent of imprisoning the husband until the order has been complied with. The imprisonment is nominally for contempt of court, and continues until the prisoner has been purged of contempt. But, in reality, it is to enforce the collection of a debt, and it has that result alone.

This procedure is confined almost exclusively to the cases where payment is to be enforced under an order in an action for divorce, but it is capable of extension. There is nothing to prevent a judge from enforcing the payment of any debt that has been found by the court to be due. Disobedience of any lawful judgment, order, or process of the court is declared by the code to be a contempt of the authority of the court, and may be punished as such. When the contempt consists in the omission to perform an act which is yet in the power of the person to perform, he may be imprisoned until he shall have performed it, and the judge may decide as to the ability of the prisoner to carry out its orders, since the judgments and orders in contempt cases are final and conclusive. A judge probably could enforce the payment of any money judgment entered in his court by this procedure, and that this drastic measure has not been applied is probably due more to public opinion than the strict letter of the law. It is one of those cases in which legal abuses are prevented by that authority which is higher than all legal enactments.

Among the various charges brought against the "new journalism," not the least important is that of its invariable inaccuracy. One can scarcely believe anything that is printed in these papers. After devoting several columns a day during the past week to stories concerning Mrs. Jane L. Stanford's having secured one million dollars' worth of insurance upon her life, these papers print an obscure paragraph, tucked away in an out-of-the-way corner, saying in five lines that Mrs. Stanford had not effected any such insurance.

This is a matter of ordinary news, concerning which it would apparently be easy to obtain facts. But even in such matters the "new journalism" delights in error. But it is only when it gets upon scientific and technical ground that the "new journalism's" inaccuracy becomes a dehauch. In such branches, only a few of its readers can know exactly how inane it is, and therefore it lets itself loose. The latest case of this kind is the rendering given to a scientific paper read before the New York Electrical Society by Willard E. Case. The paper was intended to bring out some theoretical points in electricity, one of which was that by presenting oxygen to carbon gradually, by means of an electrolyte acting as a carrier, low-temperature combination and not combustion occurs. This paper fell under the eyes of the editor of one of the "new journals" of New York, and on the following Sunday an entire page was printed, stating in the most sensational manner that Mr. Case "had discovered a means of producing electricity and electric power direct from coal." Following this were a number of absurd pictures representing transatlantic steamers impelled by motors running from the inert coal in their coal-hunkers. The whole article was absurd enough, but the climax was capped by ascribing its main points to Mr. Case.

The *Electrical World*, in commenting on this fool journalism, says: "Mr. Case is a gentleman of wealth who is not obliged to earn his living from electrical pursuits, but who follows the science for the pure love of it. In his lecture, Mr. Case distinctly stated that the form of carbon electric generator which he had devised was not a commercial apparatus."

Yet how many of the readers who saw the fool article in the fool daily will ever see or hear of the refutation of this article in the technical journal? Doubtless the idea will remain imbedded in the minds of many that electric power taken directly from coal is a perfectly feasible commercial proposition. The only antidote to such folly, as we have said, is the fact that people have come to disbelieve nearly everything they see in the "new journals."

It has come to be accepted as a dogma by certain people that the remedy for hard times is always to be found in some change in the machinery of government, and, when overtaken by misfortune, they are prone to attribute their troubles to political rather than economic causes. The agitation leading to the framing and adoption of the constitution of 1879 in this State grew out of the depression that preceded it. The bonanza mining excitement had caused a period of speculative inflation which had been succeeded by a collapse that left the innumerable petty operators impoverished, and flooded the city with stranded miners and impecunious laborers out of employment. This tended unduly to swell the discontented class in the cities, while, in the

country, the farmers, suffering from business depression and embarrassments, and infected with the granger movement which had recently swept over the Central States, were ready to act with them. The coöperation of these two forces carried the agitation to a successful issue, and similar forces are now at work seeking to overthrow what has been done and set up an entirely new structure.

The present constitution is not an ideal instrument; it reflects in many of its provisions the influences that were prominent when it was begotten. It breathes a spirit of hostility to capital and to corporate activity. But in practice few of the evil effects that might have been expected from it have been experienced. It was inevitable from the conditions of its birth that it should contain many crudities. The ability to frame constitutions is no more born in a man than the ability to cure diseases or to build steam-engines. The aptitude may exist, but it must be developed by training and education. This State, unfortunately, does not possess any of the leisure class which devotes itself to the study of abstract political questions. Not that that class alone would be likely to frame a good working instrument—John Locke's Carolina constitutions remain as a warning against experiments in that direction—but the steadying influence of the political student is necessary, and his voice was not heard in the convention of 1879.

The present constitution contained crudities, but many of them have been pared down and pruned off through the decisions of the supreme court. Others were deprived of their dangerous tendencies through the failure of the Republican legislature of 1880 and successive legislatures to enact laws to put them in operation. Still other defects have been remedied by constitutional amendments, until now the instrument is in the main satisfactory and the State has prospered under it. Such defects as yet remain, may, as occasion arises to draw attention to them, be remedied by judicial interpretation or by further amendments.

There is no necessity at the present time for a constitutional convention as was proposed by the late legislature. The proposition was railroaded through during the hurry and confusion of the last days of the session, and for the purpose of shirking the necessity for considering the great number of constitutional amendments that had been proposed. The constitution of 1849 served satisfactorily for thirty years, though it was framed at a time when the future growth of the State could not have been dreamed of. In 1879 the conditions had changed sufficiently to justify a demand for a new instrument, though the disturbed state of the public mind rendered it an unfortunate time for such an undertaking. The State had grown from a mining camp to a modern commonwealth, with all its varied and complex interests; the population had increased nearly tenfold. Many of the practical ideas of government had been modified; many new theories had been developed and justified by experience in older communities. The present constitution has been in force barely twenty years; its provisions have not yet all been settled by the courts and will not be for many years to come; the social, industrial, and political conditions of the State have not changed sufficiently to justify setting aside the framework now in use. The State has grown in population and in wealth, but the political problems remain the same as they were twenty years ago.

There is always a danger in these political revolutions, peaceful though they may be. There is inevitable loss of efficiency in the government during the period of transition; business affairs are disturbed; the relations of individuals to each other and to the government must be readjusted; the laws must be remodeled to fit the new conditions and endless litigation must ensue before people can know just where they stand. All of this means increased expense and increased taxation without any adequate return. It has all been done under the present constitution, and will not have to be done again so long as that instrument remains in force. It would be the extreme of folly to throw its results away and begin all over again without sufficient cause, and no sufficient cause has been shown to exist. No demand for a new constitution has come from the people or even from the courts, where the necessity for such a change would first be felt.

If changes in the fundamental law are necessary, the plan now in use of amendment is far better than the preparation of a wholly new instrument. A constitutional convention consists of only one house, and lacks the sobering and clarifying effects of discussion in two separate bodies. Its deliberations do not even require the consideration that is demanded of ordinary legislation, for, besides the absence of the bicameral feature, there is no veto power reposed in the governor. The result of its deliberations must be accepted or rejected as a whole; the bad going with the good if any part is to be accepted. The amendment, on the other hand, contains but one provision; it must be passed by both legislative houses, after which there is an interval of two years for deliberation and discussion,

when the people may form and record their calm, sober judgment.

During the last three years California has had enough of politics and enough of hard times. What is required now is a period of rest and recuperation. The business men desire to turn their whole attention to business affairs; the laboring men desire that industry should be stimulated in order that there should be no necessity for subscriptions to furnish work for the unemployed again. This can not be accomplished during the heat and excitement of electing a convention, voting on a new constitution, and then putting it in operation if it is adopted.

We observe by the Washington dispatches that Senator Morgan, of Alabama, concluded, on April 13th, his four days' speech in the Senate on the resolution declaring to the world "that a state of war exists in Cuba."

We would like to point out to this venerable Solon that a state of stagnation exists in the United States. The House has finished its deliberations upon the new tariff bill, and has turned it over to the Senate. The whole country is waiting for the action of Congress. Whether men believe or disbelieve in the Dingley tariff bill cuts no figure—all are interested in having the matter of tariff legislation settled. The President is waiting for the Senate, the House is waiting for the Senate, the whole country is waiting for the Senate.

What is the Senate doing? It is spending its time in listening to the frothing, yawping, and screeching of this Alabama wind-bag on a question which, admitting that it concerns us, concerns us much less than our own affairs. For four days this man has taken up the time of the Senate, the time of Congress, and the time of the people of the United States, in a harangue about the wrongs of a people of another race, another color, and another land. Admitting that it is our duty to look after the affairs of our neighbors, we submit that it is certainly our duty first to look after our own. When we shall have settled the tariff question, when we shall have settled the currency question, when we shall have again set mill wheels to whirling and factory chimneys smoking, and when the ruined business men and the unemployed workmen of the United States are again enabled to provide for themselves and their families—then we may have time to listen to discourses upon the sufferings of other peoples. In the meantime, we have enough to do with looking out for our own.

We note with a certain amount of satisfaction that even the Senate, with its absurd rule of "senatorial courtesy"—of which the American people are getting very tired, despite Senator Hoar's recent defense of the Senate and "senatorial courtesy"—is getting too much Morgan. On the fourth day of his speech his auditors were reduced to five Republican and nine Democratic senators, with nobody in the gallery. Inasmuch as Senator Morgan was thus debarred from "playing to the gallery," it seems odd that he should continue, were it not for the fact that sensational newspapers throughout the country delight in spreading his gahhles before the people of the land. Among the gems of oratory which dropped from his lips, we note this:

"I fear the American people can not be held in check much longer but that they will cross the Gulf of Mexico as the Greeks are crossing the Mediterranean Sea to avenge the cruelties which only Turks and Spaniards are capable of inflicting."

This we are inclined to doubt. The day of miracles is past, and few Americans nowadays would take the chance of crossing in the Morgan manner as did the Israelite through the Red Sea. Continuing, Senator Morgan said:

"Cuba has had no friend to help her as France helped us. But I am confident that Cuba will win her freedom, for that glorious end is written in the stars."

This eloquent touch at the end is reminiscent of the beautiful beer-saloon ballad, "Read the Answer in the Stars." It has been sung by innumerable cantatrices with alcoholic mezzo-sopranos to beer-sodden auditors until there was not a dry eye in the house. Evidently Senator Morgan has heard this beautiful ballad, and it has made an impression upon his mind. This suggests to us what an excellent idea it would be for Senator Morgan to leave the Senate and go upon the stage—the variety-hall stage. He is taking up too much of the time of Congress with his Cuban speeches. Why could he not appear as a music-hall star, and deliver these lectures with stereopticon views? With a good piano and cornet, and a lady with bleached hair to sing each evening at the close of the lecture "Read the Answer in the Stars," we are certain that Senator Morgan would draw big money.

The important part that Russia is playing in the European complications emphasizes rather than detracts attention from the predominance the country is gaining in Asia. The Autocrat of the Russias seems destined, before many years have passed, to become the Autocrat of the Old World and to dic-

NO TIME
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CONSTITUTIONS.

THE SIBERIAN
RAILWAY AND
SAN FRANCISCO.

tate policies over two continents. The understanding with China, by which the Trans-Siberian Railway is practically to make its eastern terminus on the Gulf of Pechili, indicates that Russia will bear an important part in the long-delayed opening of China. It is reported that somewhat similar arrangements are about to be made to develop the trade with Persia and south-western Asia, and the next few years will probably witness a vast commercial development in that continent, in which movement Russia will play an important rôle. What is to be the effect upon San Francisco of this industrial awakening? What share of the trade will this city secure? What increased market will there be for goods from this port? What part of the business will take a westerly course to Europe and how much of it will come to this city? These are questions of great importance and lively interest to the merchants here.

During the last few years there has been a most gratifying increase in the trade between this country and Asiatic Russia, and, while this city has not maintained its proportion of the total business, there has been a healthy growth and San Francisco easily maintains its leading position among the ports of the country. In 1892 the imports from Asiatic Russia amounted to \$320,167, all of which came to this city for subsequent distribution. In the same year the exports were \$120,200, and San Francisco shipped 96.4 per cent. of the whole, the remainder going from New York. Since that time the imports have increased, reaching \$441,013 in 1895, and dropping to \$346,649 the next year. The exports have increased steadily until they reached \$568,002 last year—more than twice what they were in 1895, and nearly five times as much as in 1892. Of the imports, furs and furskins have formed 99 per cent. during the last five years. Wheat flour constituted nearly one-third of the exports (32.1 per cent.), manufactures of iron and steel—largely agricultural implements, but including some railroad supplies—a little more than one-quarter (28.3 per cent.), and the remainder was made up of miscellaneous articles, including canned goods of all kinds for the workers on the railway, and in the mines, beef and salt.

As has been said, this city controls by far the larger part of the business, and New York is second. In 1892, San Francisco had 100 per cent. of the imports and 96.4 per cent. of the exports. In 1896, there was still 99.8 per cent. of the imports coming to this port and 92.3 per cent. of the exports going from here. New York is the only port that has shared the imports with this city during the last five years, except some small irregular shipments. Last year Galveston shipped 1.2 per cent. of the exports; Puget Sound, 1.4 per cent.; and Portland, .3 per cent. During the other years the business was divided between San Francisco and New York, the latter getting nearly one-tenth in 1893 and 1894, and about one-half of that proportion in the other years. Representing the trade of this city in 1892 by 100, in the succeeding years it was 94.4, 115.7, 145.8, 199.6, or an increase of very nearly 100 per cent. for the five years.

It is evident, however, that the opening of the Trans-Siberian Railway will work a revolution in the trade, both as to amount and as to articles dealt in. Siberia has vast tracts of land suitable for raising grain, the cultivation of which will become possible with the operation of the railway. It is probable, therefore, that the demand for American flour will drop off, and that in time Siberia will become a competitor in the world's wheat-markets. This will, however, create a demand for agricultural implements that can be met in this country better than in any other. The demand for meat products and a part of the demand for canned goods will also fall off, since there are large areas suitable for grazing. On the other hand, the increased population and the greater prosperity resulting from the development of the resources of the country will enable Siberia to purchase many of the products of this country that are not now sold there. Canned fruits and vegetables, and, in time, fresh fruits, all varieties of manufactured articles, particularly agricultural and mining machinery and railroad supplies, hardware, and some varieties of cloth and provisions will find a market there.

For the products of Siberia it is not probable that there will be much demand in this country, with the exception possibly of coal, of which there are extensive deposits of a good quality. The greater part of this trade will probably go to Europe. At the same time the cost of transportation and the time in transit of European goods coming to this city will be considerably reduced, and there is likely to be an extensive increase of business in this direction, while the sales of goods from this city in Europe, which have of late years reached infinitesimal proportions, will receive an extensive impetus.

The development of the trade with China is not likely to affect this city materially. The lines of commerce between China and Europe are now by the way of Australia and Cape Horn, through the Suez Canal, or by

Victoria and the Canadian Pacific Railway. Practically none of it passes through San Francisco. The greater part of it will go by the Trans-Siberian Railway, thereby crippling the other routes, but not affecting this city. So far as can be foreseen, therefore, San Francisco has much to gain and little to lose by the opening of the railway to traffic, and the merchants here may well look forward to that event with eager anticipation.

Those people in California and on the Hawaiian Islands who speak with so much confidence of the safety of the Hawaiian reciprocity treaty will find their confidence somewhat shaken by a Washington dispatch under date of April 13th. By this it appears that Senator Nelson, of Minnesota, has introduced a bill giving notice to the Hawaiian Government of the abrogation of the reciprocity treaty at the end of one year. The introduction of this bill by the senator from Minnesota has caused some surprise, as it was believed that the only interest antagonistic to Hawaiian reciprocity was the sugar interest of the South, and that the opposition, if any, would come from Southern senators. This resolution, however, coming from a Minnesota senator, shows that the opposition to Hawaiian reciprocity is much more wide-spread than has been believed. Further than that, Senator Perkins is in receipt of petitions from citizens of California, opposing a continuation of the treaty, on the ground that it is against the beet-sugar interest of California and is entirely in favor of the islands. The country has hitherto paid little attention to this treaty, considering the matter too insignificant to discuss. But from these various indications, so widely scattered geographically, it is evident that Hawaiian reciprocity is attracting the attention of the nation. It is our belief that as soon as it is investigated, its one-sidedness will be seen, as well as the fact that it is engaged in building up the fortunes of a few scores of island planters at an expense to this country of some ten or fifteen millions of dollars a year. It is our belief that Hawaiian reciprocity is doomed.

The efforts of the board of health to protect the community against dealers in adulterated foods are meeting with some success. The inspectors of the health department have been trying in vain to purchase those brands of jelly that have been condemned, and, as they were unknown to the dealers, it is evident that those jellies are not now on sale in this market. In some cases the fraudulent mixtures have been returned to the manufacturers, which is the procedure that should be followed in every case. It is the manufacturers who are most to blame, and they should be made to bear the loss. The dealers know from whom they purchased the goods, and know that they can recover damages where the goods are not what they were represented to be when sold. Where they knowingly purchased adulterated or substituted goods, they made themselves parties to the fraud and can not complain if they are made to suffer loss.

In other cases, it is asserted, unscrupulous dealers have shipped the goods to interior towns to be sold there where the enforcement of honest methods is not so stringent. This is, of course, merely an evasion, but for the present it can not be prevented. The board of health now has all that it can attend to in this city. The remedy must grow out of the pure-food congress to be held during the last days of this month, at which delegates from all parts of the State will be present, and a concerted plan of action may be adopted. The names of Supervisors Dodge, Clinton, and Rottanzi and Mayor Phelan have been suggested as the delegates from this city, and their appointment would secure a delegation that would insure an active and able representation of the subject. The counties of Los Angeles, Santa Cruz, and San Joaquin have already appointed their delegations, and interest in the congress is active throughout the State. Professor Hilgard, of the State University, who has made a special study of adulteration, President Jordan, of Stanford, and other prominent men will deliver addresses, and the result of the deliberations should be most valuable.

In the meantime, a further illustration of the advance that is being made is presented by the expressed willingness of the manufacturers to label their goods in such manner that the public may know what materials enter into their composition. This policy, if carried out, would go far toward removing one cause of complaint. The fear expressed by some that it would destroy the demand for such goods in the Eastern and Central States would probably not be justified by actual experience. The public would soon come to realize that the cheap goods are adulterated, and they would be attracted rather than repelled by honest and frank treatment.

One of the most emphatic of those who express a desire to label their goods honestly is Mr. Welker, of the Pacific Coast Syrup Company, who has had some unpleasant experiences through selling substitutions. His present attitude

is to be commended, but he is wrong when he claims that glucose, as it is usually prepared, is a perfectly wholesome article of diet. It is true that in its preparation the chemical action of one of the processes of digestion is followed, the starch being transformed to glucose by the action of acids. But nature acts more regularly and with more certainty than can be secured by artificial means. Medical authorities agree that many diseases of the stomach and kidneys result from the use of the glucose of commerce for purposes of adulteration. The unfortunate prevalence of Bright's disease, which has claimed so many victims, is attributed in large measure to this cause. As quoted in these columns recently, Dr. Albert Hoy, an eminent physician of Chicago, in writing on this subject, says that "commercial glucose, as made from starch by chemical action, is not a proper and acceptable substitute for the glucose of nature. . . . Its continued use is sure to overtax the functions of the liver and kidneys. Nature will not accept commercial glucose as a substitute for the natural kind." It is unnecessary to repeat here the numerous illustrations that have been given heretofore in these columns.

The board of health has adopted a wise course, in view of the magnitude of their undertaking, in deciding to proceed first against those adulterators whose products are injurious to health, and second against those who offer for sale goods that are merely harmless substitutions. As to the latter class, it has also been decided to give warning before prosecutions are instituted. At the same time there is to be no relaxation of the efforts to stamp out the practice, and those who continue to offend will be vigorously prosecuted. This will reduce the work of the board considerably, and, at the same time, will probably be equally effective, since few of the dealers will be willing to incur the expense and loss of business that would result from a prosecution under such circumstances.

The retail dealers can and should do more than this, however. They are in a position to discover the manufacturers of impure goods more effectively than the board of health can, and without effort. They can deal them a more decisive blow than can be administered through legal prosecutions. When the retail dealers refuse to purchase or handle adulterated goods, the manufacturers can find no sale for them and will soon cease making them. There is every reason why the retail dealers should adopt this course. They owe it to themselves and to their customers. They escape the danger of prosecution and of loss from having on hand a stock of goods that can not be sold. They preserve their reputation for honest dealing and the confidence of their customers. The adoption of any other course of conduct can but work them harm.

We are sorry to see that another American battle-ship is grounded while being docked. The last one was the *Texas*, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. This time it is the *Oregon*, at the Puget Sound dock. It seems extraordinary that the officers of the United States navy, with such vast and costly engines of war intrusted to their charge, should not be able to dock them as well and as safely as the masters of passenger packet steamers. But such seems to be the case. The *Oregon* cost the government nearly six millions of dollars, and this great sum has been in jeopardy. We trust that the damage is slight, but the fact remains that accidents to American ships of war are too numerous. It is calculated to raise doubts in the minds of the people as to the efficiency of the American navy. If the commanders of our warships can not take them successfully into a dock, it is extremely doubtful whether they could take them successfully into an action.

We note with regret that the executors of the Mervin Donahue trust, leaving twenty-five thousand dollars for the erection of a memorial fountain to his father, have restricted the designs to sculptors in California. One of the executors, Mr. McGlynn, is thus quoted in a daily paper:

"Peter Donahue came to California when he was a poor man, and he made all his money here. He loved California and so did his son, and for those reasons we have decided to have the design made by a Californian. We have been urged by many people to open the competition to the world, in order to be assured of a high work of art, but I think we have sufficient talent in California."

We fail to see the force of Mr. McGlynn's reasoning. We suppose that the Donahue executors are honestly trying to carry out the wishes of the dead man, and therefore that they desire to get the best for his money. The best in this case is the best art. Do they think they can get the best art in California? If they sincerely think so, what is the necessity of restricting the competition to California? If the best art is procurable here, California sculptors need fear no competition from other artists. If the best is not obtainable here, are the executors of the Donahue estate carrying out the desires of the dead man, and are they honestly executing their trust?

A DEAL IN OSTRICHES.

From "The Stolen Bacillus."

"Talking of the prices of birds, I've seen an ostrich that cost three hundred pounds," said the Taxidermist, recalling his youth of travel. "Three hundred pounds!"

He looked at me over his spectacles. "I've seen another that was refused at four.

"No," he said, "it wasn't any fancy prices. They was just plain ostriches. A little off color, too—owing to dietary. And there wasn't any particular restriction of the demand, either. You'd have thought five ostriches would have ruled cheap on an East Indian. But the point was, one of 'em had swallowed a diamond.

"The chap it got it off was Sir Mohini Padishah, a tremendous swell—a Piccadilly swell you might say up to the neck of him, and then an ugly black head and a whopping turban, with this diamond in it. The blessed bird pecked suddenly and had it, and when the chap made a fuss, it realized it had done wrong, I suppose, and went and mixed itself with the others to preserve its *incog*. It all happened in a minute. I was among the first to arrive, and there was this heathen going over his gods, and two sailors and the man who had charge of the birds laughing fit to split. It was a rummy way of losing a jewel, come to think of it. The man in charge hadn't been about just at the moment, so that he didn't know which bird it was. Clean lost, you see. I didn't feel half sorry, to tell you the truth. The beggar had been swaggering over his blessed diamond ever since he came aboard.

"A thing like that goes from stem to stern of a ship in no time. Every one was talking about it. Padishah went below to hide his feelings. At dinner—he pigged at a table by himself, him and two other Hindoos—the captain kind of jeered at him about it, and he got very excited. He turned round and talked into my ear. He would not buy the birds; he would have his diamond. He demanded his rights as a British subject. His diamond must be found. He was firm upon that. He would appeal to the House of Lords. The man in charge of the birds was one of those wooden-headed chaps you can't get a new idea into anyhow. He refused any proposal to interfere with the birds by way of medicine. His instructions were to feed them so-and-so and treat them so-and-so, and it was as much as his place was worth not to feed them so-and-so and treat them so-and-so. Padishah had wanted a stomach-pump—though you can't do that to a bird, you know. This Padishah was full of bad law, like most of these blessed Bengalis, and talked of having a lien on the birds, and so forth. But an old boy, who said his son was a London barrister, argued that what a bird swallowed became *ipso facto* part of the bird, and that Padishah's only remedy lay in an action for damages, and even then it might be possible to show contributory negligence. He hadn't any right of way about an ostrich that didn't belong to him. That upset Padishah extremely, the more so as most of us expressed an opinion that that was the reasonable view. There wasn't any lawyer aboard to settle the matter, so we all talked pretty free. At last, after Aden, it appears that he came round to the general opinion, and went privately to the man in charge and made an offer for all five ostriches.

"The next morning there was a fine shindy at breakfast. The man hadn't any authority to deal with the birds, and nothing on earth would induce him to sell; but it seems he told Padishah that a Eurasian named Potter had already made him an offer, and on that Padishah denounced Potter before us all. But I think the most of us thought it rather smart of Potter, and I know that when Potter said that he'd wired at Aden to London to buy the birds, and would have an answer at Suez, I cursed pretty richly at a lost opportunity.

"At Suez, Padishah gave way to tears—actual wet tears—when Potter became the owner of the birds, and offered him two hundred and fifty right off for the five, being more than two hundred per cent. on what Potter had given. Potter said he'd be hanged if he parted with a feather of them—that he meant to kill them off one by one and find the diamond; but afterwards, thinking it over, he relented a little. He was a gambling hound, was this Potter, a little queer at cards, and this kind of prize-packet business must have suited him down to the ground. Anyhow, he offered, for a lark, to sell the birds separately to separate people by auction at a starting price of eighty pounds for a bird. But one of them, he said, he meant to keep for luck.

"You must understand this diamond was a valuable one—a little Jew chap, a diamond merchant, who was with us, had put it at three or four thousand when Padishah had shown it to him—and this idea of an ostrich gamble caught on. Now it happened that I'd been having a few talks on general subjects with the man who looked after these ostriches, and quite incidentally he'd said one of the birds was ailing, and he fancied it had indigestion. It had one feather in its tail almost all white, by which I knew it, and so when, next day, the auction started with it, I capped Padishah's eighty-five by ninety. I fancy I was a bit too sure and eager with my bid, and some of the others spotted the fact that I was in the know. And Padishah went for that particular bird like an irresponsible lunatic. At last the Jew diamond merchant got it for one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and Padishah said one hundred and eighty pounds just after the hammer came down—so Potter declared. At any rate the Jew merchant secured it, and there and then he got a gun and shot it. Potter made a Hades of a fuss because he said it would injure the sale of the other three, and Padishah, of course, behaved like an idiot; but all of us were very much excited. I can tell you I was precious glad when that dissection was over, and no diamond had turned up—precious glad. I'd gone to one-forty on that particular bird myself.

"The little Jew was like most Jews—he didn't make any

great fuss over bad luck; but Potter declined to go on with the auction until it was understood that the goods could not be delivered until the sale was over. The little Jew wanted to argue that the case was exceptional, and as the discussion ran pretty even, the thing was postponed until the next morning. We had a lively dinner-table that evening, I can tell you, but in the end, Potter got his way, since it would stand to reason he would be safer if he stuck to all the birds, and that we owed him some consideration for his sportsman-like behavior. And the old gentleman whose son was a lawyer said he'd been thinking the thing over and that it was very doubtful if, when a bird had been opened and the diamond recovered, it ought not to be handed back to the proper owner. I remember I suggested it came under the laws of treasure-trove—which was really the truth of the matter. There was a hot argument, and we settled it was certainly foolish to kill the bird on board the ship. Then the old gentleman, going at large through his legal talk, tried to make out the sale was a lottery and illegal, and appealed to the captain; but Potter said he sold the birds as ostriches. He didn't want to sell any diamonds, he said, and didn't offer that as an inducement. The three birds he put up, to the best of his knowledge and belief, did not contain a diamond. It was in the one he kept—so he hoped.

"Prices ruled high next day all the same. The fact that now there were four chances instead of five of course caused a rise. The blessed birds averaged two hundred and twenty-seven, and, oddly enough, this Padishah didn't secure one of 'em—not one. He made too much shindy, and when he ought to have been bidding he was talking about liens, and, besides, Potter was a bit down on him. One fell to a quiet little officer chap, another to the little Jew, and the third was syndicated by the engineers. And then Potter seemed suddenly sorry for having sold them, and said he'd flung away a clear thousand pounds, and that very likely he'd draw a blank, and that he always had been a fool; but when I went and had a bit of a talk to him, with the idea of getting him to hedge on his last chance, I found he'd already sold the bird he'd reserved to a political chap that was on board—a chap who'd been studying Indian morals and social questions in his vacation. That last was the three-hundred-pounds bird. Well, they landed three of the blessed creatures at Brindisi—though the old gentleman said it was a breach of the customs regulations—and Potter and Padishah landed too. The Hindoo seemed half mad as he saw his blessed diamond going this way and that, so to speak. He kept on saying he'd get an injunction—he had injunction on the brain—and giving his name and address to the chaps who'd bought the birds, so that they'd know where to send the diamond. None of them wanted his name and address, and none of them would give their own. It was a fine row, I can tell you—on the platform. They all went off by different trains. I came on to Southampton, and there I saw the last of the birds, as I came ashore; it was the one the engineers bought, and it was standing up near the bridge, in a kind of crate, and looking as leggy and silly a setting for a valuable diamond as ever you saw—if it was a setting for a valuable diamond.

"How did it end? Oh! like that. Well—perhaps. Yes, there's one more thing that may throw light on it. A week or so after landing I was down Regent Street doing a bit of shopping, and who should I see arm-in-arm and having a purple time of it but Padishah and Potter. If you come to think of it—

"Yes. I've thought that. Only, you see, there's no doubt the diamond was real. And Padishah was an eminent Hindoo. I've seen his name in the papers—often. But whether the bird swallowed the diamond certainly is another matter, as you say."

H. G. WELLS.

The tyranny of trusts is the most popular of texts; but there is occasionally some tyranny on the other side. For example, a well-known trust, which is building new offices, has just received notice from a walking-delegate that it must buy the lumber needed in New York city. If it contracts for it outside of that city, every man at work on the building will go on a strike. The trust announced that it would purchase its supplies wherever it could get them cheapest.

One of the principal clauses of the divorce law in France forbids marriage between the respondent and co-respondent of a case. This has been practically set at naught by the recent decision of the supreme court of appeal at Paris, according to which the tribunals have no power to annul a union of this kind in instances where the parties thereto have been able to secure the celebration of their marriage by some public officer ignorant of their antecedents.

Mexico has adopted the theory that every citizen is bound to defend the soil, the interests, and the honor of his country as a soldier. Thus in future a wealthy Mexican will have to serve in the army, at least in case of war, as well as a poor one. The constitution has to be amended for this purpose, but there is little doubt that all the states of the great Central American federation will give their consent.

H. M. S. *Star* is the first of eight torpedo-boat destroyers being built for the British navy. She is two hundred and fifteen feet in length and twenty feet nine inches in breadth, her contract speed being thirty knots per hour; she is the fastest vessel afloat.

Marshal Lannes's divorce from his wife, granted on Fructidor 8 of the year VIII. (August 25, 1800), has been declared valid by the Perpignan courts. Suit to set it aside had been brought by descendants of his divorced wife.

The Japanese Government, instead of presenting medals to the soldiers who took part in the war against China, is to give them excellent Swiss watches.

OLD FAVORITES.

[From "Colonial Ballads," by Margaret J. Preston, whose death we chron- iced last week.]

The First Proclamation of Miles Standish.

NOVEMBER, A. D. 1620.

"Ho, Rose!" quoth the stout Miles Standish,
As he stood on the *Mayflower's* deck,
And gazed on the sandy coast-line
That loomed as a misty speck

On the edge of the distant off-shore—
"See! yonder we have in view
Bartholomew Gosnold's 'headlands,'
'Twas in sixteen hundred and two

"That the *Concord* of Dartmouth anchored
Just there where the beach is broad,
And the merry old captain named it
(Half-swamped by the fish)—Cape Cod.

"And so, as his mighty 'headlands'
Are scarcely a league away,
What say you to landing, sweetheart,
And having a washing-day?

"For did not the mighty Leader
Who guided the chosen band
Pause under the peaks of Sinai,
And issue his strict command—

"(For even the least assuiment
Of Egypt the spirit loathes)—
Or ever they entered Canaan,
The people should wash their clothes?

"The land we have left is noisome,
And rank with the smirch of sin;
The land that we seek should find us
Clean-vestured without and within."

"Dear heart"—and the sweet Rose Standish
Looked up with a tear in her eye;
She was back in the flag-stoned kitchen
Where she watched, in the days gone by,

Her mother among her maidens,
(She should watch them no more, alas!)
And saw as they stretched the linen
To bleach on the Suffolk grass.

In a moment her brow was cloudless,
As she leaned on the vessel's rail,
And thought of the sea-stained garments,
Of coif and of farthingale;

And the doublets of fine Welsh flannel,
The tuckers and homespun gowns,
And the piles of the hosen knitted
From the wool of the Devon downs.

So the matrons aboard the *Mayflower*
Made ready with eager hand
To drop from the deck their baskets
As soon as the prow touched land.

And there did the Pilgrim Mothers,
"On a Monday," the record says,
Ordain for their new-found England
The first of her washing-days.

And there did the Pilgrim Fathers,
With matchlock and axe well slung,
Keep guard o'er the smoking kettles
That propt on the crotches hung.

For the trail of the startled savage
Was over the marshy grass,
And the glint of his eyes kept peering
Through cedar and sassafras.

And the children were mad with pleasure
As they gathered the twigs in sheaves,
And piled on the fire the fagots,
And heaped up the autumn leaves.

"Do the thing that is next," saith the proverb,
And a nobler shall yet succeed—
'Tis the motive exalts the action;
'Tis the doing, and not the deed;

For the earliest act of the heroes
Whose fame has a world-wide sway
Was—to fashion a crane for a kettle,
And order a washing-day!

The Last Meeting of Pocahontas and the Great Captain.

A. D. 1616.

In a stately hall at Brentford, when the English June was green,
Sat the Indian Princess, summoned that her graces might be seen,
For the rumor of her beauty filled the ear of court and Queen.

There for audience as she waited, with half-scoffing, silent air,
All undazzled by the splendor gleaming round her everywhere,
Dight in brodered hose and doublet, came a courtier down the stair.

As with striding step he hasted, burdened with the Queen's command,
Loud he cried, in tone that tingled, "Welcome, welcome to my land!"
But a tremor seized the Princess, and she drooped upon her hand.

"What! no word, my Sparkling-Water? Must I come on bended knee?
I were slain within the forest, I were dead beyond the sea;
On the banks of wild Pamunkey, I had perished but for thee.

"Ah, I keep a heart right loyal, that can never more forget!
I can hear the rush, the breathing; I can see the eyelids wet;
I can feel the sudden tightening of thine arms about me yet.

"Nay, look up. Thy father's daughter never feared the face of man,
Shrank not from the forest darkness when her doe-like footsteps ran
To my cabin, bringing tidings of the craft of Powhatan."

With extended arms, entreating, stood the stalwart Captain there,
While the courtiers press around her, and the passing pages stare;
But no sign gave Pocahontas underneath her veil of hair.

All her lithe and willowy figure quivered like an aspen-leaf,
And she crouched as if she shivered, frost-touched by some sudden grief,
Turning only on her husband, Rolfe, one glance, sharp, searching, brief.

At the Captain's haughty gesture, back the curious courtiers fell,
And with soothest word and accent he besought that she would tell
Why she turned away, nor greeted him whom she had served so well.

But for two long hours the Princess dumbly sate and bowed her head,
Moveless as the statue near her. When at last she spake, she said:
"White man's tongue is false. It told me—that my brave was dead."

"And I lay upon my deer-skins all one moon of falling leaves,
(Who hath care for song or corn-dance, when the voice within her grieves?)
Looking westward where the souls go, up the path the sunset weaves.

"Call me 'child' now. It is over. On my husband's arm I lean;
Never shadow, *Nenemosa*, our twin hearts shall come between;
Take my hand, and let us follow the great Captain to his Queen."

A LITERARY SENSATION.

Passages from Sienkiewicz's "Quo Vadis"—Something about the

Author—A Lucullan Feast, the Burning of Rome, and a Massacre of Christians.

A novel that is attracting much attention just now is "Quo Vadis," translated from the Polish of Henrick Sienkiewicz by Jeremiah Curtin. The author has already been introduced to American readers by Mr. Curtin's translation of his now famous trilogy, "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael," but his personality is little known. The following brief account of him is given by one who has been intimately associated with him for many years:

He is descended from one of the oldest and noblest families in Lithuania. He was educated at Warsaw, and in his youth became known as a contributor to the journals of Poland. These early efforts were stories and sketches of peasant life. Later he became editor of a review in St. Petersburg, but it was not until some years after he took this post that an incident occurred which introduced him to the world at large. In 1877 a coterie of well-known Polish musicians and writers conceived a scheme similar to our own Brook Farm. Its object, however, was to establish a Utopia for Polish genius in America. The plan was ardently discussed in Paris, where lived at that time Kalixt de Wolski, a writer whose travels in the United States had decided the founders in their search for a site for their colony. De Wolski himself discouraged the attempt, but the more ardent spirits prevailed, and in the end about a dozen of the original number sailed from Havre. Among them were Sienkiewicz, Count Bozenta Chlapowski, and his wife, Helena Modjeska.

The exiles settled near Los Angeles, in California, calling their colony Anna Luni. As usual, poetry and art proved unsubstantial foundations for a permanent settlement. The attempt failed, but, indirectly it served an end far different from that which the founders had had in view. Pecuniary losses led Mme. Modjeska to study her first English rôle. She appeared in San Francisco in an English version of "Adrienne Lecouvreur." The failure of the Utopia also brought Sienkiewicz into wider notice. On his return to Europe his American sketches, adapted and translated for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, were read and approved by the Parisians, making a name for him before the publication of "With Fire and Sword" and its celebrated successors.

The private life of Sienkiewicz has been uneventful. His wife, a Lithuanian lady of rank, died young, leaving him with two beautiful children. In the latter and in foreign travel the novelist finds his pleasures. He spends the winter months at Warsaw, where he is editor of more than one journal. In one of them, the *Krag*, all his romances have appeared. As fast as the *feuilletons* are published, translations are brought out in Vienna and Berlin. Until recently these have been signed with the pseudonym, "Litwos." During the summer, Sienkiewicz lives at his villa, on the coast of Brittany. Some of his most powerful tales are of the half-savage Bretons and their wild, picturesque country, rich in legend and romance. Readers of "Quo Vadis" will not be surprised to hear that Italy stands next to Brittany in the novelist's affections. He is now between forty-five and fifty years old, tall, dignified in carriage, and with delightful manners. He is calm, reserved, but sympathetic. He is Polish to his finger-tips, with the wit, artistic taste, and pride characteristic of his countrymen. His mind is serious, judicial, fastidious, clinging lovingly to the past. As a talker he is intellectual and earnest, he likes to associate with men of letters, and he takes a keen interest in science, but of late years he has not been seen much in general society.

"Quo Vadis," which has not had a sensational success, but is growing steadily in a deserved and lasting popularity, is a story of Rome in the time of Nero, or not so much a story as a panorama of the Eternal City in the days of its decadence. The author describes vividly scene after scene of its varied life, bringing them together with a thread of story in which the chief figures are a Christian maid, a barbarian princess held as a hostage, and a patrician whom she wins over to the new religion. The narrative is long and involved, and we shall content ourselves in this notice with reproducing a few of the more striking scenes. Here, for example, is an account of a feast at which the young Roman and the Christian girl are present, and where for the first time she sees the dread figure of Nero:

In Rome it was the custom to recline at banquets, but at home Lygia occupied a place between Pomponia and little Aulus. Now Vinicius was reclining near her, youthful, immense, in love, burning; and she, feeling the heat that issued from him, felt both delight and shame. A kind of sweet weakness, a kind of faintness and forgetfulness, seized her; it was as if drowsiness tortured her.

But her nearness to him began to act on Vinicius also. His nostrils dilated, like those of an Eastern steed. The beating of his heart with unusual throb was evident under his scarlet tunic; his breathing grew short, and the expressions that fell from his lips were broken. For the first time, too, he was so near her. His thoughts grew disturbed; he felt a flame in his veins which he tried in vain to quench with wine. Not wine, but her marvelous face, her bare arms, her maiden breast heaving under the golden tunic, and her form hidden in the white folds of the peplus, intoxicated him more and more. Finally, he seized her arm above the wrist, as he had done once at Aulus's, and drawing her toward him whispered with trembling lips—

"I love thee, Callina—divine one."

"Let me go, Marcus," said Lygia.

But he continued, his eyes mist-covered, "Love me, my god-less!"

But at that moment was heard the voice of Acte, who was reclining on the other side of Lygia.

"Cæsar is looking at you both."

Everything that Nero did aroused attention, even in those nearest him; hence Vinicius was alarmed. He regained self-control, and began imperceptibly to look toward Cæsar. Lygia, who, embarrassed at the beginning of the banquet, had seen Nero as in a mist, and afterward, occupied by the presence and conversation of Vinicius, had not looked at him at all, turned her eyes at once curious and terrified.

Acte spoke truly. Cæsar had bent over the table, half-closed one eye, and holding before the other a round, polished emerald which he used, was looking at them. For a moment his glance met Lygia's eyes, and the heart of the maiden was straitened with terror. When still a child on Aulus's Sicilian estate, an old Egyptian slave had told her of dragons which occupied dens in the mountains, and it seemed to her now that all at once the greenish eye of such a monster was gazing at her. She caught at Vinicius's hand as a frightened child would, and disconnected, quick impressions pressed into her head: Was not that he, the terrible, the all-powerful? She had not seen him hitherto, and she thought that he looked differently. She had imagined some kind of ghastly face, with malignity petrified in its features; now she saw a great head, fixed on a thick neck, terrible, it is true, but almost ridiculous, for from a distance it resembled the head of a child. A tunic of amethyst color, forbidden to ordinary mortals, cast a bluish tinge on his broad and short face. He had dark hair, dressed, in the fashion introduced by Otbo, in four curls. He had no beard, because shortly before he had sacrificed it to Jove—for which all Rome gave him thanks, though people whispered to each other that he had sacrificed it because his beard, like that of his whole family, was red. In his forehead, projecting strongly above his brows, there remained something Olympian. In his contracted brows the consciousness of supreme power was evident; but under that forehead of a demigod was the face of a monkey, a drunkard, and a comedian—vain, full of changing desires, swollen with fat, notwithstanding his youthful years; besides, it was sickly and foul. To Lygia he seemed ominous, but above all repulsive.

After a while he laid down the emerald and ceased to look at her. Then she saw his prominent blue eyes, blinking before the excess of light, glassy, without thought, resembling the eyes of the dead.

"Is that the hostage with whom Vinicius is in love?" asked he, turning to Petronius.

"That is she," answered Petronius.

"What are her people called?"

"The Lygians."

"Does Vinicius think her beautiful?"

"Array a rotten olive trunk in the peplus of a woman, and Vinicius will declare it beautiful. But on thy countenance, incomparable judge, I read her sentence already. Thou hast no need to pronounce it! The sentence is true: she is too dry, thin, a mere blossom on a slender stalk; and thou, O divine æsthes, esteem the stalk in a woman. Thrice and four times art thou right. The face alone does not signify. I have learned much in thy company, but even yet I have not a perfect cast of the eye. But I am ready to lay a wager with Tullius Senecio concerning his mistress, that although at a feast, when all are reclining, it is difficult to judge the whole form; but thou hast said in thy mind already, 'Too narrow in the hips.'"

"Too narrow in the hips," answered Nero, blinking. . . . The feast passed by degrees into a drunken revel and a dissolute orgie. The Syrian damsels, who appeared at first in the Bacchic dance, mingled now with the guests. The music changed into a disordered and wild outburst of citharas, lutes, Armenian cymbals, Egyptian sistras, trumpets, and horns. As some of the guests wished to talk, they shouted at the musicians to disappear. The air, filled with the odor of flowers and the perfume of oils with which beautiful boys had sprinkled the feet of the guests during the feast, permeated with saffron and the exhalations of people, became stifling; lamps burned with a dim flame; the wreaths dropped sideways on the heads of guests; faces grew pale and were covered with sweat. Vitellus rolled under the table. Nigidia, stripping herself to the waist, dropped her drunken, child-like head on the breast of Lucan, who, drunk in like degree, fell to following the golden powder from her hair and raising his eyes with immense delight.

The greater number of the guests were lying under the table; others were walking, with tottering tread, through the *triclinium*, while others were sleeping on couches at the table, snoring or giving forth the excess of wine. Meanwhile, from the golden net-work, roses were dropping continually on those drunken consuls and senators, on those drunken knights, philosophers, and poets, on those drunken dancing damsels and pædian ladies, on that society all dominant as yet, but with the soul gone from it, on that society garlanded and ungirdled but perishing.

Dawn had begun out-of-doors.

The author's account of the burning of Rome is one of the most striking passages in the book. From it we make the following extracts:

Ostrinum with its disorder gave barely a slight foretaste of that which was happening beneath the walls of the capital. All regard for dignity of law, for family ties, for difference of position, had ceased. Gladiators drunk with wine, seized in the Emporium, gathered in crowds, ran with wild shouts through the neighboring squares, scattering, trampling, and robbing the people. A multitude of barbarians, exposed for sale in the city, escaped from the booths. For them the burning and ruin of Rome was at once the end of slavery and the hour of revenge; so that when the permanent inhabitants, who had lost all they owned in the fire, stretched their hands to the gods in despair, calling for rescue, these slaves with howls of delight scattered the crowds, dragged clothing from the people's backs, and bore away the younger women. They were joined by slaves serving in the city from of old, wretches who had nothing on their bodies save the wooden girdle around their hips, dreadful figures from the alleys who were hardly ever seen on the streets in the daytime and whose existence in Rome it was difficult to suspect. Men of this wild and unrestrained crowd, Asiatics, Africans, Greeks, Thracians, Germans, Britons, howling in every language of the earth, raged, thinking that the hour had come in which they were free to reward themselves for years of suffering and misery. In the midst of that surging throng of humanity, in the glitter of day and of fire, shone the helmets of the pretorians, under whose protection the more peaceable population had taken refuge and who in hand-to-hand battle had to meet the raging multitude in many places. Vinicius had seen captured cities, but never had his eyes beheld a spectacle in which despair, tears, pain, groans, wild delight, madness, and license were mingled together in such immeasurable chaos. Above this heaving, mad human multitude roared the fire, surging up to the hill-tops of the greatest city on earth, sending into the whirling throng its fiery breath, and covering it with smoke, through which it was impossible to see the blue sky. . . .

Light from the burning city filled the sky as far as human eye could reach. The moon rose large and full from behind the mountains, and, inflamed at once by the glare, took on the color of heated brass. It seemed to look with amazement on the world-ruling city which was perishing. In the rose-colored abysses of heaven rose-colored stars were glittering; but in distinction from usual nights the earth was brighter than the heavens. Rome, like a giant pile, illuminated the whole Campania. In the bloody light were seen distant mountains, towns, villas, temples, monuments, and the aqueducts stretching toward the city from all the adjacent hills; on the aqueducts were swarms of people who had gathered there for safety or to gaze at the burning. . . .

"The shout, 'Rome is perishing!' did not leave the lips of the crowd; the ruin of the city seemed at that time to end every rule and loosen all bonds which hitherto had joined people in a single integrity. The mob, in which slaves were more numerous, cared nothing for the lordship of Rome. Destruction of the city could only free them; hence here and there they assumed a threatening attitude. Violence and robbery were extending. It seemed that only the spectacle of the perishing city arrested attention and restrained for the moment an outburst of slaughter which would begin immediately the city was turned into ruins. Hundreds of thousands of slaves, forgetting that Rome, besides temples and walls, possessed some tens of legions in all parts of the world, appeared merely waiting for a watchword and a leader. People began to mention the name of Spartacus; but Spartacus was not alive. Meanwhile citizens began to assemble and arm themselves each with what he could. The most monstrous reports were current at all the gates. Some declared that Vulcan, commanded by Jupiter, was destroying the city with fire beneath the earth; others that Vesta was taking vengeance for Rubria. People with these convictions did not care to save anything, but, besieging the temples, implored mercy of the gods. It was repeated most generally, however, that Cæsar had given command to burn Rome, so as to free himself from odors which rose from the Suburra, and build a new city under the name of Neronia. Rage seized the populace. . . .

In terror, in distraction, and bewilderment, people knew not where to flee. The streets were obstructed with goods, and in many narrow places were simply closed. Those who took refuge in the markets and squares of the city where the Flavian Amphitheatre stood afterward, near the Temple of the Earth, near the Portico of Silvia, and higher up, at the temples of Juno and Lucina, between the Clivus Viribus and the old Esquiline Gate, perished from the heat, surrounded by a sea of fire. In places not reached by the flames were found afterward hundreds of bodies burned to a crisp, though here and there unfortunates tore up flat stones and half-buried themselves in defense against the heat. Hardly a family inhabiting the centre of the city survived in full; hence along the walls, at the gates, on all roads were heard howls of despairing women, calling on the dear names of those who had perished in the throng or the fire. . . .

Tigellinus, assembling all the pretorian forces, dispatched courier after courier to Cæsar with an announcement that he would lose nothing of the grandeur of the spectacle, for the fire had increased.

But Nero, who was on the road, wished to come at night, so as to sate himself all the better with the picture of the perishing capital. He halted, therefore, in the neighborhood of Aqua Albana, and summoning to his tent the tragedian Aliturus, decided with his aid on posture, look, and expression; learned fitting gestures, disputing with the actor stubbornly whether at the words, "O sacred city, which seemed more enduring than Ida," he was to raise both hands, or, holding in one the *formina*, drop it by his side, and raise only the other. This question seemed to him then more important than all others. Starting at last about midnight, he took counsel of Petronius whether he might put a few magnificent blasphemies against the gods, and whether, considered from the point of view of art, they would not have rushed spontaneously from the mouth of a man in such a position, a man who was losing his birthplace. . . .

After he had passed the Clivus Delphini, he ascended the Applan Aqueduct on steps prepared purposely. After him followed the Augustians and a choir of singers, bearing *citharæ*, lutes, and other musical instruments.

And all held the breath in their breasts, waiting to learn if he would say some great words, which for their own safety they ought to remember. But he stood solemn, silent, in a purple mantle and a wreath of golden laurels, gazing at the raging might of the flames. When Terpnos gave him a golden lute, he raised his eyes to the sky, filled with the conflagration, as if he were waiting for inspiration.

The people pointed at him from afar as he stood in the bloody gleam. In the distance fiery serpents were hissing. The ancient and most sacred edifices were in flames; the temple of Hercules, reared by Evander, was burning; the temple of Jupiter Stator was burning, and the temple of Luna, built by Servius Tullius, and the house of Numa Pompilius, and the sanctuary of Vesta with the *penates* of the Roman people; through the waving flames the capitol appeared at intervals; the past and the spirit of Rome were burning. But he, Cæsar, was there with a lute in his hand and a theatrical expression on his face, not thinking of his perishing country, but of his posture and the prophetic words with which he might describe best the greatness of the catastrophe, rouse most admiration, and receive the warmest plaudits. . . .

And here is a description of a massacre of Christians in the amphitheatre:

The sight was, in truth, magnificent. The lower seats, crowded with togas, were as white as snow. In the gilded *podium* sat Cæsar, wearing a diamond collar and a golden crown on his head; next to him sat the beautiful and gloomy Augusta, and on both sides were vestal virgins, great officials, senators with embroidered togas, officers of the army with glittering weapons—in a word, all that was powerful, brilliant, and wealthy in Rome. In the farther rows sat knights; and higher up darkened in rows a sea of common heads, above which from pillar to pillar hung festoons of roses, lilies, ivy, and grape-vines.

People conversed aloud, called to one another, sang; at times they broke into laughter at some witty word which was sent from row to row, and they stamped with impatience to hasten the spectacle. At last the stamping became like thunder, and unbroken. Then the prefect of the city, who rode around the arena with a brilliant retinue, gave a signal with a handkerchief, which was answered throughout the amphitheatre by "A-a-a!" from thousands of breasts.

The gladiators encircled the whole arena with even and springy tread, gleaming with their weapons and rich outfit; they halted before Cæsar's *podium*, proud, calm, and brilliant. The shrill sound of a horn stopped the applause; the combatants stretched their right hands upward, raised their eyes and heads toward Cæsar, and began to cry, or, rather, to chant, with drawing voice:

"Ave, Cæsar, imperator!
Morturi te salutant!"

Then they pushed apart quickly, occupying their places on the arena. . . .

The gladiators on the arena, divided into two legions, fought with the rage of wild beasts; breast struck breast, bodies were intertwined in a death-grapple, strong limbs cracked in their joints, swords were buried in breasts and in stomachs, pale lips threw blood on to the sand. Toward the end such terrible fear seized some novices that, tearing themselves from the turmoil, they fled; but the scourgers drove them back again quickly to the battle with lashes tipped with lead. On the sand great dark spots were formed; more and more naked and armed bodies lay stretched like grain-sheaves. The living fought on the corpses; they struck against armor and shields, cut their feet against broken weapons, and fell. The audience lost self-command from delight; and intoxicated with death breathed it, sated their eyes with the sight of it, and drew into their lungs the exhalations of it with ecstasy. . . .

Throughout the amphitheatre was heard the deep murmur, "The Christians! the Christians!"

The iron gratings creaked; through the dark openings were heard the usual cries of the scourgers, "To the sand!" and in one moment the arena was peopled with crowds as it were of satyrs covered with skins. All ran quickly, somewhat feverishly, and, reaching the middle of the circle, they knelt one by another with raised hands. The spectators, judging this to be a prayer for pity, and enraged by such cowardice, began to stamp, whistle, throw empty wine-vessels, bones from which the flesh had been eaten, and shout, "The beasts! the beasts!" But all at once something unexpected took place. From out the shaggy assembly singing voices were raised, and then sounded that hymn heard for the first time in a Roman amphitheatre, "Christus regnat!"

Astonishment seized the spectators. The condemned sang with eyes raised to the *velarium*. The audience saw faces pale, but as it were inspired. All understood that those people were not asking for mercy, and that they seemed not to see the circus, the audience, the senate, or Cæsar. "Christus regnat!" rose ever louder, and in the seats, far up to the highest, among the rows of spectators, more than one asked himself the question, "What is happening, and who is that Christus who reigns in the mouths of these people who are about to die?" But meanwhile a new grating was opened, and into the arena rushed, with mad speed and barking, whole packs of dogs—gigantic, yellow Molossians from the Peloponnesus, pied dogs from the Pyrenees, and wolf-like hounds from Hibernia, purposely famished; their sides were lank and their eyes bloodshot. Their howls and whines filled the amphitheatre. When the Christians had finished their hymn, they remained kneeling, motionless, as if petrified, merely repeating in one groaning chorus, "Pro Christo! Pro Christo!" The dogs, catching the odor of people under the skins of beasts, and surprised by their silence, did not rush at them at once. Some stood against the walls of the boxes, as if wishing to go among the spectators; others ran around barking furiously, as though chasing some unseen beast. The people were angry. A thousand voices began to call; some howled like wild beasts; some barked like dogs; others urged them on in every language. The amphitheatre was trembling from uproar. The excited dogs began to run to the kneeling people, then to draw back, snapping their teeth, till at last one of the Molossians drove his teeth into the shoulder of a woman kneeling in front, and dragged her under him.

Tens of dogs rushed into the crowd now, as if to break through it. The audience ceased to howl, so as to look with greater attention. Amid the howling and whining were heard yet plaintive voices of men and women, "Pro Christo! Pro Christo!" but on the arena were formed quivering masses of the bodies of dogs and people. Blood flowed in streams from the torn bodies. Dogs dragged from each other the bloody limbs of people. The odor of blood and torn entrails was stronger than Arabian perfumes and filled the whole circus.

At last only here and there were visible single kneeling forms, which were soon covered by moving, squirming masses.

Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

It is impossible to find a member of either House of Congress who will confess that his official salary enables him to more than cover expenses. What is it that they are all to enjoy after they have won the goal? First of all, the annual salary of five thousand dollars. For representatives add twelve hundred dollars, allowed yearly for clerical services, but whose expenditure need not be accounted for to any one. For members of both Houses add one hundred and twenty-five dollars a year, allowed for stationery, the balance to be drawn at the end of each session, if not all used. It seldom happens that more than fifty dollars of this allowance is expended. There is no reason why a thrifty man should not save one or two thousand dollars during each term in the House. It is hardly possible for a senator to save, however, since he has to spend a great deal of money to keep up with his greater social duties. To the millionaire member of Congress the annual salary is merely ornamental. It is the heavy swell thing for the legislator of this brand to turn over his five thousand a year to his private secretary, who generally has his employer's private interests to attend to in addition. It is said that Hanna not only gives his secretary his whole annual salary, but a thousand dollars in addition. Brice is said to have given his whole senatorial salary to his secretary, while his pilot probably receives even more—some say two thousand dollars.

"THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH."

The Book that Brought its Publisher into Court in New York—
Anthony Comstock Deemed it Indecent, but the
Court Thought Otherwise.

A decision rendered last Monday by the court of special sessions will probably have a marked sedative effect on the activities of Mr. Anthony Comstock. That the Society for the Prevention of Vice, of which he is the head and front, has a field in which its operations are legitimate and productive of much good, is not to be denied, but it is equally certain that Mr. Comstock frequently makes a nuisance of himself. His agents, actuated by an excess of zeal, sometimes do worse. Only a few months ago, one of them procured the arrest of an artist on a charge of selling immoral pictures, and on the trial it was brought out that the poor devil, who was actually on the verge of starvation, had painted to the order of the society's agent an improper picture. To take advantage of a man's poverty and hire him to paint an objectionable picture is scarcely proper work for a Society for the Prevention of Vice. And its raids on booksellers are often as objectionable. There are, unquestionably, a class of dealers who should be crushed out as one would crush out noxious weeds, but raiding a reputable publisher is quite another matter.

This is what Mr. Comstock's society has been doing recently, though it is not likely to repeat the experiment for some time. A month or so ago, one of its agents went to the bookstore of George H. Richmond & Co., in East Fifteenth Street, and bought a copy of a translation of Gabriel d'Annunzio's novel, "The Triumph of Death." Then he promptly had the clerk who sold it arrested on a charge of selling indecent literature. The clerk happened to be the proprietor's son, George H. Richmond, Jr. Then the father was arrested, and later the society's agents raided the store and carried away every copy of the book they could find—three hundred bound and twice as many in sheets—and the stereotype plates as well.

The case came up for trial before Judges Hinsdale, Jerome, and Jacob, of the court of special sessions, on the twenty-fifth of March, and the court-room was crowded. An assistant district-attorney conducted the prosecution, and James M. Fiske appeared for Publisher Richmond. Mr. Fiske, by the way, is not a novice in this branch of practice. It was he who successfully defended a similar suit brought by the society, some years ago, to prevent the sale of unpurgated editions of "The Decameron," Rabelais, Ovid's "Art of Love," and other like books. Mr. Fiske had subpoenaed half a hundred literary men of greater or less prominence to testify as experts on the literary standing of the hook, and they were all there. Among them were Professor Harry Thurston Peck, of Columbia College, who had advised Mr. Richmond to publish the book; Professor Arthur Hornblow, who had done the translation; Clinton Ross, the young novelist whose romances are baying such a success just now; Charles L. Andrews, of the *Nation*; John Gilmer Speed, George Haven Putnam, J. G. Hunker, Henri Pène Dubois, and others of less note. The fact that they had been subpoenaed as literary experts had been noised abroad, and some of the lesser lights among them were very proud of the distinction. It is even said that a few had prepared long orations in which they reviewed the entire history of literature down to the present time; but they were doomed to disappointment, for the judges announced that they would themselves determine whether the book was prurient or not. In fact, stripped of the legal sparring between counsel, the court proceedings amounted simply to the establishing of the fact that the hook had been sold by Mr. Richmond and the putting of the book itself in evidence. There was some question as to whether only the passages marked by Mr. Comstock or the entire book should be considered, but Mr. Fiske cited authorities which decided the judges in his favor. Accordingly, each of the three judges took a copy of the book home and read it. Briefs were filed a few days later, and last Monday Mr. Richmond and his son were formally acquitted of the charge against them. At the same time, the court ordered that the copies seized by the society should be returned to the publisher.

The book that has raised all this pother is one of a dozen or more written by D'Annunzio. He is a young Italian with great fluency of composition and an almost equal paucity of original ideas. He belongs to the school of Italian writers who imitate the French realists in producing a class of fiction that has fallen into disrepute even in France. "Nasty" is not too strong a word to describe the situations he prefers, but they are materially altered before being offered to American readers. This "Triumph of Death" narrates the loves of George and Hippolyte. He is the child of a brutish father and a supersensitive mother, and in time he sees that, through his passion, the sensuality he has inherited from his father is overwhelming the finer feelings with which his mother endowed him, and finally he escapes his impending fate by taking Hippolyte in his arms and plunging over a precipice into the sea—the "triumph of death." It is not a story I would recommend any one to read, but in the English translation I do not think it bad enough to be put under the ban by a public censor. There are passages in it in which the author describes with much elaboration the hysterical ecstasies of his lovers; but there are equally objectionable passages in quantities of books that hold high place in literature—such, for example, as the novels of Smollet and Sterne, the works of Swift, Rabelais, Rousseau, Montaigne, and even in Shakespeare.

In the original Italian, as I understand, "Il Trionfo della Morte" was absolutely unfit for publication in a country where the Anglo-Saxon standard of morals obtains, but the versé Mr. Richmond sold is a translation of a translation. G. Herelle translated it into French, modifying many of the passages, and it was published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the most staid and respectable of French literary

magazines. This version, too, was expurgated to a notable extent by Professor Hornblow in the process of rendering it into English. In fact, the Richmond version is a very mild thing compared to the original. Still, it is bad enough to make it matter for regret that Mr. Comstock has given it such wide advertisement among the very class he is trying to protect. I should not be surprised if this trial increased the book's sale by five thousand copies. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, April 9, 1897.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

On the arrival of the last two steamers from the Hawaiian Islands we observe that the customs inspectors have destroyed all the leis, or flower-wreaths, which tourists are in the habit of bringing here. It is an excellent idea. The plants from the islands are infested with the red-wax scale, an insect pest which is much to be apprehended, particularly in a State like this, devoted to horticulture. The sentimental ideas of travelers may be interfered with by destroying these flower-wreaths, which are presented to them by their friends when they sail from Honolulu; but the horticultural interests of the State are of more importance than travelers' sentiment. It behooves the United States authorities to be very careful concerning the admission of the fauna and flora of other countries to our ports. When man begins to interfere with nature, he sometimes plays havoc. Five or six years ago, a traveling Floridian brought home from Central America a pretty water-plant. Its growth in its new environment was simply marvelous, and in the last two years the authorities have had to spend thousands of dollars in cutting it away from the rivers where it had made navigation impossible. The sentimental English colonist who, thinking of the bunnies of his childhood's home, imported a few rabbits into Australia, little thought that in the course of less than a generation they would increase to millions and almost destroy the useful vegetation of a vast country. So with the mongoose that has been brought into this port several times, but we are glad to say, has always been destroyed by the customs authorities. Its importation into the West Indies was a failure. There, after it had killed the field-rats which preyed upon the sugar-cane, it turned its attention to other and useful animals, and finally began destroying all the domestic poultry. Here we would have no use for the mongoose. Hawaii herself has suffered from the importation of such pests. For example, the *lantana*, a pretty little shrub with parti-colored flowers, was imported into the islands not many years ago, where it has now grown into a thick jungle which covers hundreds of thousands of acres of arable lands, and is almost incapable of removal.

We notice that since Major McLaughlin, chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, has returned from Washington, he has been interviewed about federal appointments in this State. He makes the following remarks in an interview in the *Examiner* of April 13th:

"Joseph Spear, Jr., can not touch the place of collector of the port or the internal revenue office. I frankly told Senator Hanna that Spear had not assisted the Republican party in the last campaign. Spear ignored the State Central Committee and Senator Perkins. Hanna was informed that if Spear was given a leading position, I would resign from the State Central Committee, as would John D. Spreckels from the National Republican Committee."

It is our opinion that Spear worked for the success of the party in this State harder than McLaughlin did. It is also our belief that he will get a "leading position." Why does the worthy major so bedge and circumscribe, and bound around his impetuosity in resigning? Why does he tie such a large string to his resignation threat? Why does he say that he will resign "if Spear be made collector of the port or of the internal revenue"? Spear has made no application for the position of collector of internal revenue, and is understood to be slated for the office of surveyor of the port. Does not Major McLaughlin consider the surveyorship of the port a "leading position"? And if that post be given to Spear, will the impetuous major resign from the chairmanship of the State Central Committee? We fear not. But considering the slender Republican majority in this State last year—1,822, when McLaughlin "claimed" 40,000—and the fact that the State was carried for McKinley by the Non-Partisan Sound-Money League, we think it would not be a bad thing for the party in California if McLaughlin did resign. We hope he will carry out his threat, for Spear will certainly be given a "leading position."

The stories of magnetic mountains that exert an attraction that can not be withstood on all vessels that come into their vicinity have some foundation in reality. The island of Bornholm, situated in the Baltic and belonging to Denmark, may be regarded as a huge magnet. Although the power of this magnet is not so great that it can draw the nails out of ships, as was told of the legendary magnetic hills, the magnetism of the rocks on the island of Bornholm can cause a good deal of trouble to ships in quite another way. For the island exerts such an influence on the magnetic needle that it can cause a vessel to turn perceptibly aside from its course. The effect is perceptible at a distance of nine and one-half miles. A rocky reef near Bornholm is also made of the same magnetic substance.

Waltham, Mass., is infested with giant rats, which are half-starved and very savage. Policeman Gammon, while patrolling his beat, was attacked by one. He shook it off and kicked it out into the street, but it kept returning to the fray until the policeman shot it. Frederick M. Stiles, a doctor, says that recently he saw an animal in the gutter that he took to be a cat. It attacked him, but he killed it by a blow with a barrel-stave. It turned out to be a rat, weighing three pounds, and had teeth an inch long.

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES.

Mr. Henry White is made *Chargé d'Affaires* in the Embassadorial Interregnum—His Knowledge of English Society—A Diplomatic Appointment an Expensive Honor.

Mr. Henry White is coming back to London as first secretary to the United States Embassy, and will be on his way, if not actually here, by the time this letter reaches you. The reason for this is that Mr. Bayard has gone traveling with his family in the south of Europe, and Colonel Hay will not arrive in London until the early part of May. In the meantime, the United States must remain without an ambassador. But with Mr. White as *chargé d'affaires ad interim*—for he will bear a letter to Queen Victoria accrediting him as such—the business and general conduct of the embassy will be in thoroughly safe and experienced hands.

I do not suppose, since the time of General Adam Badeau, there has been an American so thoroughly versed in the minute details of diplomatic life and relations as they are followed at European courts as is Mr. Henry White. He is a model "first secretary," and Colonel Hay—if the appointment lies with him—has shown much sense and discrimination in his selection. With a polished gentleman, *littérateur*, and scholar like Colonel Hay at the head of affairs, it would have been an actual defacement of the London Embassy to send a first secretary from among the office-seeking politicians who are now clamoring round the White House. Mr. White is well known in London society, where he and his wife were great favorites some few years ago. It is not his first appearance at the London Embassy, either. He was first secretary of legation there for many years, having filled the post during the ministerial terms of James Russell Lowell, Edward J. Phelps, and Robert Lincoln, thus continuing throughout the incumbencies of Democratic and Republican ministers alike. When, however, Mr. Bayard came over, or shortly afterwards, anyway, Mr. White returned to America, his place being filled by Mr. James R. Roosevelt. Why this was, I have never been able to discover; for in the minds of most people the successful carrying on of a United States Embassy in London without the invaluable services of Mr. Henry White seemed a positive impossibility. Of course the experience of Mr. Bayard himself as Secretary of State during Mr. Cleveland's first administration enabled him in a measure to dispense with Mr. White's services. But, be that as it may, I have no doubt that things would have gone on more smoothly at the embassy had White been sitting at his old desk.

It is needless to say that his and Mrs. White's return to England will be welcomed by many friends in the best society of England, in which they held a prominent place as cultivated, well-bred, and pleasant people, quite apart from Mr. White's official position. Fortunately for himself, Mr. White is a man of large independent means, derived in a great measure, I have been informed, from his marriage with Miss Rutherford, of New York. Indeed, it is quite a necessary qualification for members of the United States Legation in London—or would seem to be—that they have money. Judging from the swell streets in which they live, they require considerably more than their salaries. For example, Mr. Henry White lived in Grosvenor Crescent; Mr. Roosevelt's residence is in Belgrave Street; Mr. Ridgely Carter, the second secretary, has a house in West Eaton Place, if I remember correctly, and Commander Cowles, the naval *attaché*, lives in Chesham Street. As Roosevelt gets but \$2,625 a year, Carter, \$2,000, and Cowles nothing but his navy pay, it is difficult to imagine how they could live on what would be left after paying the rent of these smart West End quarters, if indeed, which is not unlikely, the rent did not come to more than the whole salary. After all, it is just as well that it should be so. The representatives of America abroad ought to be able to live in good style. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, March 26, 1897.

John Bright once said of Gladstone: "He is an honest man; he believes what he says. The worst of it is that he too readily believes what he wishes to believe." To a question whether that was not something like self-deceit, Mr. Bright replied: "No; Mr. Gladstone sees an object which he thinks of vital importance, and he turns in all directions for arguments in support of it. He finds them, and he becomes unconscious of anything outside of them. That is not self-deceit." To the objection that it was a dangerous quality in a statesman to be able to see only that side of a question which he wished to see, Mr. Bright replied that every man who had done anything great in the world had been of that constitution. "You can not do a great thing," he concluded, "if you have doubts of your own position and reasons."

The anti-trust law just enacted in Georgia is a very comprehensive and thorough one. It is based upon the theory that free competition in all forms of business is a personal right and a public advantage, and that a wrong is done whenever it is suppressed or obstructed. There seems to be no room left for the escape of any combination designed to control prices or to interfere with the general laws of trade. It remains to be proved if a law so stringent and far-reaching can be enforced, and its power and usefulness will depend very largely upon the ability and integrity of the officers and the friendly disposition of the courts.

Physicians declare that by excessive bicycle riding the nervous system may be exhausted without the knowledge, of the rider; and that when attacked by disease the bicyclist may find himself without reserve force to resist it.

The Paris tribunals have decided that the habit of gambling in the wife is valid ground for divorce.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

Representative Bailey and the Dress-Coat—The Sensation Caused by His Refusal to Wear One—Mrs. McKinley as a Hostess—Expenses of Embassadors.

Social and political Washington has been agitated for the second time by a public man of prominence rebelling against the accepted ceremonial dress for gentlemen. The question of the dress-coat is not often a serious one at the national capital. But it came rather near that point as a factor in completing the company at the dinner given by the President in honor of the Committee on Ways and Means. It was not one of the unconventional elderly guests who was averse to wearing a dress-coat on this occasion, but Representative Bailey, "that bandsome young fellow from Texas," as he was often called six years ago when he entered Congress, a young man of twenty-seven. Unlike most young men, who look forward to the first "claw-hammer" with pride and pleasure, Mr. Bailey regards it as a whim of fashion, against which he firmly draws the line, even at the cost of some embarrassment and the sacrifice of more or less social enjoyment. According to the unwritten law of etiquette, an invitation to dinner at the White House is a command from the President. Therefore it will be seen at once that when the Texas statesman received his dinner invitation he found himself in a dilemma.

On the one hand was the command from the President; on the other, the dress-coat. As the leader of the minority in the House and on the committee, Mr. Bailey would be a prominent guest, second only to Chairman Dingley. Under the circumstances, nothing short of being stricken by sudden illness would excuse his absence from the dinner. Up to this moment he had always been able to resist the allurements of the claw-bammer coat. Curiously enough, his prejudice is just as strong in holding to a ministerial style of dress, that never varies in a broad expanse of shirt-front and white neck-tie, giving his appearance a striking individuality. This was all very well for every-day life, but would it do at a White House dinner? Mr. Bailey finally went to the President and made a clean breast of the situation. The President appreciated Mr. Bailey's frankness, and, if the truth were told, enjoyed it. He assured him that no law made the dress-suit obligatory at a dinner-party, and that Mr. Bailey would be just as welcome in the clothes he preferred to wear. But Mr. Bailey did not go to the dinner after all. He was afraid of being conspicuous and embarrassed.

The comment upon the Texan's course is various, but it is generally disapproving. His manners, and Texas manners as represented by him, are cauterized by some newspapers; good-natured sarcasm, and ridicule, and fun are poked at him by others.

The last conspicuous man to refuse the dress-coat was Attorney-General Garland. He and Bailey come from adjoining States, and the idea might be obtained from the similarity of their tastes in matter of dress that in Texas and Arkansas there is some settled objection to statesmen who wear evening-coats. But as almost every other Arkansas and Texas member of Congress wears a dress-coat without apology, and several of them have been repeatedly reelected to Congress after appearing in such garments, that idea must be assumed to be erroneous.

Here is what Mr. Garland said, the other day, on the subject:

"My contention is that a man who invites me to dine with him has no right to prescribe how I shall dress. I claim that the conventionalities of society have no right to invade my personal privileges, which are to dress as I deem proper, provided I am clothed like an ordinary decent American citizen. I am well aware that my views on the subject of dress during Mr. Cleveland's first administration were a fruitful theme of gossip on the part of the correspondents at this point, as well as the fact that I remained away from all Presidential and Cabinet functions. Why, I did not even attend Mr. Cleveland's wedding, which was held at the White House, simply because I could not go dressed in the plain, every-day garb of the American citizen without inviting more comment and criticism than I wished to draw upon myself. But it was not alone because the mandates of society demanded that when I attended a public function I should be clothed in a conventional suit, that I remained away. When I came to Washington it was with the firm determination to devote myself to the public service. There was much to do. I found that if I did my duty I could not spend seven or eight hours twice or three times a week at the dinner-table."

Mrs. McKinley has shown much good taste in manifesting so early in the administration her respect and cordial feelings toward the women who might be called ex-first ladies in the land. She has entertained them informally, and, doubtless, never will neglect them upon formal occasions. Her dinner given recently brought together Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Garfield, and Mrs. McKee. If Mrs. Harriet Lane Johnson had been present, the list would have been complete. The great and perhaps the only mistake made by Mrs. Cleveland in her husband's second administration was in regard to these women, with the exception of Mrs. McKee. A year ago, in the first half of the season, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Sartoris, Mrs. Garfield, and Mrs. Stanley Brown, her daughter, were in Washington, and absolutely no attention was paid to them by the people in the White House.

A noble cavalcade makes a tour of the Soldiers' Home nearly every afternoon. The President is in the midst, mounted on General Miles's superb gray horse. The general is usually of the party, with one of his aids, and Secretary Porter is never absent. The President is a good horseman; he looks even better mounted than on foot. The hats go off when the President rides by, and he never fails to acknowledge a recognition. No public man who has been in Washington since the days of James G. Blaine has had such a faculty for pleasing, and with the President it is more of a power, because there is less of art in it.

Secretary Sherman has said that the applications for consulships will probably number five thousand. There are more than ten applicants for every foreign mission, and the politicians seem to look upon the diplomatic appointments as the best offices in the gift of the administration. But there is scarcely an office in the gift of the State Department which pays enough to allow its occupant to live up to his

station and entertain as he should. One of the chief reasons for sending rich men to the courts of London, Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg is because by means of their private fortunes they can keep up the style which the American minister should maintain in order to be of value at these courts. These ministers get the highest salaries paid to any of our diplomats. They receive seventeen thousand five hundred dollars a year each. Their expenses, however, are often twice or thrice that amount. Whitelaw Reid paid, it is said, twenty-seven thousand dollars a year house rent while he was minister to France, and his entertainment must have cost him as much more. Our present minister to France, Mr. Eustis, pays twelve thousand dollars a year for his house, and his necessary expenses, as given in an itemized statement, not long ago, were twenty-seven thousand dollars a year. Levi P. Morton paid more than twice his salary to keep up his establishment. Governor Noyes, of Ohio, when he was minister to France, was too poor to maintain the dignity of the place out of his own pocket. He was helped by having a rich secretary of legation. This was Representative Hitt, of Illinois, who spent as much as thirty thousand dollars a year in entertaining.

If an American minister has been an officer of the army he usually wears a military uniform, and if not, he tries to get over the regulations in some other way. Style means a great deal in foreign courts, and our ministers would be much better off if they could wear a uniform, instead of being required to appear, as is the rule of the State Department, "in the ordinary dress of an American citizen." Our usual evening-dress is just the same as that of the waiters, and our ministers have, in fact, been taken for the waiters at some great diplomatic receptions. Mr. Sherman once appeared before Napoleon the Third in knee-breeches. He wore an evening-coat, knee-breeches, black silk stockings, and pumps, and he says in his book that it seemed very awkward at first until he saw that all the other men at the reception were dressed as he was. Clifton R. Breckinridge, our present minister to St. Petersburg, appeared at the court of the Czar in similar attire.

There is nothing so cosmopolitan as capital (says the *Railway Review*). It pastures wherever the clover is most abundant. As labor seeks its highest rate of wage, capital is continually on the search for new investments. It constructs railways in advance of population, and surveys and investigates the resources of solitudes, before the miner appears with his pick, the forester with his axe, and the farmer with his plow. It is the greatest colonizer in history. It may be greedy and selfish, and without mercy as without country, but, nevertheless, in a blind but potential way, it is a vital factor in the broadening of the commercial horizon, and the building up of countries, empires and history. It found gold in Bendigo and developed Australia; diamonds in Kimberley and an empire of trade looms up in Africa; forests in the north of the Western hemisphere, and we have a Canada, and the same process of empire-making will go on in every country where the opportunities for investment are promising. In a local and more restricted sense we avail ourselves of the same opportunities. We find coal and iron in Alabama and Tennessee, and forthwith appear the forge and the furnace. Silver, gold, copper, and other precious metals crop out in the gulches and cañons of the Rockies, and mining-camps become cities and Territories grow into States. Industries in search of raw material shift to the source of supplies, the textile mill to the cotton, and the wood-worker to the forest. On the same line of operation we establish manufacturing plants in China, Russia, or elsewhere. British manufacturers build cotton-mills in India, and transfer money and men here, there, and everywhere. In this distribution of money and enterprise we have the true democracy of trade. At first sight it may seem impolitic to furnish the sinews of war to any country that may thereby become a dangerous competitor. Every cotton-mill equipped with American or European machinery, in China, Japan, Egypt, or Bengal, will be an opposing factor in the coming struggle for trade. Ships are built on the Clyde that, in the service of other countries, may be hostile both in commerce and war to the British ship-builder. Armstrong makes cannon for Russia, and England finishes engines for the torpedo-boats of her traditional enemies. This, however, counts for nothing in cosmopolitan enterprise and trade. With or without our consent, the master force impels the movement that sooner or later will incline the planet in a net-work of common interests. This is one of the missions of industry, and in every transfer of enterprise from one country to another, we are helping along the great movement that sooner or later will demonstrate that in the prosperity of the whole we have the betterment of all its parts.

An exhaustive report has just been issued by Consul Chancellor at Havre giving a detailed statement of the bicycle rules and regulations now prevailing in the various European countries regarding cycles and cyclists. In France there is an annual tax of two dollars for every wheel. Bicycles go as baggage on railways. In Austria, a deposit of ten dollars must be made. In Belgium, twelve per cent. ad valorem duty must be deposited. No deposit is required in Germany. England charges no duty, but compels a deposit to guarantee against sale of bicycle. In nearly all the remaining countries deposits are required, and in Spain a six months' license, costing twenty cents, is required. Consul Chancellor points out that membership in cycling organizations abroad, as at home, carries great advantages, reduced hotel rates and repairs, with courteous treatment generally.

The American Protective Tariff League issued an official print of the new Dingley tariff within a few hours of the time it was passed by the House of Representatives at Washington, on March 31st. Any of our readers can obtain a copy, without charge, by sending a postal-card request as follows: "Send me a copy of No. 379." Address W. F. Wakeman, General Secretary, 135 West Twenty-Third Street, New York.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The three popular pictures in the London shop-windows are those of the queen, Mr. Rhodes, and Dr. Nansen.

The Princess of Wales prefers the tricycle to the bicycle, and fashionable women throughout England are following suit.

It is announced that the rent which Ambassador John Hay is to pay for his house in London equals his salary of seven thousand five hundred dollars.

Marion Crawford's dramatization of "Dr. Claudius" will go abroad with him for a summering in the Mediterranean. It has cost him up to date ten thousand dollars.

Queen Christina of Spain is a very go-ahead woman, and long before the restrictions on horseless carriages in London were removed, she had ordered an electric victoria to be built for her there.

Sir William George Venables Vernon Harcourt, M. P., Liberal leader in the House of Commons, has been fined ten shillings and costs for allowing his chimney to catch fire through not having been cleaned.

"Fool's Gold," the students' play with which the new Pi Eta club-house at Harvard was opened a fortnight ago, is the work of Vivian Burnett, '98, the original of his mother's far-famed "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Arthur Balfour excited a good deal of comment and not a little amusement by attending the last British cabinet council arrayed in full golf costume. He was on his way to the links, and was anxious to lose no time.

The other day a lady of the diplomatic circle alluded to the resemblance between President McKinley and Napoleon. "I suppose he does look like Napoleon," said Mrs. McKinley, "but I am sure he is a very much better man."

Sir Julian Pauncefote was originally a London barrister. His public career began thirty years ago, when he went to Hong Kong as attorney-general. His introduction to foreign affairs was through the legal door, when he was made assistant legal under-secretary of state for foreign affairs.

The *Lancet* announces that the health of the Czar is excellent. He has nothing the matter with his brain, but is keeping himself in training by getting up at daylight and running five furlongs—a verst—daily, timing himself. He amuses himself by shooting crows while riding a bicycle at high speed.

Mr. Ruskin spends several hours a day gardening in a little green cultivated place in the middle of a nut wood, which in spring is full of daffodils and cherry-blossoms. Here the professor admits no other toil but his own, and is as proud of his garden as of the great books which bear his name on the title-page.

Edison and Tesla, both eminent electricians, are not agreed as to sleep. Edison said recently that "sleep is a d—d habit, anyway," in connection with his statement that some nights he did not sleep a wink. Tesla says that sleep is a vitalizer, and that if a man could sleep eighteen hours a day, he might live to be two hundred years old.

President Diaz will apply to the Mexican Congress for a leave of absence for three months from the country, with a view to making a trip to France and England this summer. His long years of active service as president have been arduous, and as his son is *attaché* of the Mexican legation at Paris, he desires to visit him and obtain needed recreation.

It seems that Ada Byrd, the little girl of fourteen whose marriage and elopement with the young son of Governor Atkinson, of Georgia, has caused such a furore, only followed the example of her forebears. Her mother, the former wife of Charles P. Bird, married at thirteen, while her maternal grandmother, a Southern poetess, married even younger.

After listening patiently for a long time to a number of ponderous senators, who were discussing with gloomy forebodings the advent of the breezy new senator from Illinois, Speaker Reed turned to one of them and said, with the inimitable Reed drawl: "Do—you—think—Mason—will—stay—in—the—Senate—long—enough—to—become—as—dull—as—the—rest—of—you?"

Nansen has a keen eye to the main chance and sells interviews at a high price. R. H. Sherard, a London newspaper man with a reputation, has brought out this fact by libel suits against two papers which charged him with fabricating an interview with Nansen, which appeared in the *Strand Magazine* with a number of pictures representing Nansen at several periods of his life and scenes in his explorations. Sherard went to Christiania authorized to offer five hundred dollars for an interview, but Nansen wanted twelve hundred and fifty dollars, and Sherard returned without any. Nevertheless, the Nansen number appeared "as advertised." Nansen repudiated the interview, and alleged that the pictures were reproductions from Norwegian publications.

Lord Lonsdale is master of the most fashionable pack of fox-hounds in England. It is no easy task to control a field which may number seven hundred horsemen and horsewomen, but Lonsdale did it so well that when he wished to resign the mastership the hunt guaranteed a largely increased subscription to enable him to meet the annually swelling expense of hunting the country. A performance of Lord Lonsdale's which excited great interest at the time was the driving-match he arranged with Lord Shrewsbury in March, 1891. Lord Shrewsbury, owing to a misapprehension, did not come to the starting-post. Lord Lonsdale did, and performed the truly remarkable feat of driving (1) a single horse, (2) a pair, (3) a four-in-hand, and, (4) a pair, riding postillion, five miles each over a bad stretch of road in 55 minutes, 35 4-5 seconds, or twenty miles in 56 minutes, 55 4-5 seconds, including changes of vehicle.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Novel by Kipling's Sister.

The first appearance as a novelist of Mrs. J. M. Fleming, the sister of Rudyard Kipling, arouses a desire to ascertain whether she has shared the genius with which her brother has been so generously endowed.

"A Pinchbeck Goddess" is decidedly clever, abounding in happy dialogue and good characterization. It reflects in an entertaining manner the whims of light Anglo-Indian society at Simla, a well-known resort in the Himalayas. Madeline Norton, the heroine, who has led a morbid, bitter life with an uncongenial aunt, has an opportunity to enjoy an outing at Simla. Chafing under a thousand petty troubles, she has become morbid, and instead of attracting by a personality naturally pleasing, she deliberately rejects all opportunities for wholesome enjoyment and repels all advances. After the death of the aunt, who leaves her a fortune, she still remains chagrined at the snubs she received, and determines to return and compel the attentions of those who humiliated her.

Covered with trinkets, with dyed hair, she reenters Simla society under the name of Mrs. Winnie Edwards. She is not recognized, and immediately becomes a success. The men fall at her feet. In a spirit of inish malignity she seeks to enslave them, but is caught in the very net she had contrived for others. At this point she becomes vividly conscious of the seriousness of the deception she has practiced. However, "all's well that ends well," and the reader must unravel the conclusion for himself.

There are many amusing characters in the story, notably Mrs. Alchin, who "was born tired and has never had time to rest since."

Mrs. Fleming has written a distinctly clever novel, and promises to create a reputation for herself quite independent of that enjoyed by her gifted brother.

Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

The Machinery of Nomination.

"Nominations for Elective Office in the United States," by Frederick W. Dallinger, A. M., a member of the Massachusetts senate, has been issued as the fourth of the Harvard Historical Studies. The work is divided into four parts. First is given an historical sketch of nominating machinery in the United States; then follows a description of the present system of nomination for local, State, and national offices; in the third part, "Defects of the Present System," the author discusses the abuses of the caucus or primary and the abuses of the convention system; and finally he suggests remedies for the existing evils—at first generally, then regulation by party rules, next regulation by law, and finally supervision by citizens' associations.

In appendix are given a bibliography and various useful forms, and the book ends with an excellent index. The subject is one that is arousing wide public interest at this time, and the book will doubtless have its influence on future legislation.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

Reminiscences of Ambassador Hay.

When I first knew John Hay (says George W. Smalley in the Chicago Times-Herald), we were fellow-workers on the New York Tribune, in the old rat-infested building on the corner of Spruce Street and Printing House Square, which Whitelaw Reid subsequently pulled down to make room for the first of the modern tall structures erected in New York.

The main editorial-room was a dirty den, redolent of sour paste and printer's ink, but it housed a number of the brightest men in American journalism. The ceiling was low and the windows were cobwebbed and fly-specked. The little desks, grimy from long use, stood so close together that the writers could almost touch elbows.

On one side of me sat Bayard Taylor, the poet, and on the other George Ripley, the greatest and kindest of the literary critics of his day. Two other occupants of the room were John H. R. Hazard, our best all-around leader writer; Charles C. Congdon, whose style had a distinct flavor of Charles Lamb; Isaac R. Bromley, who has never been excelled on the New York press as a satirist and humorist; and Edward L. Burlingame, now and for many years past the editor of Scribner's.

William Winter had a desk, but we never saw him except late at night, when he came in to write a criticism of some new play, and to set us all laughing with the good stories he brought from the theatres. Horace Greeley had a small room down stairs.

When he came up to the editorial-room, it was usually to swear at some blunders in the paper, but he was always good-naturedly, and when he departed, he left behind a memory of that peculiar cberubic smile of his that made us all feel good-humored. Hay's work was general editorial writing, and he was especially strong in national politics and foreign affairs.

John Hay and Whitelaw Reid were great chums at that time. They were both bachelors then, and it was their habit to lunch together and to take a daily stroll together. A lady who was prominent in New York society, and whose acquaintance Hay had made through his friend Reid, made up her mind that the author of "The Pike County Ballads" was much too genial and kind-hearted a man to lead a

single life, and she determined to find a good wife for him.

One of her girl friends was a daughter of Amasa Stone, of Cleveland, who had made a fortune in railroad building, and who was one of the most influential men in Northern Ohio. She invited the young lady to make a visit at her house, and the result was a love-affair and an early marriage. Miss Stone was a remarkably handsome girl.

Olive Schreiner on Cecil Rhodes.

It would be too much to expect of W. P. Schreiner's sister that she should have patience with Cecil Rhodes; but, judging by her treatment of him in "Trooper Peter Halket, of Mashonaland," Olive Schreiner's abhorrence of him knows no limit. She scourges him through the book—by name and allusively—with scorpion whips. Beit and Barnato come in for contemptuous reference, but Rhodes is damned utterly. One character says of him:

"He's death on niggers, is Rhodes. They say if we had the British Government here and a nigger died while you were thrashing him, there'd be an investigation, and all that sort of thing. But with Cecil it's all right; you can do what you like with the niggers provided you don't get him into trouble."

Rhodes wants to have a law passed legalizing flogging, and virtually establishing slavery. "I prefer land to niggers," he says. "He is worth eight millions, and fears neither God nor man. 'If you had five or six millions, you could go where you liked and do what you liked. You could go to Sandringham.' 'There is not one man or woman in South Africa I can not buy with my money. When I have the Transvaal, I shall buy Almighty God himself, if I care to.'"

Publishers' Spring Announcements.

Among the books on the Appletons' list just issued, or to be issued this spring, are:

"Memoirs of Marshal Oudinot," by Gaston Stiegler; "Cyprus," by Edward W. Benson, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, with an introduction by Bishop Potter, of New York; "The Plant World," by Frank Vincent; "In Brook and Bayou," by Clara Kern Baylis; "Curious Homes and Their Tenants," by James Carter Beard; "Crusoe's Island," by F. A. Ober; "The Story of Oliver Twist," by Ella B. Kirk; "Uncle Sam's Secrets," by O. P. Austin; "The Hall of Shells," by Mrs. A. S. Hardy; "Insect-Life," by Professor J. H. Comstock; "Appleton's Natural History," by R. Lydekker, R. Bowdler Sharpe, W. F. Kirby, W. Garstang, R. B. Woodward, F. A. Bator, R. J. Pocock, H. M. Bernard, and A. Kirkpatrick; "Ancient Greek Literature," by Gilbert G. A. Murray; "French Literature," by Edward Dowden; "English Literature," by Edmund Gosse; "Italian," by Richard Garnett, of the Boston Museum; "Japanese," by W. G. Aston; "Modern Scandinavian," by Dr. George Brandes; "Spanish," by J. Fitz-Maurice Kelly; "Sanskrit," by A. A. Macdonnell; "The Beginnings of Art," by Ernst Gosse; "The Aurora Borealis," by Alfred Angot; "School Management and School Methods," by J. Baldwin; "Pioneers of Evolution," by Edward Clodd; "The Psychology of Suggestion," by Bous Sidis, with an introduction by Professor William James; "Some Masters of Lithography," by Atherton Curtis; "In Joyful Russia," by John A. Logan, Jr.; Hamlin Garland's books, including "A Member of the Third House," "A Spoil of Office," and "Jason Edwards"; "Wayside Courtships," by "Dear Faustina," by Rhoda Broughton; "The Sun of Saratoga," by Joseph A. Altshuler; "A Galahad of the Creeks," by S. Levett Yeats; "A Spotless Reputation," by Dorothea Gerard; "Marietta's Marriage," by W. E. Norris; "The Beautiful Miss Brooke," by "Z. Z." (Louis Gangwill); "Lad's Love," by S. R. Crockett; "Uncle Bernac," by A. Conan Doyle; and "The Third Violet," by Stephen Crane.

The Macmillan Company have in preparation for publication the following:

"William the Silent," by Frederick Harrison; "Letters and Remains of Richard Lewis Nettleship," by Professor Andrew Bradley; the ninth volume of Samuel Pepys's Diary, which really ended with the eighth volume, but is to have a supplement; "Aucassin and Nicolette," in the translation of Francis William Bourdillon; "A Rose of Yesterday," by F. Marion Crawford; "Native Animals," edited by Frank M. Chapman; "From Moss to Tree"; "The Insect Brotherhood," edited by Samuel H. Scudder; "When the Earth was Young," edited by Ralph S. Tarr; "The Making of Home—Sanitation," edited by Dr. John S. Billings; "Cambridge, Described and Illustrated," by J. W. Clark; "Sketches of Travel in Normandy and Maine," by Edward A. Freeman, edited by Miss Florence Freeman; "A Handbook of Greek Sculpture," by Ernst A. Gardner; "American History Told by Contemporaries," in four volumes, edited by Albert Bushnell Hart; "The National Movement in the Reign of Henry III. and Its Culmination in the Baron's War," by Oliver H. Richardson; "Biblical Quotations in Old English Prose Writers," by Albert S. Cook; "The Works of Friedrich Nietzsche," edited by Alexander Title; and a new edition in two volumes of Zola's "Lourdes."

Among the spring publications announced by R. H. Russell are:

"Cuba in War Times," by Richard Harding Davis, revised and expanded from his newspaper work and illustrated by twenty-four full-page pictures by Frederic Remington; "Dr. Jameson's Raid," by Richard Harding Davis; and new editions of "Pictures of People," by Charles Dana Gibson; "Drawings by C. D. Gibson"; "In Vanity Fair," drawings by A. B. Wenzell; "Kemble's Coons," drawings by E. W. Kemble; and "Posters in Miniature."

New Publications.

"Lady Kilpatrick: A Tale of To-Day," by Robert Buchanan, has been issued in the Globe Library published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents.

"Elements of Botany," by J. Y. Bergen, A. M., instructor in biology in the English High School at Boston, has been prepared for the use of high school pupils. The book is extensively illustrated, and it is indexed. Published by Ginn & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

"The King, the Knave, and the Donkey," by Pythias Danion, is an arraignment of the institutions of civilization by one who has chosen to inclose his

bitter pills in allegories that are by no means sugar-coated. Published by T. S. Denison, Chicago; price, 25 cents.

"New Songs to Old Tunes, and Other Studies in Verse," by William Vincent Byars, with a note on musical principle in language and poetry, has been published by the author in South Orange, N. J.

"The Scrape That Jack Built," by Ottilie A. Liliencrantz, is a story for young people which contains, unobtrusively, many helpful suggestions. The characteristics of children are naturally presented, and the author is in sympathy with subjects calculated to interest them. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

Gentle domestic themes animate Mrs. Margaret Sangster's verse as represented in "Easter Bells." Home, hope, and heaven are the tender chords she sounds to harmony, and she is always in sympathetic touch with the popular heart. In the present volume are a number of lyrics devoted to the Easter season. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

In "A Romance of Old New York" Edgar Fawcett has woven a pleasing tale with the remarkable personality of Aaron Burr as its most prominent character. The quaint atmosphere of early New York, with its customs, manners, and fashions, is well reproduced, and the central situation of the plot is striking and unraveled with considerable skill. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

A complete study of a living topic, distinguished by scholarly thoroughness of investigation, is "Domestic Service," by Lucy Maynard Salmon. She has covered the whole field of this important branch of social science. After a discussion of the historical and economic phases of domestic service, she takes up its present difficulties and disadvantages and estimates possible remedies and reforms. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

Uniform with the four previous volumes of "Biographies of Eminent Persons," reprinted from the London Times, is the present volume. It gives a full and critical résumé of the careers of notable personages of the nobility, great statesmen, and men of distinction in all departments of human activity who passed away between 1891-2. The list is not confined to Englishmen alone, but includes American, French, German, and other notables. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

For those interested in word-painting, "Landscape in Poetry," by Francis T. Palgrave, the English poet, can not fail to be excellent reading. The book abounds in illustrative examples of the splendid imagery in which the greatest poets from Homer to Tennyson have mirrored nature in her varying moods. It takes a poet to interpret a poet, and Mr. Palgrave has supplemented these examples with sympathetic analysis and sensitive appreciation. Altogether the work is helpful, thorough, enthusiastic, and scholarly. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$2.00.

A new edition has recently been issued of "The Higher Criticism of the Hexateuch," by Charles Augustus Briggs, D. D. In view of the present wide interest in the controversy over the first books of the Bible, and of Dr. Briggs's prominence in that controversy, the present work, which has been written for the general public rather than for Hebrew students—the bulk of the more technical matter being put in an appendix, which almost constitutes a volume by itself—will doubtless have a wide sale. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.50.

"The Coming of Chloe," by Mrs. Hungerford, who wrote under the pseudonym of "The Duchess," has just been published, and is the last book from her pen before she laid it aside forever. If she did not win a high place in the temple of fame, the novels that flowed from her fertile imagination never debased or even tended to demoralize. Her pleasantry was always entertaining, and her narrative escaped the commonplace. Her writings have given pleasure to thousands of readers of light literature. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

Appropos of the approaching jubilee of the Queen of England, Sir Edwin Arnold's "Victoria" has been reprinted from the London Daily Telegraph. It reviews the Victorian era, its developments, its national life, its inventions, the progress and expansion of the empire and of the arts and professions. The great names which have added intellectual lustre to the epoch, the poets, statesmen, and novelists, and, lastly, the queen herself, whose gracious character has enshrined her in the affections of her people, receive adequate appreciation. Issued by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"Our Society Blue Book" for the season of 1896-97 has just been issued. It contains lists of persons of greater or less social prominence in San Francisco and the suburban towns, and also in Sacramento, Stockton, San José, Santa Cruz, Fresno, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Diego. It gives lists of club members, permanent guests at the hotels, the personnel of the press, and other information of like character. Published by Charles C. Hoag, San Francisco; price, \$5.00.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Tales of Garrick's Players.

F. Frankfort Moore has gathered together half a dozen stories of the Old-World stage in a book entitled, "The Impudent Comedian and Others." The best of them is unquestionably the first, "The Impudent Comedian," a type derived from Evelyn's characterization of Nell Gwyn. It shows the famous actress when she has become the king's favorite, housed in a sumptuous mansion in St. James's Park, where she is visited by a sweetheart of her girlish days. He had been a link-boy when she was selling oranges in Drury Lane, and he comes back to lay at her feet the wealth he has acquired on the Spanish Main. He still believes her a pure woman, and the scene in which she undecives him is one of greater strength and pathos than one expects to find in such a collection of tales.

The second story, "Kitty Clive, Actress," shows that famous stage beauty in a country tavern, where she completely befouls a strutting actor of the provinces. A tragic note is struck in "A Question of Art," in which Peg Woffington tries to arouse the jealousy of a younger actress in order that she may put more passion in her rôle, with a success greater than she desired. In "The Way to Keep Him," Mrs. Abington teaches a deserved lesson to a husband who had strayed from his own fireside; and the last tale in the book, "The Capture of the Duke," tells how Mistress Barry repaid a grudge against the Duchess of Marlborough.

Published by H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

T. B. Aldrich, Poet and Wit.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich has two separate and distinct reputations, besides that of having been born lucky. He is known to the public as a poet and *littérateur*; and then there is his personal and mainly private reputation, among a wide circle of acquaintances, as a wit. Mr. W. D. Howells, his friend and predecessor in the editorial chair of the *Atlantic Monthly*, said of him lately: "He is a wonderfully fascinating talker, and is not only a poet of high merit, but a man with the keenest appreciation for humor. His conversation is always brilliant, and I have sometimes felt that he was the wittiest man I ever knew."

One literary personage, who enjoys the distinction of knowing Aldrich well, was begged (writes Henry Tyrrell in *Leslie's Weekly*) for a few crumbs of wit that might casually have fallen from the table of the rich men's *causerie*.

"Not much!" replied the canny bookman. "I'm saving them all for the article I mean to compile myself," when Aldrich dies."

"Do you expect to survive him, with all the Scotch whisky you drink?"

"Eh, mon, but he drinks as much as I do. Besides, hasn't he just inherited a fortune?"

The same compiler once called up Aldrich on the telephone, and asked: "Do ye ken who I am, that's talking wi' ye?" "Surely," came the poet's reply; "you are Andrew Pibroch." "And how did ye guess that?" "Oh, by your breath."

Mr. Aldrich has been accused of the characterization of Boston as "an abandoned literary farm"; but this must be a mistake, as he still resides there, and only visits New York to drop in upon his Manhattanese friends foregathered at the Players' Club. The placid surface of social intercourse there is always rippled with a wake of good sayings after his departure. But, then, the motto of the Players is Edwin Booth's felicitous paraphrase of Shakespeare's epitaph:

"Good friend, for friendship's sake forbear
To publish what is gossip'd here."

There is no great indiscretion, however, in recalling that when Aldrich was entertained by the Tile Club, and called upon for a speech, he began by saying, diffidently: "Why am I selected for this paralyzing honor. I have little or nothing in common with you horny-handed sons of tile."

Speaking of another club, membership in which meant little more than paying dues and participating, at long intervals, in a kind of combined business meeting and cold supper, he inquired, plaintively: "Why pay thirty dollars for a salad?"

Aldrich and Howells were both editorially associated with *Every Saturday*, a Boston eclectic magazine published by Mr. Osgood in the early seventies. After its demise, and the editors and the publisher chanced to meet, Aldrich affected to see restraint and embarrassment in the latter's manner, and said: "It seems so unnatural for him not to be paying us a salary!" About this time the *North American Review*, apparently affected in material bulk by the fluctuations of literary fortune, shrank from its once portly size to an alarming thinness of less than half an inch. "Why," exclaimed Aldrich, "it looks as if Destiny had sat upon it!"

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Rudyard Kipling's "Seven Seas," which is published by D. Appleton and Company, is in its fourth edition.

Captain Mahan has made some interesting disclosures regarding the origin of his well-known books on sea power. He was reading Mommsen's "History of Rome" in the English Club at Lima, when he was struck by the failure of the historian to take any account of the vital influence of sea power upon Hannibal's career. Later it was suggested to him by Admiral Luce that he prepare a course in naval

history, and, having done this, the books which have since made him the first authority on his subject were gradually prepared and published.

A book about which there is already much curiosity is "Cuba in War Time," by Richard Harding Davis. It will contain the results of his service in Cuba as a war correspondent, revised and enlarged since newspaper publication. The illustrations will be as interesting as the text, for they comprise twenty-four full-page pictures by Frederic Remington. R. H. Russell is the publisher.

The late W. T. Adams ("Oliver Optic") once wrote a play for his son-in-law, Sol Smith Russell, but it was not a success.

Dr. Conan Doyle has decided not to publish in book-form, for the present, at any rate, "Uncle Bernac," which has just been published serially in one of the magazines. He intends to put it aside for a time, and later expand it into a full-sized novel, to be issued by the Appletons.

Sir Walter Besant is advocating a plan to make the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth and death a universal Anglo-Saxon observance.

"General Grant," by General James Grant Wilson, will shortly be issued by the Appletons in their Great Commanders Series. The author's acquaintance with General Grant was begun at Cairo in the summer of 1861, and continued for almost a quarter of a century.

"A Spotless Reputation," by Dorothea Gerard, is the latest issue in the Appletons' Town and Country Library.

The librarian of the Carnegie Library has suppressed the works of Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Southworth, A. C. Gunter, and the late E. P. Roe. He says that such novels create a demoralizing appetite for fiction of the same class and unfit the readers to enjoy anything else.

"Dr. Jameson's Raiders," by Richard Harding Davis, which was published a short time ago by R. H. Russell, is enjoying a lively sale.

The scene of Rudyard Kipling's last new story, "Slaves of the Lamp," which is to appear serially in *Cosmopolis*, beginning with the April number, is laid partly in an English public school and partly in India. It is not impossible that the story may be to a slight extent autobiographical.

It is stated that an American edition of *Pierson's Monthly*, one of the most successful of the cheaper English magazines, will soon be issued in New York.

The late Edward Lear wrote a description of a journey made by him from Hebron to Petra, at a time when travel in the Holy Land was much more dangerous than it is now. It is published in *Macmillans* for April.

In "Equality," the new book by Edward Bellamy which the Appletons are about to publish, the scene is the same as in "Looking Backward"—that is to say, the world of the twentieth century. Many of the same characters re-appear, and the course of historical evolution by which the institutions of that time were born is narrated in detail.

Though the "Pictures of People," by C. D. Gibson, and the handsome books of drawing by Wenzell and other well-known newspaper artists, which R. H. Russell published at Christmas time, were primarily holiday publications, the publishers report that they are still enjoying a very steady sale.

In a brief sketch of Wilkie Collins which appears in the London *Academy*, there is a hitherto unpublished letter, which shows his nervous fear lest meddlesome editors and proof-readers should change his work. Writing to one of his editors, he says:

"The other alterations I can not consent to make. The 'damns' (two 'damns' only, observe, in the whole story) mark the characters at very important places in the narrative. The 'compromise' which you suggest is simply what they would not say. I know of no instances of a writer with any respect for his art or for himself who has ever made the concession which your friends ask of me. My story is not addressed to young people exclusively—it is addressed to readers in general. I do not accept young people as the ultimate court of appeal in English literature. Mr. Turlington must talk like Mr. Turlington—even though the terrible consequence may be that a boy or two may cry 'Damn!' in imitation of him. I refer your friends to Scott and Dickens—writers considered immaculate in the matter of propriety. They will find damn where damn ought to be in the pages of both those masters. In short, I am damned if I take out damn!"

Edward Clodd has just published through the Appletons "Pioneers of Evolution from Thales to Huxley."

The English publishers of Nansen's book, "Farthest North," have already sold more than forty thousand copies, and the sale in America promises to be almost as large. Dr. Nansen, by the way, has been engaged to deliver a series of lectures in this country next fall.

Some confusion has arisen over the fact that the novel, "A Pinchbeck Goddess," which the Appletons have just published, bears upon the title-page, under the author's married name, the name Alice M. Kipling. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Fleming's name is not Alice M., but Beatrice. Alice Macdonald Kipling is the mother of Rudyard Kipling and the wife of T. Lockwood Kipling, whose illustrations appear in the recent editions of the novelist's works. Alice Kipling (the mother) when a girl lived at

Chelsea, in London, and was a friend of the Rossetis. Afterward she contributed to a number of Indian newspapers. The daughter, Beatrice, the author of "A Pinchbeck Goddess," is said to be very devout and of a retiring disposition. This is her first book.

Mrs. Margaret Deland, the author of "John Ward, Preacher," has sent the copy of a new book to her publishers. It will contain five short stories, and will be entitled "The Wisdom of Fools."

James Payn has made the brave confession that some years ago, in his capacity as reader for a London publishing house, he rejected "John Inglesant."

There has recently been a considerable revolution in the newspaper world in Los Angeles. The most notable change is the acquisition of the *Express* by Charles Dwight Willard. Mr. Willard is well-known to the readers of the *Argonaut* through the admirable short stories which he has contributed to our pages in past years. He has been an active newspaper worker in Los Angeles, and more recently has shown himself an able man of affairs in his conduct of the office of secretary of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce.

The Appletons announce an interesting new book by Atherton Curtis. It is entitled "Some Masters of Lithography," and gives a comprehensive survey of the art from Senefelder to the present day. The book is richly illustrated.

Last month, when President McKinley was being inducted into office, there were scores of small boys running about the streets of Washington with copies of the "Inauguration Number" of the *Century* to sell and it is odds that thousands of visitors were glad of just such a souvenir of the occasion.

"The Landlord at Lion's Head," by W. D. Howells, to be issued in book-form this month, embodies two clever and distinct studies in American civilization—one of rural New England life, the other of Boston society.

A new literary club which has been formed in London is known as "The Argonauts." Its purpose is to have quarters for ordinary club uses and to give a dinner on the first Sunday of each month, to which the members are at liberty to invite friends. The first dinner took place on March 7th, and among those present were Dr. Conan Doyle and Miss Doyle, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome K. Jerome, Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, Justin McCarthy, Barry Pain, Mr. and Mrs. Frankfort Moore, and Mr. Oswald Crawford.

BOOKISH VERSE.

The Verse that Comes from Overseas.

The verse that comes from overseas

We grant is exquisitely made;

It moves with admirable ease.

With frost and flame 'tis touched and sprayed;

Its art is never vexed or frayed

By assonance or rhythmic loss:—

Ah, dainty rhymes are those arrayed

By such as Dobson, Lang, and Gosse!

The metre trips by nice degrees,

Nor jars, nor flecks, nor flaws degrade.

The craft is trim, she minds the breeze,

She's fashioned for a prudent trade;

In alien ports she's oft delayed,

She hails the Crescent and the Cross.

The lutes and flutes are deftly played

By such as Dobson, Lang, and Gosse!

Such poets quit the open leas

To walk the gardens prim and staid;

They slight the time-defying trees

For flowers and ferns that droop and fade;

They shun the fresh bucolic glade

To seek the urban whirl and toss:—

And are song's patient laws obeyed

By such as Dobson, Lang, and Gosse?

ENVOY.

Where has the rugged singer strayed,

Who works the boulder, not the moss?—

Who scorns the ornament purveyed

By such as Dobson, Lang, and Gosse?

—A. T. Schaman in the *Critic*.

To a Boy Poet of the Décadence.

But, my good little man, you have made a mistake
If you really are pleased to suppose
That the Thames is alight with the lyrics you make—
We could all do the same if we chose.

From Solomon down, we may read, as we run,
Of the ways of a man and a maid;
There is nothing that's new to us under the sun,
And certainly not in the shade.

The erotic affairs that you fiddle aloud
Are as vulgar as coin of the mint,
And you merely distinguish yourself from the crowd
By the fact that you put 'em in print.

You're a 'prentice, my boy, in the primitive stage,
And you itch, like a boy, to confess:
When you know a bit more of the arts of the age
You will probably talk a bit less.

For your dull little vices we don't care a fig—
It is this that we deeply deplore:
You were cast for a common or usual pig,
But you play the invincible bore.—Owen Seaman.

The clever "Ballad in the Manner of R-dy-rd K-pl-ng," which was printed in the *Argonaut* of March 29th, was written by Guy Wetmore Carryl, and appeared originally in the March number of *Munsey's Magazine*.

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The theatre-hat was a terrible nuisance in its day, but it never was as terrible as the talking theatre-party. Legislation ought to turn its attention to that. Cards ought to be printed, similar to those on the hat question, to hand to such people as will talk, ceaselessly, inanely, continuously, through a good performance.

There was such a party at the Baldwin on Monday night. 'One might have excused much on the plea of youth, but one of them no longer possessed that attribute, as a well-grown young man of the party called her "Ma." Ma was the most irrepressible of the crowd. Nothing would stop her prattling. You turned round and stared at her. Your companion turned round and stared at her. You then turned and stared at each other, and said loudly: "How much these people talk," in a tone of exhausted forbearance. You spoke of changing your seat, you hinted at appealing to the usher. Ma and her party gayly rattled on, and you heard the play in sections of alternate Ma and Shakespeare.

It went something like this: There was an undisturbed moment or two when Shakespeare and Mr. Skinner had the floor, then Ma took possession:

"Look where he keeps his handkerchief."

"Is he really lame, or only pretending?"

"Who is Richard, anyway? Who was Richmond? Whose wife is Anne?"

"He thinks a lot of himself, doesn't he?"—etc., etc., for ten minutes.

Then came a pause and you were permitted to hear the scene between Richard and Anne. Excellently given, this scene. Mr. Skinner, even in the depiction of that type of love-making with which Richard fascinated Lady Anne, is admirable. The ardor and the cunning of this fierce cynic were given with brilliant effect. When it came to wooing, Richard spoke with the tongue of men and angels. The face, with its keen malignity warmed by a passion that was not assumed, was repellent in its combination of craft and amusement. The voice that made such gallant vows seemed to hold beneath its honeyed softness all the laughter of this sardonic, tigerish soul. The lily-like Anne forgets to rail, gives ear with side-long eyes and lips that relax into softer curves. She sighs, and all that fury of resentment she felt an hour ago grows less and less before those piercing glances, that subtly flattering tongue. She looks embarrassed, and stands with down-looking eyes, ashamed of her weakness, and knowing that she is already half-won. What a graceful creature, and so finely, fragility pretty in her dainty smallness. She—Ah! Ma has the floor again:

"Look at his lace handkerchief."

"What makes her like him so much?"

"Is she the wife of the man who got killed in the first act?"

"No; she's the wife of the king."

"The king's not dead yet and she's burying her husband."

"Ain't he smart!"

"He's got a ring on his thumb," and so forth, and so forth.

As the play moved onward toward its bloody climax, Ma and her party got more and more mixed up about the numerous corpses that strewed Richard's gory path. The intricacies of the king's wholesale murders, combined with those of the houses of York and Lancaster, made it an evening of mental strain to that loquacious lady. Who was related to whom, who was murdered, and who was not, tormented Ma and the young people, and conversation was brisk on the subject. But finally, toward the end, the horror of the scene began to affect even their vivacious curiosity. A merciful silence fell upon them for a space, and after one had silently murmured a form of thanksgiving to be used on land, one settled down to watch the players.

The throne-room scene was, next to the one with Lady Anne, the most artistically given. The finale of this was weird and chill with that creeping sense of doom and terror which should close about the last acts of the Crookback's career. Sitting alone on the throne he has gained at such a bitter cost, he broods and dreams for one dark moment on the game and the end. Into his reverie, suddenly, like a shadow, glides the messenger from the Tower. During that moment of affrighted silence, when their eyes meet with query and answer, the passing bell tolls out its note for the souls of the dead princes. Dread and horror whisper in the air. A chill strikes to the heart of the king. He takes off his crown, fingers and looks at it, and reassurance and confidence steal back again.

This rather affected Ma and the young people. They were quiet during most of the scene. One of the boys, who had been putting his mind upon the play, and had been getting to the bottom of things,

remarked, in a tone of dismayed conviction: "He's quite a hard character, isn't he?" They assented to this. Considering all things, Richard might honestly come under that head. It was the taking off of the princes that made them come to the damning conclusion. Poor old Richmond and Anne and Buckingham evidently did not count for much with Ma and the boys. They subsided until the appearance of the ghosts. The phalanx of Richard's victims, in their habits as they lived, stirred them up to prodigies of conversation. They kept up a running fire of comments, and they seemed to feel that they had been swindled out of their just dues, because Anne's first husband was not a member of the spectral party.

Had it not been for Ma and her companions, the evening would have been one of pleasure and entertainment. Mr. Skinner is a good, though not a great, Richard. His temperament is too robust and warm for the depiction of one of the most subtle, keen, and transcendent of villains. Richard was of that Italian type—terrible, fearless, inscrutable—that the vogue of Italian stories had introduced to the Elizabethan playwrights. He did not enjoy his crimes for their own sake. He was not a cunning mischief-maker, like Iago, but a creature of ambition. It is this that gives the character its malignant power and splendor. His intrepid bravery, his cynical audacity, his furious energy to win despite the deformities that had made him Richard the Crookback and filled his heart with hatred, give him the dignity of those tremendous figures that Webster first drew.

The frankness, fire, and dash of Mr. Skinner's style do not fit him for so cold and subtle a part. His forte is in the portraying of what is impetuous, and spirited, and passionately young. Fine shades and delicate degrees are not so easy for him to depict as impulses of a splendid rashness, acts of a loyal and ardent generosity. He is romantic, and plays by natural instinct all those robustly heroic characters that the word romance conjures up—the lover, the soldier, the hero, the free-lance to-day, the courtier to-morrow. He is the strong, stalwart knight, Wilfred of Ivanhoe, who wins in the tourney and carries off the golden-haired Rowena, not the dark-browed Templar, with his madness and his despair. He is the gay, laughter-loving, impetuous Paolo, not Lanciotto, with his gnawing suspicions, his doubts, and jealous agonies. He is Sir Tristram, with love and music on his lips, the light of joy in his eyes, and the sun in his hair, not King Mark, the side-long looking man, who waits and watches, creeping cat-like through the passages of "dark Tintagel by the Cornish Sea."

There is a good deal more of Miss Cayvan as a star than there used to be of Miss Cayvan as the leading lady of the Lyceum Company. She is a stout, buxom, comfortable-looking party, with a broad, good-humored face and the full, deep voice which comes from a fine pair of lungs. She suggests that same exuberant health which one meets with on the streets of San Francisco in all shapes and sizes of the Eternal Feminine. If Miss Cayvan came from here, everybody would say, with a contented sigh: "A typical Californian!" It so happens that she comes from Maine, where it is said that the women are built on the same lines as the lofty pine-trees out of which they make the masts of ships. Miss Cayvan does not look like a New Englander, but she has the New England character and temperament in its completest development.

As a star she is as careful, as satisfactory, as conscientious and quietly realistic as ever. She is without distinction or imagination, but her mimetic powers are admirable, and she has developed herself to the very highest point that her type of mind can reach. Intelligence can go no further. Beyond this is the vague, rainbow realm where fantasy and genius go their own way, snapping their fingers at laws and conventions, traditions of romance and realism. Miss Cayvan will always be a satisfactory actress to see act. She is eminently sensible—a sensible, intelligent, sharp New England woman. She is never going to try work that she is not capable of doing; she can be relied on to do her best honestly and faithfully. She will not play a young girl when she looks like a mature woman, or try to be coquettish when nature built her on a plan that suggests the capable, cheerful, bustling housewife.

With her shrewd good sense she plays a part which presents her as that sort of clumsy, kindly, unselfish, buxom country lass for which nature and art have fitted her. Squire Kate is the sort of good, simple, reliable girl you like to have your relatives marry. It is good blood to have in the family, especially if the family inclines to be wild. Miss Cayvan plays the part with enthusiasm and realism. She is convincing to a degree. She even goes so far as to lend to Kate a sort of slow, bucolic heaviness of mind that is close to stupidity, a wide-smiling, all-embracing geniality, warm and benignly broad, as the sun-rays which flood the hay-fields. The character is similar in intention, but essentially different in treatment from those well-bred ladies in the De Mille and Belasco plays, which first made Miss Cayvan's fame. In her ruthless realism she makes no attempts to lend herself a fictitious beauty. She wears some terrible hats, and even her beautiful arms are painted a burning, country red to the elbows.

In the third act she has her "strong scene," and rises to it with restrained interest and vivacity. She is admirable in this sort of emotional display. Her

fire is never rant; her despair never self-conscious, her love never sentimental. The scene is excellently poised. The furious revelation of the love-dream of this self-contained and self-sacrificing woman, under whose placid exterior unsuspected fires have smoldered for years, was passionately real. It was the best type of intelligent American acting—that class of work which is most apparent in every branch of American art, work that is conscientious, honest, and well-sustained, but that has no originality, no imagination, and no personality. Schools of acting, hide-bound magazines, art academies strangled with convention, are keeping American art tight and fast in these lines. In fact, that we have any American art at all is surprising.

EASTER LYRICS.

An Easter Lyric.

To—
Ah, Phyllis, best of all dear girls,
Lest I shall fall from grace,
I pray thee hide those tempting curls
And veil that saintly face
When I shall sit by thy dear side
In church at holy Easter-tide.

So long I worship thee alone,
By morn, and noon, and night,
That I must haste me and atone
If I would gain the Light.
So turn that angel face away
From me awhile on Easter Day.

Yet stay, it matters not to me
What happens after death,
If I but gain one glance from thee
Or feel thy fragrant breath
Upon my cheek. Ah, do not scorn
My hungry eyes on Easter Morn!

Easter Lilies.

Sweet dreams are in her lifted eyes,
Sweet prayers her parted lips are praying;
She takes no heed of lovers' sighs
Nor any yearnings earthward straying.

She gives me no more thought than she
Bestows on dead and gone Achilles;
But I can hear that since I see
She wears my bunch of Easter lilies.

—Judge.

At Easter-Tide.

At Easter-tide, when lilies blow
And ope their chalice of snow,
I watch her, dainty clad and sweet,
Kneel in the church's calm retreat,
With fair young face bent meek and low
Above her book, while wondering grow
The violet eyes, as to and fro
They wander o'er each pew and seat
At Easter-tide.

Fair penitent! Too well I know
'Tis not the thought of sins that so
Disturbs that flower face petite;
It is because your glances meet
That honnet in the second row

At Easter-tide.

—Ernest Delancy Pierson.

An Easter Sorrow.

The Easter bells ring clear and sweet;
To church the onward crowd is wending;
I sit and gaze into the street,
My thoughts another way are tending.

The happy chimes, the sunshine fair,
The jocund pilgrims make me nervous,
And precious little do I care
Who hears or misses Easter Service.

Deep disappointment makes me frown—
I've even wasted tears upon it!
That horrid milliner, down-town,
Forgot to send my Easter Bonnet.

—Madeline S. Bridges.

A Ballade of Easter.

Whether it come with the bells a-ringing
Muffled and dull through the falling snows,
Or with the first faint zephyrs bringing
Their spring-time hints of the lily and rose;
Whether it bringeth a change of clo'es
Or a biting blizzard our bones to search,
One thing certainly each man knows—
Easter bringeth us all to Church.

The gray-headed sinner his psalm is singing,
(As much of the psalm as the old rogue knows),
By his annual act of devotion clinging
To his pleasant fib that to church he goes.
And even the light club-window beaux
Come down for a day from their plate-glassed perch,
To stand at the portal in ogling rows—
Easter bringeth us all to Church.

What is this miracle, sudden springing
Up in our life of poms and shows?
Is it a conscience sudden stinging,
That coraleth the heedless at Lent's gay close?
Why should the wicked just now disclose
A tardy fear to be left in the lurch?
For it's sure as it's just what you wouldn't suppose—
Easter bringeth us all to Church.

ENVOY AND ANSWER.

Son, the maid has a face like a rose—
For a fairer the world you shall vainly search—
And an Easter bonnet from Madame Chose—
Why, certainly, of course—
Easter bringeth us all to Church.—Puck.

An Ounce of Prevention

Is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING, PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER

Every Evening. The Artistic Rendition of Sir Jules Benedict's Irish Opera.

THE LILY OF KILLARNEY

Monday Evening, April 26th. Careful Presentation of

Charles Villiers Stanford's Romantic Comic Opera.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN!

First Appearance in This City of Mrs. DENIS O'SULLIVAN.

Popular Prices..... 25 and 50 cents

BALDWIN THEATRE.

AL. HAYMAN & Co., (INCORPORATED), PROPRIETORS

Sunday Evening, April 18th, Engagement for Two Weeks.

Matinée Saturday.

PRIMROSE and WEST'S

GREAT BIG MINSTRELS!

BLACK AND WHITE.

100 PERFORMERS—100

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLOB & Co., LESSEES AND MANAGERS

During the Second and Last Week of Her Engagement,

Beginning Monday, April 19th,

MISS GEORGIA CAYVAN

And Her Company Will Present, for the First Time Here,

a New and Original Comedy Entitled

MARY PENNINGTON, SPINSTER.

Every Evening (Including Sunday), Matinée Saturday.

April 26th, Ward & Vokes in "A Run on the Bank."

ORPHEUM.

Week Beginning Monday, April 19th.

Special Engagement of the Noted Singers, Sig.

Achille Alberti, Baritone, and Mme. Ammina

Orlandi, Mezzo-Soprano. Marzelli and Millay,

Comedy Acrobats. Herr Grais and His Marvelous

Trick Baboon and Donkey. Ed. Latelle, Comedy

Musical Artist, in Conjunction With the Kronemann

Brothers, Merrilee Sisters, Evans and Vidoq, Harris

and Walters, and Delmore and Lee. Matinées Wednesday,

Saturday, and Sunday.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE.

SATURDAY EVENING.....APRIL 24th

ONLY PIANO RECITAL

GIVEN BY

PEARL LADD

California's Youngest Artist.

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Spanish Dancer.

Reserved seats, 50c, 75c, and \$1.00. On sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s April 22d, 23d, and 24th, and at the theatre on the evening of the recital.

COLUMBIA THEATRE--EXTRA

Thursday Afternoon, April 22d, at 3:30 P. M.

LAST SYMPHONY CONCERT

GUSTAV HINRICHS, Director.

Soloist—MR. DENIS O'SULLIVAN.

Rubinstein's 5th Symphony (first time) and the famous

Nut Cracker Suite.

Reserved seats 50c. and \$1.00. Box-office now open.

GOLDEN GATE HALL.

Next Friday Evening, April 23d, 1897.

GERTRUDE AULD-THOMAS

The Wonderful Soprano.

Assisted by Samuel Savannah, Violin.

Robert E. Newell, Piano.

Reserved seats \$1.00. General admission, 50c.

Box-office opens at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s music store

April 22d and 23d.

PACIFIC COAST JOCKEY CLUB

(INGLESIDE TRACK).

The only perfect Winter Race Track in America.

Racing from April 19th to May 1st, inclusive.

Five or more races daily, rain or shine. First Race at 2 P. M.

Take Southern Pacific trains at Third and Townsend

Streets Depot, leaving at 1:00 and 1:20 o'clock P. M.

Fare for Round Trip, including Admission

to Grounds, \$1.00.

Take Mission Street electric line direct to track.

The Corrigan Stakes, Monday, April 19th. The Spreckels

Cup, Saturday, April 24th. The California Hurdle, Wed-

nesday, April 28th. The Ingleside Stakes, Four Miles,

Saturday, May 1st.

F. H. GREEN, Secretary.

S. N. ANDROUS, President.

THE RUBBER-TIPPED ARROW FAMILY GAME



It is just the thing for amusement; just the thing for discipline; just the thing to help our boys and girls grow up strong, healthy, manly, and womanly. The Game in Bronze costs only 6c, including pistol, arrow, target, and target-holder; in nickel, 9c., all complete.

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APOLLO LEFT OUT.

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It's a very good name; Apollo Best Bloom is good iron.

Apollo Iron and Steel Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Georgia Cayvan in a New Play.

Georgia Cayvan will begin her second and last week at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, presenting for the first time here a new comedy entitled "Mary Pennington, Spinster." It was the play she used at the opening of her engagement as a star in New York last season. The author is an Englishman, W. R. Walkes, and it was originally presented in London. It is in strong contrast with "Squire Kate," the play which Miss Cayvan has been presenting this week, in that it is a society comedy. It is the story of a woman who thinks that she can stand alone and live for woman's rights, social aims, and ideals, but she finds life incomplete until she falls in love. The play gives opportunity for some elaborate dressing, and the gowns worn by Miss Cayvan and Miss Sutherland have excited much comment in the East.

It is possible that in the latter part of the week Miss Cayvan may offer a double bill, consisting of a new comedy, "Goblin Castle," by Miss Elizabeth Bisland, and an old comedietta by Thomas Haynes Bayley, which has been revised and rechristened "The Little Individual."

Denis O'Sullivan at the Tivoli.

Sir Jules Benedict's romantic opera, "The Lily of Killarney," has been so successful at the Tivoli during the past week that the management has decided to retain it there until Denis O'Sullivan makes his operatic debut in this city on April 26th. Laura Millard is singing the part of the Colleen Bawn; Elvia Crox-Seabrooke is the dashing heiress, Ann Chute; Bernice Holmes is the Mrs. Cregan; and Josie Intropidi is the Sheelah. Rhys Thomas acquires himself very creditably as Cregan; Maurice Darcy is the Myles na Coppaleen; Raffael is the Danny Mann; Ferris Hartman the middleman, Mr. Corrigan; and W. H. West the Father Tom.

Monday evening, April 26th, will be a gala night at the Tivoli. It will afford us our first opportunity to hear Denis O'Sullivan in opera. He is a native of this city, a son of the late C. D. O'Sullivan, and is very widely known here. He was a great foot-ball player, four or five years ago, a fair violinist, and quite a pleasing singer. Of late years he has devoted himself exclusively to the cultivation of his voice, and, after a course of study in Italy, he made his operatic debut last winter in London. He made a great success in "The Flying Dutchman," and when "Shamus O'Brien" was produced he was given the title-role. The opera was a decided success, to which end Mr. O'Sullivan's work contributed not a little. The libretto was written by Dr. George S. Jessop, who also was a resident of this city some years ago, and the music by Dr. Charles Villiers Stanford. It is founded on the well-known ballad by J. Sheridan LeFanu, and tells a pretty, romantic story with plenty of fun in it. The music is of a far higher order than one finds in comic, or even light, opera, and, indeed, it may be compared with works of the new school, such as "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci."

Another new member of the Tivoli stock company will first appear in "Shamus O'Brien." This is Miss Myra Morella, who has been a prima donna with the Abbott, the Conreid, and the Carleton opera companies. The production of the opera will be very elaborate, the scenery, costumes, and accessories now being in course of construction after the London models. The Tivoli management is to be congratulated on its enterprise, and, we hope, its good fortune in securing such a decided and attractive novelty.

Minstrels at the Baldwin.

San Francisco has been in its day the greatest home of negro minstrelsy that the country has known. Almost all the famous men in that line have appeared here, even if they did not first make their reputation in this city, and the last permanent minstrel company that played in New York took its name from this city. We shall have an opportunity to see if the old love of song and fun still survives among us, next Monday, when Primrose and West's minstrels will begin a two weeks' engagement at the Baldwin. The company comprises two troupes, one of white men and the other of real negroes, and in both the individuals are the very best men in their several lines. The company is headed by George H. Primrose and William H. West, and other members are: George Wilson, Jimmy Wall, a singing comedian; Howe, Wall, and Walters, a musical comedy trio; William H. Windom, a phenomenal alto; Charles Kent and Frank Pitzken, baritones; Arthur Williams, George Robinson, John H. Davis, tenors; and Ed Dickens, basso profundo.

The attraction to follow the minstrels at the Baldwin is De Wolf Hopper in "El Capitan." The new opera has been even more successful in New York and throughout the country than either "Wang" or "Dr. Syntax."

New People at the Orpheum.

The Orpheum will offer its patrons a strong bill next week, commencing on Monday night. Two of the new people are Signor Achille Alberti, baritone, and Mme. Annina Orlandi, mezzo-soprano, who were lately with the Mapleson Grand Opera Company. They will sing a number of arias from grand opera. The new comedy-acrobats are Marzelli and Millay, whose work is materially different from the stereotyped performance usually given by acrobats; Herr

Grais will exhibit his trick baboon and donkey; and Ed Latelle is a new comely musical artist. The best features of this week's entertainment will be retained, including the Krönemann Brothers, the Merriells Sisters, whose singing and dancing have won them many admirers, Evans and Vidocq, Harris and Walters, and Delmore and Lee. There will be matinees on Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday afternoons.

Notes.

When "The Heart of Maryland" is given at the Baldwin, Frank Mordaunt will be a member of the cast.

John Drew will spend his summer in Europe, and will again begin his American tour at the Baldwin Theatre in this city.

Lewis Morrison, an old favorite with San Francisco theatre-goers, will appear at the Columbia this season in two new plays.

The Empire Theatre success, "Under the Red Robe," which is also drawing crowded houses in London, will be one of the attractions at the Baldwin this year.

The Lyceum Theatre Company has secured a new juvenile who has made quite a hit in "The First Gentleman of Europe." His stage name is E. J. Morgan.

Alice Hosmer, a singer who has been seen here in several light-opera companies, is in the cast of "El Capitan," which De Wolf Hopper brings to the Baldwin next month.

Among the new songs to be sung by Primrose and West's Minstrels are a sentimental ballad, entitled "Take Back Your Gold," and a negro song, "Bully's Gone to Rest."

Miss Marion Terry, a London actress, recently collected twenty-five hundred dollars damages from the *St. James's Budget* for having reported that she was about to marry her brother-in-law.

Eleonora Duse has recovered from the surgical operation which she underwent in Vienna, and is now acting in Italy. Her success in Russia was very great, the average receipts at St. Petersburg being thirty-five hundred dollars a night.

Augustin Daly's stock company begins its last week at his New York theatre next Monday night. Their American tour this year will be confined to Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago, and in August they will tour the English provinces.

When "The Prisoner of Zenda" comes back to us, Marie Shotwell will play the part of Antoinette de Mauvan. She created the rôle when the play was produced by Sothorn in 1895, and her latest success has been as Lady Sark in "The First Gentleman of Europe."

It seems that Yvette Guilbert has other sources of revenue from her profession than the box-office. She buys the songs she sings for fifty francs each—good, bad, or indifferent—and if the song makes a hit, she publishes it. Of one of her songs, "Les Ingénues," she sold ten thousand copies.

W. T. Carleton has been appearing in continuous performances for more than a year past, but the Carleton Opera Company is to be revived next Monday. Jennie Winston is to be the prima donna, and other members of the company are Laura Clement, Clara Wisdom, Marion Langdon, and W. R. Dixon.

It is said that Henry Arthur Jones's new play, "The Physician," was suggested by the Playfair-Kitson case, which shocked London society some months ago. The physician in the play does not reveal to the woman the secret of her lover's infamy, but he is tempted to do so, and in the end the truth is revealed without his intervention.

Lucy Daly, the dancing girl, who with her famous pickaninnies was last here with the "Passing Show," is a member of the Ward and Vokes company which is soon coming to the Columbia. She has the rôle of Hasty Writer, the type-writer in "A Run on the Bank." Charles Mason is also a member of the company, playing the rôle of a Dutch detective.

The theatrical situation at present in London is remarkable. There is such a demand for theatres by actors who have plays to produce that rents have gone up astonishingly—in some cases, as much as one hundred per cent. It is possible that John Drew and Maude Adams may not be able to get a theatre there this spring, and among the others who are in the same box are John Hare and Olga Nethersole.

The following figures are published for the benefit of "stage-struck young women": "The majority of leading people in road companies get but fifty dollars a week or less. Three-fifths of the profession, as a whole, including chorus, ballet, and supernumeraries, average but about fifteen dollars a week for the season, which means an average of less than nine dollars a week spread over the twelve calendar months. The other two-fifths do not average more than thirty-five dollars a week, including stars, taking it for the year."

The latest Parisian celebrity who is coming to America is Cléo de Mérode. In Paris she was, up to a short time ago, nothing more than in a professional way than a *figurante* at the Opéra. But even there

she attracted the attention of a king and set a fashion. She invariably wore her hair hanging down over her ears, and, with her classic profile, she made such a striking picture that not only was she a feature of the stage, but her *coiffure* was copied all over the world. More recently she has been appearing at some of the larger *cafés concerts*, and now she is coming to Koster & Bial's in New York.

Theodore Thomas and his orchestra come high, but Chicago is determined to keep him. In spite of the fact that they are two hundred and seventeen thousand dollars behind on the five seasons he has given there, the guarantors propose to continue going down into their pockets until the Chicagoans are educated up to the orchestra and the organization is on a paying basis. The first season the deficit was fifty-three thousand dollars. At that time the price of admission was twenty-five cents, and the audience was allowed to drink beer. Since then the price has been raised four hundred per cent. and no beer-drinking is allowed.

When "Courtied into Court" comes to the Columbia next season, the rôle created by May Irwin will probably be played by Marie Dressler. That is to say, Miss Dressler has been engaged for the part, but she may not continue with the company until it reaches San Francisco. In her career of a few years, she has managed to inject more animation into the life behind the scenes in those theatrical companies with which she has been connected than any half-dozen of the most jealous queens of grand opera. She is now playing at one of the minor theatres in New York in a parody of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles." It is called "Tess of the Vaudeville," and much of its success is due to Miss Dressler's efforts.

Racing under the auspices of the Pacific Coast Jockey Club will be resumed at the Ingleside Track next Monday, April 19th, and will continue through Saturday, May 1st. The notable races of the fortnight will be the Corrigan Stakes, on Monday, April 19th; the Spreckels Cup, on Saturday, April 24th; the California Stakes, on Wednesday, April 28th; and the Ingleside Stakes, on Saturday, May 1st. There will be at least five races every day, and now that the days are getting longer, there will be no occasion for objection even when there are as many as seven events.

A second lecture by Mr. Henry A. Butters on South Africa will be given at the Y. M. C. A. Hall, at the corner of Mason and Ellis Streets, San Francisco, at eight-fifteen P. M., on Monday, April 19th. In this lecture the mining industry at Johannesburg and the political situation will be particularly dealt with. The entire proceeds of the lecture will go to the Boulevard Fund for the unemployed. Tickets (fifty cents) may be obtained at the hall on the evening of the lecture, or from the boulevard committee.

The Mizpah Charity Club will give an "indoor picnic" at Golden Gate Hall next Saturday for the benefit of its charity fund. This club does much good in an unostentatious way and is deserving of liberal encouragement. The hall will be decorated to represent a picnic-ground, and there will be a musical entertainment and dancing. Tickets at fifty cents each may be obtained from any member of the club.

Where the Best Wines are Found.

The attractiveness and quiet pleasures of the Emporium wine-room are gaining for Mr. F. A. Haber, the manager of that department, a trade and reputation that are becoming proverbial all over the city. The original style of the place, the beauty and tastefulness of the furnishings, are worth going far to note and admire. Mr. Haber caters especially to ladies and gentlemen and to the family trade. There is no bar-room in his establishment; his liquors are served on handsome sampling-tables and in a quiet, cleanly manner by courteous attendants.

Mr. Haber, who is a man of high character and attainments, was the chief of the viticultural department of the Midwinter Exposition, and he brings an experience of twenty years in handling the wines of California to the service of his customers. He has the largest and most complete stock of domestic and foreign wines and liquors, beers, mineral waters, and so forth west of the Mississippi. A visit to his establishment will surprise and please the most exacting connoisseur or the most fastidious man about town.

— RACE, FIELD, MARINE, AND OPERA-GLASSES, microscopes, thermometers, barometers, and scientific instruments. Henry Kahn & Co., 642 Market Street.

It gives strength to the feeble, does this glorious VinMariani. Aptly may it be termed "Elixir of Life." Alexandre Dumas, fils.

WIN MARIANI
(MARIANI WINE)
THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC.
At Druggists and Fancy Grocers. Avoid Substitutions.

SALE OF THE HAWAIIAN HOTEL PREMISES
HONOLULU, H. I.

ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1897, AT 12 O'CLOCK noon, at the front entrance of the Executive Building, Honolulu, will be sold, at public auction, the Hawaiian Hotel premises at Honolulu.

These premises are centrally located in the city, in the centre of the block bounded by and with entrance drives from Hotel, Richards, Beretania, and Alakea Streets, and the grounds contain an area of 17-10th acres.

The buildings consist of the hotel proper, of two stories and basement; built of brick and concrete, with broad verandas at front and rear of each story.

The main building covers an area of 10,800 square feet, with Lanai or wing addition on one side 40x24 feet, and wooden addition on opposite wing, for kitchen, 60x18 feet. There are also four cottages on the premises, with ample provision for bath-rooms and closets.

The main building contains a spacious parlor, public and private dining-rooms, large billiard-hall and bar-room, and forty sleeping-rooms—the cottages contain about twenty additional sleeping-rooms. The main building cost a little over \$100,000 in 1874.

A water-tank, with capacity of 10,000 gallons, is placed on a tower at an elevation sufficient to give a good water pressure in second story of the main building. This tank is supplied from an artesian well on adjoining premises, owned by Dr. J. S. McGrew.

The buildings and grounds are thoroughly lighted with electric light. Plans of the buildings and grounds can be seen at Hawaiian Consulate General, 206 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

Terms of sale are cash—in United States gold coin. Unset price, \$60,000.

In case there is no bidder to purchase the property at the above upset price, a lease of the same will immediately be offered for sale at an upset price of \$4,000 a year for a period of thirty years under the conditions set out in Act 7, Laws of 1896, and more particularly of Section 2 and 4 of said act, which reads as follows:

"Section 2. Every such lease shall contain a covenant on the part of the lessee that he shall, during the first four years of the term of the lease, cause to be erected upon the leased premises a fire-proof building of brick, stone, or metal, in a workmanlike manner, satisfactory to the Minister of the Interior, at a cost of not less than fifty thousand dollars; and keep the same suitably insured at not less than two-thirds of its value for the benefit of the lessor; and shall keep the building in good repair during the remainder of the term of lease, reasonable use and wear thereof only excepted; and in case of damage or destruction of such building by fire, shall make good such loss or damage by the necessary repairs or reconstruction, or else surrender the insurance to the lessor."

"Section 4. Every such lease shall also contain a covenant on the part of the lessor, that upon the request in writing by the lessee or his representatives, before the expiration thereof, the premises, with the improvements, shall if all of the conditions to be performed by the lessee have been satisfactorily performed, be put up at auction for a lease for a term of not over twenty years; unless said premises shall be required for public uses, of which the lessee shall receive at least one year's notice. Such auction sale shall be held not more than six months nor less than one month before the expiration of said term."

JAMES A. KING,
Minister of Interior.

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VANITY FAIR.

For several days the Indianapolis newspapers have been throwing out mysterious hints about "curious carryings-on" in one of the high-toned women's literary clubs of that city. The club is the Kettle Drum Social and Literary Club, made up of forty young married women. It is four years old, and among its members are some of the best-known society women of the city. It has been in the habit of meeting twice a month at the home of some member, and the meetings have been taken up with essays, music, and such things. About six months ago, members began to complain of the loss of money and valuables at club meetings. Finally the discovery was made that nearly every member at some time during the six months had lost money. It was agreed that the thief was in the club, and every member had her private opinion as to the guilty one. Last week the club met. Thirty-seven women were present. There was a good deal of suppressed excitement during the session, because several of the members knew that, at a secret conference held on the day previous, it had been agreed by six women that each would mark a two-dollar bill and leave the money in her wrap. After the programme had been disposed of, the secret committee hurried to the room in which the wraps had been deposited and looked for the money. It had all disappeared. The hostess was equal to the occasion. "Ladies," she said, "I have locked the doors, and no one will be permitted to leave this house until she has been searched." Members of the club say that the scene which followed this announcement was remarkable. Women began crying, and some of them were soon in hysterics. But the hostess was firm. Finally, two members were appointed a committee to do the searching. One by one the members were taken to a room and compelled to relieve themselves of all clothing. Each one was required to take down her hair and to submit to a most thorough search. The hostess stood by while the members were being put through the ordeal. After every other member had been searched, she submitted. The last act was to search the searchers, but the entire scene ended without the thief having been unmasked. While the members were discussing the result of the search, one of them remembered that two women had retired before the search had been ordered. The president forthwith called the members to order and instructed them that nothing should be said about the affair of the afternoon. It was desirable to set another trap at the next meeting, when no one would be permitted to go away until an order of release should be issued. It was long after dark that night before some of the club members returned home. They arrived with red eyes and disheveled hair. Husbands more inquisitive than the others insisted on knowing what it all meant, and that is the way the story leaked out. The future of the club is regarded with much solicitude by its friends.

Modesty may almost be considered a matter of time and place. In the time of George the Third, of England, though the drapery was of the scantiest, it was not considered delicate or refined to uncover the forehead. Some young ladies who had been abroad were considered hold-looking because they wore their hair Madona fashion. Ladies not in *la premiere jeunesse* very generally wore wigs; the princesses had their heads shaved and wore wigs ready dressed and decorated for the evening to save time for the toilet. Widows almost always shaved their heads.

New York is to lose, for a time at least, its tea-rooms. The Afternoon Tea-Room was taken on a three-years' lease, and will be sublet with the assurance that the business is sufficiently prosperous to bring in an income of two thousand five hundred dollars a year. The English Tea-Rooms are closing for the summer only, not a sufficient number of tea-room patrons being left in the city when the hot-weather exodus begins to make it profitable to keep them open. Brooklyn followed the example of New York in the way of tea-rooms, and one was opened not long after the tea rooms in New York were in full operation. It is to follow suit in the matter of closing. The reason is, of course, in great measure, the coming of the summer season, but to this must be added the fact that the novelty of the tea-rooms has worn off, and, moreover, women prefer to follow the new fashion of lunching in not exclusively feminine restaurants.

English society is of a much wider range than the English metropolis. There are the country houses; the whole of what is called county society, as well as that special form of social communion due to the habit of collecting country-house parties, whether from Saturday to Monday or, at a different season, for a week or more at a time. There is all Scotland, with its still more highly specialized social existence during the months of August, September, and October. There is the Cowes week, in the beginning of August. The whole English year is thus divided. The London season, in its broadest sense, may be said to coincide nearly with the Parliamentary season. It lasts, that is, from February to August. May and June are the two best months—the two months into which are crowded the most gaiety, the greatest number of smart entertainments, the months when the Row in Hyde Park is fullest,

when the prayer-book parade after morning church from Hyde Park corner to Stanhope Gate is most brilliant, when there are often five or six balls and parties of a single evening, when the social delirium is at its height. The English would be likely to say that the London season lasts from after the Easter holidays to Goodwood. The latter is the last great race meeting which occurs while London is still, socially speaking, London. It occurs toward the end of July. Then the beautiful Sussex Park of the Duke of Richmond is the rendezvous of the departing company of the London world. There is a large house-party at Goodwood. Then has been seen (according to Mr. G. W. Smalley) one of the most curious examples of that practical and thrifty spirit which presides over English life. There is a fee for admission to the grandstand on the race-course, and this grandstand, like everything else at Goodwood, is the property of His Grace of Richmond. His grace sees no reason why he should not collect these fees in person, nor—so runs the story—why he should not collect them of his guests at Goodwood House as they sit at breakfast. One other addition to the list of social divisions may be made. Homburg has of late years been a kind of supplement to the London season. This is the work of the Prince of Wales. He goes there regularly for three weeks in August, after Cowes, and during those three weeks, and for a week before and after, Homburg hears much the same relation to London which Newport for a longer term bears to New York. It is Mayfair, but with the dress-coat laid aside for a dining-jacket.

The point where the Canadian girl differs from her American sister is a singularly elusive one. There is rarely anything of the timid, exotic strain about her. She is particularly famous for the conscientious manner in which she takes care of her health. The extreme rigor of the winters of Canada, coupled with the universal tendency to outdoor sports, compels her to recognize the necessity for careful clothing. When the call comes for it, she dons mittens, moccasins, and fur caps, with chamois under-jackets and everything possible ever devised to keep up the fine circulation in her strong young limbs. When she goes golfing, she wears a scarlet coat as much like her brother's as possible, and her bicycling costume is made first to serve the purpose of warmth and comfort, with what heavy left after these other essential qualities have been attended to. The hockey-shoe, for instance, is a good illustration of her willingness to sacrifice beauty for utility. The hockey-skate is perfectly straight and is secured to the foot, which is taken along and exchanged for the one worn—a short, clumsy boot, which would be trying to the prettiest of feet. Add to this a heavy hide ankle laced over the whole, which has a hole for the heel of the under shoe, and one can easily understand why the hockey girl's foot is not a thing of beauty. It is impossible to think of the Canadian girl unassociated with her ever-present dog—or dogs, for she frequently owns several. All the creatures are fine big fellows, for the maiden of the north scorns the lap-dog. If there are any points of training and breeding which she does not have on her tongue's end, they are yet to be discovered. The sight of a strong, rosy young woman striding along in the frosty sunshine, with her great, brave dog beside her, is one of the most characteristic and inspiring sights in the country just north of the States.

The hicycle-suit to be worn by men this summer has been determined by laws as immutable as those of the Medes and Persians, and is thus described in *Vogue*: "There are two or three things that must be avoided: Do not wear a uniform. Do not wear a suit of one material. Do not wear the ugly sweater. The well-dressed man will have knickers of a plaid pattern. They will be cut like the riding breeches, the extensions being of the same material as the breeches, and buttoning on the outer side of leg bone, just under the knee. Extension cuffs of a different material than the knickerbockers are going out of style. The hose should have plain colored legs, ribbed, with fancy turn-over tops. Roll the tops down so that three buttons on the extensions may be seen. Russet shoes, either high or low, are worn. The vest should be of a fancy plaid pattern, with large flaps on the pockets. The coat should be a simple three-buttoned sack of blue serge or black vicuna. Wear a fancy madras or flannel shirt and a cotton hunting stock. Wear tan or white gloves and a soft Homburg hat, with brim turned down in front."

Letters were recently sent out from Stanford University to seven hundred girls attending public schools, asking them to answer the question: "What person of whom you have heard or read would you most like to resemble, and why?" In a remarkably large number of cases the answers revealed a desire to resemble some great man rather than a famous woman, and an impressive majority of the writers expressed the desire to be strong and brave rather than to possess the qualities generally regarded as peculiarly and properly feminine. One thirteen-year-old girl wrote: "I believe that I would rather resemble a man than a woman, because the deeds of women, although sometimes great, self-sacrificing, and brave, sink into insignificance when compared with the valorous deeds of man." The instructor who had charge of this investigation—a woman, by the way—deduces from

the replies received that the "selfish" is surely and irresistibly impelling our girls to an absorption of characteristics hitherto deemed masculine. Co-education is undoubtedly greatly accelerating this consummation."

Most girls are not given or taken in marriage. Some ill-disposed persons have been figuring it out. There is no getting away from their figures. There are more young women than young men. So far as New York city is concerned, the proportion is about 110 to 100. The working-girl, the salaried girl, the girl wage-earner, the clerks, and type-writers, and salesgirls, and the domestic servants—upon their already tired shoulders rests the burden for this new order. Of all these classes of feminine wage-earners, the proportion of marriages under twenty-one years of age is highest among the less skilled grades of factory-girls. The better paid factory-girls, tailoresses, domestic servants, dressmakers, and milliners, shop assistants, clerks, and elementary teachers constitute another group. Dressmakers and shop assistants accept wages which would not be enough to support them if they had not friends to help them, and they endure hard work, long hours, and close rooms because they believe that they are only filling up a brief interval before marriage. These girls are constantly coming in contact with the rich, and have ever before their eyes the luxury and comfort of those who have money without working for it. They are taught to think much about dress and personal appearance, and are exposed to temptations never offered to the less attractive factory-girls. They have naturally a higher standard of living, their parents can not be relied upon to help them after the first few years, and, failing marriage, the future looks intensely dreary to them. A third group is included in what may be called the "upper middle class." These women work for persons who make no pecuniary profit by employing them, but the desire to be employed is so strong in educated women, and their opportunities of being profitably employed are so few, that they will give their services for a year to people as well off as themselves in return for a sum of money barely sufficient to keep them supplied with gloves, lace, hats, and other necessary trifles. "The expectation that marriage will, in a few years after a girl leaves school, solve all difficulties and provide for her," one writer observes, "is at the root of all the confusion. Fathers who know they can make no provision for their daughters make no attempt to train them for really lucrative employment, because they think the money will be thrown away if their daughters marry. If only the relatives of these girls could realize that at least one-half of them will never be married, and that of the others many will not marry for several years after leaving school; that there is no means of predicting which of them will be married, and that any of them may have to support, not only themselves all their lives, but a nurse as well in old age, the tangle would soon be unraveled."

The fashion of plain silver-headed canes which came from London several seasons ago has never been superseded as the best form for any kind of fancy cane. The small silver heads usually show no more ornament than the initial engraved on the top, although some of the heads turned out by the American silversmiths have been expensively carved and engraved. They are all modeled after the heads of the walking-sticks used in the late eighteenth century, and the present fashion has caused a demand for the genuine antiques that has sent them up in price and set the dealers to searching for as many of them as can be found. They were valued formerly as mere ornaments or as heads for women's parasols, but it is for canes that they are now sought. They are not adapted for a cane that can be used on all occasions, and they require a background which is scarcely complete without the right proportions of patent-leather, frock-coat, and silk hat. But the handsomest and most expensive of these heads are inconspicuous compared with the silver crooks that were popular several years ago.

"Yes," she said to the young man, "I have been present when you acted." "Indeed?" "I think you were with an opera company. Your voice is a tenor, isn't it?" "No," he answered; "I guess you are thinking about my salary."—*Washington Star*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

During the reign of Charles the Second one Signor Leti proposed to write a history of the court. "You will give offense," urged his friends. "Were I as wise as Solomon," said Leti, "I could not avoid that." "Then be as wise," rejoined the king, who was present, "and write proverbs, not history."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once made an address in his native town to a medical association. The president of the association was the son of a man who had been the druggist of the village when Dr. Holmes had studied medicine there. "It is good to look at this young man," said the genial autocrat, "and trace his father's liniments in his face."

A Scotchman once hired himself to a Cheshire farmer. At breakfast one of the famous cheeses of the county was set before him. His master left the Scot at table, and later, when he appeared for work, said to him: "Sandy, you take a long time to your breakfast." "Trot, master," replied the Scot, "a cheese o' that size is nae so soon eaten as ye may think."

On one occasion Gordon told Cecil Rhodes the story of the offer of a roomful of gold which had been made to him by the Chinese Government after he had subdued the Tai-Ping rebellion. "What did you do?" said Rhodes. "Refused it, of course," said Gordon; "what would you have done?" "I would have taken it," said Rhodes, "and as many more roomfuls as they would give me. It is no use for us to have big ideas if we have not got the money to carry them out."

A gentleman, detained at a country railway station one bitterly cold night, went into the waiting-room, where a cheerful fire was burning. He lit a cigar to beguile the tedium of waiting. Just then a porter entered, and the gentleman remarked, pointing to the legend above the mantel-piece, "Smoking Strictly Prohibited." "I suppose that rule is not rigidly enforced?" "Oh, no, sir," said the porter, meaningly; "neither is the one underneath"—indicating another which read, "Railway servants are not allowed to receive gratuities." He got one.

Two green reporters, Englishmen, were sent by the city editor of a newspaper to a suburban town to write up the burning of an orphan asylum. Late that night, when the news editor was wondering why no "copy" about the fire was coming by wire, a telegraph messenger rushed in and handed him a dispatch. He opened it and read: "DEAR SIR: We are here. What shall we do?" It was signed with the names of the two men sent to "write up" the fire. The news editor made a few remarks; then he wrote on a telegraph blank this brief message: "Find out where the fire is hottest and jump in."

Several days ago, Congressman Watson sent several large sacks of flower and garden-seeds home for distribution among his constituents. The papers announced this fact, and for three days past there was a constant stream of persons coming to the congressman's law office in Columbus. On the last day, a man came up and asked for beans. He was given two packages. He demurred to this, and reached over into the sack and began to fill his pockets. When called down by the attendant, the lover of beans said: "I haven't got enough for a mess yet. It takes more than a quart of beans to make a mess for my family."

Canon Ainger, master of the Temple, is a great favorite with children, and upon one occasion was asked to assist at a juvenile party. Arriving at what he thought was his destination, a house in a row of others exactly alike, the canon made his way up to the drawing-room. "Don't announce me," said he to the domestic, and thereupon the reverend gentleman went down upon all-fours, ruffled up his white hair, and crawled into the room, uttering the growls of an angry Polar bear. What was his horror and amazement to find when he got into the room two old ladies petrified with astonishment. He had found his way into the next-door house, instead of into the one to which he was bidden.

The proudest moment of Nelson's life is said to have been when he received the swords of the officers of the *San Josef*. Nelson's ship, which was the smallest of her class in the service at that time, was smashed, and upwards of eighty of the crew killed and wounded, Nelson himself being wounded. The *Culloden*, commanded by Nelson's friend, Captain Trowbridge, who followed Nelson's lead in breach of orders which resulted in this famous capture, lost even more heavily. For his breach of discipline, Jervis did not mention Nelson's name in dispatches; but when one of his captains pointed at the disobedience to orders, he promptly said: "When you commit a like offense I'll forgive you."

Some time ago, at a fashionable salon, the Baron Almerie was one of a group to whom he was insinuating an account of his pedigree, which, he claimed, as derived from the Pharaohs of Egypt. Just then Aaron de Rothschild approached the group, and one of its members called out: "Baron, come and let me

make you acquainted with the Baron d'Almerie. He comes of Pharaonic stock, and you ought to know each other." "Yes," said Baron de Rothschild, bowing gravely. "I think," said the Baron d'Almerie, "you should know our family, as your ancestors took from us certain pledges when they decamped from Egypt." "True," replied Baron de Rothschild, "but those pledges were redeemed by a check on the Bank of the Red Sea!"

In order to boom business, an enterprising grocer on a certain day advertised several thousand five-cent loaves of bread for sale at one cent each. His rival was in despair until a brilliant idea came into his head. He hired a small army of boys and girls to buy up all the loaves at a cent each. At two o'clock grocer No. 1 had sold all his bread, and those who came later denounced him as a fraud who had fooled them with a lying advertisement. Meanwhile the foxy grocer around the corner, with more than a thousand one-cent loaves stacked up on his kitchen floor, put out a big sign: "Fresh Bread—A Five-Cent Loaf for Two Cents. We Never Advertise What We Have Not Got." He thus not only discomfited his rival and turned the tide in his own favor, but made a profit on the bread as well.

THE LAST OF THE TRAILERS.

Save in the wildest parts of the now tame West, the trailer, or tracker, is no more. He was never very plentiful, being, like the crack shot, a work of God. I have known but two. One was an American named Smith. It was said of him that he would swing from his saddle in the blackest of moonless nights, and, by feeling a bush, tell within a half-mile of where he stood in all the wide stretch of country between Bar C Ranch, in the Panhandle, and Holy-Mary-of-the-Salt-Marshes, just above Brownsville. Of course, Smith did not feel any bushes. He had the sense of place, as any wild animal has it, and he found his way by a sixth sense, just as the birds do. He was a strong man, and loved whisky and Mexican girls. He was sent to do trailing in the land where all the buffalo are owned by one Gregorio, who stepped behind him in a crowded drinking-booth and drove a bowie to the hilt between his shoulders. Gregorio was not a trailer, and he had not the bird instinct. He was only a Mexican rough rider, but he was a wise man, for he and Smith both liked Jocosa, who came from Matamoras, and was a light-o'-love.

My other trailer was Pedro. Pedro's mother was a woman of Tamaulipas, his father was a Kickapoo. The Tamaulipan is a mixture of the original Aztec, the runaway slave, and the domineering Spaniard. The result is about what you would get from an emulsion of Medford rum, nitro-glycerine, arsenic, and wolf's blood. I came upon Pedro in this way:

Shannonhouse, the North Carolinian—long-limbed, loose-jointed, awkward, powerful, and brave—Shannonhouse and I left Laredo one afternoon, and riding northward thirty miles, by sunset camped upon the Arroyo Blanca, where there was a little sheep-tainted water and less grass. At ten o'clock next morning we reached the Saos Ranch, an estate of sixty thousand acres, which grew only broncos, long-horns, cactus, mesquite, Mexican babies, and thorns. We turned in toward the ranch-house for a cup of coffee and the little light cakes which the yellow bakers call by twenty pet names. Plainly something had happened. The open space in front of the adobe house was filled with excited men. Among them stood Sanchez, the owner, giving rapid commands. Between soft Spanish oaths, ripped out as violently as if they meant something, he explained. One of his men had been sent out that morning to drive up a herd of thirty-odd "stock horses," or those used in working cattle. He had gone to their range. They were not there, but in their stead was a broad trail leading away from the Saos neighborhood. Sanchez was then making up his party of pursuit. He would take fifteen men, since there could not be less than a half-dozen driving the stolen stock. They would not make any speed with less. Would we join? Sure, we would. Where was Pedro?

He came up, well mounted. More than six feet tall; meagre almost to gauntness; his naturally dark skin burned almost to African blackness; his eyes small, deep-set, and close together; his nose aquiline; his lips thin and compressed. His snaky black hair fell upon his shoulders. His manner had the repressed gravity of his Indian race. Around him, where it clung in some mysterious manner, was a gaudy blanket. It had no fastening that I could see. Under his right knee nestled the usual Winchester. Evidently a capable and dangerous man. "All ready?" asked Sanchez; "come on." It was as wild a troop as ever swept over a Tartar steppe. The swarthy faces were set and the eyes glittered angrily. A whisper ran from one man to man as they clattered on—"King Feesh!" Fisher was a noted desperado who lived on the Nueces River. He had killed some of them and robbed them more than once. They were satisfied that the last theft was his work. Moreover, the horses, thirty-two in all, were the best on the ranch, especially broken and trained.

Full eighty miles to the northward ran that trail, but when they struck it they struck it as the eagle strikes homeward to her nest upon the crag when the way is far and the sun is low and talons are heavy. It was as broad and plain as a country road.

More than one hundred and fifty hoofs had made it so. It ran straight away across the open country. Pedro was in front and by his side rode Sanchez. Shannonhouse and I followed. Behind me were the *vagueros*. "They were going fast," said Pedro. We were riding at the sharp, steady trot that the ranch horse develops. Mile after mile was put behind us. "We can't afford to go more slowly," said Sanchez in courteous explanation. "They have had more than twelve hours start." "If you come up with them, what then?" I asked. "Ah!" he said. We had ridden thirty miles and the dark was coming down when the broad trail disappeared. It was wiped out as a boy swabs a wet sponge across a slate. "We will eat," said Sanchez; "the moon will be up soon." One of the men had shot a peccary. Another had a small package of salt in a pocket of his saddle. We roasted and ate the wild hog without bread. "The trail is gone," said Pedro, "because they have scattered the horses. No matter."

Once more in the saddle, with the white moon streaming over all the wide country. Pedro rode now leaning far over his horse's shoulders. He was following a single track. The gait was a fast walk. The character of the country had changed. It had become rocky and hilly, but was still bare. So we rode and rode. Suddenly before us again stretched the wide road made by the fugitives. A sibilant hiss of satisfaction greeted it. Now trot! Uphill and down, while loose pebbles clattered from under the horses' hoofs. Once a startled herd of antelope bounded almost from beneath our feet and scurried away. Dawn found us steadily riding. A cup of coffee and two hours' sodden sleep; then the relentless pursuit. Again the trail vanished, and again Pedro, casting about like a hound, signaled Sanchez to come on. Three miles farther and the single track disappeared. Instead, crossing it almost at right angles, was a trail wider even than that which left the ranch. Pedro was at fault here a half-hour, hunting like a sleuth for his "sign." "They have run wild cattle across the trail," explained Sanchez.

Late that afternoon a heavy cloud of smoke rose on the far horizon. Pedro smiled for the first time. "That is their last trick," he said in his patois; "they are burning the grass behind them in the hope that the ashes will cover the trail." The sun hung like a red ball when we had crossed the burned belt, and saw in the distance the chaparral and trees that marked the Nueces River. "They have beaten us to cover and will scatter the horses in the brush," said Sanchez; "we will have to work them out as we can."

Next morning, at breakfast on the bank of the stream, King Fisher rode up alone and unarmed. We were within three miles of his ranch. Expressing surprise that any of the Saos horses should have strayed so far, he volunteered to help find them. Sanchez declined his assistance. Pedro looked at him and did not say a word. Eighteen of the horses were found. The others were irrecoverable. But Pedro had sustained his reputation.—H. S. Canfield in *Chicago Times-Herald*.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Touchstone.

Ye say you're Scotch!
I have me doots!
Ye've talked an hour
An' nae said "Hoots."—*Bazar*.

In Boston.

With wrinkled brows and thoughtful air,
In his big blue eyes a look of care,
Inventing, doubtless, a better thing,
The baby chews his rubber ring.—*Puck*.

Spring Problem.

'Tis here; that embarrassing season
When difficult 'tis to choose
And say with reliable reason
Which bicycle suit is whose.
—*Washington Star*.

A Tip to George.

King of Athens, ere you fight
Listen to a lowly wight.

Get those pictures that the new
Journalism labels you:
Scatter broadcast every freak
Likeness, and within a week
Frightened Turks, with manner meek,
Will salute you, gracious Greek.

King of Athens, ere you scrap
Take the tip that's here on tap.
—*Baltimore News*.

The Unhappy Turk.

It is not for death the Moslem cares,
The thought of it brings him no hurt;
But he hates to be licked by a man who wears
An accordion-plaited skirt.
—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Fortune-Seeking Emigrants.

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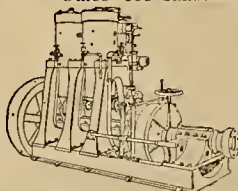
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Calling at Kobe (Hiogo), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1897.
Gaelic.....Wednesday, April 21
Gaelic.....(Via Honolulu).....Thursday, May 11
Belgie.....(Via Honolulu).....Saturday, May 29
Coptic.....Thursday, June 17

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D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco, for ports in Alaska, at 9 A. M. April 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, and every fifth day thereafter.

For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, at 9 A. M., April 1, 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M. April 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter. For Newport, Los Angeles, and way ports, at 9 A. M. April 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, at 11 A. M. April 2, 6, 10, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Orizaba*, at 10 A. M., 25th of each month. The Company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing. Ticket-Office Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery St.

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S. S. *Australin* for Honolulu only, Tuesday, April 20, at 2 P. M. Special party rates.

S. S. *Monowai* sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Thursday, April 29, 1897, at 2 P. M.

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GERMANIC.....April 14.....May 12.....June 9
TEUTONIC.....April 21.....May 19.....June 16
BRITANNIC.....April 28.....May 26.....June 23

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Haxton were at Monte Carlo a fortnight ago. Mrs. Haxton was Miss Sallie Thibault, a former San Franciscan.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles B. Cooper, nee McGrew, of Honolulu, left for the East Wednesday, on their honeymoon tour. They remained in San Francisco but a few days. Mr. Hermann Oelrichs left for the East Tuesday.

Mr. D. O. Mills has returned to New York. Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis left for the East Thursday with their granddaughter, little Miss Breckenridge. They will meet Mr. Lloyd Breckenridge in Boston, and the party will go for a three-months' visit to Kentucky.

Mrs. McNear, Miss Bessie McNear, and Miss Lizzie Sherman, of Oakland, have arrived in Paris from their tour of Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Buckingham have left the city for "Buckingham Park," their country place in Lake County, where they intend to spend most of the summer.

Mr. William L. Gerstle has gone to British Columbia for a month's stay. Mrs. Gerstle will visit her parents, Colonel and Mrs. M. H. Hecht, until Mr. Gerstle returns.

General and Mrs. John H. Dickinson are at their summer home in Sausalito for the season.

Miss Amelia Perkins and Miss Alice Maling, sister and niece of Senator Perkins, are visiting in Washington, D. C. Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith, of Oakland, will leave soon for the East.

Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard is expected to return to Oakland this month from her long absence in the East and in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs have purchased the handsome residence of the late General Dimond, on Washington Street, where they are now domiciled.

Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, who has been in Europe for the last four years, returned Thursday on a short visit to his mother, Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan, at 1025 Bush Street. Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan, who has been here several months, will return to London with her husband in May or June.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Morse are back from Washington, where they have been since the inauguration, the guests of their uncle and aunt, President and Mrs. McKinley at the White House. They will spend the summer here, returning to Washington in the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Trowbridge, of Oakland, are in Los Angeles attending the fiesta.

Mrs. Charles Bancroft has gone to pass the spring and summer months with her mother at Santa Cruz.

Dr. and Mrs. Edwin Breyfogle, who have been away a year and a half traveling in Europe, are expected home this week.

Miss A. M. Beecher, M. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., is in this city for a prolonged stay. She will give lectures on various topics while here. Dr. Beecher is a niece of the late Henry Ward Beecher.

Mrs. Lorin Lathrop is in Washington, D. C. Her husband, the present consul at Bristol, England, is a son of Dr. Lathrop, of Oakland.

Mrs. C. L. Taylor will go down to La Fiesta de Los Angeles, and will visit her daughter, Mrs. Van Dyke, possibly remaining in the south the rest of the summer.

Mrs. J. K. McLean, Miss Mary McLean, and Miss Minnie Baily, of Oakland, will not return from Europe until August or September.

Mrs. F. C. Gay, Miss Gay, and the Misses Devereaux, of Los Angeles, have been spending a short time in the city.

Mrs. William Beckman has gone from Sacramento on a visit to Los Angeles. Mr. Beckman will go south to-day to attend the Bankers' Convention. They will remain until after the fiesta.

Miss Eliza Smith, of Oakland, has returned from a tour of the Eastern States.

Mr. Thomas E. Gibbon has returned to Los Angeles from Washington.

Miss May Hoffman and Mr. Southard Hoffman returned from Honolulu last Wednesday by the Oceanic steamer *Australia*.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Spear have returned from Washington.

Judge Eugene Garber is at the hotel at San Rafael.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding has been called from New York to Paris, by cable, in consequence of the illness of his eldest daughter, Myra. Her malady has been diagnosed by the Paris physicians as diabetes.

Mr. and Mrs. V. S. McClatchy, of Sacramento, are at the California Hotel.

Colonel and Mrs. Charles F. Hanlon registered at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Mr. C. de Guigné returned from Europe on the White Star liner *Germanic*.

Colonel and Mrs. John Bradbury have returned from Mexico and are at the Palace Hotel. They will go home to Los Angeles in time to witness the fiesta.

Mrs. B. Sherwood and Mr. William R. Sherwood are at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. S. H. Boardman returned from Honolulu last Wednesday by the Oceanic steamer *Australia*.

Professor J. M. Stillman, of the Stanford University, is at the California Hotel.

Among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were: Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Emerson, of Rockford, Ill.; Mr. E. S. Kendall, Mr. J. C. Bateman, Mr. M. C. Bateman, Mr. George A. Fisher, Mr. J. O. Powers, of San Francisco, Professor Alvin Putzker, of the State University, Mr. A.

B. Townsend, of New York, and Mr. J. de Witt Butts, of Rochester.

Mr. George Crocker leaves for the East this week.

Among the recent arrivals at the California Hotel were Mr. L. P. Lowe, of Pasadena, Dr. and Mrs. Walters, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Dunne, of San Felipe, Colonel D. B. Fairbanks, of Petaluma, Mr. D. W. Julliard, of Santa Rosa, Mr. George J. Downing, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. W. Dawson and daughters, of Auckland, Mr. C. C. Royce, of Chico, and Colonel J. B. Fuller, of Marysville.

Mr. J. Downey Harvey has returned from a brief visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Rounseville Wildman have been spending a week at the Hotel Vendome, San José.

Mrs. W. B. Collier and her daughter, Miss Collier, came down from Lakeport early in the week, and are stopping at the California Hotel.

Mr. A. B. McCreery is registered at the Hotel Rafael. Mrs. John C. Kirkpatrick, Miss Jessie Newlands, and Miss Helen Smith, returned from Hawaii Wednesday on the Oceanic steamer *Australia*.

Mr. T. Cary Friedlander was registered at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Morrison, of San Jose, are registered at the California Hotel.

A dispatch came from the East Monday to friends of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott here, stating that the operation for appendicitis had been successfully performed on their daughter.

Mr. Alfred S. Gump is at present in New York city on his annual trip to the East and Europe.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A., was given a complimentary dinner at the Presidio on the anniversary of the Appomattox surrender. As Sheridan's chief of staff, he was an active participant in that day's proceedings.

Captain Alexander Rodgers, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been appointed by the brigadier-general to be director-general and senior officer in charge of the department athletic contests.

Lieutenant H. M. C. Powell, U. S. A., recently assigned to Company A, First Infantry, was transferred to this post from the Second Infantry, stationed at Fort Keogh, Mont.

Lieutenant Joseph S. Oyster, First Artillery, U. S. A., by direction of the President, will report at the Presidio for examination by the retiring board.

Lieutenant Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., the distinguished Arctic explorer, will report at Mare Island, April 26th.

Commodore Henry L. Howison, U. S. N., late captain of the *Oregon*, has been made commandant at the Boston Navy Yard.

Major Henry A. Bartlett, Marine Corps, U. S. N., who has been on sick leave and waiting orders at Honolulu, passed through the city last week en route to duty at the New York Navy Yard. He is well known on this coast, having served at Mare Island for several years.

Lieutenant Charles Vogdes, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been detached from duty as military instructor at the University of Iowa, and has been ordered to join his company.

Captain Gilbert E. Overton, U. S. A., retired, has been in town from Los Angeles for a week.

Lieutenant Francis E. Lacey, Jr., U. S. A., has been transferred from Company G to Company B, First Infantry, at Benicia.

Rear-Admiral Lester A. Beardslee, U. S. N., now at sea with the *Philadelpia*, has been ordered detached from the command of the Pacific station. He will be assigned to duty as president of the examining board, which meets in Washington.

Rear-Admiral Joseph N. Miller, U. S. N., late commodore and commandant at the Boston Navy Yard, has been ordered to Honolulu to relieve Rear-Admiral Beardslee and take command over the Pacific station.

Lieutenant-Colonel S. E. M. Young, U. S. A., has been ordered to meet Companies D and H, of his regiment, at Fort Yellowstone; and thus he is relieved of the long march across-country from Fort Walla Walla.

The flagship *Philadelpia*, with Admiral Beardslee on board, sailed from San Diego April 8th. She is under sealed orders, but her destination is known to be Honolulu.

The *Albatross* is cruising about Monterey Bay from her anchorage at Santa Cruz.

The *Oregon*, now docked at Port Orchard, will go to Hawaii next month on a practice cruise, to relieve the *Philadelpia*.

Captain J. B. Irwin, First Infantry, U. S. A., will command Companies D and H on the march from Fort Walla Walla to Fort Yellowstone.

Lieutenant Philip V. Landsdale, U. S. N., Lieutenant Asher C. Baker, U. S. N., and Lieutenant Moore, Surgeon, U. S. N., all of the *Albatross*, were guests at the California Hotel last week.

Brigadier-General Frank Wheaton, U. S. A., commanding the Department of the Colorado, headquarters Denver, has been promoted to be a major-general.

A lecture that is certain to be interesting will be delivered by Mr. Henry Payot at the residence of Mrs. F. M. Pixley, at the corner of Union and Fillmore Streets, next Saturday evening, April 24th, at eight o'clock. Mr. Payot's subject is "Glimpses of the Mediterranean," an interesting region with which he is thoroughly familiar, and, in addition to the eloquent word-pictures of the lecturer, the subject will be illustrated with a great number of stereoscopic views.

Beyond the interest of the lecture itself, a further inducement to attend it lies in the fact that by so doing one will be aiding a most deserving charity. The beneficiary of the occasion is the Pixley Free Kindergarten, which is doing a deal of good in its field, but is now in need of funds. The price of tickets has been set at the low sum of fifty cents.

The annual election of the Bohemian Club was held last Tuesday, and the following officers were unanimously elected: President, Mr. William Sproule; vice-president, Mr. Vanderlynn Stow; secretary, Mr. Donald de V. Graham; treasurer, Mr. James A. Thompson; directors, Mr. Clarence E. Bickford, Mr. George W. Granniss, Dr. George H. Powers, and Mr. W. G. Stafford.

The committee selected to nominate a regular ticket for directors of the Pacific-Union Club for the ensuing year has submitted the following names:

A. Chesebrough, Charles Page, James W. Byrne, Henry T. Scott, John I. Sabin, George W. Spencer, R. P. Schwerin, Gates D. Fahnestock.

WILLIAM PENN HUMPHREYS.

William Penn Humphreys, prominent in San Francisco's growth, died at the Lane Hospital a few days since. When such a man passes, it seems proper to linger for a time to pay a tribute to his memory.

An operation three weeks before for smokers' cancer had been successfully performed, but a violent fit of coughing brought on a hemorrhage which so weakened the patient that he was unable to combat the nervous strain and delirium that followed.

Mr. Humphreys came of an old and distinguished family—distinguished in America even before Revolutionary times. He was born in 1829, educated at Carle University, and then entered the naval service. At the time of his application for the position of midshipman there were many competitors from the District of Columbia where he resided, all the sons of people of wide influence. But when Washington's adopted son, George Washington Parke Curtis, of whom young Humphreys was a great favorite, stated to the congressional committee that "it was to the grandfather (Joshua Humphreys appointed by Washington) of this young man that the United States owes those glorious victories of 1812 and 1813, Joshua Humphreys having designed and built all the famous battle-ships; that he had well been called 'the Father of the American Navy,'" adding, "the well-known nobility and bravery of character of his young protégé was admirably calculated to continue the line and shed lustre on the service." Young Humphreys was admitted by acclamation.

His father, Samuel Humphreys, was fifty-one years in the service, thirty-eight as Chief Naval Constructor of the United States, a position he held at the time of his death. As stated recently in a biographical sketch, "he was a man of great simplicity, strong intelligence, kindness, patience, and, over all, inflexible resolution." He was once offered by the Russian Minister Alexander, who had determined to organize and found a navy—Aboukir and Trafalgar having taught their lesson—a princely salary if he would accept a life position under the Czar; the minister adding that he had *carte blanche* to offer any sum to secure him. Samuel Humphreys, in his reply, expressed his deep loyalty and love of country that had made his ancestors noted and which has been inherited by his descendants. He said: "I do not know that I possess the talents attributed to me, but I do know and feel that, whether my merit be great or small, I owe it all to the flag of my country, and that is a debt I must pay."

William Penn Humphreys was very like his father, unassuming, large-hearted as he was capable and brave, of great simplicity, and of old-time patriotism. His long generations of gentle blood shone in a thousand ways. He came to California, before he was of age, connected with the Coast Survey. Later he resigned from the service and was many times elected city engineer, always leading his party-ticket. In San Francisco he was the authority on all questions pertaining to sewers, and in the East and in Mexico gave evidence of his wonderful engineering skill. During the past two years he had been associated with City Engineer Tilton. Of large grasp and broad comprehensive views, his wide experience served but to mellow and ripen and not harden the man.

Many an old-time friend will recognize the man in his single-heartedness as he cried out in his delirium, "Well, whether a man preaches the gospel, or prays, or shakes high die, if he is honest, and upright, and true, he's all right—that's my belief." He was generous to a fault; he always had time to attend to the appeals of others; there, if anywhere, criticism has its opportunity. In his spotless integrity, his noble courage, his rare loyalty and gentleness, his warm, sunny nature, he has left to his children priceless memories—a noble heritage.

The history of the Humphreys family, of its brave men and noble women, is impressed upon the pages of their country's history so prominently that further reference to it seems needless. None, however, was superior in natural qualities to the one who has so recently passed beyond. He was a gentleman without effort, without caste bigotry, and it was easy to trace the home influence of a long line of honorable ancestors. His home life was perfect, his first thoughts were always for his loved ones and their welfare. The cares of life and business were banished from his fireside. He was a devoted husband, an indulgent father, and as a brother and friend without a peer.

In his last affliction all thoughts of self were banished, and his sole desire seemed to be to prevent sorrow falling upon his loved ones. He had long been aware that he must submit to a surgical operation, but he bore the mental and physical suffering without complaint, and delayed informing his family until concealment was no longer possible.

In speaking of his condition to the writer of these lines, who enjoyed the honor of his friendship, he said: "The pain I endure and the knowledge of what I must suffer from the surgeon's knife do not depress me, but I can not bear the thought of telling the dear ones at home of my true condition. It has made my suffering easier to know that I have succeeded in keeping them in ignorance so long."

Let it be said in conclusion that such a character as his will live "like a handful of corn on a side of a mountain, it can not die, but must needs grow and spread."

Ex-Chief of Police Crowley has been appointed a director of the Hibernia Bank. It is understood that the position carries with it a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars.

New Easter Stationery.

The most popular paper of the hour in the fashionable East is the "English Hawthorn," a dainty, soft tint of the flower of that name. A pretty display of the new paper is to be seen in the show-window of Cooper & Co., the art-stationers, at No. 745 Market Street, together with several new effects in monogram-stamping.

A YOUNG LADY, WISHING TO GO ABROAD, would like position as governess, companion, or nurse. Is experienced governess. Address, Box 21, this office.

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Full information upon calling or addressing GEO. D. GEAR, 211 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Attorney for the Owner.

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A lady who has spent several years in Europe and who speaks French and German fluently, would like to organize a party of three or more ladies for a year's travel abroad. For particulars, address TRAVELER, Argonaut Office.

"Mayflower" Descendants.

All persons descended from any passenger on the "Mayflower," on the voyage to Plymouth in December, 1620, and who would be interested in forming a California branch of the "General Society of Mayflower Descendants," are requested to communicate with PELHAM W. AMES, 516 California Street.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 15, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the first day of June, 1897, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

F. I. ASSAULT, Secretary, Office—Room 20, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.



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SOCIETY.

The Dahlstrom-May Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Rosa May and Mr. Carl Dahlstrom, of Stockholm, Sweden, took place last Wednesday at high noon, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. May, in East Oakland. Only the immediate family and Miss Katherine Harrub, who acted as maid of honor, were present. Captain W. H. Scott, Chaplain, U. S. A., a friend of the groom, officiated. A breakfast was served after the ceremony, and later in the day, the young couple departed for Europe.

The Country Club.

Although it is yet early in the season, quite a number of the members of the Country Club visit the preserves every week and enjoy the balmy weather there and the fishing, which is excellent, as the streams are becoming clear. Arrangements are now in force enabling any member to take his wife and a few other ladies to the club from Tuesday until Friday, inclusive, a few days' notice being required in advance. The first feature of out-of-door entertainment for the coming season will be the annual barbecue, which will be held early in June.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Mattie Whittier and Mr. William B. Weir, of New York, will take place at half-past eight o'clock next Wednesday evening at the residence of the father of the bride-elect, Mr. W. F. Whittier, 2030 Jackson Street. The ceremony will be witnessed by only the bridal party and relatives. At nine o'clock there will be a reception, for which a large number of invitations have been issued. Miss Lottie Wood will be the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will comprise Miss Mattie Jackson, Miss Harriet Griswold, and Miss Jessie Weir, of New York. Mr. George Danforth, of New York, will act as best man.

The wedding of Miss Maraquita Collier and Mr. Atherton Macondray will take place at noon on Wednesday, June 24, at the residence of the parents of the bride-elect, Captain and Mrs. William B. Collier, on the shores of Clear Lake, near Lakeport, Lake County. Mr. Gerald Rathbone will act as best man.

Announcement has been made in New York city of the engagement of Miss Anna M. Boelter to Mr. William H. Little. Miss Boelter is the daughter of the late Dr. Edward Boelter, formerly a well-known physician of New York city. Mr. Little is a son of Colonel William C. Little, of Oakland, Cal. He has resided in New York during the past five years.

The subscription *bat masqué* to be given in Ebell Hall, Oakland, next Tuesday evening gives promise of being a brilliant affair. All who attend are expected to appear in fancy dress.

Miss Kittredge, Miss Simmons, and Miss Holt will give a matinee tea next Friday at the home of the latter, in Oakland. About five hundred invitations have been issued.

Mr. Wadsworth Harris, of the Otis Skiffner company, entertained the young ladies at Irving Institute and their friends last Thursday afternoon by giving a number of readings from well-known authors.

The arrangements for the grand Parisian fête, called "The Gingerbread Festival," for the benefit of the Children's Hospital and Training School for Nurses, are progressing well and the affair gives promise of being interesting and successful. It will last one week, day and night, and the exact dates will soon be announced.

A Note to Society.

Obedying the demands of fashion, the great New York and London fur houses have found it necessary to add to their regular establishment a department devoted exclusively to ladies' high-class tailoring. Complying with this fashionable demand, the greatest fur house of them all, H. Liebes & Co., 133-135-137 Post Street, will to-day (Saturday) throw open to public inspection the fully equipped and handsomely appointed apartments, at the rear of their famous salesrooms, from which they will show to San Francisco perfection in tailor-made ladies' garments, such as the country has never seen before.

In the stock of goods the company have selected for their patrons, they have outdone their well-known reputation for good taste and superior quality. There is everything standard and new in cloth and furnishings to be found on their tables, and all are invited to drop in and inspect them, if only for the satisfaction of seeing goods such as have never been unpacked in this city for similar purposes before Liebes & Co. took this business in hand. This stock of goods can not be surpassed and has no equal elsewhere. To insure satisfaction to their customers and in pursuance of their policy to have the best of everything, the company has secured the services of an expert designer and cutter who is famous abroad and in the East. This celebrated tailor, whose specialty is ladies' stylish clothing, was retained against the opposition of several large houses who wanted him for their trade, and he will give all his talent to turning out the most fashionable, elegant, high-class tailor-made gowns, riding habits, riding-trousers, cycling costumes, capes, mantles, walking-gowns, and so forth.

No pains will be spared to make this a satisfactory and successful branch of their trade. The name of H. Liebes & Co., back of which is a reputation of thirty-three years' substantial growth, is assurance that this new departure will become a feature here, as great as Redfern's establishment is in England.

— WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS. Magnificent assortment to choose from at Art Store of S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary Street.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Last Symphony Concert.

The sixth and last concert of the first series given by the San Francisco Symphony Society takes place next Thursday afternoon at the Columbia Theatre. Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, the young California baritone who made such a success in Europe and New York, will be the soloist, and the house promises to be packed with his old friends and school-mates.

It is to be hoped that by the end of this month sufficient members to the permanent Symphony Society will have been secured to warrant the announcement of a fall series. The present series has been most successful and artistic. We have had an array of first-class soloists, besides an evenly balanced orchestra, capable of performing the works of the great masters, and a conductor who stands high in his profession.

The programme for the last concert includes Weber's overture to "Oberon," Rubinstein's Fifth Symphony (for the first time in this city), the "Queen Mab Scherzo" from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet Symphony," and the famous "Nutcracker Suite," by Tchaikowsky, with its charming national dances and its beautiful "Waltz of the Flowers." Owing to Mr. O'Sullivan's late arrival, his number has not yet been decided on.

The box-office is already open at the Columbia Theatre. Applications for membership to the permanent Symphony Society will be received at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Pacific Music Co.'s, and Greenbaum & Co.'s, or by any member of the society.

Miss Pearl Ladd, the young pianist, will give an entertainment at the California Theatre next Saturday evening. Her execution is remarkable for one so young. She will render compositions of Handel, Chopin, Moszkowski, Grieg, Liszt, Weber, and Schumann, and also Beethoven's Sonata, No. 5, in company with Mr. Nathan Landsberger, the violinist. She will also read the "Potion Scene," from "Romeo and Juliet." The Lombardero String Quartet and Matildita, a clever Spanish dancer, will also appear. Seats may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on and after next Thursday, and at the theatre on Saturday evening.

Mrs. Gertrude Auld Thomas will give a concert next Friday evening at Golden Gate Hall, under the direction of Mr. W. L. Greenbaum. Mrs. Thomas has been highly praised for her fine soprano voice in Paris, London, New York, and Boston, where she has appeared with great success. She will be assisted by Mr. Samuel Savannah, violinist, and Mr. Robert E. Newell, pianist, who will make his debut here. The sale of seats will commence next Thursday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. The programme to be presented is one of much excellence.

Under the auspices of the Channing Auxiliary, a song recital will be given at the First Unitarian Church next Wednesday evening, at which Mr. Denis O'Sullivan will make his first public appearance in this city after his successes in Europe and the East. He will sing several numbers, and there will be selections by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, pianist, and Mr. William F. Zech, violinist.

Make Pure Foods Only.

The pure-food agitation has been of great benefit to certain fruit-preserving industries of California, and not the least of these is the Pacific Coast Syrup Company, whose office and works are situated at 713-719 Sansome Street.

This company was established ten years ago by Colonel Fred Welker, the present head of the company, for the manufacture of table syrup only, and from a small plant employing three men has grown to be an enormous establishment trading all over the coast and in Spanish America and the Orient. Its growth has been due to various causes, but principally to the high standard the company has always maintained for purity and a general excellence in its products. Colonel Welker said to the writer, criticising an action of the board of health: "We use a great deal of glucose. It is absolutely necessary in the manufacture of the finest brands on the market, and there is nothing impure or unwholesome in it, and to say that its use adulterates the goods is to state what is untrue. We use it, and we manufacture nothing which could in any way be deleterious to health. The city chemist must learn the harmlessness and positive benefit of blending fruits and fruit juices. Hereafter all our goods shall be labeled showing just what their ingredients are. The pure-food laws do us no harm. We welcome them. They will build up our home trade and industry. They will banish the cheap, injurious, impure Eastern goods, sold by cheap or unscrupulous grocers, against which we have to compete for our own home trade. Our goods are pure and we do not fear analysis."

The company's factory is open to visitors, and specimens of the materials used in making their syrups, jams, jellies, marmalades, and so forth, will be gladly shown to those desiring information.

The Pacific Coast Syrup Company is a home industry worthy of patronage and support, and its officers want it distinctly understood that anything bearing their label is the purest and best that can be had, and can be bought without hesitation by the most scrupulous housekeeper.

— SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES ACCURATELY fitted at moderate prices. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

— BEST CALIFORNIA WINES FOR FAMILY USE at Napa and Sonoma Wine Co., 314 Post Street. Celebrated "Eagle Brands."

COMMUNICATIONS.

Barbarity Within Our Gates.

CALIFORNIA MORTGAGE AND SAVINGS BANK, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., April 14, 1897.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Permit me to call your attention to an atrocious barbarity practiced right here in our city. I refer to the terrible mutilation of some of the Chinese girl children who were born in this State, whose feet are so tightly incased and bandaged that, after years of indescribable suffering, they become cripples for life.

Any one who desires, can, by a visit to Chinatown, observe these victims of mercenary cruelty as, with features distorted by pain, they try to balance themselves on their miserable little stumps, ycleped feet, in attempting to walk.

If I am informed correctly, this custom of pedal mutilation is not a religious observance, but is practiced to enhance the price of the girl in the marriage market. While the English in India have not interfered with the religious customs of the peoples reigned over by them, they have eradicated all cruelties which are grounded merely in usage. I think it is high time that the proper authorities give their attention to a barbarism inflicted on defenseless children. Yours very respectfully,

ERNST A. DENICKE.

— A FEW PERSONS DESIRING TO SPEND A pleasant summer vacation, camping, fishing, hunting, and roughing, will have a rare chance to join a small select party leaving San Francisco about the middle of May, under the management of two physicians. The trip will be made at easy stages, and the proposed route covers some of the most beautiful scenery, finest trout streams, and best hunting-grounds in California, through Marin, Sonoma, Lake, and Mendocino Counties. For particulars address "P. & S." care of this office.

— GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRRESS SHIRTS MADE TO order. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.



TO ARGONAUT READERS.

Those among our readers who would like to bring this journal to the attention of their friends may do so by sending a postal card to this office, with the address of the person or persons to whom they desire it sent. On receipt of the postal, a sample copy will be immediately forwarded.

TRADE MARK

If you want the very best, freshest and strongest Vanilla Cake Chocolate that's made any where on earth, ask for "Monarch" and see that it bears this trademark.

All chocolate gives vigor, but there's a difference in the amount of vigor—it depends on the freshness of the article. The foreign chocolate comes to you after a long voyage, subjected to all sorts of weather, devoid of much of its original strength.

Monarch Chocolate comes to you straight from the factory, fresh and strong, retaining all of its original life giving qualities. Price 30c per pound. Vanilla Chocolate was never before sold as low. M'd by D. Ghirardelli Co., S. F.

AN EASTER OFFERING! TO CONNOISSEURS

By the Wine and Liquor Department of the Emporium,
F. A. HABER, Manager.

As an introduction to the public of W. & A. GILBEY'S Celebrated London Bottlings, the following Choice Importations of 1890 are offered for a limited time, at prices below the cost of importation.

Castle Grande Madeira		pts.	\$1.15	Regular	\$2.00
Castle Grande Madeira		pts.	.60	"	1.00
Castle Grande Irish Whisky		pts.	.90	"	1.25
The Viceroy Irish Whisky		pts.	.85	"	1.25
The Provost Old Scotch Whisky		English pts.	1.15	"	1.25
Castle Quinine Sherry. A true Tonic Wine, highly recommended by physicians and nurses		pts.	.90	"	1.50

These wines and liquors are bottled in London, England; age and purity guaranteed; ample sampling for our patrons. Take advantage of the above remarkably low prices and lay in your stock before the new tariff goes into effect. In addition to the above, we offer the following at special-saving prices for a limited time:

Pure Old Claret		\$.33 per gal.	Regular	\$.50
Pure Table California Port		.68	"	1.00
Pure Sherry		.73	"	1.25
Pure Angelica-Muscadel		1.33	"	2.00
Tokay and Malaga. Very old and choice		1.45	"	2.50
Brandy		2.45	"	3.00
Pure Bourbon Whisky		2.25	"	2.50
Old Reserve Bourbon. Six years' old, mellow and rich, medicinally pure		per qt. \$.97		
Kentucky Belle. A four-year old, straight Bourbon.		per gal. 4.00		4.50
		per qt. .73	per gal.	2.95

A Full Line of the Justly Celebrated Cyrus Noble Bourbon and Rye Whiskies.

The only American whiskies of International Reputation, aged in wood at time of bottling.

One Crown—6 years. Two Crown—8 years. Three Crown—10 years.
Rye—7 years.

A Full Line of California and Imported Champagnes, Beer, Ale, Porter, Non-Alcoholic Summer Drinks, Mineral and Aerated Waters, Cordials and Syrups, at

The EMPORIUM Saving Prices

Free delivery to all parts of the city, Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley. Orders by Telephone 1411. Goods sold by the case, gallon, and hotel.

FIESTAS CARNIVALS and SUMMER OUTINGS
A grand round of merry-making throughout the land...
La Fiesta de Los Angeles
Will take place in the Southern Metropolis April 20th, and continue five days. Unique day parade of Spanish caballeros, Chinese with their Great Dragon, Mexican vaqueros, etc. Beautiful electric night parade of California flowers, Great Water Carnival. Floral Parade and Battle of Flowers. Novel street carnival at night.

Golden Gate Carnival
To be held in San Francisco during the week commencing May 3d, promises to be the most brilliant Festival ever witnessed in the West. Unique features never before introduced, and an unbroken succession of surprises and attractions. California's thrilling and romantic history since the days of '49 will be typified in many novel creations which will exemplify her marvelous industrial development. It is proposed to fix this event permanently in the Golden Gate Calendar.

Summer Outings
Will soon be here. If your plans are not matured, and you desire more information about the many attractive retreats all over the State, send to the General Passenger Agent of the Southern Pacific Company for circulars and folders describing the Camping and other Resorts of the grand Shasta Region, Castle Crags, Lake Tahoe and neighboring attractions on the Sierra Summits, Yosemite and Big Trees, the Santa Cruz Mountains, Lake County, and Southern California. REDUCED RATES in many directions. Inquire of Southern Pacific Co. agents.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)
Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From April 6, 1897.	ARRIVE
7:00 A	Niles, San Jose, and Way Stations.	8:45 A
7:00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	8:45 P
7:00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding via Davis.	6:45 P
7:30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Yuba, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P
8:30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Tehama, and Red Bluff.	4:15 P
8:30 A	Peters and Milton.	7:15 P
9:00 A	New Orleans Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, and East.	4:45 P
9:00 A	Martinez and Stockton.	4:45 P
9:00 A	Vallejo.	6:15 P
	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, and Stockton.	7:15 P
1:00 P	Sacramento River Steamers, Fresno.	9:00 P
1:00 P	Niles, San Jose, and Livermore.	8:45 A
1:30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations.	17:45 P
4:00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:15 A
4:00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.	11:15 A
4:30 P	Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Raymond (for Yosemite), and Fresno, going via Niles, returning via Martinez.	11:45 A
5:00 P	Los Angeles Express, Tracy, Fresno, Mojave, (for Randburg), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	7:45 A
5:00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	7:45 A
6:00 P	European Mail, Ogden and East.	9:45 A
6:00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.	7:45 A
7:00 P	Vallejo.	17:45 P
7:00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	11:15 A
SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).		
17:45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.	18:05 P
8:45 A	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.	5:50 P
2:15 P	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.	11:20 A
4:15 P	Newark, San Jose, and Los Gatos.	9:50 A
COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts)		
7:00 A	San Jose and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).	1:30 P
9:00 A	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf, and Principal Way Stations.	4:15 P
10:40 A	San Jose and Way Stations.	6:30 P
11:30 A	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	5:00 P
2:30 P	San Mateo, Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.	10:40 A
3:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.	9:45 A
4:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.	8:05 A
5:30 P	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.	8:45 A
6:30 P	San Jose and Way Stations.	6:35 A
11:45 P	San Jose and Way Stations.	17:45 P
SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.		
7:00 A		7:15 A
8:00 A		9:45 A
9:00 A	MELROSE, SEMINARY PARK,	10:45 A
10:00 A		11:45 A
11:00 A	FITCHBURG, SAN LEANDRO,	12:45 P
2:00 P		1:45 P
3:00 P		2:45 P
4:00 P	AND	3:45 P
5:00 P		4:45 P
6:00 P	HAYWARDS.	5:45 P
7:00 P		6:45 P
8:00 P		7:45 P
9:00 P	i Runs through to Niles.	10:50 P
11:15 P	i From Niles.	11:20 P

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 3)—
7:15 9:00 11:00 A.M. 1:00 2:00 3:00 P.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—
10:00 A.M. 12:00 1:00 2:00 3:00 4:00 P.
* For Morning. * For Afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
† Saturdays only. † Sundays only.
‡ Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.
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BRICK, TERRAZZO, FIRE PROOFING, PIPE, TILE, ETC.
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Post and Stockton Streets, San Francisco.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—"I think you had better send up another rat trap, John." He—"But I bought one only the other day." She—"I know, but there is a rat in that one." —*Tid-Bits.*

Little man (golf enthusiast)—"Why don't you play golf?" Big man (blast)—"Why, because I object to chasing a quinine pill around a cow-pasture." —*Tid-Bits.*

"Sawyer seems to think a good deal of himself." "I should say so; he has had Moorish curves cut in his office doorway so he can get his head in and out." —*Chicago Record.*

Kind old lady—"To what do you attribute your uncontrollable appetite for strong drink? Is it hereditary?" Weary Walker—"No, mum; it's thirst." —*Philadelphia Record.*

"Why don't that European war you've been predicting right along come off, Mr. Sporty?" inquired his wife. "I suppose the kinetoscope people are not ready." —*Detroit Free Press.*

"Belinda, how do you treat a stupid man who admires you?" "Really, I don't know; when a man admires me I never do myself the injustice to consider him stupid." —*Chicago Record.*

Mrs. Jobber—"Too bad the new cook spoiled the steak; she is so young and inexperienced. Won't you be satisfied with a kiss instead, dear?" Mr. Jobber—"All right; call her in." —*Judge.*

"Mrs. Saver must feel that she was very extravagant in buying that new gown." "What makes you think so?" "She's begun to argue that it will be the cheapest in the end." —*Chicago Journal.*

"I hear that Judge Blucketts is studying mind-reading," said the lean lawyer. "If he gets proficient," said the fat lawyer, "he'll arrest the whole town for contempt of court." —*Indianapolis Journal.*

Herr Oil—"Haf you heard dot dog of mine ate a tape-measure undt died?" Herr Kut—"I suppose he died py inches, nicht var?" Herr Oil—"Aber nit; he vent outt in der alley und die py der yard." —*Columbia Spectator.*

"J. Addison!" "Yes, your excellency?" "I hope that the agriculturists will appreciate the beginning of our efforts in their behalf." "In what way, sire?" "Well, in sending Hay to England." —*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

First detective—"How did you know he was from Chicago?" Second detective—"By his accent." First detective—"But you said he didn't speak to any one." Second detective—"I overheard him eating a piece of pie." —*Truth.*

Dr. Ende—"There's nothing serious the matter with Patsy, Mrs. Mulcahey. I think a little soap and water will do him as much good as anything." Mrs. Mulcahey—"Yis, doother, an' will Oi give it t' him befoor or afther his males?" —*Judge.*

A painful awakening: "Algernon, dear, how much did you pay the preacher who married us? I want to enter it as the first item in our family expense book." "Great Scott, Esmeralda! I supposed your father had settled that!" —*Chicago Tribune.*

"Palmer!" "Yes, your majesty." "Does the President show any signs of becoming our great and good friend? What did he say when you called on him?" "He didn't say much of anything, just nodded and murmured 'Hawaii!'" —*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

"My dear, I am surprised that you should accuse me of being intoxicated last night. Did I not sit up an hour after I got home, smoking and reading?" asked he. "Yes, and do you know what you were smoking? It was one of my hair-curling kids." —*Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.*

"You say you have brought me here to propose to me, but why do you want to go through it so deliberately?" "Well, you see, I've got a friend in the kinetoscope line over there behind that tree, and I promised him to make the movements slow and distinct. Now, all ready!" —*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"As a matter of fact," said the bloomer girl, "bloomers are the only really modest costume for bicycle-riding." "Oh, well," said the girl in the bicycle-skirt, "if you start out with the expectation of taking a header, I suppose they are. But it's better to learn to ride before trying the boulevards." —*Chicago Post.*

Consumption Cured.
An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Pneumonia, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

By watching for dangerous symptoms, and by giving Steadman's Soothing Powders at the right time, save your baby from fits or convulsions during teething.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.



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—ENDLESS VARIETY OF—
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CHOICEST GOODS ALWAYS AT LOWEST PRICES
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MADE FROM OIL
Heats any stove, furnace or grate. One-half cheaper than coal or wood. Makes a perfect gas out of oil. No smoke, odor or noise. Positively safe. We want agents on salary or commission. Write us for catalog of prices and terms.
Standard Mfg Co, 934 Cedar Ave. Cleveland O.

MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE
The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:
SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,
From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 2 1/2-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.
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THE SAN FRANCISCO AND SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY RAILWAY CO.

FROM JANUARY 31, 1897, passenger trains will run daily:
SOUTHBOUND. STATIONS. NORTHBOUND.
7:20 a.m. Stockton. 5:40 p.m.
9:49 a.m. Merced. 3:14 p.m.
11:50 a.m. Fresno. 1:10 p.m.
For intermediate stations, see time-table.
Connecting steamboats of the C. N. and I. Co. leave San Francisco and Stockton at 6 P. M. daily.



Listener—"Isn't it wonderful how he always has a brand new story to fit everything?"
Other Listener—"Ya-as. Makes 'em up, you know, out of newspaper yarns. ROMEIKE sends 'em to him."

ROMEIKE'S Press-Cutting Bureau will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date." Every newspaper and periodical of importance in the United States and Europe is searched for your notices. HENRY ROMEIKE, 139 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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DEALERS IN **PAPER** OF ALL KINDS
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THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1897

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office:
Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail.	\$7.00
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail.	6.00
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.	6.00
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail.	6.00
The Argonaut and the Magazine of Art for One Year, by Mail.	6.30
The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.	6.50
The Argonaut and Harper's Weekly for One Year, by Mail.	6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Bazar for One Year, by Mail.	6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Round Table for One Year, by Mail.	5.00
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) for One Year, by Mail.	4.50
The Argonaut and the Thrice-a-Week N. Y. World (Democratic) for One Year, by Mail.	4.25
The Argonaut, the Weekly Tribune, and the Weekly World for One Year, by Mail.	5.25
The Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly for One Year, by Mail.	5.90
The Argonaut and the English Illustrated Magazine for One Year, by Mail.	4.70
The Argonaut and the Atlantic Monthly for One Year, by Mail.	6.70
The Argonaut and Oting for One Year, by Mail.	5.75
The Argonaut and Judge for One Year, by Mail.	7.50
The Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine (monthly) for One Year, by Mail.	6.20
The Argonaut and the Critic for One Year, by Mail.	6.30
The Argonaut and Life for One Year, by Mail.	7.75
The Argonaut and Puck for One Year, by Mail.	7.50
The Argonaut and Demorest's Family Magazine for One Year, by Mail.	5.00
The Argonaut and Current Literature for One Year, by Mail.	5.90
The Argonaut and the Nineteenth Century (monthly) for One Year, by Mail.	7.25
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We observe in the *Examiner* of April 21st a long article headed "Searles After Sugar-Beets—The Trust May Absorb All the Factories in California—The Secret of the Violent Opposition to the Hawaiian Treaty." The article which follows is an adroit attempt to work up sympathy for Hawaiian sugar-planters by showing that the Sugar Trust is opposed to them.

What of it? Suppose the trust is opposed to them. If the Sugar Trust happens, for purely selfish reasons, to be on the side of the sugar-beet interests—if California's interests happen to be identical with the Sugar Trust's interests—if the prosperity of California farmers is temporarily wedded to the sugar-beet interests—should California and her farmers quarrel with the Sugar Trust because it is quarreling with business rivals of theirs?

The *Argonaut* does not attribute to the Sugar Trust any higher or more honorable motive than that of its own aggrandizement—like all other trusts, it is engaged in

attempting to make money. But if in the course of its operations it should happen to be working in the interests of California, we fail to see why the farmers of California should be egged on to quarrel with the trust. This would be a case of biting off one's nose to spite one's face.

In the article in question it is said that "the Hawaiian planters contracted with the Sugar Trust for five years for the entire sugar output of the islands. This contract will expire with this year's crop. The planters of Hawaii will be independent of the trust next year, and will be able to offer their sugar in the open market or to build refineries of their own. The trust now fears that the Hawaiian planters will establish refineries in this city and elsewhere." That the termination of the contract between the Sugar Trust and the Hawaiian planters should cause the trust to lose all interest in the planters is quite natural. That the trust should endeavor to take away the favorable opportunities which the reciprocity treaty gives to these planters is also natural. But all of this, as we have said, is in the interest of the farmers of the State. They should not be misled by cunning advocates into opposing the Sugar Trust simply because it is a trust. The man who succeeds in this world utilizes every honest means of furthering his ends. Whatever may be the motives of the Sugar Trust in this matter, their fight is for the advantage of California. Therefore, California farmers should back them up.

On the opposing side, the arguments seem to us very flimsy. They are that "American capital is invested in Hawaii," that "the islands do a large trade with this coast," and that "if the reciprocity treaty is not renewed, the Hawaiian trade will go to other nations." Well, what if it does? Has this country got to bribe a little nation like Hawaii to the tune of millions of dollars to get back as many cents? Since we passed the reciprocity treaty in 1876 we have imported from Hawaii about \$140,000,000 worth of goods, while we have sent to Hawaii only about \$56,000,000. There was thus a balance of trade of over \$84,000,000 against us. As to the goods we imported from Hawaii, they consisted practically of nothing but sugar. Out of \$140,000,000, \$139,000,000 was sugar, which came in duty free. Must the United States remit between forty and fifty millions of dollars in duties on sugar in order to send to those islands goods amounting to less than the duties we remit?

The trade with the islands practically is confined to a few mercantile houses in San Francisco. Correspondingly, the benefits of the reciprocity treaty pour into the pockets of a few scores of planters in the islands. Are the people of the United States willing to remit many millions of dollars in duties in order that a few mercantile houses in San Francisco may be benefited and some two hundred planters at the islands made into millionaires? Even if the United States were benevolent enough to wish to do this very strange thing, it could scarcely be advisable when it would mean strangling an infant industry of its own, to-wit, the beet-sugar industry. Last year this country paid \$96,000,000 for sugar imported from abroad. There is no reason why this country should not raise all of its own sugar. Under the bounty system, Germany and France, from being importers of sugar, have become exporters. The United States should raise its own sugar from the sugar-beet, and California is better fitted than most other States to raise the sugar-beet. If the Hawaiian reciprocity treaty be abrogated and the sugar-beet industry in this State properly fostered, the State of California will in not many years receive a greater revenue from sugar-beets grown in its own fertile valleys than it ever has from wheat, from fruit, from raisins, or from wine.

The conflicts between the Federal and State quarantine officers are multiplying in number. Several ships from the Orient have been detained recently at the quarantine station, notably the *China*, which brought small-pox to this port, and in some cases there have been disputes between the rival doctors that threatened to cause serious trouble. About two weeks ago, the *Monowai* arrived here with a number of immi-

grants on board. They were examined by the State quarantine officer and the commissioner of immigration; but the Federal quarantine officer did not arrive until two hours after the vessel reached the dock, and, in the meantime, forty-two immigrants had been allowed to land without inspection by him. Special Agent Moore, of the Treasury Department, has telegraphed a statement of the affair to Washington, and an investigation will probably be ordered. A few days later, the barkentine *S. G. Wilder* arrived from Honolulu. In this case the Federal quarantine officer boarded the vessel first and passed favorably upon it. When the State quarantine officer arrived, he found that the captain and passengers had already left the *Wilder*, and he was obliged to order them back for inspection.

The Federal quarantine officers act under the law of April 29, 1878, as amended at subsequent sessions of Congress. This law provides that where local quarantine officers have been appointed under State or municipal laws, such officers, upon application of the State or municipal authorities, shall be empowered to act as United States officers. This provision, however, does not seem to have been carried out. At all other ports, medical officers of the marine hospital service are to be assigned to the duty by the surgeon-general. The extreme care with which the State authority is guarded under the law is shown by the provision that there shall be no interference with the State laws or regulations.

The next year the National Board of Health was created, but the powers granted to it were wholly inadequate. It is to cooperate with local boards and officers, to receive and publish weekly sanitary reports from foreign cities from which contagious diseases may be brought to this country, and to collect and disseminate information on sanitary questions. In 1890 a law was enacted providing that where contagious diseases exist in any State or Territory, the Secretary of the Treasury may promulgate quarantine regulations and appoint inspectors to enforce them. These rules are to be prepared by the supervising surgeon-general of the marine hospital service under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury. This step was taken as a result of the yellow-fever epidemics in the Southern States and the inefficiency and evil effects of local quarantine regulations enacted by irresponsible boards, which were wholly inefficient to protect public health and seriously interfered with business.

The enforcement of sanitary regulations is generally classed as one of the police powers, and these are left to the individual State governments. It is for this reason that the Federal Government has been very reluctant to interfere with the action of the local authorities in enforcing quarantine regulations. The power logically belongs to the Federal Government, however, and step by step it has been forced by circumstances to advance its exercise of authority until now it occupies the field side by side with the State officials. The logic of events will in time force the Federal Government to occupy the field exclusively.

The enforcement of quarantine regulations, while it has for its primary purpose the preservation of public health, is in effect a regulation of commerce, either with foreign countries or between the States, and, as such, must be performed by the Federal Government. The authority of the States does not extend beyond their borders, and, in order that quarantine regulations should be effective, the power of enforcement must be broader than this. With regard to foreign commerce, the power of the States is wholly inadequate. The bill of health is given to a vessel by the consular agent of the United States in the foreign port from which it sails. The Federal Government alone can provide for the medical inspection, which, in many cases, is necessary, and the law provides that the President, upon request of the National Board of Health, may appoint the required medical officer to be attached to the consular office. It is through the consuls that reports of the sanitary condition of foreign cities are received, thus making it possible to take precautionary measures in time where epidemics exist. Under the law of February, 1893, the Federal Government absolutely suspend immigration from infected ports.

vision that is wholly beyond the powers of the State governments. In the same manner the attempt of one State to protect itself against contagious diseases existing in other States, would be an interference with interstate commerce, and, therefore, in conflict with the constitution.

The present provisions of the law on this subject attempt to perpetuate an impossible situation. The division of authority causes only conflict and inefficiency. The Federal laws should be made more stringent, and the sentimental consideration of the dignity of the State governments should be abandoned. That the State of California should attempt to regulate quarantine on great highways of commerce, like those from Australia and the Orient, is absurd, particularly in view of the fact that nine-tenths of the immigrants come here merely in transit and settle in other States.

This is but another instance of the manner in which matters of this kind pass from the domain of State "sovereignty," and are assumed by the Federal Government. It is by no sinister attempt to centralize the powers of government that this movement has gained force, but through the resistless logic of necessity. So in the long vista of years, seemingly trifling factors so shape themselves that this country is marching slowly and majestically toward its inevitable goal—a great and mighty nation instead of a congeries of jealous States.

There exists in the United States a limited class of citizens—mainly politicians with one eye on the naturalized vote—whose sympathies easily respond to the woes of foreign communities. They appear to believe that the American republic is the divinely commissioned regulator of the globe, and just now proclaim it the duty of this country to oversee the affairs of all governments on this hemisphere, to antagonize Spain for the sake of Cuba, and to annihilate Turkey in the interest of the Greeks. Fortunately the sentiment is not general, and soon cools under the breath of free speech and the common sense of the masses. The United States has no vital interest in a Græco-Turkish war. Such a war would bring neither an adequate commercial benefit nor would it be of much damage to our limited trade with those countries. It may be urged that the Greeks are Christians. But for some centuries the Greek has given ample proof that his faith sits lightly on him. During the Turkish occupation he placed the Greek Church under the guidance of the Patriarch of Constantinople—a creature of the Sultan. In 1760, whole villages of Greek Christians renounced their faith and became Moslems in such numbers that the Grand Turk mitigated the oppressions of his rule for fear they would all become converts and he would have no tribute-paying subjects left. Greek Christians sought the honor of having their children chosen to be reared for the famous corps of Janissaries, where they became more Turkish than the Turk.

The long-threatened war has at last been declared. The scene of hostilities has been transferred from Crete to the mainland, and the whole frontier from the Ægean to the Ionian Sea is the theatre of action. The ardor of the Greeks for war and their initial successes in the capture of Balino and the bombardment of Prevesa have been met by the Turks with a declaration of war and a prompt expulsion of the Greeks from the Pass of Milouna. The occupation of this pass destroys at one blow the formidable mountain barrier which it seemed imperative for Greece to hold. It opens the road for the Turkish army to Larissa, the headquarters of the Grecian army, and leaves no natural defense between the superior Moslem forces and the capital of Greece itself.

The attitude of the powers has become that of armed neutrality rather than active interference, as though they intended to let the two countries fight it out unaided. It is the same course they pursued during the Greek war of independence, and which was only frustrated by an accident. At that time, as now, the allied fleets of England, France, and Russia cruised about the Peloponnesus as they are doing now. Without intending to offer battle, they entered the Bay of Navarino, where the Turkish fleet lay. The latter mistook the peaceful approach for an attack, and fired on the European ships, bringing on a general engagement, which culminated in the destruction of the Turkish fleet. That closed the war, but left the Græco-Turkish question an open wound.

The present conflict can not be of long continuance. The issues which make for peace or war are in the hands of bankers, not princes. Both Greece and Turkey are practically bankrupt. The Turkish treasury is wholly dependent on the English and French Rothschilds, who control the whole bonded indebtedness of a billion dollars. Greece has lately defaulted on her interest due to German financiers, who are the sole owners of Grecian bonds to the extent of \$180,000,000. Such creditors have the power to prevent either country from endangering the value of those securities, and they will do it. If Russia would take up or guarantee

the Turkish loan, the Ottoman Empire in Europe might be dismembered, but the vast amount precludes it. In the meantime, Russia is hoarding gold rapidly, either in preparation for war or in order to withdraw from the domination of the money kings of Western Europe who hamper her own movements. Russia is now the largest holder of gold in the world. She has \$564,000,000, as against \$383,000,000 held by France and \$200,000,000 by the Bank of England. It is this very financial superiority which makes Russia dominant to-day in the European concert.

But suppose the powers decline active interference, what is the outlook for Greece? Both countries would fight at the expense of their creditors; but her formidable adversary can draw upon a population of more than 25,000,000, exclusive of the Balkan states, which are nominally subject, as against a population of a little more than 2,000,000 in Greece and her dependent islands. Turkey can place in the field an effective army of 700,000 men, while Greece can muster but about 250,000, including her unorganized militia. No troops are braver in battle than the Turks. Their religion is a powerful incentive to their valor. Death in battle is a passport to the Moslem paradise, and fires the Turk with all the terrifying force of fanaticism.

The Greeks can never win, unaided, against an overwhelming force of such character. They are better sailors than the Turks, but here again they are overmatched in strength and numbers. For her size, Greece is a strong sea power. She has five armor-clads, ranging from eighteen hundred to five thousand tons and well armed with Krupp guns. Her auxiliary navy consists of nineteen torpedo-boats and about ten small vessels of the gunboat class—the latter of little effect in war. Turkey has two sea-going and seven port-defense battle-ships, sixty-two cruisers, and twenty-six torpedo-boats. This list does not include nine cruisers and eleven torpedo-boats which are building. There is but one effective point of attack for Greece by sea—the Dardanelles—and Turkey is amply prepared to defend that narrow passage.

We may watch the outcome with interest, but active interference is the prerogative of Europe.

The *Chronicle* of April 22d has an article headed "Beet Sugar and the Trust," in which it is practically hinted that "it is the purpose of the Sugar Trust to absorb all the beet-sugar factories on the coast." "This," says the *Chronicle*, "would furnish an explanation of the eager desire of the Sugar Trust for the abrogation of the Hawaiian reciprocity treaty." The *Chronicle* closes with the sapient remark: "It may be safely concluded by the people of California that their best interest will be served by acting in opposition to the Sugar Trust."

We utterly fail to see any merit in the *Chronicle's* contention. While it would be "good business" for California to oppose the Sugar Trust if it were opposed to California's interests, it is very "poor business" for California to oppose the Sugar Trust when the Sugar Trust is working for California's interests, even if its motives are selfish ones. As a matter of fact, the Sugar Trust has evidently noticed with uneasiness the energy shown by Claus Spreckels in encouraging the raising of sugar-beets in California and the strides that the sugar-beet business here has already made. Evidently they have determined that they must "get in" on this business. Claus Spreckels has parted with a fifth interest in his Watsonville refinery to the Sugar Trust. But it is understood that he will refuse to part with the whole of it or even a controlling interest. The reason is plain. Claus Spreckels has amassed an enormous fortune. He has made so much money that he can scarcely want to make more for money's sake alone. He has evidently determined to make his impress on this State, and to leave a monument behind him in California by creating an industry, that of sugar-beet raising. The production of beet sugar was attempted in this State many years ago, but the attempt was a failure and the plant was closed down some time in the late seventies. Claus Spreckels, however, has built up the sugar-beet business anew. He had to urge on the reluctant farmers to sow their land to sugar-beets, and, in fact, to guarantee their money before many of them would undertake it. When he had assurance of a certain number of acres being planted, he erected his Watsonville refinery. He is now engaged in the same plan around his Salinas refinery. He shows that where farmers obtained about twelve dollars per acre planted to barley, the same land in sugar-beets brought them in over forty dollars per acre. If Claus Spreckels lives long, he will erect yet other refineries in this State and have hundreds of thousands of acres sown to sugar-beets where there are now thousands. It is not to be wondered at, with the prospect of creating a vast industry in a fertile State like this and rounding out the evening of his days with the dissemination of wealth among the people of a great State, rather than the amassing of wealth for himself alone, that Claus Spreckels should be un-

willing to part with his sugar-beet interests to the Sugar Trust. We have not the remotest belief that he will.

But even if he did, why should the people of California oppose the Sugar Trust, as the *Chronicle* advises? If Claus Spreckels goes on, extends the acreage planted to sugar-beets, and erects more refineries, thereby creating wealth which did not exist before, should the community oppose him? And even if he were to sell all of his interests to the Sugar Trust, and the Sugar Trust continues his work, should the community oppose them? It seems to us that California is now at the parting of the ways. She has tried various cereal and horticultural industries, and has found them inadequate. She has passed through the grazing, the wheat, the small fruit, the wine, and the raisin epochs, and she is now taking up the sugar-beet. Whoever the person, or whatever the organization, corporation, syndicate, or trust, call it what you will, that is working to add to the productive acreage and increase the revenues of California, we think it would be a suicidal policy that would lead the farmers and the producing classes of the State to oppose them.

The bill recently introduced into the New York legislature by Senator Ellsworth, prohibiting the publishing of any person's portrait without his or her permission, excites much discussion in the East. It has passed the senate, and is now in the assembly. There is much opposition to the bill, not only from the publishers of newspapers but from the trades unions. On April 13th the assembly committee held a session at Albany, before which addresses were made by Daniel Harris, president of the New York State branch of the American Federation of Labor; Samuel B. Donnelly, president of Typographical Union, No. 6, of New York; W. F. Long, president of the Lithographers' Association; and James Ryan, of the Photo-Engravers' Union. All of these representatives of trades-unions spoke in opposition to the bill. No one spoke at this session in favor of the bill.

It is not probable that the bill in its present shape will pass. So many valid objections may be made to it that it is almost certain to be defeated. For example, photographs taken of any street scene, such as the great parade in honor of the dedication of the tomb of Grant, would necessarily include portraits of many people who might or might not bring suits for damages. Altogether the many defects in the bill render it almost impossible of passage.

But it is a most significant fact that such a bill should even have been introduced. It is the entering wedge. It shows that the people are revolting against the tyranny of the daily newspapers, with their espionage, their key-hole reporters, and their kodak "artists" who snap the unsuspecting citizen unawares. A man's face is his own, and there is no reason why he should not control the reproduction of it. This Ellsworth bill in New York State, and the Lamont bill in the State of Illinois, which is on similar lines, are significant of the public feeling toward the daily newspapers. They will have to mend their ways.

Assuming, however, that the Ellsworth bill will not pass, there is a very simple way of checking the unauthorized reproduction of photographs. It is the system at present in use in England. There, any person can copyright a photograph by registering it at a cost of one shilling. When that is done, the right to reproduce can only be obtained with the owner's consent. He has a property right in it, and the courts will protect him in that right. Even when photographs are not registered, newspaper publishers can not go through the vast files of registered photographs to ascertain that fact, and are forced to assume that every photograph is registered. Therefore they invariably secure the privilege of reproducing it by consent or purchase. Damages can be obtained for every copy of a newspaper or periodical containing an unauthorized reproduction of a photograph. The private individual whose registered photograph is reproduced can obtain damages by establishing that fact. Mary Moore, an actress at the Criterion, got heavy damages from an illustrated magazine not long ago because the publisher reproduced her registered photograph without her consent. This registry law in England extends not only to portrait photographs, but to photographs of all kinds of views, of scenery, etc. Not only are private sitters protected in their common-law rights to their own pictures, but the Photographic Union protects its members in their property rights in views. The Photographic Union, having won their fight in England, are now preparing to assert their rights against American publishers who reproduce registered English photographs without consent or purchase. A penalty of fifty dollars can be exacted for every copy of an American publication circulated in England containing a reproduction of an unauthorized photograph.

We would suggest to those statesmen in New York and Illinois who are engaged in the laudable effort to repress these newspaper invasions of privacy to strike at the root of the matter. The bills now being discussed are crude, in-

adequate, and, it is feared, unconstitutional. But the passage of hills rendering it possible to register portraits and other photographs at a small fee would place the newspapers in a position where they would not dare to reproduce the portrait of a man or woman, whether a reproduction of a photograph or a drawing after a photograph, without his or her consent.

The fate of the Dingley tariff bill, which has experienced such smooth sailing in the House, will be watched with a rekindled interest now that it has reached the tempestuous waters of the Senate. Unfortunately, the Senate is not in these days representative of any party or policy indorsed by the people, but is a conglomeration of the factions which split all parties, reflecting the theories of all, attached to the policies of none, and all bound together by rules and customs which are used in turn by one clique and another to obstruct the intelligent transaction of business. News of the last week indicate what contradictory forces the bill is doomed to face: The silverites, who will doubtless oppose any attempt to regain prosperity except through their discredited plan of free coinage; the opposition of free-traders, who combat the protective idea from principle and tradition; the hostility of the mild protectionist, who wants lower rates than the bill proposes; the pulling and hauling of senators seeking equality or advantage in its benefits for their respective localities; the terrifying spectacle of senators holding up the twin bogies of retroaction and foreign retaliation. And yet there seems reason to believe that the committee will report the bill by the end of April and that these discordant elements will evolve and pass a measure in some form by July 1st. Considering that the Dingley bill received seventy amendments in the House, that the McKinley bill suffered three hundred amendments, and the Wilson bill six hundred and sixty, two months is as short a period of discussion as can possibly be predicted for the Senate.

Much discussion has been aroused by the retroactive clause. It provides that when the bill is finally enacted the duties therein shall be applicable to all imports subsequent to April 1st, except where the goods were purchased prior to that date and directed by the owner to be shipped for importation. To enforce collection it is provided that the duties shall be a lien on the goods, wherever found, except in the possession of persons obtaining them without notice of the provisions of the act, or in the hands of bona-fide consumers. It is generally conceded by the best opinions that the clause is not violative of the constitution, but the question of its practicability is worthy of serious examination. Its opponents condemn it freely as ridiculous, impossible, and illogical, while the framers of the bill contend that it is on a par with the Wilson bill, which proposed that the income tax date back to the first of the year, and made the tax on whisky applicable to that which had been distilled years previous; that it differs essentially from an *ex post facto* penal law; and that it is eminently proper to protect the Treasury from depletion of its duties on account of the schemes of speculators. Whatever may be the decision, the effect of the clause is already apparent in the hesitancy of abnormal importations in all lines, and in the almost total cessation in the entry of Canadian lumber.

England shows signs of restiveness in contemplating the prospect of our higher duties, though prudential reasons restrain her from any official remonstrance. Germany is outspoken in protest against the extra duty on beet-sugar—an industry which that country has protected and bountied until it has become marvelously successful. French merchants do not conceal the anxiety awakened by the proposed duties on wines, brandies, silks, woollens, gloves, and works of art. Italy has expressed her discontent with our treatment of Italian marble, oranges, and lemons. The Netherlands and Japan are apprehensive of the effect of the increased rates on their productions and manufactures, while Canada, fairly hysterical with revengeful joy, is constructing a counter tariff which shall be venomously retaliatory and threatening a freer trade with England. Is it not strange that all these countries are as much exercised about our tariff bill as though free-traders had not conclusively proved that "the consumer pays the tax"? It does not seem probable that retaliation will have the effect intended, nor that it will deter this country from building up her own industries.

The wool schedule is a promising field of contention. It having been claimed that the higher rates in the bill were in the interest of wool manufacturers, the senators from several Western wool-growing States have agreed upon a radical amendment affecting duties on wools of the third class. The amendment proposes a decided increase and a substitution of specific for ad valorem duties. Senator Perkins has exhaustively presented the needs of California before the Finance Committee. His demands are for higher duties on citrus fruits, raisins, Zante currants, sugar, tin, and anthracite coal. Senators from Rocky Mountain States are combining

to press their demands on wool, hides, cattle, and lead ores. With groups of members thus standing out for increased duties in the interest of localities, and a majority so narrow that not a vote can be spared, a general reduction of the rates in the Senate is scarcely probable.

An element in tariff legislation of no slight significance is the newly born insistence of the South that it shall share with the North and West in the benefits of protection. Five Southern Democrats voted for the Dingley bill in the House, and twenty-one assented by remaining silent. The South is divided in Congress between the old dyed-in-the-wool free-trade Democrats and those who, mainly young men, are learning the value of protection to the raw materials they produce. McLaurin, of South Carolina, cites Calhoun as authority for that doctrine, and others have concluded that, since protection is to be the policy in any event, the South must participate in the advantages. In the interest of sugar, Senator McEnery, of Louisiana, openly favors the bill, and his colleague, Mr. Caffery, has been memorialized by the New Orleans Chamber of Commerce to do so.

One of the most interesting incidents in the investigation conducted by the board of supervisors, preparatory to fixing water rates, was the testimony of Chief Sullivan, of the fire department, not because he threw any light on the question of water rates—he frankly admitted that he knew nothing about that—but because it called attention to a danger that threatens San Francisco. Chief Sullivan plainly stated that the protection against fire in this city is inadequate, and sustained his contention by a comparison with the protection afforded in other cities. He appeared as a fireman voicing the needs of his department, and sturdily refused to make replies inconsistent with his opinions.

The people of this city have recently been called upon to contribute funds for the employment of a number of men who were out of work and suffering for the common necessities of life. They have succeeded, with some effort, in raising nearly twenty-five thousand dollars. During last year forty times this amount was destroyed by fire in this city, and nearly as much more was paid out for the support of the fire department. About one million dollars' worth of property is destroyed by fire in this city each year, and a large part of this loss could be prevented by the adoption of adequate measures of protection. Under these circumstances the suggestions of Chief Sullivan, who speaks as an expert, should receive serious attention.

The defects of the fire department in this city, according to Chief Sullivan, are, first, the need of a force of fully paid firemen, and; second, insufficient water facilities. The water-mains are not large enough and the number of hydrants is inadequate. This city has 3,200 hydrants, which is a less number than is furnished by any other city of its size in the country, and to each engine there are 97, which is again far below the supply in any of the large cities and in many of the smaller ones. Boston has 168 hydrants to each engine, Cleveland has 203, Philadelphia has 213, New York has 145, and Chicago 186. The department here is frequently handicapped, in the promptness with which it can handle a fire and in the force that can be applied, by having to take up water through a long lead of pipe, twenty lengths or more being sometimes required. The figures of the population of the different cities are not of so much value for comparison, for it is not upon the people, but upon the buildings that the department must act. The question of area is far more important, and here the deficiency in San Francisco is again apparent. This city is built upon hills, which render it difficult for the engines to reach many fires quickly, and, therefore, the facilities for effective work when they arrive should be as perfect as possible. There are 76 hydrants to each square mile here. Brooklyn has 83; New York, 160; Cleveland, 166; Boston, 181. Chicago, with its broad miles of prairie that have been included within the city limits, has 87. In nearly every city of equal rank there is a fully paid fire department; San Francisco has not yet reached this stage of development. The economy which will not pay firemen for their entire time, but forces them to work at other callings to make a living, when there is an annual loss by fire of over a million dollars, is very queer economy.

The fact that Eastern cities are largely built of brick and stone also has an important bearing on the question. The greater part of San Francisco is made up of wooden buildings of flimsy construction, and, with the strong winds that prevail here, it is surprising that extensive conflagrations have been prevented. The chief's prophecy, "that the city will wake up some morning and find several acres in ashes," is perfectly justified.

But the menace of flimsy buildings that facilitate the extensive spreading of fires and baffle the attempts of the firemen is by no means confined to San Francisco. During the last year fire destroyed \$118,737,420 worth of property in the United States. This is more than the value of all the

buildings in this city; it is three times the value of all the personal property. Were all of the property in San Francisco destroyed the loss would be about equivalent to what is consumed by fire every two years in the United States. During twenty-two years the loss has been \$2,338,237,911. The people of the United States are eminently practical; their inventive genius has placed them at the head of the world; they have achieved a material progress that is unequalled. Why, then, should they calmly submit to this immense loss? Why should they continue to construct these flimsy buildings, and then expend vast fortunes for fire departments and insurance protection?

The average American who travels in Europe is amused at the small fire-engines that are in use there. The European departments would be wholly unable to cope with an American fire. Yet modern European cities have never known an extensive conflagration such as visited Chicago and Boston. They have no need for the expensive and powerful engines that are used in this country, for they have adopted a much more effective method of protection from fire. Cities like Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Rome, and Milan are constructed almost entirely of brick and stone. The buildings are built with brick and stone partition walls, so that, should a fire break out in one room it would be almost impossible for it to damage the rest of the house.

The construction of fire-proof buildings has received some attention in this country of late years, but it is as yet confined to large office buildings and public structures. It is not even thought of in connection with dwellings, and large boarding-houses, in this city, at least, are simply tinder-boxes.

Until the question of fire-proof construction receives attention this country will continue, like the ignorant natives who worship Pele, to offer up its vast annual sacrifice of six scores of millions of dollars to the Goddess of Fire.

The judge of the superior court of Marin County has summoned the sheriff of that county before him to show cause why he should not exercise more severity toward Colonel P. A. Finnegan, the obdurate husband who has been imprisoned for refusing to pay seven hundred and fifty dollars alimony to his wife. The sheriff has treated Finnegan with much leniency, allowing him to have meals served him from restaurants and giving him access to the jail-yard instead of keeping him locked up. The wife's attorneys have protested against this, and Judge Angelotti, according to the daily papers, has summoned the sheriff to show cause why he should not treat Finnegan like any other prisoner.

We hope that the sheriff will vigorously contest this case, and we advise Colonel Finnegan to open his purse-strings in this action, even if he will not loosen them for his wife. In fact, it would be a good thing if the whole question of imprisonment for alimony should be opened up by this procedure of Judge Angelotti. As we have already said in these columns, it is possible under the laws of this State for a judge not only to imprison a recalcitrant husband for refusing to pay alimony, but to imprison any man for refusing to obey an order of court to pay money for any purpose. Yet this is practically imprisonment for debt. Alimony is a debt like any other. If imprisonment for debt exists in the State of California at this day and generation, we think it high time that our laws should be amended. If Finnegan has no money or property, it is outrageous to imprison him. If he has money or property, the court may make an order ordering the sale of sufficient thereof to satisfy the alimony order. The court has power over Finnegan's property, but we do not think that for failure to pay a debt the court has power over his body.

During the first Presidential term of Grover Cleveland the thirst of the Democrats for office—after having been away from the public pay-sugar planters' trough for twenty years—was fierce and unappeasable. Grover could not satisfy them. When he emitted one of his famous sententious apothegms, "Public office is a public trust," a disgruntled Democrat—who considered that Cleveland was giving too many offices to his friends, flunkies, and henchmen—corrected it by saying bitterly: "Public office is a private snap."

We have an idea that when the people of this country have thoroughly investigated the Hawaiian reciprocity question, they will come to a similar conclusion. In the new tariff the duty on sugar is thirty dollars a ton. If we remit that duty in favor of Hawaiian sugar, it means that we shall give the Hawaiian planters a bounty of thirty dollars a ton. Yet there are plenty of people who object to giving bounties to our own sugar-growers. The stocks of the Hawaiian plantations are quoted at from fifty to one hundred per cent. over par, and the plantations are paying twenty-five to thirty per cent. on the investment. This condition the United States is asked to continue. Surely, like Grover Cleveland's nepotism, "Hawaiian reciprocity" is a snap."

A MODERN DEBORAH.

Being the Story of an Hungarian Wife's Patriotism.

At the eastern extremity of the long, straggling street of Nagy-Némethy, are the crumbling ruins of a deserted house. More than forty years ago, when the Hungarian people awoke and began to rattle their chains, there lived in this house a young Jewish couple, Adolf Sonnenfeld and his wife Eglantine. Although scarcely fifteen years of age when her husband first took her from her parents' watchful care, she was no half-opened bud, but a glorious woman, a blooming rose of Sharon. Sonnenfeld, like many a young German townsman, was a slender, fair-haired young fellow. His wife, Eglá, was a lovely Jewess of the purest type. Suppressed fervor lurked behind the cold gaze of her dark, scornful eyes, and the mobile mouth could soften sweetly to the warming kiss or harden with deliberation for command. Her husband was merely a practical man of business, of a sly and cunning disposition, called good-humored by his friends because he was too cautious to risk doing an injury.

In spite of the differences in their characters, Eglá seemed to love her husband even more than her fatherland, and that speaks volumes, for she was an ardent Hungarian. She had borne her husband two children, and through her teaching they were growing up with a fervent love of home and fatherland.

The storms of February swept over Paris, and the feverish March days in Vienna were followed by the Hungarian rising, while her character was developing from day to day in strength and energy. But when, in October, the revolution brought the Hungarian army before Vienna, her zeal for the national cause at length took a tangible form.

One morning at breakfast, having scanned the newspaper, she commenced: "Adolf, every one is taking up arms for the fatherland, old men, boys, and even women. Why do you hold back?"

"Are you mad?" cried Sonnenfeld, half-irritated, half-frightened; "what is Hungarian liberty to me? I am a Jew. Even if I wanted to go to the war they would only laugh at me. I don't know how to hold a gun."

"You can learn—"

"I shan't think of it!" cried Sonnenfeld, cutting her short; "we have soldiers enough—I am no hero!"

The truth came home to Eglá that her husband was no hero, very shortly. Hussars came into the village, and then all who had hitherto held back came forward and joined the colors. Sonnenfeld alone was not to be seen; he seemed to have disappeared, and only came in sight again after the last horseman had quitted Nagy-Némethy. Eglá found out afterwards that he had been hidden in a recess in the cellar, and supplied with food and drink by the cook. Her first impulse was to take away her children, and leave the husband whom she despised for his cowardice. Sonnenfeld fell on his knees and begged her to stay; he raised his hands to heaven and implored her with tears in his eyes not to leave him, and when at last the children interceded, she remained.

From that day she treated him with silent disdain. That proved more galling than open hostility or reproaches. Hitherto he had taken no interest whatever in the struggles of the fatherland, but now he began to interest himself more and more. But his sympathies were all with the anti-Magyar party. He hated the agitators who had robbed him of his wife's love, and the patriots whose heroic courage branded him as a coward. He could barely hide his joy when Windischgratz, with the imperial troops, crossed the frontier and pushed on to Buda-Pest, but Eglá grew ever paler, ever quieter. When the Hungarian capital fell and the national troops fell back on Debreczin, Sonnenfeld felt sure that all was over. He went about radiant and joyful, as if he had won the victory or inherited a million.

It was not long before the First Imperialist Light Cavalry showed themselves in Nagy-Némethy. A whole brigade followed and pitched camp in the neighborhood. Some of the soldiers were billeted in the village, and the general himself took up his quarters in Sonnenfeld's house. The husband surpassed himself in hospitality, loyalty, and attention to the wants of his guest. Eglá, who held herself aloof, timid but inimical, one day saw the general kick her husband out of the door. She felt as if her heart was crushed, then the blood rushed to her face, but she endured in silence.

A few days later, hussars appeared in the neighborhood, and the Imperialist outposts exchanged shots with them. During the night the brigade became alarmed, for the Hungarians approached on all sides and threatened to overwhelm them. Every one was afoot, the inhabitants stood in the street doors whispering, while cannon and heavily armed cavalry rattled by. Eglá, who had dressed herself rapidly, found that her husband had left the house. She glided out after him, only to find him by the garden hedge deep in conversation with the general. Sonnenfeld howed obsequiously as he spoke, and the general laughed amicably. That laugh seemed to Eglá even more insulting than the kick he had given her husband a few days back. She only caught detached words and isolated phrases of the conversation; but she gathered that while her husband was assuring him of his devotion, the general was complaining that he could gain no information even from the poorest peasant. At sunrise an adjutant arrived bearing a sealed letter for the general, on reading which he gave the order for the Imperialist troops to withdraw to the south.

The changeful scenes of the Hungarian winter campaign followed in quick rotation, each day bringing contradictory reports. Eglá was consumed with anxiety and excitement, and she passed sleepless nights of watching, only to sink wearied and exhausted on her couch as daylight approached, and when the bright sunlight streamed in upon her, she would awake with a start as if aroused by some horrid dream.

Business was at a standstill, Sonnenfeld alone showing a restless activity. He contracted for provisions of all kinds

for the supply of the Imperialist troops, and after visits from suspicious-looking characters, would absent himself from home for days together. Eglá watched him with anxious heart and increasing uneasiness.

One beautiful, sunshiny winter's day, hussars, with loaded carhines, rode into the village. The villagers received them with loud hurrahs and cries of welcome, and the joy was increased when a Honved battalion followed them on foot. The Hungarians halted, picketed their outposts, sent out patrols to all points of the compass, and their duty over, began to think of the commissariat. The inhabitants of Nagy-Némethy brought out the best they had to compensate the brave fellows, if ever so little, for the hardships of their campaign. Eglá did not like to follow the example of the others without first obtaining her husband's consent. She went in search of him, but was unable to find him, either at home or anywhere in the village. Evil forebodings took possession of her mind.

Night closed in. Every one slept in Nagy-Némethy—every one but Eglá. She sat on her bed waiting and listening. She felt that she must listen and wait for—something! Something so terrible it hardly took form in her mind, yet it was something that had been hanging over her for a long time. She sat and waited—one hour—two hours—till she grew drowsy from sheer exhaustion. Suddenly she was startled. Was it the sound of shots?—what was that confused noise? The trumpets brayed, words of command were heard, and the firing increased. She ran to the window, and as she threw it open a hullet whistled past and impinged upon the wall behind her. She drew back quickly and extinguished the light. There was fighting in the streets of Nagy-Némethy.

The Imperialists had advanced upon the Honved battalion under cover of the night, and the Hungarians had been overpowered. A few of them managed to escape with the colors, but the rest were taken prisoners or died the patriot's death.

Eglá sat in her room like one in a trance; her thoughts stood still. The time passed away, but she was heedless of it till suddenly she started at the sound of voices in the next room. Her husband had returned, and with him—How well she knew those clear, commanding tones as she listened to the words of praise and the promise of a great reward—to her husband.

The Imperialists did not remain long, and her husband went away in their train. Eglá obtained a conveyance, and, wrapping her children up warmly, drove away with them to her father's house. Having placed them in safety, she returned home on the third day and awaited her husband's return.

On the fourth evening after her return she heard her husband enter the house softly, like a thief, and like a thief he started when his wife, candle in hand, stepped out of her room before him. Placing the light upon the table, she seated herself, and coldly and sternly, like a judge, she commenced her examination.

"Where were you?"

"I have done a good bit of business."

"I know it."

"I have delivered a contract for bread and bacon to—"

"You have delivered up your brethren? You spy!" shrieked the Jewess, flaming with indignation.

"What do you mean?" Sonnenfeld was pale as a ghost.

"I overheard your conversation with the general."

"Anything further?" and the husband tried to laugh.

The beautiful Jewess stood up and gazed steadily into his face. "This further. You are a traitor and deserve to die, but I have loved you and would not have the name that I have borne, and the name of my children, dishonored before the world. You shall not, therefore, swing from the gallows as you deserve, for I will let you kill yourself here upon the spot."

"I believe you have lost your reason," cried her husband.

For answer she glided quietly into her room and fetched a loaded pistol. "You must die," cried Eglá, "and if you have sunk so low that you do not understand how great is the enormity of the crime you have committed, or if your cowardice be so great you dare not kill yourself, then will I be your executioner in the name of the fatherland."

She placed the muzzle of the pistol against his breast, when the wretch fell upon his knees, heaving and entreating her to spare his life.

The tragic figure stood superbly above him, gazed at him for a moment with unutterable contempt, and then uncocked the pistol.

"No, truly, you are not worth powder and shot."

She turned from him and went into her own room, when he feverishly sprang to the door and fastened it behind her.

Eglá listened, and when she felt certain her husband had gone to bed, she wrapped herself in a fur cloak and stepped out through the long window into the night.

As day broke the tread of horses sounded in front of Sonnenfeld's house, and a few blows from the butt end of a musket soon broke open the door. Hussars, with his wife at their head, burst into the room where he was sleeping.

"There is the spy," cried she, coldly; "he is my husband, but I would see him hanged."

Sonnenfeld, whining vainly, pleaded for pardon, as the hussars hound his hands behind him and dragged him forth. His wife looked on in silence. When the rope was placed round his neck, and the end slung over the lime-tree, she swung herself into the saddle of a horse that the hussars had prepared for her and galloped away, followed, in a few minutes, by the soldiers.

At the taking of Waitzen a beautiful woman rode in front of the Honved battalion—it was the Jewess of Nagy-Némethy. Once again was she seen in the forefront of the fight when the Poles of Mazuchelli's regiment stormed the green hill of Komorn at the point of the bayonet, and there she fell riddled with bullets, but wrapped in the standard of her country and staining its colors with her blood.—Translated from the German of Sacher-Masoch by Henry B. Collins.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Calvé is to be painted as "Carmen" by the French artist, Benjamin Constant. The picture will be placed in the dome of the Opéra Français, Paris.

Delyannis, the Greek premier, began his political career as a copyist in the Greek civil service. He is now some years past seventy, but a man of great vigor.

Luther R. Marsh, of Middleton, Conn., who is eighty-six years old, has bought a bicycle and is learning to ride. He will be remembered for his faith in the Diss de Barr "spook" mysteries.

A negro cadet is going to the Annapolis Naval Academy from Cincinnati, in the person of Richard Carlton Bundy, son of the presiding elder of that district of the African Methodist-Episcopal Church.

It is estimated that Mr. Kipling's income while he is special correspondent of the London *Times*, at five thousand dollars a month, will be equal to the interest of one million two hundred thousand dollars.

Colonel John Hay, the new ambassador to the Court of St. James, will pay six thousand dollars for his house in Carlton House Terrace for three months' time. It commands the route of the jubilee procession.

The "financial scorch" is the name by which Baron Alfred Rothschild was known during his recent sojourn in Vienna. He is a first-rate bicyclist, but somewhat too quick and rash in his flight to suit the Viennese.

Admiral Harris, who commands the British contingent of the fleet of the powers, has no end of troubles. The other day he narrowly escaped being shot by a Bashi-Bazouk, and now his son has joined the Greek army as a volunteer.

According to the Washington correspondents, much of President McKinley's personal popularity is really due to the deceptive likeness of his brother Abner, who takes huge enjoyment in walking about the White House grounds, modestly accepting the homage of the charmed populace.

It is said in London that the young Duke of Manchester, whom rumor has reported engaged to so many different girls, will really wed the eldest daughter of William Waldorf Astor. The Astor girl is not yet out, but since her mother's death she has been her father's most constant companion.

"Ouida" has more fads and fancies than even a *fin-de-siècle* college girl. The scent she uses is made specially for her by a celebrated Venetian perfumer, and costs forty dollars an ounce. She can not hear starched muslin, the touch of velvet makes her feel creepy, and she faints at the smell of honey.

Prince Bismarck since his retirement has received from all parts of Germany applications for oak saplings from his domains, and these oaks have been planted in all quarters of the fatherland, and are known as "Bismarck oaks." The prince has now been obliged to publish a notice informing his admirers that he is unable to accede to the numerous requests that reach him, as his stock of young oaks is exhausted.

Professor Georg Ebers, more widely known as a novelist than as an Egyptologist in the faculty of the University of Munich, celebrated his sixtieth birthday recently. Among other gifts he received a festival compilation entitled "Aegyptica," containing seventeen essays on historical and philological subjects, written and dedicated to Ebers by his former pupils, among whom are numbered six German university professors.

Joseph Pulitzer recently made an addition to his collection of homes by buying from Mrs. John A. Logan the Logan mansion in Washington. He already possessed a house on Jekyll Island, which is now being enlarged and improved; another at Bar Harbor, on which he has expended more than a quarter of a million dollars; and a magnificent home in New York city. He has also rented cottages at Newport, Lenox, and Lakewood. There is money in being proprietor of the New York *World*.

When President McKinley was governor of Ohio and his father was still alive, he signed his name "William McKinley, Jr." After the father died, he wished to drop the "junior," but as he took the oath of office as "William McKinley, Jr.," he decided to retain it. When he was governor for a second term, his name was signed plain "Wm. McKinley." Gradually the letter "m" in "Wm." became almost a straight line, and so he decided that as President he would sign his name "William McKinley."

James Robinson, the famous bareback rider, who began his career in 1845, is still living in Mexico, Mo., with his wife. The feat which won him fame, in 1849, was turning a back somersault while riding backward on a running horse. He did the trick afterward before half the sovereigns of Europe. He retired from the circus-ring with a fortune, and although it is nearly ten years since he appeared before the public, he says that with thirty days' training he could perform with as much agility as ever.

Old Mme. Oliveros, who has just died in Paris, used to dress like a beggar, and at the same time drive in a very sumptuous carriage. Her husband had for many years almost the monopoly of the shark trade, and used to be fond of expatiating, at his famous dinner-parties, on the usefulness of this fish. The liver of the shark contains an oil possessing medicinal qualities equal to those of the cod. The skin, after being dried, takes the polish and hardness of mother-of-pearl, and, being marbled and resembling fossil coral, is largely used by jewelers for the manufacture of fancy objects, by binders for making shagreen, and by cabinet-makers for polishing woods. The glue from the fins is used by brewers, English silk manufacturers, etc. Mme. Oliveros left two millions of dollars—all made out of shark.

NANSEN'S BOOK.

The Explorer's Record of His Achievements in "Farthest North"
—A Thrilling Story of Adventure—Incidents of Life
in the Arctic Circle.

An eloquently written and fascinating chronicle of one of the most daring achievements of the age is "Farthest North," by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen. It is a record of thrilling adventure which has created almost as profound a sensation in this country as in Europe. As an example of what a work of exploration can contain in the way of humor and literary excellence it surpasses Stanley's "Through the Dark Continent," and fully equals it in all other respects.

With the ship *Fram* and a crew of twelve under Captain Sverdrup, this intrepid explorer penetrated into that silent land of ice which surrounds the Pole. Leaving his ice-bound ship, Nansen, accompanied by Lieutenant Johansen, crossed the ice-floes on sledges drawn by dogs, and finally reached the farthest point northward that human feet have yet trod. From a scientific standpoint the book is valuable, but it is chiefly as a vivid record of indomitable courage, patience, and manly endeavor that it captured the imagination.

The *Fram* was particularly adapted to resist the pressure of packing ice, and one realizes the importance of this in reading the following description:

First you hear a sound like the thundering rumbling of an earthquake far away on the great waste; then you hear it in several places, always coming nearer. The silent ice world reechoes with thunders; nature's giants are awakening to the battle. The ice cracks on every side of you and begins to pile itself up; and all at once you find yourself in the midst of the struggle.

There are howlings and thunders around you; you feel the ice trembling, and hear it rumbling under your feet; there is no peace anywhere. In the semi-darkness you can see it piling and tossing itself in high ridges nearer and nearer you—floes ten, twelve, fifteen feet thick, broken and flung on top of each other as if they were feather-weights.

Nansen had a Viking-like fondness for his sturdy vessel. He writes:

Had I said all that was in my heart, my words would not have been so measured; for, to say the truth, we all of us dearly love the ship, as much as it is possible to love any impersonal thing. And why should we not love her? No mother can give her young more warmth and safety under her wings than she affords to us. She is indeed like a home to us. We all rejoice to return to her from out on the icy plains, and when I have been far away and have seen her masts rising over the everlasting mantle of snow, how often has my heart glowed with warmth to her!

It was a royal pleasure to work her ahead through difficult ice. She twisted and turned "like a ball on a platter." No channel between the floes so winding and awkward but she could get through it. But it is hard work for the helmsman! "Hardastarboard! Hardastarboard! Steady! Hardastarboard again!" goes on incessantly without so much as a breathing space. And he rattles the wheel round, the sweat pours off him, and round it goes like a spinning-wheel. And the ship swings round and wriggles her way forward among the floes without touching, if there is only just an opening wide enough for her to slip through; and where there is none she drives full tilt at the ice, with her heavy plunger, runs her sloping bows up on it, treads it under her, and bursts the floes asunder. And how strong she is too! Even when she goes full speed at a floe, not a creak, not a sound, is to be heard in her; if she gives a little shake it is all she does.

Early in the voyage Nansen tries his first dog-ride:

In the evening some of us went on shore to try the dogs. Tronheim picked out ten of them and harnessed them to a Samoyede sledge. No sooner were we ready and I had taken my seat than the team caught sight of a wretched strange dog that had come near, and off dashed dogs, sledge, and my valuable person after the poor creature. There was a tremendous uproar; all the ten tumbled over each other like wild wolves, biting and tearing wherever they could catch hold; blood ran in streams, and the culprit howled pitifully, while Tronheim tore around like a madman, striking right and left with his long switch. Samoyedes and Russians came screaming from all sides. I sat passively on the sledge in the middle of it all, dumb with fright, and it was ever so long before it occurred to me that there was perhaps something for me, too, to do. With a horrible yell, I flung myself on some of the worst fighters, got hold of them by the neck, and managed to give the culprit time to get away.

Nothing more wonderfully beautiful can exist than the Arctic night. Nansen says of it:

It is dreamland, painted in the imagination's most delicate tints; it is color etherealized. One shade melts into the other, so that you can not tell where one ends and the other begins, and yet they are all there. No forms—it is all faint, dreamy color-music, a far-away, long-drawn-out melody on muted strings. Is not all life's beauty high, and delicate, and pure like this night? Give it brighter colors, and it is no longer so beautiful. The sky is like an enormous cupola, blue at the zenith, shading down into green, and then into lilac and violet at the edges. Over the ice-fields there are cold violet-blue shadows, with lighter pink tints where a ridge here and there catches the last reflection of the vanished day. Up in the blue of the cupola shine the stars, speaking peace, as they always do, those unchanging friends. In the south stands a large red-yellow moon, encircled by a yellow ring and light golden clouds floating on the blue background. Presently the aurora borealis shakes over the vault of heaven its veil of glittering silver—changing now to yellow, now to green, now to red. It spreads, it contracts again, in restless change; next it breaks into waving, many-folded bands of shining silver, over which shoot billows of glittering rays, and then the glory vanishes. Presently it shimmers in tongues of flame over the very zenith, and then again it shoots a bright ray right up from the horizon, until the whole melts away in the moonlight, and it is as though one heard the sigh of a departing spirit. Here and there are left a few waving streamers of light, vague as a foreriding—they are the dust from the aurora's glittering cloak. But now it is growing again; new lightnings shoot up, and the endless game begins afresh. And all the time this utter stillness, impressive as the symphony of infinitude.

They lived well on board the *Fram*. One day differed but little from another as they drifted northward embedded in a floating field of ice:

We all turned out at eight, and breakfasted on hard bread (both rye and wheat), cheese (Dutch-clove cheese, Cheddar, Gruyere, and Mysost, or goat's-wheel cheese, prepared from dry powder), corned beef or corned mutton, luncheon ham, or Chicago tinned tongue, or bacon, cod-caviare, anchovy roe; also oatmeal biscuits or English ship-biscuits—with orange marmalade or Fram Food jelly. Three times a week we had fresh-baked bread as well, and often cake of some kind. As for our beverages, we began by having coffee and chocolate day about; but afterward had coffee only two days a week, tea two, and chocolate three.

After breakfast some men went to attend to the dogs—give them their food, which consisted of half a stock-fish or a couple of dog-biscuits each, let them loose, or do whatever else there was to do for them. The others went all to their different tasks. Each took his turn of a week in the galley—helping the cook to wash up, lay the table, and wait. The cook himself had to arrange his bill of fare for dinner immediately after breakfast and to set about his preparation at once. Some of us would take a turn on the floe to get some fresh air, and to examine the state of the ice, its pressure, etc. At one o'clock all were assembled for dinner, which generally consisted of three courses—soup,

meat, and dessert; or, soup, fish, and meat; or, fish, meat, and dessert; or, sometimes only fish and meat. With the meat we always had potatoes and either green vegetables or macaroni. I think we were all agreed that the fare was good; it would hardly have been better at home; for some of us it would perhaps have been worse. And we looked like fatted pigs; one or two even began to cultivate a double chin and a corporation. As a rule, stories and jokes circulated at table along with the hock-beer.

After dinner the smokers of our company would march off, well fed and contented, into the galley, which was smoking-room as well as kitchen, tobacco being tobaccoed in the cabins except on festive occasions. Out there they had a good smoke and chat; many a story was told, and not seldom some warm dispute arose. Afterwards came, for most of us, a short *siesta*. Then each went to his work again until we were summoned to supper at six o'clock, when the regulation day's work was done. Supper was almost the same as breakfast, except that tea was always the beverage.

They drifted on, in their strange zig-zag course, beguiling the long winter night with many amusements. On board ship were books and cards, and much impromptu jollity, while outside lay the silent Arctic landscape. This brave-natured man was more than a cold-blooded enthusiast of science. He portrays vividly the depression and discouragement that weakened even his indomitable spirit. On this desert of ice his life at home seemed fairer than it ever was before. How he longed for his wife and children is shown in his diary, to which he commits his various moods.

While the vessel was held fast in the clutch of the ice-king, the crew made many excursions. How keenly they enjoyed their short trips on snow-shoes with the thermometer at thirty-eight below zero, centigrade:

A delightful snow-shoe run in the light of the full moon. Is life a vale of tears? Is it such a deplorable fate to dash off like the wind, with all the dogs skipping around one, over the boundless expanse of ice, through a night like this, in the fresh crackling frost, while the snow-shoes glide over the smooth surface, so that you scarcely know you are touching the earth, and the stars hang high in the blue vault above? This is more, indeed, than one has any right to expect of life; it is a fairy-tale from another world, from a life to come.

In addition were many struggles with bear and walrus. But it is after Nansen and Johansen begin their perilous expedition toward the pole, accompanied only by their dogs, that exciting adventure and heroism really begin. Their clothing consisted of the following:

On the upper part of the body, two woolen shirts (Jaeger's); outside these I had a camel's-hair coat, and last of all a thick, rough jersey. Instead of the jersey, Johansen wore what is called on board ship an "anorak," of thick homespun, provided with a hood, which he could pull forward in front of his face, and made after an Eskimo pattern. On our legs we had, next our skin, woolen drawers, and over these knickerbockers and loose gaiters of coarse Norwegian homespun. To protect us from wind and fine-driven snow, which, being of the nature of dust, forces itself into every pore of a woolen fabric, we wore a suit which has been mentioned before, made of a thin, close kind of cotton canvas, and consisting of an upper garment to pull over the head, provided with a hood in Eskimo fashion, and a lower one in the shape of a pair of wide overalls.

Their food also demanded careful consideration, while the sledge-dogs were to be fed upon each other if extreme occasion demanded. After saying good-by to the *Fram*, these two men struggled northward over the endless ice. Their progress was often incredibly slow:

We became more and more worn out with the never-ending work of helping the dogs, righting the sledges every time they capsize, and hauling them, or carrying them bodily, over hummocks and inequalities of the ground. Sometimes we were so sleepy in the evenings that our eyes would shut and we fell asleep as we went along. My head would drop, and I would be awakened by suddenly falling forward on my snow-shoes. Then we would stop, after having found a camping-ground behind a hummock or ridge of ice, where there was some shelter from the wind. While Johansen looked after the dogs, it generally fell to my lot to pitch the tent, fill the cooler with ice, light the burner, and start the supper as quickly as possible. This generally consisted of "lohsouse" one day, made of pemmican and dried potatoes; another day of a sort of fish-rissole substance known as "fiskegratin" in Norway, and in this case composed of fish-meal, flour, and butter. A third day it would be pea, bean, or lentil soup, with bread and pemmican. Johansen preferred the "lohsouse," while I had a weakness for the "fiskegratin." As time went by, however, he came over to my way of thinking, and the "fiskegratin" took precedence of everything else.

As soon as Johansen had finished with the dogs, and the different receptacles containing the ingredients and eatables for breakfast and supper had been brought in, as well as our bags with private necessities, the sleeping-bags were spread out, the tent-door carefully shut, and we crept into the bags to thaw our clothes. This was not very agreeable work. During the course of the day, the damp exhalations of the body had little by little become condensed in our outer garments, which were now a mass of ice and transformed into complete suits of ice-armor. They were so hard and stiff that if we had only been able to get them off they could have stood by themselves, and they crackled audibly every time we moved. These clothes were so stiff that the arm of my coat actually rubbed deep sores in my wrists during our marches; one of these sores—the one on the right hand—got frost-bitten, the wound grew deeper and deeper, and nearly reached the bone. I tried to protect it with handgazes, but not until late in the summer did it heal, and I shall probably have the scar for life. When we got into our sleeping-bags in the evening, our clothes began to thaw slowly, and on this process a considerable amount of physical heat was expended. We packed ourselves tight into the bag, and lay with our teeth chattering for an hour or an hour and a half before we became aware of a little of the warmth in our bodies which we so sorely needed. At last our clothes became wet and pliant, only to freeze again a few minutes after we had turned out of the bag in the morning. There was no question of getting these clothes dried on the journey so long as the cold lasted, as more and more moisture from the body collected in them.

Nansen regretted the necessary cruelty to which the dogs were subjected.

It makes me shudder even now when I think of how we beat them mercilessly with thick ash sticks when, hardly able to move, they stopped from sheer exhaustion. It made one's heart bleed to see them, but we turned our eyes away and hardened ourselves. It was necessary; forward we must go, and to this end everything else must give place. It is the sad part of expeditions of this kind that one systematically kills all better feelings, until only hard-hearted egoism remains. When I think of all those splendid animals, toiling for us without a murmur, as long as they could strain a muscle, never getting any thanks or even so much as a kind word, daily writhing under the lash until the time came when they could do no more and death freed them from their pangs—when I think of how they were left behind, one by one, up there on those desolate ice-fields, which had been witness to their faithfulness and devotion, I have moments of bitter self-reproach.

Soon it becomes necessary for them to harbor their provisions. They have reached their "farthest north," beyond the eighty-sixth degree, and turn about for the fearful and arduous march in search of Franz Joseph Land. They are beginning to starve, and on one occasion from sheer exhaustion "slept the clock round without knowing it." Soon they come upon bear, seals, and walrus, and their fear of starving is dispelled. On one occasion these two comrades stood very close to death:

As we stood there, Johansen suddenly cried: "I say! the kayaks are adrift!" We ran down as hard as we could. They were already a

little way out, and were drifting quickly off; the painter had given way. "Here, take my watch," I said to Johansen, giving it to him; and as quickly as possible I threw off some of my clothing, so as to be able to swim more easily. I did not dare to take everything off, as I might so easily get cramp.

I sprang into the water, but the wind was off the ice, and the light kayaks, with their light rigging, gave it a good hold. They were already well out, and were drifting rapidly. The water was icy cold; it was hard work swimming with clothes on; and the kayaks drifted farther and farther, often quicker than I could swim. It seemed more than doubtful whether I could manage it. But all our hope was drifting there; all we possessed was on board—we had not even a knife with us; and whether I got cramp and sank here, or turned back without the kayaks, it would come to pretty much the same thing; so I exerted myself to the utmost.

When I got tired I turned over and swam on my back, and then I could see Johansen walking restlessly up and down the ice. Poor lad! He said afterward that these were the worst moments he had ever lived through. But when I turned over again and saw that I was nearer the kayaks, my courage rose and I redoubled my exertions.

I felt, however, that my limbs were gradually stiffening and losing all feeling, and I knew that in short time I should not be able to move them. But there was no far to go now; if I could only hold out a little longer we should be saved—and I went on. The strokes became more and more feeble, but the distance became shorter and shorter, and I began to think I should reach the kayaks.

At last I was able to stretch out my hand to the snow-shoe which lay across the stern. I grasped it, pulled myself in to the edge of the kayak—and we were saved! I tried to pull myself up, but the whole of my body was so stiff and cold that it was an impossibility. For a moment I thought that, after all, it was too late; after a little, however, I managed to swing one leg up on the edge of the sledge which lay on the deck, and in this way managed to tumble up.

On another occasion, soon after, Johansen had a thrilling adventure:

After having cleared the side of the lane from young ice and brash, I drew my sledge to the end of the ice, and was holding it to prevent its slipping in, when I heard a scuffle behind me, and Johansen, who had just turned around to pull his sledge flush with mine, cried: "Take the gun!" I turned round and saw an enormous bear throwing itself on him, and Johansen on his back. I tried to seize my gun, which was in its case on the foredeck, but at the same moment the kayak slipped into the water. My first thought was to throw myself into the water over the kayak and fire from there, but I recognized how risky it would be. I began to pull the kayak, with its heavy cargo, on to the high edge of the ice again as quickly as I could, and was on my knees pulling and tugging to get at my gun. I had no time to look round and see what was going on behind me, when I heard Johansen quietly say: "You must look sharp if you want to be in time!"

Look sharp? I should think so! At last I got hold of the butt-end, dragged the gun out, turned round in a sitting posture, and cocked the shot-barrel. The bear was standing not two yards off, ready to make an end to my dog 'Kaifas.' There was no time to lose in cocking the other barrel, so I gave it a charge of shot behind the ear, and it fell down dead between us.

They reach open water, and are compelled to part with the two remaining dogs, as they can not take them on their slender kayaks, or canoes.

It was sad to think we could not take our two last dogs with us, but we should probably have no further use for them, and it would not have done to take them with us on the decks of our kayaks. We were sorry to part with them; we had become very fond of these two survivors. Faithful and enduring, they had followed us the whole journey through; and, now that better times had come, they must say farewell to life. Destroy them in the same way as the others we could not; we sacrificed a cartridge on each of them. I shot Johansen's, and he shot mine.

Free from the ice, they paddle in their kayaks, and are threatened by walrus:

As we were paddling along through some small hits of ice, my kayak suddenly received a violent shock from underneath. I looked round in amazement, as I had not noticed any large piece of ice hereabouts. There was nothing of the kind to be seen, either, but worse enemies were about. No sooner had I glanced down than I saw a huge walrus cleaving through the water astern, and it suddenly came up, raised itself, and stood on end just before Johansen, who was following in my wake. Afraid lest the animal should have its tusks through the deck of his craft the next minute, he backed as hard as he could and felt for his gun, which he had down in the kayak. I was not long, either, in pulling my gun out of its cover. The animal crashed snorting into the water again, however, dived under Johansen's kayak, and came up just behind him. Johansen, thinking he had had enough of such a neighbor, scrambled inconspicuously on to the floe nearest him. After having waited awhile, with my gun ready for the walrus to come up close by me, I followed his example. I very nearly came in for the cold bath which the walrus had omitted to give me, for the edge of the ice gave way just as I set my foot on it, and the kayak drifted off with me standing upright in it, trying to balance it as best I could, in order not to capsize. If the walrus had re-appeared at that moment I should certainly have received it in its own element. Finally, I succeeded in getting up on to the ice, and for a long time afterward the walrus swam round and round our floe, where we made the best of the situation by having dinner. Sometimes it was near Johansen's kayak, sometimes near mine. We could see how it darted about in the water under the kayaks, and it had evidently the greatest desire to attack us again. We thought of giving it a hall to get rid of it, but had no great wish to part with a cartridge, and, besides, it only showed up its nose and forehead, which was not exactly the most vital spot to aim at when one's object is to kill with one shot. It was a great ox-walrus. There is something remarkably fantastic and prehistoric about these monsters. I could not help thinking of the merman, or something of the kind, as it lay there just under the surface of the water, blowing and snorting for quite a long while at a time, and glaring at us with its round, glassy eyes. After having continued in this way for some time, it disappeared just as tracklessly as it had come; and as we finished our dinner we were able to go on our way again, glad, a second time, not to have been upset or destroyed by its tusks.

After the stress of this heroic undertaking from which they returned to the honors so splendidly won and abundantly accorded, Nansen still plans to return toward the pole. When he decides upon a second voyage of exploration, he will fire the imagination and stir the blood of the whole civilized world.

The work is issued in two handsome volumes of about seven hundred pages each, is provided with maps, and is copiously illustrated from photographs, with several colored reproductions of Nansen's water-color sketches of Arctic scenery, which are really remarkable.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$10.00.

Two of the most interesting automata now working within the limits of the United States are those used by the government for counting and tying postal-cards into small bundles. These machines were made in Connecticut, and the two are capable of counting five hundred thousand cards in ten hours and wrapping and tying the same in packages of twenty-five each. In this operation the paper is pulled off a drum by two long "fingers" which come up from below, and another finger dips in a vat of mucilage and applies itself to the wrapping-paper in exactly the right spot. Other parts of the machine twine the paper around the pack of cards, and then a "thumb" presses on the spot where the mucilage is, and the package is then ready to carry a belt ready for delivery.

AN OLD STORY RECALLED.

The Death of Mrs. Theodore Tilton in Brooklyn—The Events that Gave her an Unenviable Notoriety—Her Husband's Suit against Henry Ward Beecher.

Last Tuesday evening the death of an elderly lady in a quiet home in Brooklyn removed one of the few remaining persons who figured in a trial that attracted the attention of the entire United States, and even of Europe, a quarter of a century ago, and created a dissension in the Congregational Church, the effects of which are still felt in this part of the country. She was Mrs. Elizabeth Richards Tilton, the wife of Theodore Tilton, and it was for alienating her affections that he brought his celebrated suit against Henry Ward Beecher.

Mr. Beecher was at that time the foremost preacher in this country. The son of a noted divine, he had far surpassed his father, and as pastor of the Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, preached to one of the largest congregations in the country. It was he who had performed the marriage ceremony that united Mr. Tilton and his wife. She was a Miss Richards, and had been a member of Mr. Beecher's congregation from childhood. She was in her twentieth year when she was married to Mr. Tilton in 1855, and he was a year or so her junior. A year after the marriage, Mr. Beecher, who was a frequent contributor to Henry C. Bowen's paper, the *Independent*, secured for the young husband a position on the staff of that paper; and when he became its editor, in 1861, he made Tilton his associate editor.

From that time their relations naturally became more intimate, and Mr. Beecher was soon a constant visitor at the Tiltons' home. Mr. Tilton succeeded Mr. Beecher as editor of the *Independent* in 1863, though the latter's name continued to be printed at the head of the editorial page for another year. But in a few years Tilton experienced a remarkable change of heart. From being a model young man, he suddenly changed to the rôle of black sheep, openly advocating socialism, woman's rights, and free love, and other impious doctrines advanced by Victoria C. Woodhull. Meanwhile, Mr. Beecher's visits to the Tilton home continued, and in time Mrs. Grundy, who is an important personage in church affairs, began to whisper rumors regarding his relations with Mrs. Tilton. Finally, in July, 1870, Mr. Tilton obtained from his wife a verbal confession that she had loved Mr. Beecher not wisely but too well for nearly two years.

Tilton, however, took no action in the matter for six months. Then he got Mrs. Tilton to repeat her statement in writing, and, at the instance of Mr. Bowen, he wrote to Mr. Beecher on the day after Christmas, demanding that he resign the pastorate of the Plymouth Church and leave Brooklyn. This Mr. Beecher refused to do, and at a meeting held at the house of Francis D. Moulton—who became famous in the trial as "the mutual friend"—Mr. Tilton withdrew his demand, in accordance with a promise made to his wife when she signed the confession, and granted Mr. Beecher an interview with Mrs. Tilton. In this interview the lady exercised her feminine privilege of changing her mind, and retracted the confession. This naturally put a new face on the matter, and a number of other conferences followed, but a policy of silence was eventually determined on.

But rumors were abroad about the matter, and in May, 1871, Victoria Woodhull published a card affirming her knowledge of immoral relations existing between "a public teacher of eminence" and "the wife of another public preacher of eminence." This was ambiguous and had no effect; but eighteen months later, the *Woodhull & Claflin Weekly* specifically accused Mr. Beecher of immorality. The hoomer effect of this was that Tilton was dropped from the rolls of the Plymouth Church for slandering the pastor. The pastor himself took no notice of the accusation until six months had passed, when he published a simple card of denial. Other Congregational churches, however, did not enjoy the notoriety their sect was getting, and an investigation, ostensibly into the expulsion of Mr. Tilton, was held by church authorities. It succeeded only in increasing the scandal, and at last Mr. Beecher was compelled to demand an investigation. He was tried by a court composed of six members of the congregation, and it dutifully declared him innocent of the charge preferred by Mr. Tilton.

This last investigation dragged along throughout the summer of 1874, and at its close Mr. Tilton brought his famous suit. He prayed for damages in the sum of one hundred thousand dollars from Mr. Beecher for having alienated his wife's affections, and the trial was begun in the Brooklyn city court in January of the following year. There was an imposing array of legal talent on each side. Roger A. Pryor, William Fullerton, Samuel D. Morris, Thomas E. Pearsall, and William A. Beach appeared for Mr. Tilton, and Mr. Beecher's interests were guarded by William M. Evarts, Benjamin F. Tracy, Thomas G. Shearman, John W. Sterling, John L. Hill, and John K. Porter. The trial lasted from January 11th until July 2d, occupying one hundred and twelve working days, and the testimony filled three thousand pages of foolscap. Mr. Tilton, Mr. Moulton, and Mrs. Moulton swore that Mr. Beecher had confessed his guilt. He, on the other hand, denied the soft impeachment and held that the suit was a black-mailing scheme. He acknowledged that Mrs. Tilton loved him, but he declared that neither had he sought nor did he return her affection. His letters to her were put in evidence and subjected to the most exhaustive examination and various interpretation that the famous legal lights could devise. In them were many expressions that seemed to be strong evidence of his guilt, but he plausibly explained them on the ground that they had been written when he was under the impression that he had unconsciously won a woman's affections away from her husband and broken up a home. The trial resulted in a disagreement. Nine of the jurors were in favor of giving a verdict for the defense, but three were as strongly

convinced that Mr. Beecher was guilty. The result was equivalent to the Scotch verdict of "Not proven," but Mr. Beecher's reputation was gone like the snows of yesterday. To make matters worse, at the conclusion of the trial Mrs. Tilton brought matters back to the starting point by making another public confession which practically covered the ground on which the suit had been brought.

Soon after the end of the trial, Theodore Tilton went abroad, and he is now living in Paris. He is a well-known figure in the American colony, and is supposed to be doing literary work—just what, I do not know. He published a collection of his poems fifteen years ago, under the title of "Swabian Stories." If the sales of that book constitute his entire income, I can readily believe the story that he lives on the bounty of his friends. When he left this country in 1875, he took with him his two daughters and put them to school in Stuttgart. Both of them married abroad, but they have returned and now live in this country. One of them has made her home in Chicago, where are also the two sons, but they all four were present at the death-bed of their mother, to whom they had been loyal throughout all her troubles.

Of late years Mrs. Tilton has lived very quietly in Brooklyn with her other daughter, who is a widow. Half a dozen years ago she lost her eyesight, but it was restored last year by a successful surgical operation. Five weeks ago she was stricken with paralysis, from which she seemed to recover; but a second stroke came on Wednesday of last week, and she remained unconscious until her death on Tuesday evening.

Naturally the remaining relatives wished to avoid unpleasant notoriety, and accordingly unusual secrecy was maintained in regard to Mrs. Tilton's death. There was no announcement of it in the papers, and the public got no news of it until the necessary certificate was filed at the health office. The neighbors did not know on Tuesday that a funeral was being conducted in the house, for there was no crape on the door and not even were the curtains drawn. Only a few intimate friends had been invited to attend the ceremony, and a member of the family was at the door, refusing admission to all not personally known to him. The services were conducted by the Plymouth Brethren, a small band of Christians whose meetings for some time past had been held chiefly at Mrs. Tilton's house.

NEW YORK, April 16, 1897.

Apropos of gambling at Cairo, Pat Sheedy, the famous gambler, declares that "the Russians are the most desperate gamblers that come to Cairo, the Greeks the shrewdest. The Russians bet the biggest money, although some of the wealthy Turks are as daring. The American is a good gambler, but his game is like marbles against billiards as compared with the gambling of Europeans. I saw old Castellane, the father of Count Castellane who married Anna Gould, play baccarat until he had a roll of money amounting to forty-nine thousand dollars. This money he put in his trousers pocket and started to go out. He had just reached the door, when three men who knew him came in. They were broke, but anxious to play. I saw Castellane hand them twenty-five hundred dollars apiece, and then start to deal the cards for them himself. The old gentleman actually put the balance of his money against that which he had loaned his friends. They were three to one. Castellane broke one of the three, but the other two broke him, and, after passing back five thousand dollars to him, they went out richer together by some forty-four thousand dollars. Where in all of this country would you find a man in whose veins the gambling blood flowed as swiftly as that?"

Several more or less dangerous articles of chemical manufacture are becoming so largely employed for a variety of useful purposes now that some restrictions as to their sale, conveyance, and storage are imperative. Thousands of gallons of "liquid" carbonic acid gas in steel cylinders under high compression may now be seen every day being conveyed in carts from place to place, and similarly other gases are stored under pressure in "tubes," as, for example, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrous oxide, and so on, all of which may expose the public to danger. Solid bricks of metallic sodium, again (kept under naphtha, of course), are every day carried from port to port as part of a ship's cargo, and very serious accidents have occasionally arisen from the intermixture of various chemicals on board ship by the damaging effect of a rough passage upon the packages. Still another chemical substance of comparatively recent discovery is carbide of calcium, which on simply becoming moist gives off the exceedingly inflammable gas, acetylene, which, with air, forms an explosive mixture.

The greatest fortress in the world is Gibraltar. The height of the rock is over 1,400 feet, and this stupendous precipice is pierced by miles of galleries in the solid stone, port-holes for cannon being placed at frequent intervals. The rock is perfectly impregnable to the shot of an enemy, and, by means of the great elevation, a plunging fire can be directed from an enormous height upon a hostile fleet. From the water batteries to a distance of two-thirds up the rock one tier after another of cannon is presented to the enemy. A garrison of from 5,000 to 10,000 is maintained, with provisions and ammunition for a six months' siege. In 1779 the celebrated siege lasted three years. The fortress was successfully defended by 7,000 British and attacked by an army of over 40,000 men, with 1,000 pieces of artillery, 47 sail of the line, 10 great floating batteries, and great numbers of smaller boats. For months over 6,000 shells a day were thrown into the tower.

About ten million cattle are now to be found in the Argentine Republic. They are said to be all descendants of eight cows and one bull, which were brought to Brazil in the middle of the sixteenth century.

THE COOK'S MISTAKE.

How a Nice Point in Cowboy Etiquette was Settled.

We were all waiting for dinner, sitting about the camp on our boot-heels, every man in his slicker, and the cook was angry. It had rained for four days. The camp was on the open plain, away from timber, and wet cow-chips are mighty poor fuel. Also the acrid smoke arising from them is an unequaled tear-inducer. Under the wagon was a rawhide sling in which the cook kept a store of dry brush for kindling fires. Damp chips gathered up about camp were piled on and soon made a smudge which was excellent and effective to keep away flies and mosquitoes, but which was several hundred per cent. inferior to a modern range for cooking purposes.

Out of the column of smoke came the cook, with a pot of hot coffee in each hand and tears brimming in his eyes.

"This is the last hot meal you get until we move camp," he announced, emphatically, setting down one coffee-pot and wiping his eyes as he passed around, filling our tin cups.

"Cookie is crying for the sins he's had no chance to commit," said Scotty, confidentially; and received a few drops of boiling coffee on the thumb which held his cup.

Scotty is not a philosopher, and he swore—but not at the cook. The cook is a philosopher, and hears with equanimity whatever the fates bring him in the way of wood or weather, and he minds the guying of the men no more than he minds the odor of his slicker, which gets a fresh coat of fish-oil after every heavy rain.

Yet the cook was wrathful. We could smell it in the smoke and taste it in the coffee, and—unfailing sign—he had removed his leather cartridge-belt and holster. Cookie supported his trousers with an extra large belt, always full of ammunition. He had never been known to fire his gun, even at a jack-rabbit, but occasionally would take it from the holster and ask the foreman to keep it for a day, saying, "I'm mad." When, therefore, it was seen that he had not only removed the pistol, but the cartridge-belt also, trusting in Providence to hold up his trousers, we felt that a crisis had come.

A philosopher who is also a cook is such a valued adjunct to a cow outfit that we were all attention when, after we were served with coffee and sour-dough bread, Cookie said, briefly, addressing himself to the foreman: "Me or Mike Tussler has got to quit."

"What's the matter, Bill?" asked the foreman.

"Well, it's this way," he replied, speaking slowly. "Mike knows as well as anybody that the b'ys can swear at each other, but they can't swear at the cook. That's the rule everywhere. Nobody but the foreman can swear at me. Well, this morning, when the horse band was driv' in, the b'ys put up the ropes to a wagon-wheel to hold 'em, and I took one rope like I always do. It was wet and slippery, and when everybody else had caught a hoss, Mike went in to rope his huckskin, and they all surged my way agin the rope and pulled it through my hands, and Mike swore at me."

"Yes," added Mike, "and the whole hunch got out so I had to ride an old lame plug all day."

"I guess you two can settle that little matter for yourselves," said the foreman.

"That's all right," said Cookie. "I'm agoing to lick him after dinner, but one of us has got to quit."

"Oh, well," said the foreman, "you are both good men. I won't choose between you; just flip a copper." Mike sat back, an indifferent spectator, while the cook found a coin and tossed it up. "Best two in three," said he; and announced himself the loser. He asked for his wages, and received an order on the company for the amount due him.

"If you get out of a job," said the foreman gravely, shaking hands with Bill, "come back to us."

"Oh, I ain't mad at you," said the cook; "and I hate to quit. But nobody but the foreman can swear at me. It ain't right."

"Now, Mike, are you ready?" he asked, taking off his slicker.

"You better be going before you fight," suggested Mike, who was filling his pipe; "you'll get further."

"Hold on, boys, I want to make a book on this event," interposed Scotty, and the cook put on his slicker and waited while Scotty hooked hets enough to bankrupt himself. Then Mike gave me his pipe to keep alight, and sailed in.

Unfortunately, no ex-senator from Kansas was present to report this contest. There was some vigorous in-fighting, the men clinched, and went down together. They rolled over a few times in the lush, wet grass, and then one of them got up. It was Mike. He resumed his pipe, mounted his horse, and went out to the herd. The other men went about their several duties. The foreman stayed in camp.

Presently the falling rain revived the fallen cook. He sat up, then rose slowly, and, going to the mess-box, took out his belt and pistol and put them on. He then approached the foreman, and asked:

"Do you want to hire a good cook, with all the nonsense knocked out of him?"

"I do," replied the foreman.

"I'm your man," said Bill; "I made a mistake."

A stew of brains and marrow was the cook's *chef d'œuvre*. It was served only when he was in a buoyant mood. We had it that night for supper.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1897.

G. B. DUNHAM.

A Polish chemist, named Eisenberg, is said to have invented an anæsthetic which volatilizes rapidly on exposure to the air, rendering the persons near unconscious for a long time. A pellet broken under a man's nose put him to sleep for four hours. It is asserted that in warfare bombs charged with this material will make large bodies of an enemy incapable of resistance.

MR. HOOLEY'S HOBBIES.

A British Multi-Millionaire who Goes in for Charity—The "Hooley Communion Service"—Tales of Other Moneyed Londoners.

Every one is talking about Mr. Ernest Hooley, the new millionaire, whose philanthropic schemes are as colossal as the great financial enterprises he has promoted. It was he, it may be remembered, whose great deal with the Dunlop and Bovril companies caused us to realize that a new millionaire was among us and made his name known to financiers on your side of the Atlantic. It is not, however, his operations on the London Stock Exchange that are exciting so much comment just now. In addition to his great wealth, Mr. Hooley has developed some large ideas as to the best way of spending it. Even orchids, and yachts, and racing-studs have failed to satisfy him, and he has determined to devote a portion of it to a benevolent project in which he is enthusiastically interested.

A few weeks ago, the Prince of Wales proposed that those desiring to observe the queen's diamond jubilee might celebrate it by extensive charities. This was Hooley's opportunity. He endowed his own county of Derbysire with four hundred thousand pounds, or about two millions of dollars in American money. The income from this fund was to be employed in the betterment of the condition of the poor, the widowed, and the aged. But this scheme of Mr. Hooley's, instead of arousing admiration, excited the most venomous abuse from every side. It was said that he was setting a bad example; that he was "bidding for popularity," or "fishing for royal recognition in the form of a title"; and, last but not least, that he was "seeking to dull public memory with regard to the means by which he acquired his enormous fortune."

A few weeks ago, finding that St. Paul's Cathedral possessed no sacramental plate worthy of the name, he presented a magnificent service of pure gold to the cathedral authorities. A great cry was raised throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom that the authorities had been "so little mindful of the dignity of St. Paul's" as to accept so munificent a gift from a man of such inferior class and standing as Mr. Hooley. Some of the great dailies ridiculed the plate as the "Hooley communion service."

"I know the popular conception of me," he said, a few days ago: "A middle-aged, pot-bellied plutocrat, with a big watch-chain." But Mr. Hooley does not impress one as a man of inferior breeding and education. He has not the *parvenu* characteristics of so many multi-millionaires whom the English delight to ridicule. Take, for example, Barney Barnato, who is building a palace in Park Lane. When he was told by the Duke of Westminster's agent that the grounds in Park Lane would not be let unless the house to be erected thereon cost at least fifty thousand pounds, the *nouveau riche* replied, "Oh, tell the duke my stable will cost more than that."

Barnato has committed no crime against society beyond the acquisition of a great fortune by methods universally accepted in the manipulation of stocks, but when the Lord Mayor of London invited this South African millionaire to a banquet at the Mansion House, he was severely criticised for having so far forgot what was due to his office as to receive him. Yet, Barney Barnato induced old "Oom Paul" Krüger to liberate the Jameson raiders after the failure of the English Government to secure their release. He paid out of his own pocket the fines of those who were unable to defray their obligations to the Boer state, but received no credit for what he had done. On the contrary, he was told that "it was merely one of his selfish schemes for his personal benefit, since the liberation of the prisoners and the consequent diminution of the severe strain which had, up to that moment, existed between the governments of England and of the Transvaal naturally had the effect of causing a rise in those South African stocks and securities in which he was especially interested."

But Mr. Hooley is not the kind of man to be discouraged. He is fully aware of the conditions that he has to face and is not accustomed to allow surmountable obstacles to worry him in the pursuit of his ambition. He is still a comparatively young man, but thirty-eight years of age, with more money than he has yet found means to spend properly. He is not of the Barney Barnato class. With his great fortune has come the aspiration to enter the highest circles of aristocratic society, and he hopes to facilitate this end by the lavish expenditure of money. But it is more difficult to pave one's way with gold in England than in America, and Mr. Hooley's efforts have been received in a spirit that, to say the least, is discouraging. Although his charitable gifts amount to something like three hundred pounds a week and he has arranged to spend fifteen thousand pounds a year for the aged poor of his county, he is still the victim of caste prejudice.

One of Mr. Hooley's pet hobbies is his fondness for farming. A few days ago, he said, proudly: "I am the biggest sheep-breeder in England. Nothing gives me more pleasure than to escape into the country and walk over my farms. Just the other day I was told that eight of my Shropshire ewes, that I got from Sandringham, had presented me with two lambs each, and it gave me more pleasure than the biggest deal I have ever done. I must be a farmer at heart, for nothing on earth worries me so much as when a favorite cow calves and the calf dies."

Apropos of millionaires, the career of Mr. Alfred F. Calvert, who was one of the leading men in the city a few years ago, is an interesting one. At that time he was considered to be worth five hundred thousand pounds cash and practically twice as much in gilt-edged West Australian shares. The newspapers were full of him, and he even manoeuvred successfully to secure a full-page notice in the *Times* of a banquet at which he was entertained by a clique of promoters and financiers, where the speeches were devoted to cracking up the enterprises in which he and his associates

were interested. Of course, he had to pay a big sum for this ingenuous advertisement. At that time a syndicate of British and French financiers became sanguine about the future of West Australia, and offered Mr. Calvert a million pounds for his interests in gold mines. But coming into possession of so much money had turned his head. Their offer was almost insolently refused, and Mr. Calvert, despite the depreciation of prices, indulged in the most reckless extravagance. Not long ago, he sold to a syndicate for sixty-five thousand pounds the same interests for which he was offered a million pounds. It would have been impossible for him to realize even that, if the leading men of the market had not feared the effect of a forced sale of his holdings, and formed a syndicate to prevent it.

LONDON, April 3, 1897.

PICCADILLY.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Dr. Koebig, who is an expert on beet culture, delivered an interesting address on the subject in the hall of the Academy of Sciences a few weeks ago.

He is a consulting chemist and engineer who has been concerned in the manufacture in both Europe and the United States. On the average, he said, land in California would produce from twelve to fifteen tons of beets an acre, the cost for labor and other expenses being \$2 a ton and the market price \$4, leaving a profit of from \$24 to \$30 an acre. The price of labor here is a disadvantage in competing with Europe, he admits, but the advantages would more than counterbalance this. As first-class beets in Germany rarely sell for less than \$5, this would seem to be true.

Even at this price the net profit of 113 factories operating in Germany averaged \$32,240 last year. This indicates what can be done in this State, where the beets can be sold at a reduction of twenty to forty per cent. from this price and still leave a profit for the farmer. That the people are beginning to realize this is shown by the interest that is taken in the subject. In a bulletin recently issued by the Department of Agriculture at Washington, it is stated that there are but seven factories in operation in this country and that four more are building or contemplated. The new tariff will give an impetus to the industry, however, and the conditions for a large and profitable business exist here. Professor Hilgard has reported land suitable for beet-culture in fifteen counties in the southern and central portions of the State, and covering an area of 3,731,200 acres. Assuming that only one-third of this area could be profitably cultivated, there would be an annual product of 15,000,000 to 18,000,000 tons of beets, equivalent to 1,425,000 to 1,710,000 tons of sugar. The total import of sugar into this country last year amounted to 1,948,170 tons, valued at \$89,219,773, so that, had the land been under cultivation, California could have furnished nearly the whole amount.

The largest factory in this State at present is that at Watsonville, but the Salinas factory, now being constructed of steel, iron, and brick, making a handsome fire-proof building, will be larger. The main building will be 586 feet long and 106 feet wide, covering nearly five acres of land, and will be two stories in height. Twelve thousand tons of rock will be used for the foundation, and more than a mile of railway switches will be required for the various purposes of the factory. The main building, and the sheds, pumping plant, reservoir, and other accessories will cover five hundred acres. In addition to the regular work of the factory, cattle-feeding is to be made a feature, and Mr. Spreckels has purchased a tract of 115 acres adjoining the plant for this purpose. The cattle will be fed in the fields and in the pulp-yard, and this will add considerably to the income. The company has also twenty acres of land near Santa Clara which is devoted to experimenting in raising beet seed. If the seed can be successfully raised in this State it will mean a saving of thousands of dollars annually.

In this, as in many other forms of agricultural production, there is an opportunity for coöperation among the farmers. At present, many farmers whose land is in the neighborhood of the factories set apart small tracts for beet-culture and sell the product to the manufacturers. In Europe, a number of the farmers hold a part or a majority of the stock in the factories, and thus secure a share of the profits of manufacture. Small individual factories can not be conducted at a profit, owing to the cost of machinery and the difficulties of supervision; but the coöperative method can be successfully adopted. One-fifth of the beets handled in Germany last year was grown by share-holders. Under the fostering influence of the Dingley tariff the industry should have a rapid growth during the next few years, and should be a source of increased wealth to the State.

Some complaint has been made that the prosecutions for adulteration of foods have been directed mainly against articles of local manufacture, and that the movement tends to assist Eastern producers at the expense of the manufacturers in this State. To a certain extent this appears to be true, since twenty-six of the thirty-seven samples of jelly reported as analyzed by the city chemist during March were put up by local houses. There is certainly no intention to discriminate against home producers, however, and every effort will undoubtedly be made to shut foreign adulterations out of this market. But it must be remembered that the manufacturers of these goods are beyond the jurisdiction of the courts of California, and the board of health can enforce the law only against the dealers who purchase these goods for sale to the consumer, and whose offense is really less serious than that of the producers. The punishment of these fraudulent producers must be inflicted by the refusal of the retailers to purchase from them.

The only effective official opposition to the importation of adulterated goods, and, indeed, the only guarantee for the effectiveness and permanence of the whole movement, must

grow out of the action of the pure-food congress to be held at the rooms of the Chamber of Commerce, beginning on the last day of this month. The duty of enforcing the pure-food law rests only indirectly upon the board of health, and even this obligation does not extend beyond the boundaries of this city. The board has general supervision of all matters pertaining to the sanitary condition of the city and county, and under this clause of the law, the duty of prosecuting for dangerous adulterations might be inferred, though the pure-food law does not specify any official who shall enforce its provisions. The action of the board in this matter has been voluntary and public-spirited, and the enforcement of the law throughout the State must be by similar action by the various boards of health. If such action is not taken, condemned goods may be shipped to the interior of the State, to be sold there or to be held until the vigilance is somewhat relaxed and then returned to this city.

The pure-food congress promises effective action, since it represents the coöperation of official and private effort. The movement originated in the suggestion of the pure-food committee of the council of associated industries early last month, and the meeting at which the congress was determined upon was attended by delegates from this organization, with others from the Merchants' Association, Manufacturers' and Producers' Association, and similar bodies, and was held under the auspices of the board of health. As was said in these columns last week, Santa Cruz and other interior counties had then selected delegates. This week Mayor Phelan announced a delegation of twenty-five representative members for this city. Los Angeles will be represented by its mayor and a committee from the chamber of commerce; the Santa Clara supervisors have selected a delegation of eleven, representing the different sections of the county; the Oakland board of trade will send a full delegation; Yuba County has selected ten delegates; and Santa Barbara will be represented by Mayor F. M. Whitney. Governor Budd will send out invitations to seventy-five political and commercial bodies that the gathering may be thoroughly representative, and among those who will read papers are State Analyst W. B. Rising, of the State University; B. M. Lelong, secretary of the State Board of Horticulture; Food Inspector Dockery; Elwood Cooper, of Santa Barbara; and W. W. Greer, representing the State Grange.

The primary object of the gathering is to be educational, for the people of California have not yet been thoroughly aroused to the importance of the question, and such a movement must be backed up by a strong public opinion to insure success. The publicity given to the gathering by the selection of delegates throughout the State is in itself having a good effect in arousing the public, and the discussions that will follow the sessions of the congress will do much more. The secondary object is to discuss the necessary legislation. This is not so important, since any laws that may be prepared can not be enacted for two years from the present time, and all that will probably be done in this direction will be the appointment of a committee to report at some future time. This is the best course that can be followed, since it will insure well-considered measures, and there is no necessity for haste.

In the meantime, there are good laws upon the statute-books if only they are enforced. The law of 1885 provides for the analysis of adulterated foods by the State analyst upon application through the State board of health, the law of 1895 defines adulteration and provides the punishment for offering such goods for sale, and the laws of 1897 supplement this with regard to boney, butter, and cheese. What is required is an agreement upon some plan for enforcing these laws, and the congress can not do better than to devote itself to this problem. The experience gained by a systematic effort to enforce these laws would probably reveal whatever defects exist in them, and would suggest the necessary amendments and improvements. The State board of health would be the best body to direct the movement, and the coöperation of local boards would secure an effective organization to cover the State.

In a recent number the *Argonaut* commented upon the fact that the National Typographical Union claimed that it had defeated Colonel Harrison G. Otis, of the Los Angeles *Times*, for the post of First Assistant-Secretary of War. The claim made by the Typographical Union was a circumstantial one—they asserted that they had accomplished their ends through the efforts of the Indiana Republican delegation. They also stated that Walking-Delegate Thomson, of Cleveland, O., succeeded in getting Senator Hanna to protest against Otis's appointment.

The *Argonaut* looked upon these statements with a certain measure of doubt, but printed them none the less, expressing its doubts at the same time. We since have received authoritative information that the boast of the walking-delegates of the Typographical Union is unfounded. President McKinley did not allow the attacks of the labor unions upon Colonel Otis to affect his opinion of that gentleman, which had been formed through an acquaintance of thirty years, dating back to the time when they were comrades in arms. The reason that Colonel Otis was not appointed was owing to the opposition of Secretary Alger. Necessarily the President could not force upon a Cabinet officer an appointee whom he did not desire. Secretary Alger's objection to Colonel Otis was not of a personal or political, but purely of a sectional nature. When Colonel Otis was informed of this embarrassment on the part of the Secretary and the President, he at once withdrew his name from all consideration for the post of First Assistant-Secretary of War.

This information comes to us from the inside. We are very glad to learn these facts. We would not like to believe that this Republican administration could be "fuzzed" in its incipency by walking-delegates of labor.

LITERARY NOTES.

The Bar Sinister.

"An Inheritance," by Harriet Prescott Spofford, is a clever study of heredity and marriage. It is almost identical in plot and purpose with "The Man Who Wins," by Robert Herrick, reviewed in the *Argonaut* a few weeks ago, but differs entirely in other respects.

Miss Barbara Camperdoun and her pretty niece, Luisa, are representatives of an old Boston family of "blue" but unwholesome blood. Dr. Donner and his son, though sprung from "the clods of the valley," are nearer God's image than these aristocratic Bostonians, who pride themselves upon their descent, in spite of the taint of insanity that blots the family escutcheon for many generations. The fancy of Dr. Donner's son lightly turns to thoughts of love for Luisa Camperdoun; but Dr. Donner's professional conscience awakes in every fibre of him to prevent his son forming an alliance with a neurotic family.

The latter portion of the novel, in which the question of caste and degeneration from the standpoint of heredity is contrasted with the vulgar wholesomeness of good red blood, is dexterously portrayed, and the whole narrative, aside from its obvious purpose, will be found bright and entertaining.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, 75 cents.

Two Girls in the West.

"The Mistress of the Ranch," is the title of a novel by Frederick Thickstun Clark, which describes certain picturesque features of Western life. In the opening pages we are introduced to two sisters who are set down at a desolate station under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, whither they have come to take possession of a ranch left to one of them by their brother at his death. One is a forward, pushing young woman and the other is modest and retiring, and the result of their natures upon their new neighbors is to create an uncertainty as to which of them is the mistress of the ranch. The story is a fairly entertaining one, and some typical Western characters are strongly drawn, but it is not the great novel of the West which we have been so long expecting.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

An Urban Thoreau.

"Nature in a City Yard," by Charles M. Skinner, is a pleasant little book of discursive essays. The author is a Brooklyn journalist who has written these papers in his idle moments, not as a "hack" writer who has discovered a novel mode of dishing up his wares, but as the pleasant task of one who loves nature for itself and wishes to give others the benefit of his observations. The flora and fauna of a back-yard—which on Mondays seemed to produce nothing but clothes-lines and clothes—do not seem a very suggestive material for an essayist, but one will find much pleasure in following Mr. Skinner's meditations.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Jokai, the Hungarian Novelist.

In 1843 a Hungarian youth of eighteen produced a drama which received honorable mention by the Hungarian Academy. Since that time he has written about two hundred and thirty volumes, and still, at the age of seventy-one, is producing two volumes each year. The youth was Maurus Jokai, author of "Black Diamonds," "A Modern Midas," "Timar's Two Worlds," etc., and of a great number of short stories, one of which, "A Modern Deborah," we reprint elsewhere in this issue. He is a noble by birth, an Academician, a member of the Hungarian Parliament, and until recently at least, was editor of two journals. His works have been translated into eighteen languages, and, outside of his own country, he is the best known of all Hungarian writers.

In the last number of *Cosmopolis*, R. Nisbet Bain says Jokai illustrates more than any other living writer *mens sana in corpore sano*. From boyhood he has subjected himself to regular and methodical habits. He is an excellent rider, fencer, and athlete; he draws and paints; he has carved in ivory a bust of his late wife, which attests to a wonderful skill in this direction. Besides, he is a horticulturist, dividing the honor of his melons with that of his dramas. There is no branch of natural history with which he is unacquainted.

In the Hungarian Revolution (1848) Jokai was in the popular movement heart and soul. As editor of an influential newspaper whose contributors were among the leaders of the day, he served the cause with both pen and sword. He assisted in drawing up the twelve articles of reform demanded by the nation. As editor of a Liberal newspaper, he was once prosecuted for too great freedom of speech, fined eleven hundred florins, and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment at hard labor. The sentence was, however, commuted to a few months of perfectly comfortable, if not pleasant, confinement. He still is, as he has been for many years, a member of the Liberal party in Parliament.

The influence of Jokai's works is most felt in his own country. In the midst of the triumph which the French school has achieved in Hungary, as elsewhere, there is no one of the younger writers there but is ready to acknowledge the superior power of their septuagenarian novelist. That he is not better known in all parts of the world is due in great meas-

ure to the difficulty in translating the language. The Magyar is a non-Aryan tongue, extremely difficult, and of such peculiar idiom that it is no easy matter to preserve to a foreigner the style of the author while presenting the subject-matter in its full force.

Life and Poems of Edward Cracroft Lefroy.

Vibrant with that elusive quality which echoes in the soul like music are the poems of Edward Cracroft Lefroy, whose "Echoes from Theocritus" have been described as "exquisite cameos in miniature carved upon fragments broken from the idyls." His spirit steeped itself in Greek life. His delight in Nature was pagan, but while the Hellenic spirit was strong within him, he tempered Attic sensuousness with the spirituality of the Christian. The present volume contains his biography and poems, and deserves to be cordially received. As a characteristic example of his style, we quote the following:

"A BENEDICTION."

"Now may God bless thee for thy face, at least,
Seeing there is such comfort in the mere
Mute watching of it,—yea, a constant feast
Of golden glamour when the days are drear,
And summer harmonies have sunk and ceased.
This is the very death-day of the year;
Yet Beauty is not dead; thou art her priest,
Thy face her temple 'mid the shed leaves here.
And if for me no Spring should ever prank
My fields again with daisies anywhere,
And though all other faces dull and blank
Look through the darkness till they seem to hear
The guise of death, I can not choose but thank
My God for having fashioned one so fair."

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

A New Field for Romance.

Isabel Whiteley has gone back to the France of Francis the First for the scene of her novel, "The Falcon of Langéac." It was a period when might made right, and France, what with the invasion of English, German, and Spanish, and the treachery of the Constable of Bourbon, could furnish adventures to suit the most exacting. The hero is the younger son of the house of Langéac, and he is driven from the ancestral castle by the plots of his elder brother. In his flight he takes with him his mother's ward, a young girl, and their experiences fill out a very absorbing story.

The volume, by the way, is a very handsome example of book-making, handsomely printed in large, clear type on heavy paper and very artistically bound.

Published by Copeland & Day, Boston; price, \$1.50.

New Publications.

"Fish Tails and Some True Ones" is the title of a volume of angling stories, by Bradnock Hall, which are rather in the style of Jerome K. Jerome than of Izaak Walton. They treat of the social side of angling, and are characterized here and there by flashes of undeniable humor of an up-to-date character. Published by Edward Arnold, New York.

"Flames" is a story of the supernatural by Mr. Hichens, the author of "An Imaginative Man" and "The Green Carnation." Unseen powers tempt the fancy and a limited number of characters are made to cover four hundred pages of small type. Although the story is a little overloaded, it is skillful and satisfying, and the supernatural element is well handled. Published by Herbert S. Stone, New York; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Among Christina Rossetti's literary remains was a story which she wrote when a young girl entirely unknown to the world of letters. The matter of it is largely autobiographic, and the heroine, Maude, writes verse, which, transcribed into the story, forms no small part of it. Miss Rossetti's brother, William, has decided to bring out the story, and has written an explanatory introduction to it.

In the May *Harper's*, "The Hundred Years' Campaign" is a study of American political history by Professor Francis N. Thorpe.

J. M. Barrie has nearly finished the dramatization of his "Little Minister."

A new edition (the ninth) of Kipling's "Departmental Ditties" is about to be published in London, with illustrations. It has been dedicated to Lord Roberts, more familiarly known as "Bobs."

In the eighth part of "The Martian," which appears in the May *Harper's*, George du Maurier describes the conditions of life on the planet Mars, and the mystical process by which the disembodied spirit from whom the novel takes its name wandered off to seek re-incarnation on the earth.

Tolstoy's story, "Ivan the Fool," dramatized by Dr. Arnold Eiloart, is to be performed in London, and subsequently it will be published as a volume.

"Nancy Noon" is the first story of a writer who calls himself "Benjamin Swift." This author's real name is William Romaine Paterson. He lives in Glasgow, and is not yet twenty-six years old. He is the youngest son of a doctor in Glasgow, and graduated at the university in that town. He has traveled throughout Europe, and now proposes to devote himself primarily to literary work.

Mr. Crockett is on his way to Pomerania for a walking-tour. It is there that he intends to lay the scene of his next story, "The Red Axe." By the way, his new book, "Lad's Love," is being roundly

abused in London. What can one expect from a man who is under contract to write so many books within a given time?

"White Man's Black Man" is the seventh article of the series written by Poultnie Bigelow for *Harper's*, entitled "White Man's Africa." It treats of the employment of native labor, and incidentally contains two characteristic negro folk-tales, one of them the African original of "Brer Rabbit and the Tar Baby."

Colonel Baden-Powell is writing a volume on his recent experiences in the war against the Matabele. The book is to be embellished with photographs, some of them actually taken under fire.

"Two Undescribed Portraits of Shakespeare," in the May *Harper's*, is an historical and critical study, by John Corbin, of hitherto obscure likenesses of the great dramatist, one of which is probably the only life portrait in existence.

W. H. Mallock is to be the editor of the consolidated *National Observer* and *British Review*, which perpetuates in full the titles of both weeklies. All contributions will be anonymous.

Americans in England and on the Continent are hereafter to have a newspaper devoted to the news of their own country. Arthur Pearson will start such a publication in May, under the title, *The Daily American*. The London editor says his journal will contain all the information in the American papers, boiled down and served fresh.

In "A Few Native Orchids and their Insect Sponsors," in the May *Harper's*, the late William Hamilton Gibson describes and illustrates many familiar flowers, and explains their devices for cross-fertilization.

James Nicoll Dunn, of the *Morning Post*, was for some years on the staff of the *Scotsman*, acting as the representative of that paper in Glasgow, and then joined W. E. Henley on the *National Observer*. When that lively weekly changed hands, Mr. Dunn migrated to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He then left Mr. Cust, to undertake the conduct of *Black and White*, which paid a dividend to its shareholders for the first time under his management.

A "Life of Richard Wagner," prepared by H. S. Chamberlain, under the supervision of Mme. Wagner, is announced. It will contain some hitherto unpublished correspondence.

In short stories the May *Harper's* is especially rich. "The Captured Dream," illustrated by W. T. Smedley, is a domestic idyl of old age, by Octave Thanet; "The Education of Bob," by Rebecca Harding Davis, is a romance of the South; "The Lion-Tamer" is a humorous romance by Henry Gallup Paine; and "A Guardian Angel," by Harriet Prescott Spofford, is a story of life in Washington and has a negro heroine.

H. M. Stanley is about to bring out a popular edition of "In Darkest Africa." It will be in one volume, with all the old illustrations and a map. The text will be somewhat revised and the author will supply a new preface.

In "Geological Progress of the Century," the fourth of a series of illustrated articles written for *Harper's* on the contributions of the nineteenth century to science, Dr. Henry Smith Williams presents in the May issue the latest theories as to the history of the earth's crust, and describes the formation of the North American Continent.

Thomas Nelson Page, whose pen has not been much in evidence of late, is now engaged upon a new novel of considerable length.

Justin McCarthy has brought his "History of Our Own Times" down to the present day, including even the story of the crisis in Crete. "From 1880 to the Diamond Jubilee" is the title of his supplement. It may be remembered that another hand than Mr. McCarthy's brought his history "up to date" for an American edition.

In the opening article in the May *Harper's*, "Cross-Country Riding," illustrated by C. Dana Gibson and others, Caspar Whitney sketches the history of drag-hunting in America.

Anthony Comstock, acting on behalf of the Society for the Prevention of Vice, made a raid on the store of the G. W. Dillingham Company, in New York, a few days ago, and seized a number of copies of "Mme. Teller's Girls," by Guy de Maupassant, translated by "Edwin Ellis," who is Alpheus Sherwin Cody, a protégé of the literary professors of Dartmouth. This was subsequent to the acquittal of Publisher Richmond, which our New York correspondent described last week, and seems to have been a very high-handed proceeding.

Sir Martin Conway's book on "Spitzbergen," soon to be published, is the outcome of his recent expedition across that Arctic island—the first journey of the kind ever undertaken.

"English Country-House Life" is a description, by George W. Smalley in the May *Harper's*, of the feature of society in England which, though the most inaccessible to travelers, is the most characteristic of the British temperament.

Guy Boothby's "The Fascination of the King," and H. G. Wells's "The Plattner Story, and Others," are among the forthcoming spring works of fiction.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Essays by Mark Twain.

"How to Tell a Story and Other Essays," by Mark Twain, has just been issued in Harper's Contemporary Essayists. It contains: "How to Tell a Story," in which the famous humorist treats of the humorous, as distinguished from the comic or witty, story; "In Defense of Harriet Shelley," an examination against the charges against Shelley's first wife; "Feminine Cooper's Literary Offenses"; "Traveling with a Reformer," describing a visit to the World's Fair in company with an American "kicker"; "Private History of the 'Jumping Frog' Story," showing that that world-famous narrative was known to the ancient Greeks; "Mental Telegraphy Again"; "What Paul Bourget Thinks of Us," an examination of "Otre Mer"; and, "A Little Note to M. Paul Bourget," a reply to some criticisms of the preceding paper.

All of these essays, except the last, have appeared in one periodical or another, but many readers will be glad to find them brought together in this pretty volume.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

Short Stories by Mrs. Van Rensselaer.

In a recent number of one of the magazines, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer published a very striking story entitled "One Man Who was Content." It purported to be an autobiographical sketch, written by an old man who was nearing the end of his life, in response to a young man's inquiry as to the source of his apparent perfect content. It set forth his ambitions as a young man and his accomplishment of them, and based his happiness on his pleasant memories of his past life. This has been made the title-story of a book which contains four tales by Mrs. Van Rensselaer; the others are "Mary," "The Lustigs," and "Corinna's Fiametta"—the last two describing life in poorer New York.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

An Englishwoman in Africa.

"On Veldt and Farm," by Frances Macnab, is the account of an Englishwoman's travels in Bechuanaland, Cape Colony, the Transvaal, and Natal. It is difficult to believe that the book was written by a woman, when one considers its commercial standpoint in discussing viticulture, the fruit-export trade, farming, irrigation, forestry, and such topics, but there is a feminine quality in the author's intense partisanship. She is a Briton of the Britons, with the insular contempt for native and Boers. President Kruger she holds in particular distaste, while Cecil Rhodes is held up in these pages as Africa's one hope of salvation. The author's account of her travels among the natives are decidedly interesting.

Published by Edward Arnold, New York; price, \$1.50.

The Best Twelve American Stories.

The editors of the *Critic* recently called for lists of the best twelve stories of American authorship—"American" used in a sense that would exclude Mrs. Burnett and Kipling, but not Lafcadio Hearn—and received nearly five hundred replies. The best, in the *Critic's* judgment, is that of J. W. George, of St. Louis, which runs as follows:

"The Man Without a Country," by Edward Everett Hale; "The Luck of Roaring Camp," by Bret Harte; "The Great Stone Face," by Nathaniel Hawthorne; "The Snow Image," by Nathaniel Hawthorne; "The Gold Bug," by Edgar Allan Poe; "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," by Edgar Allan Poe; "The Lady, or the Tiger?" by Frank R. Stockton; "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," by Washington Irving; "Rip Van Winkle," by Washington Irving; "Marse Chan," by Thomas Nelson Page; "Marjorie Daw," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; and "The Revolt of Mother," by Mary E. Wilkins.

Among the lists in which only one story by a single author was named, the best was offered by G. Adams, of New York, and is here appended:

"Marjorie Daw," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; "Love in Old Clothes," by H. C. Bunner; "The Lady, or the Tiger?" by Frank R. Stockton; "A Humble Romance," by Mary E. Wilkins; "The Gold Bug," by Edgar Allan Poe; "The Birthmark," by Nathaniel Hawthorne; "The Luck of Roaring Camp," by Bret Harte; "The Jumping Frog," by Mark Twain; "The Man Without a Country," by Edward Everett Hale; "Meh Lady," by Thomas Nelson Page; "Ponson Jones," by George W. Cable; and "Gallegher," by Richard Harding Davis.

OLD FAVORITES.

Shemus O'Brien.

The following poem by the well-known Irish writer, Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, was at one time a favorite recitation, although of late years it has been forgotten. The late Lawrence Barrett was in the habit of reciting it with fine dramatic effect, and old-timers in San Francisco will remember often baving heard him recite it in the days when he and John McCullough were joint managers of the California Theatre. At that time George H. Jessop was a resident of San Francisco, and, by the way, a frequent contributor to the *Argonaut*. He was a dramatic critic on one of the dailies at the time, and, doubtless, often heard Barrett recite the poem. It is a dramatic piece of work, and it may be that his recollections of those days suggested the libretto for the opera, "Shemus O'Brien," which is to be sung next week in San Francisco. We retain here, by the way, the spelling "Shemus," for which T. P. O'Connor, in

his supplemental volume to Read's "Cabinet of Irish Literature," is our authority:

Just after the war, in the year 'Ninety-Eight, As soon as the boys were all scattered an' bated, 'Twas the custom, whenever a peasant was got, To hang him by trial—barrin' such as was shot. 'Tbere was trial by jury goin' on by daylight, An' the martial-law bangin' the lavings by night. It's them was hard times for an honest gossion; If he missed in the judges he'd meet the dragoon; An' whether the sojers or judges gave sentence, The divil a much time they allowed for repentance; An' many a fine boy was then on his keepin', With small share of restin', or sittin', or sleepin'; An' because they loved Erin, an' scorned to sell it, A prey for the bloodhound—a mark for the bullet— Unsheltered by night and unrested by day, With the heat for their barrack, revenge for their pay.

An' the bravest an' honestest boy of thim all Was Shemus O'Brien, from the town of Glingall; His limbs wor well set, an' his body was light, An' the keen-fang'd hound bad not teeth half as white; But his face was as pale as the face of the dead, An' his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red; An' for all that, he wasn't an ugly young boy, For the divil himself couldn't blave with his eye— So doll an' so wicked, so dark an' so bright, Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night; An' he was the best mower that ever has been, An' the elegantest harrier that ever was seen: In fencin' he gave Butler Mooney a cut, An' in jumpin' he bated Tom Molony a foot; An' for lightness of foot there was not his peer, For, by heavens, he'd almost outrun the red deer; An' his dancin' was such that the men used to stare, An' the women turn crazy, he did it so quare; An' sure the whole world gave in to him there!

An' it's be the boy that was hard to be caught, An' it's often he ran, an' it's often he fought, An' it's many's the one can remember right well The quare things he did; an' it's oft I heard tell How he frightened the magistrates in Cahirilly, An' escaped through the sojers in Aherloe valley, An' leathened the yeomen, himself agin four, An' stretched the four strongest on old Galtimore.

But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest, An' treachery prey on the blood of the best: Aftir many an action of power an' of pride, An' many a night on the mountain's bleak side, An' a thousand great dangers an' toils overpast, In the darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now, Shemus! look back on the beautiful moon, For the door of the prison must close on you soon; And take your last look at her dim, misty light, That falls on the mountain an' valley to-night— One look at the village, one look at the flood, An' one at the sheltering, far-distant wood: Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill, An' farewell to the friends that will think of you still, Farewell to the pattern, the burlin', an' wake, An' farewell to the girl that would die for your sake!

An' twelve sojers brought him to Maryborough jail, An' with irons secured him, refusin' all bail. The fleet limbs wor chained and the strong hands wor bound,

An' he lay down his length on the cold prison ground; An' the dhrames of his childhood kem over him there, As gentle and soft as the sweet summer air, An' happy reminiscences crowdin' on ever; As fast as the foam-flakes drift down on the river, Bringin' fresh to his heart merry days long gone by, Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in his eye. But the tears didn't fall, for the pride iv his heart Wouldn't suffer one drop down his pale cheek to start; An' he sprang to his feet in the dark prison cave, An' he swore with a fierceness that misery gave, By the bopes iv the good an' the cause iv the brave, That when he was molderin in the cold grave, His inmates never should have it to boast His scorn iv their vengeance one moment was lost. His hosom might bleed, but his cheek should be dry, For undaunted he lived, and undaunted he'd die.

Well, as soon as a few weeks were over an' gone, The terrible day of the trial came on; There was such a great crowd, there was scarce room to stand.

An' sojers on guard, an' dragoons sword in band; An' the court-house so full that the people were bothered, An' attorneys and criers on the point of being smothered; An' counsellors almost gave over for dead, An' the jury sittin' up in the box overhead; An' the judge settled out so determined an' big, With the gown on his back, an' an elegant wig; An' silence was called, an' the minit 'twas said, The court was as still as the heart of the dead. An' they heard but the opening of one prison lock, An' Shemus O'Brien kem into the dock.

For one minute he turned his eyes round on the throng, An' then looked on the bars, so firm and so strong; An' he saw that he had not a hope nor a friend, A chance to escape nor a word to defend; An' he folded his arms as he stood there alone, As calm and as cold as a statue of stone. An' they read a big writin', a yard long at laste, An' Shemus didn't see it, nor mind it a taste. An' the judge took a big pinch of snuff, an' he says: "Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, if you please?" An' all belted their hreath in the silence of dread, An' Shemus O'Brien made answer an' said: "My lord, if you asked me if in my life-time I thought any treason or did any crime That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here, The bot blush of shame or the coldness of fear, Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-blow, Before God an' the world I would answer you 'No'! But if you would ask me, as I think it like, If in the rebellion I carried a pike, An' fought for ould Ireland, from the first to the close, An' shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes— I answer you 'Yes'; an' I tell you again, Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory that then In her cause I was willin' my veins should run dry, An' now for her sake I am ready to die."

Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright, An' the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light; By my soul, it's himself was the crabbed odd chap! In a twinkling he pulled on his ugly black cap.

Then Shemus's mother, in the crowd standin' by, Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry: "O Judge, darlin', don't—oh! don't say the word! The crathur is young—have mercy, my lord! You don't know him, my lord; oh! don't give him to ruin! He was foolish—he didn't know what he was doin'! He's the kindest crathur, the tinnest-hearted; Don't part us forever, we that's so long parted! Judge, mavournen, forgive him—forgive him, my lord! An' God will forgive you—oh! don't say the word!"

That was the first minit O'Brien was shaken, When he saw he was not quite forgot or forsaken! An' down his pale cheek, at the word of his mother,

The big tears were running, one after the other, An' two or three times he endeavored to spake. But the strong, manly voice used to falter an' break. But at last, by the strength of his high-mountain pride, He conquered an' mastered his grief's swelling tide; An', says he: "Mother, don't—don't break your poor heart!"

Sure, sooner or later, the dearest must part. An' God knows it's better than wand'ring in fear On the bleak trackless mountain among the wild deer, To be in the grave, where the heart, head, an' breast From labor an' sorrow forever shall rest. Then mother, my darlin', don't cry any more— Don't make me seem broken in this, my last hour; For I wish, when my heart's lyin' under the raven, No true man can say that I died like a craven." Then towards the judge Shemus bent down his head, An' that minit the solemn death-sentence was said.

The mornin' was bright, an' the mists rose on high, An' the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky— But why are the men standing idle so late? An' why do the crowd gather fast in the street? What come they to talk of?—what come they to see? An' why does the long rope bang from the cross-tree? O Shemus O'Brien, pray fervent an' fast! May the saints take your soul, for this day is your last. Pray fast and pray strong, for the moment is nigh, When strong, proud, an' great as you are, you must die! At last they drew open the big prison gate, An' out came the sheriffs an' sojers in state; An' a cart in the middle, and Shemus was in it— Not paler, but prouder than ever that minit; An' as soon as the people saw Shemus O'Brien, Wid prayin' and blessin', an' all the girls cryin', A wild, wailin' sound kem on all by degrees, Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through trees!

On, on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone, An' the car an' the sojers go steadily on. An' at every side, swellin' around iv the cart, A wild, sorrowful sound that would open your heart. Now under the gallows the car takes its stand, And the hangman gets up with a rope in his hand. An' the priest, havin' hlest him, gets down on the ground; An' Shemus O'Brien throws one look around. Then the hangman drew near, and the people grew still, Young faces turn sickly, an' warm hearts turn chill; An' the rope hein' ready, his neck was made bare, For the gripe of the life-strangling cords to prepare; And the good priest has left him, havin' said his last prayer.

But the good priest did more—for his hands he unbound, An' with one daring spring Jim has leaped on the ground! Bang! bang! go the carbines, an' clash go the sabres; He's not down! he's alive! now attend to him, neighbors!

By one shout from the people the heavens are shaken— One shout that the dead of the world might awaken. Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang, But if you want bangin' 'tis yourselves you must hang! To-night he'll be sleepin' in Aherloe glin, An' the devil's in the dice if you catch him ag'in. The sojers run this way, the sheriffs run that, An' Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat: An' the sheriffs were, both of them, punished severely, An' fined liked the divil, because Jim done them fairly. A week after this time, without firin' a cannon, A sharp Yankee schooner sailed out of the Shannon; An' the captain left word he was going to Cork, But the divil a bit—he was bound for New York.

The very next spring—a bright mornin' in May, An' just six months after the great hangin' day— A letter was brought to the town of Kildare, An' on the outside was written out fair: "To ould Mrs. O'Brien, in Ireland, or elsewhere." An' the inside began—"My dear good ould Mother, I'm safe, and I'm happy; an' not wishin' to bother You in the radin'—with the help of the priest—I send you inclosed in this letter at least. Enough to pay him an' to fetch you away To the land of the free an' the brave—Amerikay! Here you'll be happy, an' never made cryin', As long as you're mother of Shemus O'Brien. Give my love to sweet Biddy, an' tell her beware Of that spalpeen who calls himself 'Lord of Kildare'; An' just say to the judge, I don't now care a rap For him, or his wig, or his dirty black cap. An' as for the dragoons—they paid men of slaughter— Say I love them as well as the devil loves holy water. An' now, my good mother, one word of advice— Fill your hag with potatoes, an' bacon, an' rice. An' tell my sweet Biddy, the best way of all Is now an' forever to leave ould Glengall, An' come with you, takin' a snug cabin berth, An' bring us a sod of the ould Shamrock earth. An' when you start from ould Ireland, take passage at Cork,

An' come straight across to the town of New York; An' there ask the mayor the best way to go To the town of Cincinnati—the State Ohio: An' there you will find me, without much tryin', At the 'Harp an' the Eagle,' kept by Shemus O'Brien."



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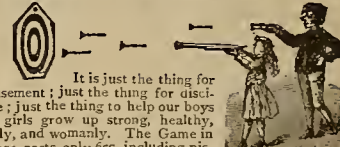
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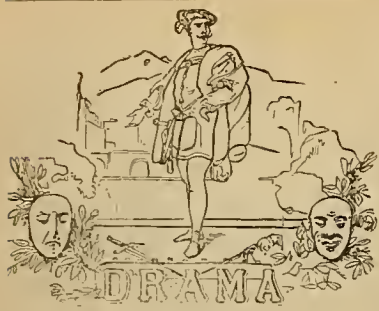
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Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York



It would be interesting to know whether the author of "Mary Pennington" is a man or a woman. They write themselves on the programme "W. R. Walkes," and there is something in the absence of the distinguishing Christian name, as well as in the tone of the piece itself, which makes one think that "W. R. Walkes" is of the gentler sex, which, it is said, can not construct a play.

Certainly "Mary Pennington" furnishes a first-rate example of the faults the aspiring playwright should avoid. It is a curious production, as old as the hills, with a modern attachment in the form of a New Woman heroine. She and some of her satellites voice those sentiments that the comic papers have been exploiting for the past three years, but outside this concession to the spirit of the times, the piece belongs to the epoch which gave us "School" and "Caste." The story is told by means of a chain of tête-à-têtes, linked together by soliloquies. It was Howells who said that the soliloquy should be banished from the drama. To know what a really false, unnatural thing it is, one has to hear it in its bare, unadorned nakedness, the way they use it in "Mary Pennington." Whenever there is a pause for a moment, while one character is getting off and another is preparing to come on, the gap is filled with the convenient self-communings of the person left upon the field. In a light, modern piece of this sort, with no elaborate entanglement or deep-devised plan of villainy, there is no excuse for using the soliloquy this way. The story should tell itself; constructed properly, it would do so.

The sentiment and point of view of the piece lead one to expect that the New Woman would be played by Miss Georgia Cayvan in bloomers and a cut-away coat. There is a burlesque lurking in the brain of W. R. Walkes. She (or he) has it on her mind that the advanced Miss Pennington is a humorous person whose ideas must be treated from the burlesque standpoint, and will be taken by the audience only in the spirit of broad farce. Early in the play we realize that her theories are, after all, a gigantic joke, and that the Tyrant Man, spelled with the largest capitals, is going to bow her crested head and tame her heart of fire the moment he gives her hand the first gentle squeeze. We are let into the secret that the austere spinster's self-sufficing attitude is farcical from her first entry. We can almost hear W. R. Walkes buoyantly reassuring us, "Don't be frightened, people. This isn't an advanced woman, really. Just wait till you see the way she's going to fall in love with the first man that comes along."

Animated by this spirit, W. R. Walkes made her mistake in not intensifying the contrast between Mary in her unregenerate, man-hating, book-reading stage and the subsequent phase of a tender, loving, clinging dependence. She ought to have entered on a bicycle, dressed in a well-cut bloomer suit, for she was a neat, trim, well-set-up New Woman, not the slovenly, loose-jointed, corsetless kind. Then the point of the pretty French dress worn in the second act would have told, and in the last act, where she is wavering between a return to the solitary heights of intellectual sufficiency or a future rendered cheerful by the companionable Geoffrey, she could have signified the perturbed condition of her mind by wearing a mannish coat and shirt-waist, with a nicely hung skirt.

The poor New Woman comes in for a good many hard knocks; but the most unkindest cut of all is this inclination to take her as a joke. She does not suggest tragedy; but she does distinctly suggest drama, and if the playwright would only rid his mind of the comic-weekly point of view, he could make a play about her that would be worth seeing. There is material in "Mary Pennington," but the obsequious W. R. Walkes has been so terrified by the opinions of the Public, as she knows them through the cartoons in *Life* and *Punch*, that she sacrificed her play to her fears. A drama representing such a woman—portrayed justly, in all the dignity of her strenuous, one-sided, limited honesty—struggling between convictions that have been the cherished fetiches of her life and feelings that in her scheme of existence she never reckoned on, would always be interesting, and, if properly done, unusually effective by its original realism.

Nobody has made a true play on the Mary Pennington woman as she is. Several writing ladies have made books about her, and the greed with which the public has devoured the books, whether they were good or bad, shows how keen is the interest in the subject. As a play heroine she is full of possibilities. Remove her from the knickerbockered, derby-hatted position she has so long occupied, and let her appear in a well-made dress, with her hair curled. Do not let her give discourses on the infamy of man, or serve up "The Heavenly Twins" on the

half-shell every time she takes the stage. The theatre in this country can not be used as a lecture-platform. The French are the only people who will stand that, as one may see by reading the plays of Dumas fils, where the people get together and discourse cleverly about what suffering angels women are, which is consoling to read, but must be very boring to hear on the stage.

The American Mary Pennington must show her emancipation, not by long-winded discourses, but by actions. She must be shrewd, sharp, clever, kindly, and if she lacks that feminine sentiment which is the chief charm of woman, she makes up for it by her eager honesty, her frank unselfishness. Then, when the Right Man—also spelled with capitals—comes along, she falls in love with him, with a complete and absorbing thoroughness which she of the sentimental charm does not often feel. In Miss Cayvan's play, the most natural minute, and that, therefore, in which she was best, was the one in which, hearing that the strike is on in the mills, she pays no heed to the news, but bursts into wild tears because her lover has gone.

What Miss Cayvan would have made of "Mary Pennington," if it had been a play worth playing, is a thought to make one wroth against W. R. Walkes. The character, properly developed, would have suited her to perfection. She is cut out to act this type of self-poised, energetic, whole-souled woman, who has laughed at love as children laugh defiantly at imaginary hogs. The gradual awakening of the heart that she thought trained out of all follies would have been indicated by all the subtle touches, the graceful outflowings of girlish vanity and coquetry which lie dormant in the natures of all women, even one who is senior partner in a woolen mill. With the bare material offered her, she created an impression of sweetness and honesty, of feeling, and a sort of shy, shame-faced sentiment that made you realize what the character might have been if W. R. Walkes had only had sense enough to collaborate with some one who knew something of play-making.

But the trail of burlesque was over it all. The tradition of the bloomer and the bicycle overshadowed it. Miss Cayvan herself dropped into the joke now and then, and gave one the feeling that a little more and she would turn round and reassure the audience, with a low-comedy, Cissy-Fitzgerald wink, that these were not her true sentiments. In the proposal in act one, she was just a trifle too conscious of the humor of the situation. She was grave—grave to the point of solemnity; but it was not quite the calm seriousness of a woman who is offering her hand to a man, of whose feelings she is unconscious, and to whose sentiments she thinks herself indifferent. This was really the best scene in the play, and if Miss Cayvan had infused into it the least fraction of shyness, the merest suggestion that she was conscious of the unusualness of her action, it would have greatly increased the charm and interest of the situation. As it was, she proposed marriage to Geoffrey as she might have proposed the building of an addition to one of the mills. And when Geoffrey attempted to seal the compact by the customary kiss, the way she repulsed him was a thing that would have frozen the blood of Hercules, when he had the poisoned robe on.

The company, like the star, had not much chance to display their abilities. Mr. Woodward appeared as an ancient family physician who seemed to have no other work in the world but the arranging of other people's affairs. He was the good old man of the stage who says to the heroine: "You're the greatest fool I ever saw, but damme! God bless you!" The fairy-tale he told in the last act was a graceful and pretty idea, and when he came to the sentence, "And on the way he met a fairy," the audience could not forbear a laugh as it looked at the lurid Miss Sutherland sitting and frowning under her black hat.

The adventures rôle, without which no piece of the modern comedy-drama style is complete, was intrusted to Miss Sutherland, who is a handsome lady, with thick-growing, Auburn hair and a strange, striding sort of walk. It was a terrible part, the worst, that is, the most improbable and spasmodic, in the play. Lady Maitland's love-scenes with the proper Geoffrey, who repelled her advances as if he came fresh from a Salvation Army tract, were so perilously near the ridiculous that the audience did not know quite what was expected of them. When Lady Maitland advanced on Geoffrey, with her long, cavalry stride, ordering him in a hortatory manner to love her, the house evinced a desire to indulge in smothered giggles. She was even more absurd in the last act, where she offers to save the Pennington Mills by advancing a large sum of money if the fascinating Geoffrey will marry her. The character is inconsistent and silly throughout. It is one of those stage figures that dramatists seem to turn out by the gross, warranted to fill any space in the cast and indulge in any sort of dramatics that the occasion may suggest.

The pretty little English *ingenue*, Miss Jerrold, is one of the best features of the company. She is very natural and attractive, and has the advantage of looking as young as she is supposed to be. We are so used to old *ingenues* that a young one is an unexpected surprise. Miss Cayvan's company is rich in clever, good-looking young people. Lionel Barrymore had a part which consisted in coming in and lighting three candles. But in "Squire Kate" he was Lord Silvernake, and if it had not been for an unnecessarily hideous make-up, he would have added much to the fun of the entertainment.

He was disguised by another ugly make-up when he lit the three candles, which was a pity, as he is really an exceedingly handsome young man, with a promise of the cleverness of the Drews, and all the long-limbed, Du Maurier handsomeness of the Barrymores. Next time he comes we hope he will wear his own face and have more to do than to light three candles.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Adulteration of Confectionery.

NATIONAL CONFECTIONERS' ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

BOSTON, April 13, 1897.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: My attention has been called to an article, headed "Fight Against Impure Foods," on page 3 of your issue of March 29, 1897, in which you state that in the manufacture of candy, "Glucose is substituted for sugar, and cochineal, red lead, and hichrome of lead, chromate of lead, gamboge, turmeric, and Naples yellow, litmus, indigo, Prussian blue, carbonate of copper, acetate of copper, arseniate of copper, emerald green, Scheele's green, and Brunswick green in coloring candies; and the weight is given them by the introduction of terra alba, chalk, and such substances."

In the publication of any such article as this you are doing a great injustice to the confectionery trade of the United States. Glucose is used to some extent in the manufacture of cheap candies, and while it might be considered an adulterant if the candies were sold for all-sugar goods, yet glucose as made to-day is in no way harmful.

I quote the following from the report of 1884 on glucose, prepared by the National Academy of Sciences in response to a request of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, page 31: "The following facts appear as the result of the present investigation: First, that the manufacture of sugar from starch is a long-established industry, scientifically valuable and commercially important; second, that the processes which it employs at the present time are unobjectionable in their character, and leave the product uncontaminated; third, that the starch-sugar thus made and sent into commerce is of exceptional purity and uniformity of composition and contains no injurious substances; and fourth, that though having at best only about two-thirds the sweetening power of cane-sugar, yet starch-sugar is in no way inferior to cane-sugar in healthfulness, there being no evidence before the committee that maize starch-sugar, either in its normal condition or fermented, has any deleterious effect upon the system, even when taken in large quantities."

In regard to the matter of colors, I would quote the following from Professor Wiley's report to Secretary of Agriculture, bulletin 13, page 736:

REMARKS ON ANALYSIS OF CONFECTIONS.

"The question of the adulteration of candies and confections is hardly debatable. The general conception of a pure confection is one that contains saccharine, flavoring, and coloring matter so mixed and adjusted as to be attractive both to taste and sight. As long as these ingredients are not harmful to the health, they can scarcely be regarded as adulterations."

"Harmful ingredients and the admixture in confections of terra alba, or other mineral substance calculated to give weight and volume to the mass, must be regarded as adulterations."

"Starches and gums, although insoluble in cold water, are not of themselves hurtful to the health, and their presence to certain kinds of confections may be regarded as necessary. Coloring matters are divided, first of all, into organic and inorganic classes. The metallic oxides, comprising the latter class, should never be used as pigments for confections. It has been claimed that lead compounds have been used for coloring candy, especially lead chromate; but our investigations have shown that inorganic colors are not used to any very great extent in this country. Were it otherwise, more samples of it would have been found in the two hundred and fifty samples, mostly colored, bought in open market in different parts of the country. The organic colors may be divided into innocuous and hurtful; but it is difficult to say where the line should be drawn. Harmless vegetable pigments, it may be said, can be used without endangering the health of the consumer. The same is true of the like compounds of insect origin, like cochineal. Some of the coal-tar colors are also said to be without injurious effect; but this statement can not be made to apply to the whole family of aniline dyes, perhaps the most frequent colors in candies. Among the colors found in the samples examined may be mentioned cochineal, eosin, and other aniline dyes, and ultramarine."

Laws prohibiting the use of harmful colors, or flavors, or any mineral substance like terra alba, barytes, talc, are now in force in twenty-eight States, and most of these laws have been passed through the efforts of the National Confectioners' Association. I quote the following extract from a speech made by Dr. Cyrus Edson, at Lenox Lyceum, New York city, November, 1893:

"Through the efforts of the National Confectioners' Association of the United States, candy adulteration has become a thing of the past. Not only has their work assisted the health department of New York city, but through their efforts the cure of adulteration has become radical, and I believe a permanent thing, so that to-day that which I have boasted of in New York is true of the entire United States."

Our association offers a standing reward of one hundred dollars to any person producing evidence sufficient to secure the conviction of any person or concern manufacturing or selling any candies containing terra alba or other mineral substances, harmful colors, flavors, or other ingredients in the manufacture of confectionery, and of the many examinations made by our chemist during the last three years, we have not found a single piece of harmfully adulterated confectionery; and during the same time, of the many sensational newspaper articles of poisoning by candy-eating that we have investigated, in not one single case have we found any foundation in fact for such seemingly malicious sensations.

I think it due to the association which I represent that you publish this letter in full. Awaiting your acknowledgment, I am very truly yours,

WALTER M. LOWNEY,
Chairman Executive Committee,
National Confectioners' Association.

(We can not agree with Mr. Lowney's statement that glucose is not harmful. As we stated, in replying to a similar communication from a local confectioner, three weeks ago, it is made by submitting rice or corn-starch to the action of diluted sulphuric acid at a boiling temperature, the acid being afterward neutralized with lime and the solution evaporated to the setting point. If the neutralization is not thorough, the mixture may be extremely dangerous. Dr. Kedzie, of the Michigan board of health, found 72 grains of sulphuric acid, 28 of sulphate of iron, and 363 of lime to the gallon of a syrup that had poisoned a whole family. Another sample contained 141 grains of sulphuric acid and 724 of lime to each gallon.)

But the most conclusive expert opinion upon the wholesomeness of glucose is that of Dr. Albert Hoy, one of the

leading physicians of Chicago. In a recent work in which he discusses "the tests of food and drink in health and disease," he says of glucose:

"Commercial glucose as made from starch by chemical action is not a proper and acceptable substitute for the glucose of nature. The use of glucose in food is urged by those having it to sell, but it is not a proper food, and its use either in confectionery or syrups, uncanned or preserved goods, in jellies or any other form, should be prohibited by law. Its continued use is sure to overtax the functions of the liver and kidneys. Nature will not accept commercial glucose as a substitute for the natural kind. All commercial glucose should be eliminated from the diet."—Eos.]

Leland Stanford Junior University has received a magnificent gift, in works of art, from one of its original trustees and most interested patrons, Hon. Thomas Stanford, of Melbourne, Mr. Leland Stanford's brother. About five years ago, he conceived the idea of sending to the university a collection of pictures of Australian scenery by an Australian artist, so that American art-students could form as perfect an idea as possible of the bush, the lakes, the forests, the mountains, the plains, and the rivers of that region. He retained one of Australia's most celebrated artists, Mr. J. W. Curtis, and gave him *carte blanche*, with instructions to devote himself entirely to Australian scenery and to do his best work. Mr. Curtis worked four years and produced fifty fine paintings in all. These will be placed in the art department of the university museum, and, with the dozen or so already there, will make a superb gallery of views of Australian life and scenery.

From Germany comes the news that cycle-stands, like cab-stands, are to be started in Berlin. It is proposed to put two hundred and fifty on hire in various parts of the city. The fee for hiring will be the modest sum of one penny for twenty minutes during the day and double at night.

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Walters, and Ed. Latell.

Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

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Fare for Round Trip, including Admission to Grounds, \$1.00.

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The Corrigan Stakes, Monday, April 19th. The Spreckels

Cup, Saturday, April 24th. The California Hurdle, Wed-

nesday, April 28th. The Ingleside Stakes, Four Miles,

Saturday, May 1st.

F. H. GREEN, Secretary.

S. N. ANDROUS, President.

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A galvanized-iron Mill, we are told, is branding its product "Best Bloom" in the manifest expectation to pass it for ours.

It's a very good name; Apollo Best Bloom is good iron.

Apollo Iron and Steel Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

STAGE GOSSIP.

A New Farce-Comedy.

Georgia Cayvan will conclude her engagement at the Columbia Theatre with the last performances of this week, and on Monday evening a set of comedians who are new to us will appear in a farce-comedy which is also new here, although it has been played pretty much all over the East for three seasons. The piece is called "A Run on the Bank," and it does not pretend to be more than a vehicle for the introduction of a lot of vaudeville specialties. The chief fun-makers are Ward and Vokes, who have long held a prominent position in their line, and with them are associated a company of twenty-five persons. Among them may be mentioned Charles Guyer, Tony Williams, Joseph Kelly, Charles A. Mason, Bert St. John, Lucy Dale, Gilberte Learock, Margaret Dale-Vokes, Pauline von Arnold, and Florence Beardsley.

Commencing with the "Run on the Bank" engagement, the Columbia will return to its popular scale of prices, ranging from twenty-five cents to one dollar.

Denis O'Sullivan in "Shamus O'Brien."

Monday night will doubtless be an important social as well as musical occasion at the Tivoli. It will be the first opportunity to see and hear Denis O'Sullivan in his new career, and as he has hosts of friends, the house will be packed. In the concerts in which he has sung this week he has shown great improvement in voice and method, and he will be seen at his best in "Shamus O'Brien."

The music was composed by Dr. C. Villiers Stanford and the book was written by George H. Jessop, a former resident of this city. It is founded on J. Sheridan le Fanu's poem, "Shamus O'Brien," which we reprint elsewhere in this issue. The opera was a decided bit in London, and again in New York last winter; the story is romantic, with plenty of fun in it, and the music is characteristically Irish and at the same time treated in a highly scientific manner.

Another Tivoli debutante of Monday night will be Myra Morella, a soprano who is said to have had not a little experience on the operatic stage. She will be the soubrette, Kitty O'Toole, sister to Shamus's wife, Nora. This rôle will be sung by Laura Millard, and the others in the cast are Rhys Thomas, Maurice Darcy, W. H. West, and Walter Chamberlain.

More Novelties at the Orpheum.

The principal new-comers at the Orpheum this week are Signor Achille Alberti and Mme. Annina Orlandi, who sang rather heavy selections at first, but have made them more popular in the latter part of the week; Herr Grais and his trick baboon and donkey; and Marzello and Millay; with the Merri-les Sisters and Harris and Walters to fill out the programme. Next week the novelties will be a new male soprano, Alexander Tacianu; the Midgleyes, who will delineate well-known characters; the Andersons, a colored team who made themselves quite popular when they were here last year; and Ed. Latell, a musical genius of some kind.

The entertainment offered at the Orpheum is invariably an excellent one of its kind, including all the best vaudeville people who come to the city, and the popular appreciation of the management's efforts is abundantly shown in the large audiences that are present every evening and at the Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday matinées.

The Minstrels at the Baldwin.

Primrose and West's minstrel troupe is much the same in general character as when it was last here. The songs and jokes are new, and some of them, good, but there are few new members of the company. Primrose and George Wilson have not been deposed from their post as the leading fun-makers; the real negroes do the same plantation sketches, including Henry Williams's really clever buck dancing; Howe, Wall, and Walters repeat their eccentric musical act, this time in a post-office instead of a railway station; and the Phantom Guards continue to display their clever military drill and the anatomical idiosyncracies of their race. The new specialties are a brace of contortionists, who are made up to resemble a frog and a lizard, and the Ben Mowatt Trio, who do some very clever feats of club-swinging and juggling.

The minstrels will continue at the Baldwin for another week. Primrose will have a new song, "Mr. Johnson, Let Me Loose," W. H. Windom will sing "It Don't Seem Like the Same Old Smile," and there will be a genuine cake-walk, in which forty local darkey couples will compete.

After the minstrels, De Wolf Hopper will be seen at the Baldwin in Sousa's opera, "El Capitan," commencing May 3d.

Notes.

"The Heart of Maryland" will retain its present cast for next season.

Jay Rial, the theatrical manager, who is well known in this city, has secured a divorce from his wife, Louise Rial.

In the second act of "Shamus O'Brien," Denis O'Sullivan will sing "The Lament of Owen Roe Neill," arranged by Dr. Stanford.

"Courtied into Court," one of the Columbia's bookings for next season is nearing its one hundred

and fiftieth performance at the Bijou Theatre in New York.

When W. H. Crane appears here he will offer for our approval a new comedy, which is described as "drawn upon lines that have as yet never been used for a stage story."

Mary Hampton has been engaged to play the leading rôle in "Under the Red Robe" for next season. She has just closed a very successful engagement with Western.

Primrose and West made their first appearance in minstrelsy in this city, at the Baldwin Theatre, twenty-one years ago, when that house was under the management of Maguire.

A full brass band is utilized in De Wolf Hopper's production of "El Capitan." Its effect, when used in conjunction with the chorus at the finale of the second act of the opera, is said to be most startling.

Myron B. Rice, a relative of the late Henry E. Abbey, is becoming quite prominent as a comedy manager in the East. He has brought out probably one of the greatest successes of the season, "My Friend from India."

Blanche Bates, of the Frawley Company, is still in London enjoying her vacation, but will return in time to commence rehearsals with the company, which will open its third annual engagement at the Columbia on Monday evening, May 31st.

Rice's "Excelsior, Jr." comes to the Columbia early next month. The company includes Sadie Martinot, Joe Cawthorn, Nelly Strickland, Johnny Page, Carrie Behr, George Olm, Neil McNeil, Ethel Strickland, and a chorus of forty selected people.

Elisabeth Russell, the famous Southern cake-walker from Savannah, who is at present visiting in the city, has announced her intention of entering the competition given in conjunction with Primrose and West's regular programme next week at the Baldwin Theatre. Miss Russell is the possessor of many medals.

It is a remarkable fact that a new opera by Strauss has been produced in Vienna without causing a ripple of interest. Half a dozen years ago we were all liege subjects of the "Waltz King" and waited for each new composition from him with the liveliest anticipation. Now we don't care a fig what he writes. And the cause of this change? Sousa—John Philip Sousa, the American "March King." The two-step has superseded the waltz as a popular measure in drawing-room and kitchen, and Sousa's marches have worked the change. What he can do with other measures we shall have opportunity to judge when De Wolf Hopper brings Sousa's opera, "El Capitan," to the Baldwin.

MUSICAL NOTES.

O'Sullivan Song Recital.

Under the auspices of the Channing Auxiliary, a song recital was given at the First Unitarian Church last Wednesday evening by Mr. Denis O'Sullivan. A fashionable audience was present, and all were pleased with the excellent presentation of the following programme:

"The Exile's Return," Needham, Mr. Denis O'Sullivan; "Barcarolle," Grotzky, Miss Hulda Andersen; Dichterliebe, (a) "Im wunderschönen Monat Mai," (b) "Aus meinen Thränen sprissen," (c) "Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne," (d) "Wenn ich in deine Augen seh," (e) "Ich will meine Seele tauchen," (f) "Ich grüße nicht," Schumann, Mr. Denis O'Sullivan; sonata, C minor, Greg, Mr. William F. Zech and Mrs. Carmichael-Carr; (a) "Fischio, Fischio," from "Mefistofele," Boito, (b) "Come Raggio di Sol," Caldara, (c) "Gloria La Luna," Rossini, Mr. Denis O'Sullivan; (a) "Das Veilchen," (b) "Das Epheublatt," Cornelius, (c) "Die Erwartung," Wagner, Mr. Denis O'Sullivan; (a) "Humoreske," Grieg, (b) "Witches' Dance," McDowell, Miss Hulda Andersen; (a) "Play Only, Play On," (b) "Shepherd, See Thy Horse's Foaming Mane," Korbay, Mr. Denis O'Sullivan; "Romance," Svendsen, Mr. William F. Zech and Mrs. Carmichael-Carr; Irish airs, (a) "Kitty Magee," arranged by Somervell; (b) "Lesbia has a Beaming Eye," arranged by Stanford; (c) "Barney Brallaghao," arranged by Somervell, (d) "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms," (e) "The Low-Backed Car," arranged by Lower, Mr. Denis O'Sullivan.

The Art Association.

The spring exhibition of the Art Association was opened at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art last Thursday evening under auspicious circumstances and attracted a large assemblage. The display is not

so large as usual this year, but it compares favorably with any of its predecessors. There are one hundred oil-paintings, seventy-five water-colors and pastels, and twelve pieces of statuary. The exhibition will be kept open daily for five weeks, and on each Thursday evening a concert will be given.

The concert last Thursday evening, given under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman, comprised the following numbers:

March, "The Belle of the Season," Bratton; overture, "The Tambour of the Guard," Titel; waltz, "Rendez Vous," G. Rosey; "Heloise Intermezzo," Langey; selection, "Robin Hood," De Koven; entre act, "The Lilies," Bendix; song, "Don't Be Cross," Zellner; gavotte, "Salute to Fornia," Sulaj; selected songs, "Louisiana Lou, O Honey," Caryll; selection, "Carmen," Elzet; medley, "Popular Airs," Recker; march, "El Capitan," Sousa.

The Symphony Concert.

The San Francisco Symphony Society gave its sixth concert at the Columbia Theatre last Thursday afternoon. Mr. Gustav Hinrichs directed the orchestra of fifty-five musicians, and Mr. Denis O'Sullivan was the vocal soloist. The programme was an excellent one, and was received with much appreciation by the large audience. The numbers were as follows:

Overture, "Oberon," Weher; symphony, No. 5, G minor, moderato assai, allegro non troppo, andante, allegro vivace, Rubinstein; vocal selection, Mr. Denis O'Sullivan; scherzo, "Queen Mab," from the "Romeo and Juliet" symphony, Berlioz; "Casse noisette," "Nutcracker," (r) overture miniature, (2) dances caractéristiques, (a) marche, (b) danse de la Fée Dragée, (c) danse Russe, (d) danse Arabe, (e) danse Chinoise, (3) valse des fleurs, Tchaikowsky.

The Thomas Song Recital.

Mrs. Gertrude Auld-Thomas gave a song recital last night at Golden Gate Hall, which was very successful. A large audience enjoyed the following programme:

Piano solo, "Rhapsodie," Liszt, Mr. Robert E. Newell; (a) "Nymphs and Sylphs," Purcell, (b) "L'Amour et un Enfant Trompeur," Martin, Mrs. Gertrude Auld-Thomas; violin solo, (a) "Prière d'une Vierge," Massenet, (b) "Gavotte," Bohm, Mr. S. Savannah; aria from "Magic Flute," Mozart, Mrs. Gertrude Auld-Thomas; piano solo, prelude and canonette, Schütt, Mr. Robert E. Newell; "Tu Me Dirais," Chaminade, Mrs. Gertrude Auld-Thomas; "Les Larmes," Massenet, Mrs. Gertrude Auld-Thomas; violin solo, "Legende," Wieniawski, Mr. S. Savannah; (a) "Synnöve Song," Kjerulf, (b) "Che Gioia," Mattel, Mrs. Gertrude Auld-Thomas.

The Saturday Morning Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. W. A. Sabin, will give a concert at Golden Gate Hall on Saturday afternoon, May 15th, for the benefit of the Episcopal Old Ladies' Home. Mr. Denis O'Sullivan has kindly promised to assist. The Misses Ames and Miss Marie Wilson will play a trio, and some excellent orchestral numbers will be given. Mr. Fred Yates has made a poster, which will be reprinted in colors, and several art students are at work on original posters, which are to be sold at auction after the concert.

The eleventh year of the Byron Mauzy Musical Evenings will commence next Thursday evening at the Byron Mauzy Hall, 308 Post Street. Admission will be by invitation only. The programme will comprise interesting musical numbers by Mme. Alice Waltz, soprano; the Misses Lily and Therese Sherwood, with the mandolin and guitar; Mr. A. Harold Kayton, violinist; Dr. Arthur T. Regensburger, cellist; Mr. H. Clay Wysham, flautist; Signor S. Martinez, pianist; and Mr. James H. Howe, organist.

An entertainment will be given at the California Theatre this evening by Miss Pearl Ladd, the talented young pianist. She will be assisted by the Lombardero String Quartet; Matildita, a clever Spanish dancer; and Mr. Nathan Landsberger, who will play the violin obligato for Beethoven's Sonata, No. 5. Miss Ladd will read the poem scene from "Romeo and Juliet," and will play selections from compositions of Handel, Chopin, Moszkowski, Grieg, Liszt, Weber, and Schumann.



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SALE OF THE HAWAIIAN HOTEL PREMISES HONOLULU, H. I.

ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1897, AT 12 O'CLOCK noon, at the front entrance of the Executive Building, Honolulu, will be sold, at public auction, the Hawaiian Hotel premises at Honolulu.

These premises are centrally located in the city, in the centre of the block bounded by and with entrance drives from hotel, Richards, Beretania, 200 Alakea Streets, and the grounds contain an area of 1.77-tenth acres.

The buildings consist of the hotel proper, of two stories and basement; built of brick and concrete, with broad verandas at front and rear of each story.

The main building covers an area of 20,800 square feet, with Lanai or wing addition on one side 40x24 feet, and wooden addition on opposite wing, for kitchen, 60x18 feet.

There are also four cottages on the premises, with ample provision for bath-rooms and closets.

The main building contains a spacious parlor, public and private dining-rooms, large billiard-ball and bar-room, and forty sleeping-rooms—the cottages contain about twenty additional sleeping-rooms. The main building cost a little over \$100,000 in 1874.

A water-tank, with capacity of 10,000 gallons, is placed on a tower at an elevation sufficient to give a good water pressure in second story of the main building. This tank is supplied from an artesian well on adjoining premises, owned by Dr. J. S. McGroarty.

The buildings and grounds are thoroughly lighted with electric light.

Plans of the buildings and grounds can be seen at Hawaiian Consulate General, 206 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

Terms of sale are cash—in United States gold coin. Upset price, \$50,000.

In case there is no bidder to purchase the property at the above upset price, a lease of the same will immediately be offered for sale at an upset price of \$4,000 a year for a period of thirty years under the conditions set out in Act 7, Laws of 1896, and more particularly of Section 2 and 4 of said act, which reads as follows:

"Section 2. Every such lease shall contain a covenant on the part of the lessee that he shall, during the first four years of the term of the lease, cause to be erected upon the leased premises a fire-proof building of brick, stone, or metal, in a workmanlike manner, satisfactory to the Minister of the Interior, at a cost of not less than fifty thousand dollars; and keep the same suitably insured at not less than two-thirds of its value for the benefit of the lessor; and shall keep the building in good repair during the remainder of the term of lease, reasonable use and wear thereof only excepted; and in case of damage or destruction of such building by fire, shall make good such loss or damage by the necessary repairs or reconstruction, or else surrender the insurance to the lessor.

"Section 4. Every such lease shall also contain a covenant on the part of the lessor, that upon the request in writing by the lessee or his representatives, before the expiration thereof, the premises, with the improvements, shall, if all of the conditions to be performed by the lessee have been satisfactorily performed, be put up at auction for a lease for a term of not over twenty years; unless said premises shall be required for public uses; of which the lessee shall receive at least one year's notice. Such auction sale shall be held not more than six months nor less than one month before the expiration of said term."

JAMES A. KING,
Minister of Interior.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 28, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the first day of June, 1897, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

F. I. VASSAULT, Secretary.
Office—Room 20, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

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VANITY FAIR.

" 'Come and dine with me and go to the play,' is a welcome and oft-repeated invitation on the part of bachelors to their women friends in London," a recently returned New York girl is quoted as saying. "This has set the fashion for one of the most enjoyable phases of London life, and an ever-increasing one. Restaurant dinners are the thing there. Why, I've been to sixty-three this winter, and it seems to me that each one was more enjoyable than the last. In old times, women on these occasions, and they were rare enough, would wear *demi-toilette* with a hat or bonnet. Now they wear full evening-dress, whether the dinner be given at a hotel or at one of the English or foreign dining resorts which have come into fashion. The host sometimes secures a private room, but this is the exception rather than the rule. There is always a pretty little waiting-room where the guests assemble before they adjourn to the table. Of course the dinner-hour is set rather early, in order not to interfere with the enjoyment of the play. The fare is always of the best, and differs as materially from the dinners served elsewhere as night does from day. For instance, one night you go to an Italian restaurant, where the food and wine are purely Italian and the waiters also. The next evening you find yourself in a Spanish dining-room enjoying the highly spiced food of that country. The French restaurants also find a great deal of favor, but there are more English than any other. You have chaperons at these bachelor dinners generally, but there is no iron-clad rule about it. The married women enjoy these restaurant dinners and an evening at the play afterward even more than the girls do, however. There is a delightful freedom about them, because bachelors, you know, are too thoughtful about themselves to invite a discordant element. When the coffee is served, we all smoke. Nearly all the women in London smoke cigarettes. It is this spirit of *camaraderie* between the men and women that makes these dinners such a success. Nobody feels any responsibility, not even the host. If the soup is burned, the guests make a joke of it, for they all know that his private *chef* didn't prepare it. Then, too, it's great fun to study the human books around one in a public dining-room. The bachelors themselves enjoy it as much as their guests. It is an easy way for them to even up social scores, and an inexpensive one, too, for dining in the foreign restaurants is never very expensive. Whenever a new dining-place of this kind is started, whether good or bad, people rush for it."

A Chicago woman who has been visiting the South says that it is considered quite as correct and fashionable in New Orleans to live over a shop in a narrow street, with a back court of one's own, as it is to live in a detached house with a front garden. No woman is ever allowed to stand in a street-car. No man ever keeps on his hat when a lady enters an elevator with him, or when he passes a woman on the stairs. Southern women have small feet and pure complexions, but the ravishing Southern hour of romance is rarely to be seen. The people are singularly child-like and frank, ready to confide family affairs or to make love after an acquaintanceship of twenty-four hours. The purely blonde Southern girls are the most fascinating type. The women wear lovely gloves and shoes, but their hats are big, flamboyant, and generally appalling to the quiet-tiled Northern women. A lot of women have taken to riding bicycles, but never in bloomers. Even the skirt is two inches longer than that worn by the average girl in the North.

A correspondent of a New York paper, evidently a bachelor, writes to complain about the necessity he is under of drinking tea when he makes afternoon calls. He says: "It is a great nuisance if you succeed in making four or five visits to dispose of an equal number of cups of tea, especially when you don't like it. It ruins your appetite for dinner and spoils your sleep later on. Then there is another difficulty. To get around to a number of houses it is important not to be delayed at any one of them. But here the tea is a complication. The daughter of the house invites you to have some. Then you are lost, for something is always wrong if one is in a hurry. A maid has to be sent down-stairs for more alcohol, or water, or something else. The precious minutes fly, and you finally sit sipping the hateful stuff, conscious that you have been frustrated, and that all your plans have come to naught."

"As the law at present stands, any man can assume with impunity some presumably extinct or dominant baronetcy created prior to 1783." This remark was made in an interview recently by A. G. M. Hesilrige, the editor of "Debrett's Peerage." This revelation appears to open up a great field of opportunities for Americans of a certain class. It is well known that they now spend a great deal of time and money in hunting up coats of arms and in tracing more or less fanciful connections with noble English families. An official of the Herald's College stated recently in an article that a large part of the business of that institution consisted in finding coats of arms and genealogies for opulent Americans. Why should not these people supply themselves with titles instead of contenting themselves with mere heraldic decorations? They can in many cases do so with ease and security. The only requi-

sites in order to make a plausible claim are English descent and the same family name as one of the innumerable extinct baronetcies. Sir Bernard Burke has published a work entitled "Extinct and Dormant Baronetcies." He states that more than one thousand of these titles have lapsed between the original creation of the order in 1611 and the present day. Of these the majority became extinct or dormant before 1783. In the list of these former baronets may be found a large number of the commonest English family names. An American possessing one of these names can make a plausible claim to an English baronetcy, and it will give his narrative an air of verisimilitude if he can make out that his ancestors came from the same part of England as the original holders of the title.

A little Italian woman, who was the original *premiere danseuse* of the "Black Crook" company thirty years ago, has recently opened a school of darning in New York city. Despite the fact that she is now about fifty years old, she is as slender as a girl of sixteen, and more supple than the average stage-dancer much her junior. She said, the other day, to a *Sun* reporter that any woman, professional or not, who followed the same course of training that she had, would fare just as well. "Nine women out of ten," she said, "are naturally pigeon-toed. To walk properly it is necessary to turn one's toes out and point them. This gives you a graceful and easy motion." This is a rather severe stricture on American women, and while it may have been true a quarter of a century ago, it probably would not pass unchallenged now. One of the most frequent comments of foreigners is that the women here walk well. When Dickens visited this country, he was not enthusiastic in his admiration of American women. At that time they took little or no part in athletic sports, and to be delicate physically was assumed where it was not natural. There are now scores of gymnasiums that are well patronized by women during the winter, and their interest in outdoor sports is little less than that of the men. It has frequently been asserted that women of the present generation are physically superior to those of the last, and since the advent of short skirts, any man who chooses may gather statistics himself as to the percentage of women who walk pigeon-toed.

Up on the Pincio an hour or two before sunset, when the band is playing its liveliest and Roman society is on exhibition, paying and receiving visits from carriage to carriage along the beautiful terraces of the pleasure-gardens laid out under Napoleon, is the place (writes Ellen Osborn in an exchange) to study Roman life and Roman manners. The proud old families, with names that have filled men's mouths for centuries, may cut down their establishments and rent all but a few bare rooms of their palaces, but they never give up their horses or the afternoon drive through the Corso and up the Pincian Hill. The younger women, with their olive skin, delicate features, and large, dark eyes, are apt to be very good to look at, and their dress, with its lavish use of lace and flowers, is often more graceful than that of Frenchwomen, if not always so refined.

Germany is going into the dress-reform movement with the thoroughness it puts into other matters. The Association for the Improvement of Woman's Attire is to hold a convention in Berlin this month to advance its object. Different garments for outside and underwear will be exhibited. Not a whalebone will be seen, and there is to be no stiffening in the bodices of the gowns. A writer in a recent number of *Harper's Bazar* mourns the fact that there are no styles for stout women. Fashions do not usually come from Germany, but Germany is advanced in many deep questions, and (according to a writer in the *New York Times*) it may solve this apparently hopeless one. A prize is to be offered for the best spring costume for a heavy matron of between thirty and fifty years of age. The prize will be twenty-five dollars, and there will be a second prize of half that sum for the exhibitor who is second best.

The practice of clubs admitting women as well as men to membership is becoming popular in London. Perhaps the most striking success of the kind has been scored by the Sesame Club, which, although founded little more than a year ago, in modest quarters in Victoria Street, is already able to migrate to a handsome building in Dover Street, Piccadilly. The special aim of the Sesame Club is to attract those interested in literature and art, and the weekly debates are very popular. The committee has lately been joined by the Duchesses of Sutherland and Montrose, the Countess of Dysart, and Mrs. Richmond Ritchie. There never was, perhaps, such an unfavorable time as the present for starting a new club in London. The boom was at its height ten or fifteen years ago, when club after club was started—generally by some enterprising ex-hotel-keeper—with an imposing list of titled members, most of whom had not the least intention of ever entering their doors. But the bigwigs drew the smaller fry, who liked to see their names printed on the same sheet of paper as that of a marquis, and for a time the game prospered. But the thing was overdone. The lords did not forsake their own clubs, and Tom, Dick, and Harry were disappointed. Then came the struggle for existence—a struggle

which meant an increase of luxury with no increase of prices. Clubs which prided themselves on their Bohemian unpretentiousness launched forth into expenditure they could not afford, and came to the ground. At least a dozen London clubs of repute are now forced to go out into the highways and byways and compel members to come in. However, a new institution, which we mentioned last week, has just been started by the cleaner and more prosperous dwellers in the British Bohemia. They call themselves the Argonauts, and consist of a coterie of people who make their living out of art, literature, and the drama, and find Sunday a bit of a bore. The *locale* of the club is Bond Street, and its central idea—for no club can succeed now without a central idea, which is also novel—is the Sunday evening dinner, which members celebrate together, and at which people who amuse the public all the week at a price will amuse one another for nothing. There appears to be more money made in Bohemia than in the old days, for the dinner costs seven shillings and sixpence, exclusive of wine.

The telling details of a woman's toilet are the petticoats, shoes, and gloves which she wears. The proper observance of the laws governing them is an infallible indication of a woman's station in life and of her social training. A woman minus the finer instincts of the lady, if her source of supply is limited, although her social demands may not be, invariably economizes in these details. This not the case with the innately refined woman—a lady born and bred. She first of all provides herself with well-fitting shoes, dainty underskirts, and what is left in her treasury after providing herself with these fundamentals goes for the remaining necessities in her wardrobe. Devices and thoughts are misapplied, and the goal of what *Vogue* calls "ladyism" is defeated when one is obliged to keep one's feet out of sight in consequence of being carelessly shod, or to resort to similar means to hide the shortcomings of one's petticoats.

There is to be a Newport tea-room this summer, it seems. The English Tea-Room in New York, which closes for the summer, is to open on May 1st, or thereabouts, on Bellevue Avenue, Newport. It is to be arranged with all the conveniences a modern tea-room could desire, and luncheons and breakfasts will be served, as well as tea, as they have been in the tea-rooms in New York.

Queen Elizabeth's scheme of life required that she should neither feel nor look her years, and the shifts to which she had already been driven to conceal their external ravages would excuse a smile in any weaker woman's history. When she appeared in public, many coats of paint—Ben Jonson says the color was often vermilion—smeared not only her face, but her neck and breasts. A wig of bright red hair covered her head. Under her personal directions her sergeant-painter published a flatteringly unfaithful portrait of her, and her subjects were forbidden under heavy penalties to prepare or circulate any other pictorial representation. Within little more than a year of the end a special embassy visited her from France. She rose from her throne to dance a galliard, and showed her leg to prove that her charms were unimpaired.

The American system of checking the luggage of travelers has been adopted for the benefit of American tourists by several European railway companies, thanks to the enterprise of a young New Yorker. The London and Northwestern Railway was the first to act on his suggestion, and others soon followed suit. Hereafter all luggage passing through New York may be checked to almost any point in Europe.

Some years ago Mr. Evarts, then an ex-senator, was about to enter a room with Senator Hoar, when he remarked: "I believe that no rules in regard to precedence have been established to cover cases like ours." "Oh, yes," replied Senator Hoar; "the *x's* always precede the *y's*."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The Cosmopolitan Club was accustomed to meet in a room which had been Watts's studio, and on the walls of which hung an enormous picture by him of "Theodora and Honoria." Some one once asked Lord Houghton what this represented. "Oh," he replied, "you have heard of Watts's Hymns. These are Watts's Hymns."

Speaker Reed is in danger of becoming too stout. "How much do you weigh?" said a friend to him the other day. "I weigh two hundred pounds," he replied, smiling. "Oh," said his friend, "you weigh more than that. You must weigh nearly three hundred pounds." "No," said the Speaker, "no gentleman weighs more than two hundred pounds."

On the second day in the Wilderness, Longstreet made a fierce attack, and was driving the Union troops. An officer dashed up to General Grant, and, with great excitement, said: "General Grant, Longstreet is turning our right." Grant did not seem to be disturbed in the least. He looked out from under his slouch hat, and said to the officer: "Well, then, we shall have to turn his left."

The late Senator Voorhees was not dissipated—but a story is told of him that he was once walking to the Capitol building at Washington with a friend. As they were passing about the last saloon before reaching the building, the friend said: "Senator, let's go in here and take one drink." Voorhees turned on him with a look half jocular and half of disgust, and said: "No, sir; what is one drink to me?"

Once, while Mr. Webster was addressing the Senate, the Senate clock commenced striking, but instead of striking twice at two P. M., continued to strike without cessation more than forty times. All eyes were turned to the clock, and Mr. Webster remained silent until the clock had struck about twenty, when he thus appealed to the chair: "Mr. President, the clock is out of order! I have the floor!"

The Duke of Leeds, when he was in Parliament as the Marquis of Carmarthen, was the youngest member in the Commons and the youngest-looking, until he grew a beard. It is told of him that on the day of his election some one asked him, "Say, boy, does your mother know you're out?" "Yes," promptly replied the youthful politician, "and when the votes are counted to-night, she will know I am in."

An amusing conversation was held through the telephone, a few days since, between a correspondent of the New York World and the Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth, of New Haven. The reporter wanted a fifty-word interview on "Hell" for the Sunday edition of his paper. He wanted it bright and terse, and he got it. "Hell, in my opinion," said Dr. Smyth, "is the place where the Sunday edition of that paper should be published and circulated."

It was the practice of a certain London editor, some years ago, to write his leading article or articles at home the night before publication. The rest of the week he did nothing. One night his articles had not come to hand at the office. Ten o'clock came; eleven, twelve, and still no sign of an article. There was commotion in the office; and at last a messenger was sent to the editor's house. He found him with a glass of brandy and water before him, and newspapers scattered about. There was no article written. "What do you want?" asked the editor. "The article for to-morrow." "Didn't I send it?" "No; at least it has not come to the office." "Give me the Times." The Times was found and handed to him, and with unsteady fingers he cut out one of its leading articles. This he stuck upon a sheet of paper, and then, taking his pen, wrote at the top: "What does the Times mean by this?" In that form and with that introduction, it appeared next morning as the editor's leading article.

When De Lesseps was in Egypt, as president of a sanitary commission, in 1834, it became his duty to inspect a great number of convicts in the Egyptian galleys, and among these he found upward of four hundred Syrians from Nazareth, all Christians. The Nazarenes begged him to do something to get them free. De Lesseps set about procuring their release. As Mehemet Ali, the viceroy, had reasons for wishing to stand well with the French, he told De Lesseps that he would quietly procure the liberation of five prisoners a week until they were all free. But presently De Lesseps's doors were besieged by the relatives and friends of the remaining prisoners. The Frenchman was so nearly torn to pieces by these importunate people that he purposely had one of his suits of clothes literally torn into tatters, and on the next occasion when he was to see the viceroy he wore it. Mehemet was astonished at such an extraordinary costume. "What has happened to you, Monsieur le Français?" the viceroy asked. "Oh, your highness," answered De Lesseps, "no one but yourself has put me into this plight; for in ordering that those Nazarenes should be set free at the rate of five a week, you have left me the prey of the families of

those who remain in the galleys. They are tearing me to pieces; and so it will be as long as any are left. There were four hundred and twelve; your highness, by computing, can see how long I must go in rags!" The viceroy, after laughing at so extraordinary a piece of diplomacy, ordered that all the prisoners from Nazareth should be liberated at once.

Congressman McKenzie, of Kentucky, a few sessions ago, introduced a bill for a public building at Owensboro, the principal town in his district, but made very little progress. One day, in dire extremity, Mr. McKenzie arose and addressed the chair. "For what purpose does the gentleman rise?" inquired the cautious Speaker. "On a matter of the highest privilege," was the reply. "The gentleman will state it," said the Speaker. "Is not the right of a member to his seat a question of highest privilege?" persisted Mr. McKenzie. "Most assuredly," was the response. "Well," said the Kentucky congressman, "I introduced some time ago a bill to erect a Federal court-house and post-office at Owensboro, in my district. That bill was considered in the committee and has been reported back to the House, and is now on the calendar. Mr. Speaker," exclaimed the distressed member, with great earnestness, "I ask that the bill be now taken from the calendar and passed, for if it is not, I am sure that the member from the Second District of Kentucky will lose his seat." The House roared with laughter, but the Speaker observed that the privilege was not one of that peculiar character which demanded recognition. Mr. McKenzie lost his seat.

AN OLD COLLEGE CHUM.

He Pays a Visit to the Bishop of Tortuga.

"Yes," the bishop remarked reflectively, "as you say, Travers, we had some delightful times at Oxford together."

"I should think so!" the new-comer assented. "We did have larks! What days on the river! And what nights in college!"

The bishop moved uneasily in his chair. Then he glanced at the bishopess and the two bishopinas. "My dear," he said, wriggling inside his black apron, "it is very hot in here. I think I will take Mr. Travers out in the garden a little."

The bishopess's face expressed sincere relief. Mr. Travers's talk tended not to edification. She, too, glanced at the bishopinas. "I would, Edward, if I were you," she answered. "Perhaps Mr. Travers smokes. He might like a cigar." She threw out the hint in the firm voice of one who implies that tobacco within the house was not permissible at Bishopstow. "Ah, you don't smoke now, then?" Travers put in, with a note of surprise. "Well, that's odd. Given it up? Must have cost him a wrench, though, Mrs. Mitchell. Never saw him at Oxford without a short briar-root in his mouth, bar chapel or lecture. Did I, Mitchell?"

The bishop rose solemnly, stood for a moment by the open window, with his episcopal legs in a studied attitude of episcopal doubt, and then led the way into the garden. It was a beautiful West Indian night; tropical moonlight lay pale green upon the floor of the veranda; fireflies flitted in and out; the scent of large white flowers was heavy on the air. Travers thought it all beautiful. He had only arrived at Tortuga that morning, and had come straight up to Bishopstow to make his first impression of the tropics under his old-friend's roof and his old friend's auspices.

The bishop selected a sequestered spot at the furthest end of the veranda, placing a long deck-chair for Travers, where he was least likely to be overheard by the two bishopinas.

"Yes," he continued, in a bland professional murmur, "we have a Great Work here, and I feel that abstinence from all appearance of evil is a necessity of my usefulness."

John Travers lighted a cigar. Its smoke blew toward the bishop. "Capital tobacco one gets here," Travers remarked.

The bishop sniffed it regretfully. "It has a delicious fragrance, I will admit," he answered, with reluctance.

Travers leaned back in his chair and watched the fireflies as they flitted. The air was balmy. "Ah, what times we had at Oxford!" he went on, reflecting. "What times we had there, Mitchell! Do you remember that saucy little girl who used to sell flowers at the corner near the Randolph? A pretty bit of fluff; Polly Peach, they called her. What fun we had chaffing her! Well, she's married a doctor now, and has a son at Brasenose."

"I am glad to hear it," the bishop answered, putting his thumbs and forefingers together. "Though she was a frivolous young woman, she was not wholly lacking in—in what I may venture to call the essentials of refinement. And we must remember she was placed in a position of some temptation."

"Yes, she's married," Travers went on, "to a doctor, as I say. I think you knew him. Oh, of course; we were at a drunk together at his rooms in Balliol!"

"I recollect taking wine," the bishop admitted, after a pause, "with a man named Holmes there."

"The same! The very fellow! What a way he had with the girls, too! And then the bonfire. Do you remember our bonfire on the night our Torpid

beat Christ Church and Oriel? How you brought out fagots into the quad after the Bump Supper, and remarked that you didn't care a something-or-other for the dons, and made a jolly good blaze, and were almost sent down for it?"

The bishop hesitated. "I have some indistinct recollection that there was a bonfire," he allowed at last, dubiously.

"Was a bonfire! Why, my dear fellow, you were all but sent packing for it. You can't possibly forget. You were let off on the ground that most of the other men were much more drunk than you; you were just sober enough to light the fagots in the middle of the quad, while the other men wanted to pile and light them against the hall and chapel."

The bishop's face was rigid with terror. Just then a cry rose on the air from a cottage not far off—a weird, shrill cry, as of women wailing.

"What's that?" Travers asked, with a start. Saved, saved! The bishop gasped with joy. He remembered that Travers had had typhoid at college, and lived ever after in bodily dread of zymotic diseases. "That," he replied, in very calm and measured tones, "is—only a negro wail. The women are wailing and keening after their kind over one of their people who has died in this epidemic. I regret to say, owing to our imperfect sanitary arrangements, such scenes are too common. We grow, perhaps, to disregard them with almost unchristian lack of sympathy."

"Epidemic? What epidemic?"

The bishop stretched truth as far as it would go. "Yellow jack," he answered, in an unconcerned voice. "Very bad here at present. They are dying by thousands—the whites and browns especially. It attacks new-comers most of all. People of florid complexion and full habit of body, fresh out from England, are almost sure—"

Travers rose in horror. He was fresh-colored and full-blooded. "Is it all over the islands?" he asked, with marked eagerness.

The bishop gave a dramatic pause. "Not in Barbadoes," he answered, slowly. "Barbadoes is quite wholesome. There's a steamer to Barbadoes to-morrow morning."—Grant Allen in the Sketch.

Two bills have been introduced into the New York legislature looking to the creation of a State of Manhattan, which is to include within its boundaries New York, Brooklyn, and the other cities that constitute greater New York. The new State would have a population of more than three million, which is equaled by only six States of the Union—New York, Pennsylvania, Texas, Illinois, Missouri, and Ohio. Citizens of New York favor the idea because they have to pay about seventy-five per cent. of the State's expenses, and there is a political sentiment in favor of the separation in view of the fact that the city is Democratic, while the State outside is Republican.

Little Phil Sheridan was appointed to West Point by the President on April 1st, and will take his entrance examinations next March. This, with two appointments to cadetships at Annapolis, is the limit of the President's action in this direction, though one thousand applications were filed with him for the three appointments. In all three the President followed the rule of Mr. Cleveland, and designated boys whose fathers had been in some military branch of the government. Young Sheridan was very strongly backed for the appointment by the army.

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Belgie. (Via Honolulu). Saturday, May 29
Coptic. Thursday, June 17
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SOCIETY.

The Weir-Whittier Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Mattie Whittier, second daughter of Mr. W. F. Whittier, to Mr. William Boyd Weir, of New York, took place last Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's father, on Jackson Street. The handsome new residence required but little to enhance its natural beauty, still flowers in artistic arrangements were seen everywhere, producing pretty effects.

Only relatives and a few intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed at half-past eight o'clock by Rev. E. B. Church. Miss Lottie Woods, a cousin of the bride, was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Hattie Jackson and Miss Harriet Griswold, of this city, and Miss Jessie Weir, of New York, a sister of the groom. Mr. George Danforth, of New York, acted as best man, and the ushers were Mr. William Wood and Mr. John Daniel.

The wedding reception commenced at nine o'clock, and there were fully a couple of hundred guests present. A supper was served in the banquet-hall, under Ludwig's direction, and sparkling Moët and Chandon flowed freely. The evening was delightfully passed. The bride received a large number of costly presents. Mr. and Mrs. Weir left on Thursday for a Southern trip, but will return here for awhile before going to New York city, where they will reside.

The Schwartz-Sutro Wedding.

Miss Helen Sutro, daughter of the late Gustav Sutro, was married last Wednesday afternoon at five o'clock to Mr. Samuel Schwartz, of Costa Rica. The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride, 1718 Pine Street, by Rabbi Jacob Voorsanger. It was a quiet affair, only relatives and intimate friends being present. Miss Olga Sutro, sister of the bride, acted as maid of honor, and the bride's brother, Mr. Charles Sutro, gave her into the keeping of the groom. A wedding supper was enjoyed later in the evening. Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz will soon go to Costa Rica to attend to his coffee interests there. Upon their return they will reside at 1718 Pine Street.

The Speed-Dickenson Wedding.

In January of this year, we announced the engagement of Miss Thama Dickenson, of Santa Rosa, to Mr. William K. Speed, of Memphis, Tenn. On Wednesday of this week they were married by Rev. Father Mullin at the residence of Archbishop Riordan. The young couple are distantly related, and met last year while arranging about the disposition of a large estate in St. Louis in which they are both interested. The bride is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Dickenson, of Santa Rosa, and is well known in society circles here. She is a granddaughter of Dr. Johnson, of San José, and was related to the late Governor Burnett. The groom is a grandson of the late Dr. Joseph Nash McDowell, formerly of St. Louis. In the evening the newly wedded couple left for the Eastern States.

The Pope-Bradbury Wedding.

There was a pretty wedding at noon last Monday at the residence of Mrs. Simona M. Bradbury on O'Farrell Street. The bride was her daughter, Miss Minnie Bradbury, of Los Angeles, who has been passing the winter here with her mother. She has a charming personality and is heiress to a large fortune. The groom was Mr. Isaac Hilliard Pope, the manager of Colonel Bradbury's mining interests in Mexico.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father McSweeney in the handsomely decorated parlors in the presence of a number of relatives and intimate friends. Miss Louise Bradbury and Miss Mary Verdon were the bridesmaids, and the little flower-girls were Misses Marian and Louise Winston. Mr. James Winston was the best man, and the bride's mother gave her into the keeping of the groom.

After a breakfast, the happy couple departed on a Southern trip.

The Grant-Macleay Engagement.

The engagement is announced of Miss Macleay, of Portland, Or., to Mr. Joseph D. Grant, of this city. The bride-elect is the daughter of Mr. Donald Macleay, a retired merchant of Portland, Or., who was a member of the old firm of Corbett & Macleay. She was educated in England and, in fact, has passed most of her life there. Upon her return to Portland she at once became a favorite in society circles, and also became identified prominently with charitable work there. She first met her fiancé about three years ago. Mr. Grant is a son of Mr. Adam Grant and a member of the firm of Murphy, Grant & Co. He is prominent in commercial, club, and social circles, being president of the Burlingame Club and a member of the Pacific Union, University, Bohemian, and Country Clubs, of this coast, and of the Union Club, of New York city. He is also a director of the San Francisco Art Association and one of the charter members of the Horse Show Association. The date of the wedding has not been set, but it will in all probability take place next fall.

The Donahue Lunch-Party.

Mr. Peter J. Donahue left last Thursday for the East, en route to Europe, where he will travel for a couple of years, taking in the fashionable and hooting seasons in England, Ireland, Paris, Vienna, Norway and Sweden. St. Petersburg, the carnival oest year in Rome, and the trip up the Nile.

Last Tuesday he gave a lunch-party at his country seat, "Laurel Wood," near Santa Clara, as a farewell to some of his friends and also as a compliment to Mrs. Joseph McKeena and Miss Isabel McKeena. There were about thirty guests in all, and the tables were spread on the lawn beneath the trees. A sumptuous menu was served, and the time was delightfully passed. Among Mr. Donahue's guests were:

Baron and Baroness J. H. von Schröder and their children, Captain and Mrs. M. A. Healy, U. S. R. M., Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Baldwin, Mrs. Joseph McKeena, Mrs. Henry McKeena Martin, Mrs. B. D. Murphy, Mrs. B. E. Paxton, Mrs. F. E. Bush, Mrs. Arques, Miss Isabel McKeena, Miss Maud Arques, Miss Ada Sullivan, Miss Clark, Mr. Frank J. Sullivan, Mr. Martin Murphy, Rev. Father Kenna, Dr. Fowler, and Mr. C. T. Ryland.

The Bohemian Club.

Fully one hundred and fifty members of the Bohemian Club were assembled at the festal board last Saturday evening to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the club, and also to commemorate the eightieth birthday of "Uncle" George T. Bromley. President William Sproule presided, Mr. Bromley at his right and Dr. George Chismore at his left. An excellent menu was provided, and an orchestra played throughout the evening. The table was decorated with hundreds of golden-hued eschscholtzias. A picturesque feature of the evening was the arrival, at ten o'clock, of Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese Minister Plenipotentiary and Ambassador Extraordinary, accompanied by thirteen members of his suite, all attired in rich robes. They were most cordially welcomed.

It was not a "jinks," as everything took place at the table. Vocal selections were given by Mr. O'Sullivan and Mr. Donald de V. Graham, and poems were read by Dr. J. D. Arnold, Mr. Albert Gerberding, Dr. George Chismore, Mr. W. G. Stafford, and Mr. Daniel O'Connell. Judge John H. Boalt delivered a happy address, and Mr. Bromley was obliged to speak several times, particularly when he was presented by Mr. Platt with a life-like bust of himself, which was chiseled by Miss Whitney, of Oakland, a young pupil of the San Francisco Art Association.

The gem of the literary part of the evening was the address given by Mr. Horace G. Platt, in which he outlined the history and possibilities of the club. It was a rhetorical treat, given with such oratorical grace that it stamped Mr. Platt as being one of the best after-dinner speakers the members of the club have ever had the pleasure of hearing. There was an unlooked for element of pleasure in the speech made by Minister Wu Ting Fang. He spoke entirely in English, without a trace of foreign accent, and his felicitous remarks provoked loud applause. The festivities were kept up until a late hour.

Burlingame Country Club.

This will be a gala day at the Burlingame Country Club, and a large and fashionable attendance is expected. The first event, to commence at three o'clock, will be a handicap steeple-chase for a cup presented by Mr. Francis Francis. It will be two miles over the Challenge Cup Course, for qualified polo ponies fourteen hands two inches or under. The ponies are to be ridden by members or their guests.

At half-past three o'clock there will be a three-mile steeple-chase over the same course, to be ridden by the owners, members of the Hunt, or their servants. This is open to horses regularly ridden with the San Mateo Drag Hunt. There will be a meet of the drag hounds on the steeple-chase field at four o'clock. This programme should certainly prove interesting.

The committee of arrangements comprises Mr. W. A. P. Brewer, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. L. McCreery, and Mr. R. M. Tobin. Mr. Walter Scott Hobart will act as starter, and Major J. L. Rathbone will be the judge of events.

Notes and Gossip.

There has been much conjecture of late regarding the date of the marriage of Miss Isabel McKeena and Mr. Peter Donahue Martio, the time being set almost anywhere between June and September. As a matter of fact, the interested parties have not yet decided upon the time for the wedding. However, it is almost certain that it will take place in the little chapel at Georgetown, near Washington, D. C., where the young couple were educated, and it is expected that the President and his Cabinet, members of the diplomatic corps, and the supreme judges will be present, which will make the wedding a very brilliant one.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Adeloe Mills to Mr. Chester Holcomb. Miss Mills is the elder daughter of the late Edgar Mills, formerly a prominent banker of Sacramento, and is a niece of Mrs. Easton and of Mr. D. O. Mills, of New York city. She is well known in society circles here. Mr. Holcomb is an attaché of the Chinese legation at Washington, D. C., in which city Miss Mills met her fiancé.

The engagement is announced of Miss Lillian Mastick to Mr. Oliver Ellsworth. Miss Mastick is the daughter of Mrs. Mary Mastick and grand daughter of Hon. E. B. Mastick, of Alameda. Mr. Ellsworth is an attorney at law of this city. The wedding is to take place early in June. They will occupy a new residence, now in course of construction, corner of Linden and Sixteenth Streets, Oakland.

Mrs. John H. Jewett will give a matinee tea from four until seven o'clock to-day at her residence, 931 Bush Street. She has issued about two hundred invitations to her friends to meet Miss Withrow and Miss Eva Withrow, prior to their departure in June for London, where they will continue their studies in music and art. The ladies who will assist Mrs. Jewett in receiving are: Mrs. John A. Darting, Mrs. Heory L. Dodge, Mrs. Sedgely Reynolds, Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan, Mrs. Thomas Watson, Mrs. James Monroe Goewey, Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton, Mrs. Holt, Mrs. Rounseville Wildman, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mrs. G. Chauncey Boardman, Mrs. E. Burke Holladay, Miss Kip, Miss Kate Thornton Salisbury, Miss Heleo Hopkins, Miss Moody, Miss Hughes, Miss Chamberlain, Miss Bowie, Miss May Friedlander, and Miss Chismore.

Mrs. William A. Magee will give a reception on May Day at her home in Fruitvale, in honor of Mme. Camilla Urso.

Miss Wilkinson will give a tea at her home in Berkeley on Saturday afternoon, May 1st, from four until seven o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. William D. O'Kane gave a dinner-party last Tuesday evening at their home on Broadway, as a farewell compliment to Mr. Peter J. Donahue. The guests were seated at a round table that was ornate with rich ware, pink roses, and delicate ferns. Those invited to meet Mr. Donahue were Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. Alice Dillon, Miss Tillie Feldmann, Miss Gussie Ames, Mr. John N. Featherston, and Mr. Frank O'Kane.

Mrs. Henry Butters gave a lunch-party last Tuesday at her residence, "Alta Vista," in Piedmont, and hospitably entertained several of her friends.

A young electrician named Manconi is said to have solved one of the problems upon which Tesla has long been working. The achievement is the sending of telegraph messages between widely separated points without the use of connecting wires. The first public exhibition was made in London a few weeks ago, when a message was thus sent from one post-office to another two miles away. Later the same thing was done through a mountain, the distance being about five miles. The instruments now in use can not do more than this, and produce no results at points more than twenty miles apart, but the inventor expects soon to perfect them so as to add greatly to the distance that can be covered.

Champagne in Europe.

For some time past the large demand for vintage wines has created a scarcity and increased the value of good brands of celebrated years to such an extent that now only the connoisseur indulges in a selection of the superior vintage years of 1874, 1880, 1884, and 1889, paying fancy prices for the same. Preeminent among these are the wines shipped by the famous house of Moët & Chandon, the largest shippers of champagne in the world. Their brand is highly appreciated in all the prominent cities of Europe, especially in London, where it is the leader and in great favor at court. Their White Seal (Grande Cuvée) of late years has largely increased in sales and popularity.—*New York Times*.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King left by the southern route on Monday for the City of Mexico. After a brief visit there, they leave for New York, via New Orleans, and will remain in the East for a couple of months.

Ex-Senator Charles N. Felton left for the East last Monday evening.

Mr. Thomas Brown and Miss Brown, accompanied by Mrs. J. N. Brown, sailed for Honolulu Tuesday on board the Oceanic steamer *Australia*.

Mr. James L. Flood and Miss Flood left the city Tuesday evening in Mr. Flood's private car for the East. Miss Flood's health requires the change. They will be absent about a month.

Mrs. Frank Carolan was registered at the Holland House, New York, Monday.

Mr. C. P. Huntington and Mr. H. E. Huntington, accompanied by their families, have been out of town for several days on a trip down the Coast Division in their private cars.

Mr. E. M. Greenway has been in Los Angeles attending the fiesta.

Mr. Eugene Kelly sailed from Liverpool, April 7th, returning to New York aboard the White Star liner *Ten-tonic*.

Mrs. Walter S. Newhall attended the fiesta at Los Angeles.

Mrs. A. P. Stanton has returned from a fortnight's visit to her country home, "Walnut Heights," in the Santa Cruz Mountains overlooking Monterey Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. William Boyd Weir, who was Miss Mattie Whittier, will leave very soon for New York city, the bridegroom's home.

Mrs. A. P. Whittell, Mrs. George Whittell, Miss Florence Whittell, and Mr. George Whittell, were among the new arrivals at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mrs. J. A. Folger will spend the summer at San Rafael. Mrs. S. F. Thorn returned to the city from Southern California last week, and went away again for a fortnight's visit to "Craghorn," the country home of the Thorns, in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Among the week's arrivals at the Occidental Hotel were Mr. E. P. Colwell, Mrs. Colwell, and Miss Colwell, from Hawaii; Professor David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, and General Thomas B. Bunting, of Santa Cruz.

Among the week's arrivals at the California Hotel were: Mr. E. A. Hague, Mr. John Hague, and Mr. L. Treadwell, of London; Mr. E. V. Johnson, Mr. P. M. Hanks, Mr. and Mrs. John Dongan, and Mr. W. W. Crossley, of New York; Mr. T. H. Goodyear and family, of Buffalo, New York; Mr. E. W. Forbes and Miss Forbes, of Boston, and Mrs. Hiram Johnson, of Sacramento.

Mr. C. de Guigné sailed from New York on the White Star liner *Germanic*. He is now in Paris.

Among last week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael from San Francisco were: Mr. J. G. Giesting, Mr. H. A. Breeden, Mr. W. L. Honnold, Mr. and Mrs. F. Cornelison, Miss Burnham, Miss Blake, Miss Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Kohn, Mr. H. G. Allen, Mr. S. D. Freshman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Hanlon, Mrs. Anna and Mr. Charles K. Hurley, and Mr. V. A. Hancock; from Oakland: Mr. L. D. McKisick; from the country: Mr. Will C. Russell, of Berkeley, Mr. Alexander Eegg, of Victoria, and Mr. and Mrs. George H. Herrold, of San José; from the East: Mr. Frank H. Cilley, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Emmons, and Mr. and Mrs. John W. Gay, Jr., of Boston; Mrs. C. C. Harding, Mrs. F. E. Taylor, and maid, from Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Jones, of Wilmington, Del.; Mr. Austin C. Wood and Miss Wood, of Syracuse, N. Y.; Mr. and Mr. C. H. Stearns and Miss M. S. Merriott, of Worcester, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Jenks are at the Hotel Rafael. Mr. W. Northrop Cowles was among the fiesta visitors in Los Angeles.

Mr. Wakefield Baker registered at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Major Frank McLaughlin is in Santa Cruz at "Golden Gate Villa." Mrs. McLaughlin and Miss Agnes McLaughlin are here in their apartments at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. C. K. McClatchy and daughter, Miss Charlotte, were among the Sacramento visitors at La Fiesta de Los Angeles. They will return home this week.

Mr. Ignatz Steinhart was in Los Angeles during the fiesta.

General Thomas H. Hubbard returned to New York early in the week, going by way of El Paso and New Orleans. Mr. Julius Kraitschnick and Mr. J. C. Stuhls accompanied him as far as New Orleans.

Judge James D. Thornton was among the visitors to Los Angeles during the fiesta.

Mr. Thomas I. Bergin was among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael.

Miss Lucy Jackson and Miss Ruth Adams went south to attend La Fiesta de Los Angeles. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Jackson, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jewett will depart early next week for their country place, "Oak Ridge," in Sonoma County, to remain until June, when they will go to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Baker and Miss Irene Baker, of Oakland, sailed for Honolulu Tuesday on the Oceanic steamship *Australia*.

Mrs. E. B. Crocker was in Los Angeles enjoying the fiesta.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Francis, accompanied by Vicar-General Adam, left Los Angeles Tuesday on their journey abroad. They will return in November. A month of their stay in Europe will be spent in visiting Barcelona, Spain, the birthplace of the Rev. Father Adam.

Mr. James F. J. Archibald went down to view La Fiesta de Los Angeles. He will be out of town a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Speed, who was Miss Tharna Dickenson, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. L. Dickenson, left the city immediately after their marriage on their honeymoon journey in the East and South.

Mr. G. C. Riggs and Mrs. Riggs, better known here as "Kate Douglas Wiggin," are in London.

Mr. J. Philip Smith is in New York. He will return to Paris in a few weeks. He and his family are expected back to Santa Cruz for the summer.

Mr. A. P. Hotelling registered at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Miss Lita Robinson accompanied the Thomas Brown party on their pleasure trip to Honolulu.

Dr. Granville McGowan, of Los Angeles, is visiting in this city.

Colonel H. C. Symonds came up from Los Gatos Thursday, and is registered at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. W. L. Woodrow came up from San José Thursday and registered at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. John J. Valentine is in Los Angeles and will remain there for several weeks. Her daughter, Miss Ethel, is with her mother, having returned from Mexico, where she spent a month with her father and his party.

Valentine, who was with his family during the fiesta, will return to this city after the close of the Bankers' Convention.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry C. Cook, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., has been nominated by the President for promotion to the rank of colonel. He will be assigned to the command of the First Infantry to succeed Colonel Shafter. Colonel Shafter's nomination to be brigadier-general has not yet been confirmed by the Senate.

Major John A. Darling, U. S. A., was down from Rutherford during the week. He registered at the Occidental Hotel Thursday.

Captain Leopold O. Parker, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered transferred from Company B, stationed at Benicia Barracks, to Company H, now at Fort Walla Walla, but soon to march thence to Fort Yellowstone. He will proceed at once to his new command.

Captain Marion P. Maus, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered transferred from Company H, now at Fort Walla Walla, to Company B, stationed at Benicia Barracks.

Major-General Wesley Merritt, U. S. A., the new commander of the Department of the East, is on duty at his headquarters on Governor's Island, N. Y. His aids-de-camp are announced to be Lieutenants Lewis H. Strother, First Infantry, Harry C. Hale, Twentieth Infantry, and T. Bentley Mott, First Artillery.

Lieutenant Thales L. Ames, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been detailed for duty at the West Point Military Academy from August 20th.

Colonel W. L. Kellogg, Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., died at Fort McPherson in Georgia on April 17th.

Lieutenant Edwin B. Babbitt, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., has been detailed on service pertaining to the inspection of smokeless powder at the various works of the California Powder Company.

Lieutenant Rogers F. Gardner, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty as a member of the general court-martial of this division.

Lieutenant B. E. Buck, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has joined his command at Fort Sherman after an extended sick leave in California.

Lieutenant and Mrs. J. Edwin Dorry, who was Miss Maud Alberger, started overland Wednesday afternoon for the bridegroom's home, Baltimore, on their honeymoon journey. Lieutenant Dorry was lately detached from the cutter *Beard* and assigned to three years' service at Philadelphia.

The court-martial trial of Lieutenant Fidelio S. Carter, U. S. N., of the receiving ship *Independence*, on charges of insubordination, will be continued as soon as documents, mailed April 21st, reach Mare Island from Washington. The court will consist of Captains Louis Kempf and Henry Glass, Commander Franklin Hanford, Major P. C. Pope, U. S. M. C., Lieutenant-Commanders A. B. Speyers and C. P. Perkins, Lieutenants T. S. Phelps, Jr., A. C. Hodgson, and F. H. Lefavor, and Lieutenant C. M. Perkins, U. S. M. C., Judge-Advocate.

Rear-Admiral Francis M. Bunce, U. S. N., commanding the North Atlantic Squadron, and Rear-Admiral Montgomery Sicard, U. S. N., commanding the New York Navy Yard, will exchange commands on May 1st.

Commander Morris R. S. Mackenzie, U. S. N., recently detached from the *Maclachlan* and ordered home, arrived in this city early in the week, en route from the Asiatic station.

Naval Cadets Frank P. Baldwin, Frederic N. Freeman, Ernest F. Eckhardt, W. C. Davidson, John R. Monaghan, David W. Todd, and William H. Standley, lately detached from the *Olympia*, on the Asiatic station, and ordered home to examination for promotion, passed through the city early in the week.

Commander Franklin Hanford, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hanford, arrived at the California Hotel this week.

Lieutenant-Commander J. R. Stanton, U. S. N., and Captain Dr. George W. Woods, U. S. N., were guests at the California Hotel during the week.

The gunboat *Bennington*, now at Jiquilisco Bay, Salvador, making surveys, will leave there for this port in a few weeks.

The cutter *Corwin* was ordered home to this port, to arrive not later than to-morrow (Sunday). Third-Lieutenant F. C. Billard has been ordered to the *Corwin*.

The four-days' athletic tournament at the Presidio, among the troops of this division of the army, has been a complete success. The games were under the director-generalship of Captain Alexander Rodgers, Fourth Cavalry, assisted by Lieutenant F. L. Ames, Third Artillery, and Lieutenant D. E. Nolan, First Infantry.

Lieutenant J. W. Hagenman, U. S. N., retired, left Monterey Monday for his home in Reading, Pa., where he resides at 103 South Fifth Street.

First Lieutenant J. B. Butt, of the *Hartley*, has been assigned to command the new revenue cutter *Golden Gate*, which will arrive here from Seattle this Sunday or Monday.

Lieutenant Albert M. Beecher, Lieutenant Willis B. Wilcox, Passed Assistant-Paymaster, and Ensign Louis A. Kaiser, U. S. S. *Monterey*, were in Los Angeles at the opening of the fiesta.

Lieutenant A. C. Baker, U. S. N., and Mrs. Baker, registered at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

The Woman's Congress held annually in San Francisco opens on Monday morning at ten-thirty at the First Congregational Church. The subject under discussion, and to occupy the whole week, will be "Education," treated from six different points of view, one for each day. In addition to the most talented writers and speakers on this coast, the congress has secured several others of note. Mrs. Helen H. Gardener, of Boston, the authoress and editor of the *Arena*, will take a prominent part in the congress, and the Indian priest, the Brahmacarin Bodhabhiksha, will on Saturday—the day given to religious education—discuss the subject from the standpoint of a Brahmin.

Professor Elihu Thomson, an eminent authority on electric metal-working, believes that there is no doubt whatever of the possibility of melting through masses of iron or steel of even considerable thickness, provided there is time enough to do it and sufficient current is available; but he thinks the paraphernalia which the burglar would have to carry along and have at his disposal for the attempted work would be a sufficient discouragement in itself, while the time required and the risk of discovery would be so great as to remove the operation from among the possibilities.

A New Poem by Dobson.

At the recent quarterly dinner of the Omar Khayyam Club in London, Austin Dobson read a poem, portions of which are as follows—it being noted that the Rustrum and Firdausi to whom reference is made are Lord Wolseley and Edmund Gosse, respectively:

"'Twas Swift who said that people 'view
In Homer more than Homer knew,'
I can't pretend to claim the gift
Of playing Bentley upon Swift;
But I suspect the reading true
Is 'Omar more than Omar knew'—
Or why this large assembly met
Lest we this Omar should forget?
(In a parenthesis, I note
Our Rustrum here, without red coat;

"Where Sohrab sits I'm not aware,
But that's Firdausi in the Chair!)
I say, then, that we now are met
Lest we this Omar should forget,
Who, ages back, remote, obscure,
Wrote verses once at Naishapur—
Verses which, as I understand,
Were merely copied out by hand,
And now, without etched plates, or aid
Of India paper, or hand-made,
Bid fair Parnassus' top to climb
And knock the Classics out of time."

* * * * *

Wall, Omar Khayyam wrote of Wine,
And all of us, sometimes, must dine;
And Omar Khayyam wrote of Roses,
And all of us, no doubt, have noses;
And Omar Khayyam wrote of Love,
Which some of us are not above.
Also he charms to this extent,
We don't know, always, what he meant.
Lastly, the man's so plainly dead
We can heap honors on his head."

"There is but one genuinely live town in the West," says A. W. Lyman, of Helena, Mont., "and that is Butte. The Anaconda copper mines, that vast concern which makes a profit of from five millions to six millions of dollars a year, explains the status there. It is employing more men and has a bigger pay-roll than ever before, and its employees get the highest rate of wages paid anywhere. Life is never stagnant in the big copper camp. The street-cars run all night and likewise the saloons, and if a man wants a shave at two-thirty A. M., he will find several barber-shops open."

The Pacific Coast Jockey Club will conclude an excellent week of racing at the Ingleside Track this (Saturday) afternoon, when six events will run, including the Spreckels Cup handicap. The \$1,500 cup and \$5,000 stake for the winner, with \$2,000 and \$500 for place and show, has called out a strong list of entries. Racing will be continued all next week. On Wednesday the California Stakes, a two-mile hurdle race, will be run, and the big event of next Saturday will be the four-mile race for the Ingleside Stakes of \$4,000.

The White Star Steamship Company has issued a handsome brochure, descriptive of its facilities for transatlantic travel, with illustrations of the interiors and exteriors of its fleet of steamers. There are also rates of fare and an itinerary for around-the-world trips and a handy vocabulary of French and German phrases.

Mr. Joseph D. Strong recently completed a portrait of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, which has been highly praised by all who have seen it.

In the Realm of Engraving

A poorly engraved visiting-card has no excuse for existence. We have the finest workmen and exceptional facilities for engraved work of every description, and all orders receive prompt and careful attention. Cooper & Co., art-stationers and engravers, No. 745 Market Street.

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CAPTIVE SWEETS



Mailing-Tubes.

Upon request, copies of the Argonaut will be mailed by the publishers in pasteboard tubes to any subscriber for seventy-five cents a year in addition to the regular subscription price.

FOR SALE.

A California Country Home

Just the Place for One Desiring an Outdoor Life in an Ideal Climate.

A man of means who is brain-weary and who desires to live in the country, and grow young again, can find an ideal home in the pure atmosphere of Santa Cruz County upon a ranch of ninety acres. The ranch has upon it a commodious residence fully furnished, and with modern improvements; a good barn, and all necessary out-buildings. The orchards are planted to apples, olives, nuts, and prunes, all bearing, with sufficient yield to give a man all the outdoor occupation he desires. Situated not far from a railroad station.

On the place are horses, cows, poultry, wagons, carts, and all needful farming implements. Immediate possession. The owner's reason for selling is that he has recovered his health here and desires to return to active business.

A prominent grocer of San Francisco recently said "I predict that in 25 years Cocoa will be the drink of the world." This from a man who watched the sales of Cocoa increase year by year worth noting. Cocoa is one of the few beverages that is not a stimulant. It is a food drink, rich in fat-forming elements, and a producer of natural animal heat of no mean power. Ghirardelli's is by far the strongest, hence the most economical Cocoa made. Guaranteed perfectly pure. 32 cups 25c.

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GET OUT into the Mountains!
SCENERY—Charming, picturesque, captivating, inspiring, majestic, sublime.
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SEASHORE.
Magnificent hotels, toning and life-giving salt sea air, surf-bathing, boating, fishing, driving, wheeling, shell-gathering, and all sorts of pastimes.
The season for this sort of thought and action is upon us. All the world, and particularly that portion of it described by California, takes an outing once a year,—if it doesn't, it ought to.
While making up your mind where you will go, and concocting your itinerary, keep as many as possible of these places before your mind's eye:
Up Shasta Way—Tavern of Castle Crags, Sweet Briar Camp, Upper Soda Springs, Shasta Retreat, Shasta Springs, Sisson's, Mt. Shasta Camp, Klamath Hot Springs.
Lake County and Vicinity—Geysers, Ethna Springs, Harbin, Anderson, Adams, Howard, Siegler, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Glenbrook, Soda Bay, Laurel Dell, and Blue Lakes.
On Sierrita Summits—Lake Tahoe, Independence, Webber and Donner Lakes, Tallac, Deer Park Inn, Sunnyside, McKinney's, Rubicon Springs, Campbell Hot Springs, and a score more.
Northward to the Big Trees—
Santa Cruz Mountains—Los Gatos, Pacific Congress Springs, Glenwood, Felton, Ben Lomond, Boulder Creek.
Southward—Gilroy, Paraiso, Paso Robles, and Santa Ysabel Hot Springs.
Along the Shore—Santa Cruz, Capitola, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Santa Barbara, Santa Monica, Long Beach, San Diego.
There will be REDUCED RATES to many of these places. If you haven't all needed information to complete that itinerary, call on the nearest Southern Pacific Company agent, or send to T. H. GOODMAN for resort folders.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. (PACIFIC SYSTEM.)		
Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.		
LEAVE	From April 18, 1897.	ARRIVE
6:00 A.	Niles, San José, and Way Stations.	9:45 A.
7:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	8:45 P.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding via Davis.	6:45 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Tehama, and Red Bluff.	4:15 P.
8:30 A.	Peters and Milton.	7:15 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Merced, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	Vallejo.	6:15 P.
9:00 A.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.	7:15 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	9:00 P.
1:00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.	8:45 A.
11:30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.	17:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:15 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.	11:15 A.
4:30 P.	Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Raymond (for Yosemite), and Fresno, going via Niles, returning via Martinez.	11:45 A.
5:00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Tracy, Fresno, Mojave (for Randsburg), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	7:45 A.
5:00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	9:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 A.
17:00 P.	Vallejo.	17:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	11:15 A.
SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).		
17:45 A.	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.	18:05 P.
8:45 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.	5:50 P.
2:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.	11:20 A.
4:15 P.	Newark, San José, and Los Gatos.	9:50 A.
COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts)		
7:00 A.	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).	1:30 P.
9:00 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf, and Principal Way Stations.	4:15 P.
10:40 A.	San José and Way Stations.	6:30 P.
11:30 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	5:00 P.
2:30 P.	San Mateo, Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.	10:40 A.
3:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.	8:05 A.
5:30 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.	8:45 A.
6:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	San José and Way Stations.	17:45 P.
SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.		
7:00 A.		7:15 A.
8:00 A.		7:45 A.
9:00 A.		10:45 A.
10:00 A.	MELROSE, SEMINARY PARK,	11:45 A.
11:00 A.		12:45 P.
12:00 M.	FITCHBURG, SAN LEANDRO,	1:45 P.
2:00 P.		12:45 P.
3:00 P.	AND	4:45 P.
4:00 P.		7:45 P.
5:00 P.	HAYWARDS.	6:15 P.
5:30 P.		7:45 P.
6:00 P.		8:45 P.
8:00 P.		9:45 P.
9:00 P.	Runs through to Niles.	10:50 P.
11:15 P.	From Niles.	11:20 P.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.
From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)
7:15 9:00 11:00 A. M., 11:00 12:00 13:00
4:00 5:00 6:00 P. M.
From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway— 6:00 8:00
10:00 A. M., 12:00 1:00 12:00 3:00 14:00
5:00 P. M.
A for Morning, P for Afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"At least, Chollie knows how to dress. His attire is rich, but simple." "So is Chollie."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

She—"How high should a young woman lift her dress?" He—"She should lift it a little over two feet."—*Life.*

She—"Don't you think it is always difficult to tell a woman's age?" He—"She always acts as if it was."—*Richmond Dispatch.*

Amey—"Mabel, do you ever think about marriage?" Mabel—"Think is no name for it. I worry."—*Harlem Life.*

She—"And there are never any painful silences at a stag party, I suppose?" He—"Oh, no! Silence isn't painful to a man."—*Puck.*

"How dreadfully stout the general is getting!" "Yes; isn't it fortunate? Otherwise he wouldn't be able to wear all his medals."—*Punch.*

"I can't see why they speak of the wisdom of the serpent." "Well, you never heard of a serpent getting its leg pulled, did you?"—*Truth.*

"Are you going abroad this summer?" "I don't know. Papa is in Washington seeing Mr. McKinley about it now."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Charley, why is that Miss Silly always dragging her poodle around with her?" "Because the pup can't break the chain."—*Detroit Free Press.*

She—"Do you think I would marry a man who has no money?" He—"Well, I didn't know but you wanted to get married."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Don't cry," he entreated. Then he perceived that her handkerchief was edged with the most exquisite lace. "Don't weep," he said, correcting himself.—*Detroit Journal.*

"What became of that Samuels girl that Pottersby was flirting with last summer?" "You mean the girl that Pottersby thought he was flirting with? She married him."—*Tit-Bits.*

Alethea—"Won't Miss Henriques's bicycle tea be unique? The illumination is to be wholly furnished by cycle-lamps." *Alberta*—"I wonder how she will manage to keep them lighted?"—*Puck.*

"I am going to do something in the literary line which will take better than Scotch dialect," remarked Mr. Trenchant Penn. "What is it?" "I am going to write a story in baby talk."—*Bazar.*

First burglar—"Lord, Bill! dis advertisement wouldn't fool nobody." Second burglar—"Wot is it?" First burglar—"Fifty dollars reward an' no questions ast—signed by a woman."—*Leslie's Weekly.*

Mr. Highland—"Wasn't it singular that Canton, O., should go Democratic at the municipal election?" Mr. Halket—"Not at all. The Canton Republicans were all at Washington trying to get office."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Mr. Park Plaza—"What hospitable persons suburbanites are! They are always inviting a person out to stay over Sunday." Mr. Citty (grimly)—"Yes; and then trying to sell their place to you before you leave for the city."—*Puck.*

Con Vivial—"Doctor, my wife suffers greatly from insomnia." Physician—"Insomnia? How do you know?" Con Vivial—"Why, every time I come home at two or three o'clock in the morning, I always find her wide awake!"—*Puck.*

Mrs. Littlethorpe—"How do you write your beautiful Scotch dialect stories, Mr. Scribbler? Is it very hard?" Mr. Scribbler—"Not hard, but trying—all you've got to do is to stuff a hot potato in your mouth and dictate to a five-dollar-a-week stenographer."—*Puck.*

"Air! Give him air!" shouted the policeman, as he made his way through the crowd to where the man had fallen off the ladder. The brave girl heard him and hesitated not a moment. Leaping from her wheel, she punctured both her tires with all possible haste.—*Chicago Dispatch.*

"I waited ten minutes for a car to-day," the landlady was saying, "and then it passed me without stopping." It was afterward recalled that the Habitually Silent Man had been having unusual difficulty with his chops. "Perhaps," he remarked, "the conductor didn't care to have you board his car."—*Detroit Journal.*

Mrs. Pawson—"My sister is worried to death over her son Reginald. She wants him to enter the ministry, his father wants him to go into business, while Reginald himself has got his mind set on being an actor, and says nothing shall keep him from it." Mrs. Dawson—"Hum—how old is he?" Mrs. Pawson—"He's going on seven."—*Tit-Bits.*

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By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office:

Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail.	\$7.00
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail.	6.00
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.	6.00
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail.	6.00
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The Argonaut and the Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) for One Year, by Mail.	4.50
The Argonaut and the Thrice-a-Week N. Y. World (Democratic) for One Year, by Mail.	4.25
The Argonaut, the Weekly Tribune, and the Weekly World for One Year, by Mail.	5.25
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The Argonaut and Oting for One Year, by Mail.	5.75
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The Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine (monthly) for One Year, by Mail.	6.20
The Argonaut and the Critic for One Year, by Mail.	6.30
The Argonaut and Life for One Year, by Mail.	7.75
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The Argonaut and Illustrated American for One Year, by Mail.	6.75
The Argonaut and the International Magazine for One Year, by Mail.	4.00

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FROM APRIL 15, 1897, PASSENGER trains will run daily:

SOUTHBOUND.	STATIONS.	NORTHBOUND.
7:20 a.m.	Stockton	5:40 p.m.
9:45 a.m.	Merced	3:14 p.m.
11:50 a.m.	Fresno	1:10 p.m.

For intermediate stations, see timetable.
Connecting steamboats of the C. N. and I. Co. leave San Francisco and Stockton at 6 P. M. daily. Connects at Merced with stages from Snellings, Coulterville, Yosemite, Mariposa, etc.



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The Argonaut.

VOL. XL. No. 1051.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 3, 1897.

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The proposal to abrogate the Hawaiian reciprocity treaty has aroused more interest and given rise to more animated discussion in this State than any other recent question of Federal legislation, not even excepting the tariff bill. As is natural, the Hawaiian trade being centered here, the interest and the discussion have been most active in this city, and petitions have been sent to Congress both favoring and opposing the proposed action. Generally speaking, the farmers and those whose interests are directly identified with them support the proposition to abrogate the treaty, while the mercantile classes support reciprocity.

For some reason not easily explained the Hawaiian Islands

have always been an object of sentimental regard here, and this advocacy of reciprocity, like that of annexation, is to be referred to sentiment rather than to considerations of sound business policy. Why should these islands, separated from this country geographically nearly as widely as is New York from Ireland, and, in time of communication, more widely than San Francisco is from London, Paris, or Berlin, be looked upon as a natural part of the United States? Do not the same arguments that are advanced in favor of reciprocity between this country and the Hawaiian Islands apply with equal if not greater force with regard to Cuba? If Hawaii is near to the United States, Cuba is much nearer; if reciprocity brings trade to this country from Hawaii, Cuha deals far more extensively without reciprocity, and this trade could be increased by a reciprocal agreement; if Hawaii furnishes sugar, Cuba furnishes five times as much; if Hawaii purchases goods from this country, Cuha purchases far more from us; if the Hawaiian Islands have strategical advantages—which is not so very apparent since they are twenty-one hundred miles away—Cuba would be more important still, as she lies off the coast of Florida, at the entrance to the gulf.

The distance from the California coast to Honolulu is twenty-one hundred miles; from Florida to Cuha it is about one hundred miles. The average annual trade with the Hawaiian Islands during the five years, 1892-6, amounted to \$13,144,000; the trade of Cuba with the United States during the first four years of this period—the year 1896 being excluded because business was prostrated by the civil war—averaged \$46,061,540, or slightly more than three and one-half times as much, and this was after the Hawaiian trade had been fostered by twenty years of so-called reciprocity. During the fifteen years from 1880 to 1894, both inclusive, the trade with the two countries has increased almost equally in amount, though Cuba has not been favored by any treaty of reciprocity. During the three quinquennial periods the average annual trade of Cuha was \$83,526,000, \$65,300,000, and \$88,246,000—an increase of \$4,720,000. The Hawaiian trade was \$9,808,000, \$13,644,000, and \$14,622,000—an increase of \$4,814,000. The total annual trade with Hawaii is about equal to the bank clearances of this city for one week. The annual trade of Hawaii with this country is about one-third that of Los Angeles or Syracuse, N. Y., and about one-half that of Lowell, Mass., or Tacoma, Seattle, or Spokane, in Washington.

The principal result of reciprocity has been seen in the imports of sugar, and, if the object of diplomacy is to increase the purchases of Hawaiian Island sugar at the same price that any other sugar can be purchased, the treaty has certainly been successful. The average annual importation of sugar from the Hawaiian Islands during the five years 1892 to 1896 was 289,987,351 pounds, which was a great increase over that of earlier years. But, without reciprocity, the imports of sugar from Cuba have been a little more than five times as large, the annual average during the five years from 1891 to 1895 being 1,846,198,543 pounds, though the revolution was being waged during four months of the last year of the period. The principal articles that the Hawaiian Islands purchase from this country are breadstuffs, manufactures of iron and steel, manufactures of cotton, fertilizers, lumber, manufactures of tobacco, fish, and hay, in the order named, the annual purchases each year ranging from \$541,792 to \$72,566. Of these, the only ones that this State furnishes to any extent are breadstuffs, lumber, and hay, the total annual purchases amounting to \$781,654, or about the amount of business done by a large general store. Of the other articles, the greater part comes to this State in transit from other parts of the country, and the people here are paid for handling the goods from the trains and loading them on to the vessels. The principal articles exported to Cuba are manufactures of iron and steel, provisions, breadstuffs, lumber, coal, oils, vegetables, and carriages and cars, in the order named, the annual purchases ranging from \$5,199,685 to \$498,078, or about ten times the purchases of the Hawaiian Islands. If, then, reciprocity

with Hawaii is desirable, would it not be ten times as desirable in the case of Cuba?

But reciprocity with either Cuba or the Hawaiian Islands is not desirable. During the last six years, this country has given Hawaii a bounty for the production of sugar to compete with the sugar of this country, amounting to \$24,586,900. Had reciprocity with Cuba been in force during the same period, the remission of duties on sugar would have reduced the revenue \$38,500,000. Reciprocity should not be granted where that policy will admit free of duty articles that can be produced in this country; if this is done, the whole fabric of protection will crumble away. This State can produce all of the sugar that now comes from the Hawaiian Islands. That it has not done so is because the treaty of reciprocity has favored the island planters at the expense of the farmers of this State. All of the money paid out to the Hawaiian Islands can be kept at home to enrich California's farmers and furnish labor for California's workmen. Such a policy will add far more to the wealth of this State than can be secured by any amount of business that can be worked up with the Hawaiian Islands, whose whole population is barely one-third of that of this city. The treaty has enriched a few planters of Hawaii at the expense of the people of this State, and it should be abrogated. The people who are behind the treaty are those who favor annexation, which would enrich the few but cost this country dearly.

Not long ago the *Argonaut* remarked that the action of President Krüger in demanding that his grandson, Lieutenant Eloff, be tried for using insulting language concerning Queen Victoria was most diplomatic, considering the strained relations existing between Great Britain and the Transvaal Republic. We expressed some doubt also at the time whether the crafty Krüger would play to its classical conclusion the rôle of an African Lucius Junius Brutus. Our doubts are now corroborated—by a dispatch dated April 26th it seems that Lieutenant Eloff "has been discharged upon the ground of conflicting evidence, the testimony against him not being sufficient to convict him."

It is rather odd that this discharge of Lieutenant Eloff should come simultaneously with the sudden outbreak of jingo feeling in Great Britain against the Transvaal. Nearly all the Loudon papers show hostility toward the little South African republic, and one of them expressed the feeling somewhat more frankly than the others when it said:

"By all means let us fight, and win the Transvaal. We are going to fight for gold mines and territory if they can not be got without fighting. Every nation has to play pirate at times, and let us play boldly when we do."

In addition to this journalistic efflorescence, there is a good deal of jingo froth at the music-halls. The most popular "turns" there are the songs hostile to President Krüger and to Germany. These, of course, are merely jingo jingles. But the action of high officials is also significant of hostility. A fortnight ago a farewell banquet was given to Sir Alfred Milner, the newly appointed British high commissioner in South Africa. Sir Alfred Milner sailed on the seventeenth of April, and is still upon the ocean as we write. He will have a glacial reception when he reaches the Transvaal. At the farewell banquet a speech was made by George J. Goschen, First Lord of the Admiralty, and it bristled with menace to the Transvaal. The speech was received with stormy applause. Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies, has also been indulging in numerous threats, both in public speeches and through the columns of the *Birmingham Post*, which is looked upon as his personal organ. Thus it is seen that the First Lord of the Admiralty and the Secretary of State for the Colonies share in the hostile feeling of the music-hall Londoners, and now it would seem that the war office is also taking steps toward terrifying the Transvaal. Three batteries of field artillery have been ordered to embark for South Africa. Altogether, matters look very squally.

Dr. W. J. Leyds, the Transvaal Secretary of State, sailed for London the day that Sir Alfred Milner sailed for South Africa.

be remembered as the statesman who acted as accoucheur when Emperor William was delivered of his remarkable letter to President Krüger, which caused such intense excitement in England and which resulted in the mobilization of the famous "flying squadron" which Europe construed as a defiance to Germany. Dr. Leyds is known in Europe as the "stormy petrel of South Africa," and his appearance in England is looked upon as presaging storms. He is bitterly anti-English and intensely pro-German in his sympathies, and it is said that he has most strenuously upheld President Krüger in his bold attitude since the Jameson raid of December, 1895. There is a persistent rumor that Delagoa Bay is about to be leased by Portugal to England. This would be looked upon by Emperor William as cause for intervention. Both Lord Salisbury and the Portuguese foreign office deny the rumor, but it will not down. Prince Hobenlobe, the German chancellor, has addressed an inquiry to England upon the subject. The Transvaal looks upon Delagoa Bay as its natural outlet to the sea; at present it is an inland power. If England attempts to change the map of South Africa, it is not at all improbable that Germany may back up the Boers. If so, there will be more danger of a European war springing from the Transvaal affair than from the Græco-Turkish imbroglio.

If there be war, the British will find the Boers a very hard set to subdue. They have freely expressed their contempt for the British troops ever since the fight at Laing's Nek, when General Colly was repulsed with heavy loss and a number of brave British officers were slain; since the fight at the Ingogo River, when the British were again repulsed with great slaughter; since the desperate conflict at Majuba Hill, when the Boers again drove back the British; since the ignominious defeat of the Jameson expedition. There has even been a sneering jest current for years in the Transvaal concerning the British flag. It is the fashion among the Boers to raise a pseudo-discussion as to what the English flag is like, and it is always settled by some old Boer Cincinnatus claiming that the English flag is white. "I saw it at Laing's Nek, I saw it at the Ingogo River, I saw it at Majuba Hill, and it was always white."

The confidence of many that the business of this country with Hawaii is capable of practically unlimited extension takes no account of the actual conditions. The character of the population gives an indication of their purchasing capacity. The population of the eight islands numbers 109,020. Of these, 24,407 are Japanese, 21,616 are Chinese, and 15,191 are Portuguese. These are laborers practically to a man, and have neither the means nor the inclination to purchase goods imported from the United States. Of the remaining 47,806 people, 39,504 are Hawaiians of full or part blood, and the majority of these are in the same financial condition. The Chinese and Japanese live on rice, the Kanakas on poi. This leaves about 8,000 people from among whom the purchasers of American goods are to be drawn. The city of Alameda has about twice this population, and the amount of business transacted there may serve as an index to the expansion that may be expected in Hawaii. The character of the population further indicates the class of people who are being favored at the expense of the white farmers of this State.

Before this issue of the *Argonaut* is in the hands of the readers, the Pure-Food Congress will have met and effected an organization. When the gathering was first suggested, barely two months ago, there was but languid interest in the question. The people of this city had been aroused through the active efforts of the board of health, but throughout the State the importance of the campaign against adulteration was not appreciated. And this in spite of the fact that the effort to prevent the manufacture and sale of adulterated foods began in this State nearly twenty years ago. During the session of the legislature in 1881, a commission was appointed to investigate the question, and their report said:

"The extent to which poisonous adulteration appears to be carried on in the United States is such that it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that murder has become one of the commonest incidents of trade and manufacture. . . . Our children are poisoned by the dye-stuffs used upon their dresses and their stockings. The candy they eat is poisoned. The papers we put on our walls are poisoned. The cards we use for visiting or for social purposes are poisoned. The artificial flowers our wives and daughters employ are poisoned. The bread we eat is poisoned. The pickles which we put upon our tables are deadly. Our coffee, our tea, our sugar, our butter and cheese, all our canned goods, are poisoned. Our candles, our oils, the cosmetics our women use so freely, are full of danger. The toys, the puzzles, the block maps which we put in the hands of our children may carry destruction with them. And as for the medicines with which disease is to be warded off, there is scarcely a genuine drug to be had anywhere."

In 1885 a law was enacted to provide for analyzing foods and drugs and to prevent their adulteration. In 1895 the pure-food law now in force was placed upon the statute-books. This law was sufficient in defining adulteration and prescribing the penalty for manufacturing or selling adul-

terated goods, but it was defective in that it did not impose the duty of enforcement upon any body or official. The board of health of this city, in pursuance of its general duty to protect health, undertook to enforce the law here. A city chemist was appointed, and an adequate laboratory for analyses was furnished him. Excellent work has been done, but it was soon seen that, as the sale of adulterated goods was curtailed in this city, the goods were sent to the interior of the State to be sold there.

It was to prevent this, and to make the movement for suppression of the traffic as wide as the State, that the congress was called. At first the interest was slight, but it has grown steadily, and, at the present time, the indications are that nearly every county in the State will be represented, and a gathering of unusual ability will convene. The delegates represent every class of the community—producers, wholesale and retail dealers, physicians and lawyers, boards of health, and civil officials. The discussions will, therefore, take a wide range, and every point of view will be well represented.

But, while much good will be accomplished by this, the most fruitful work will be in the formulation of plans for legislation and in devising a scheme by which the existing laws may be effectively enforced throughout the State. It is apparent that there is need for further legislation, and in suggestions to this end the congress should have particularly valuable results. Mr. Dockery, the chief food-inspector in this city, has proposed that the power should be concentrated in the hands of one State official, with sufficient legal machinery under his control to enforce effectively the law. The direction of the enforcement should be under one official rather than a board, because thereby responsibility would be concentrated and efficiency would be secured, since one man can work more rapidly and with less friction than any body of men can. But he must necessarily act in conjunction with other officials. Under the present law it is contemplated that all analyses should be made by the State analyst located at the university at Berkeley. Whether this would not result in delays, and whether the work would not be more than he could attend to, are questions to be considered, though his facilities at Berkeley are superior to those that would be found in any but a very extensive State institution. The State board of health is generally charged with supervision of all sanitary matters, and the State inspector would necessarily come into contact with them to a greater or less extent. The prosecutions would be conducted by the district attorneys, and here the inspector should be given full power and discretion.

No additional legislation can be secured, however, until the next session of the legislature, and the present problem is the enforcement of the law under existing conditions. A committee should be appointed to formulate a comprehensive plan of food inspection at their leisure, and to report at some subsequent session of the congress, for it is to be hoped that some permanent organization will be effected. The body would not be an official one, of course, but in advising and sustaining the officials their work would be most valuable. In Boston, the mayor is assisted by an informal cabinet composed of delegates from the various commercial organizations, and the result has been found to be excellent.

For the present, the enforcement of the law should be directed by the State board of health in order to secure unity of action. Under the law the action of that body is advisory rather than executive, and it acts through the local boards of health. It is not probable that they would have authority to appoint an inspector, and, as the annual expenses are limited to fifteen hundred dollars in excess of the salary of the secretary, their hands would be tied in this direction, even had they power to appoint. Much can be accomplished through the local boards of health, however, with the assistance of the State analyst and volunteer assistance, which will, without doubt, be forthcoming. Prosecutions can be conducted through the offices of the district attorneys, though there will probably not be much work in this direction after the movement is well started. This action should be the principal effect growing out of the congress, and, if this is done, the gathering will not have been in vain.

We observe by a dispatch to the *Call*, dated Washington, April 28th, that Senator Perkins is again wavering in his attitude concerning Hawaiian reciprocity. Six months ago, Senator Perkins was strongly in favor of reciprocity with Hawaii. Some months later he apparently changed his mind, as we noted at the time, owing to the pressure brought to bear upon him by the farmers and the producing class of California. At that time Mr. Perkins was a candidate for reelection to the Senate. He was quoted in the Washington dispatches not long ago as being in favor of abrogating the reciprocity treaty with Hawaii. He presented an array of figures to show that the treaty was all in favor of Hawaii and not beneficial to the United States. Now, however,

Mr. Perkins seems to be changing his mind again. He is quoted in the *Call* of April 29th as saying:

"My own personal conviction is that the treaty is of advantage to Hawaii without much benefit to the United States; yet a majority of the people of California, as expressed by a very large number of memorials and petitions from boards of trade, chambers of commerce, and other commercial bodies in San Francisco and other California cities and towns, seem to be in favor of continuing the treaty. I believe that a senator in his representative capacity should represent, not his own personal convictions, but the views of his constituents in matters of this kind."

It will be remembered that Senator Perkins voted repeatedly for free silver in the Senate, on the ground that the California legislature of 1895 had so instructed him. Senator Perkins has not been instructed by the California legislature of 1897 to vote against free silver, yet he has changed his attitude. How does he know what the people of California think on the silver question? How does he know what the people of California think on Hawaiian reciprocity? Does he imagine that the Chamber of Commerce and Board of Trade of San Francisco represent all the people of the State of California?

The *Argonaut* did not grow very enthusiastic over the election of Mr. Perkins to the Senate of the United States. The principal reason that he was elected was because he had no opponent. The *Argonaut* believed then that he was so much of a trimmer, so disposed to carry water on both shoulders, so prone to be all things to all men, that he would not be a representative in the United States Senate of whom California could be proud. But we scarcely believed that he could occupy so pitiful a position as he at present does. He seems to have absolutely no mind of his own. It is possible that the *Argonaut* may be criticising an ally rather than an opponent in this reciprocity fight, for there is no telling what Senator Perkins may think tomorrow or next week. But the advocacy of such a political trimmer would not help a measure, and neither will his enmity hurt it. If Senator Perkins goes on thus, endeavoring to make up what he believes to be his mind, he will come to be known as the California Weathercock.

Although the annual overflow of the Mississippi River has been a source of constant danger, damage, and expense since the beginning of the century, the inundation of the present year has so far exceeded any previous flood that the question of prevention has become one of national importance. The extraordinary floods are increasing in proportion as the forests of the north are denuded, and the sudden drainage of half a continent has proved too much for the weak alluvial banks of the river below Cairo, while the vast recurring losses are beyond the powers of the localities directly affected to withstand. The Arkansas, the Missouri, and the Upper Mississippi are particularly muddy streams. They bring down such quantities of silt that the sluggish current drops much of it along the river-bed, continually raising the channel higher and higher above the adjacent bottom lands. The artificial banks, or levees, are incapable of withstanding the extraordinary pressure in flood season, and a crevasse, or break in the levee, carries destruction over extensive tracts.

The most noted disaster of the present season has occurred in the Yazoo delta. The Yazoo River is really an arm of the Mississippi. It receives a portion of the main stream at a point a few miles below Memphis, and joins the parent river again a hundred miles below, near Vicksburg. There is thus inclosed between the Mississippi and the Yazoo a tongue of land comprising some three thousand square miles in the richest cotton-belt of the world. This is practically all under water; villages and stock are destroyed; there are grave doubts whether it can be replanted for this year's crop. Below Vicksburg lies the great delta, covering fourteen thousand square miles, along the whole length of which men are working night and day to strengthen the levees against the mass of water which is bearing down from above. Below Cairo nearly sixteen thousand square miles are already flooded and fourteen thousand more in imminent danger, while the flood which showed signs of diminution a few days since is now threatened with added danger from the heavy rains which have fallen in the north. The district affected is the home of nearly four hundred thousand people, and the damage to property is beyond calculation. Five States are involved, and Congress has come to the rescue with an appropriation of two hundred thousand dollars, which is being distributed to the immediate necessities of the people.

The Mississippi has long been a troublesome stream. Levees as a protection against overflow were begun in 1720 at New Orleans—then the capital of a French colony. By 1763 the river banks were raised for fifty miles in each direction from the city. By 1828 they extended to the Red River, and 1844 saw them in a measure complete a short distance above Vicksburg. A grant by Congress in 1850 of swamp lands to States that would reclaim them, stimulated levee-building so much that in 1858 the banks were in better condition than ever before or since. That year witnessed

ENFORCING THE
PURE-FOOD
LAWS.

THE
PERTURBATION
OF PERKINS.

the first of the great floods, and the appalling damages demonstrated the difficulty of controlling the mighty stream.

The Civil War, the problems of reconstruction, and the poverty of the South, combined to abandon the river largely to its own pleasure, until, in 1874, another great inundation prostrated agriculture in large areas of the river valley. Agitation for Federal aid in the work of controlling the stream resulted in the establishment of the Mississippi River Commission in 1879, composed of noted engineers from the army and civil life. In the main, their task was to mature plans permanently to locate the channel, protect the banks, and prevent destructive floods. In 1882 another flood destroyed the levees in gaps which aggregated eighty-three miles, again leaving the inhabitants without means or credit to take up the labor of restoring the broken levees and discouraged them almost to despair.

Some idea can be given of the expense which the attempts to maintain the levee system have entailed. At the outbreak of the war the planters had expended \$24,000,000, in addition to the slave labor utilized, in building and repairing the hanks. The levees that have remained intact require an annual outlay of \$1,200,000 to keep them effective. The first government aid directed to levee-building was an appropriation of \$4,123,000 in the River and Harbor bill of 1882. Since then, many equally liberal sums have been appropriated by successive Congresses until, in June, 1896, the sum devoted by the government to restrain the restless river aggregated \$30,469,000.

In spite of all this labor and expenditure, the events of recent weeks, with their unprecedented disasters from increasing volumes of uncontrolled waters, have demonstrated the futility of all past efforts. As a preparation for a comprehensive settlement of the Mississippi question, it has been proposed in Congress that the engineers of the world be invited to consider the problem.

Meanwhile the River Commissioners have not been idle. Three plans have been proposed by them. The first consisted of cutting new outlets for the river to the gulf in order to reduce more rapidly the volume of water in flood-time. It was discarded, because experience had shown that a new outlet so weakened the force of the current that the vast quantity of detritus brought down promptly formed a shoal across the stream and blocked the navigable channel. The favored plan, and the one which is being followed, is a combination of the remaining two. It embraces the traditional levee system, at the same time so locating the levees that the waters will be concentrated in a uniform channel, thus increasing the speed of the current and enabling the river to scour its own bed. In addition, the hanks are to be provided with a system of revetment to protect them from erosion and increase their strength. The revetment is made by lining the levees with mattresses of timber loaded with stone, the method employed by Captain Eads in extending the channel into the gulf.

Beyond experiment, little of this work is as yet accomplished. The commission reported last year that continuous revetment from Cairo to Vicksburg would cost not less than \$60,000,000, and that the present rate of progress would require between forty and fifty years to complete it. It is also estimated that an annual expense of at least \$6,000,000 would be necessary to keep it in order. This calculation does not include the vast area below Vicksburg, where the land is still lower in comparison with the river, and where the pressure from a greater volume of water is to be met.

The average rate of duty collected on the sugar imported during 1896 amounted to forty-one per cent.; the average rate of duty on rice was fifty-two per cent. These are the two leading articles imported free of duty from Hawaii under the reciprocity treaty, and these figures represent the advantage given to the Hawaiians over the people of other countries. With one or two exceptions, the articles admitted free into Hawaii from the United States pay ten per cent. when coming from other countries; tobacco, the only exception that cuts any figure, pays twenty-five per cent. These figures represent the advantage given to the United States under the treaty. Since the treaty has been in effect, the duty remitted on sugar, making allowance for the changes in the rate during that time, amounts to \$80,478,272, or about \$4,000,000 each year. Since 1890 the sugar duty remitted has amounted to \$24,586,900; the duty remitted on goods going from this country to Hawaii during this period amounted to \$1,848,600. This is "reciprocity" that gives Hawaii ninety-six per cent. of the advantages.

A correspondent writes to the *Examiner*, enthusiastically welcoming the scheme of E. V. Debs for creating a "coöperative commonwealth in some Western State" by colonizing it with the unemployed. This correspondent suggests that California be chosen. It is rather surprising, but the *Examiner*

demurs. Inasmuch as the *Examiner* enthusiastically supported Mr. Debs and his California cohorts during the railroad riots of 1894, it seems odd that it should not enthusiastically second its enthusiastic correspondent. But it does not. It says that California "has over a million and a half of people and billions of dollars' worth of accumulated property. It would be a very serious matter to try and change the whole structure of society in a State like this." The *Examiner* goes on, however, and in the most handsome manner suggests that Mr. Debs take his tramps and colonize Nevada, or Wyoming, or Idaho. Can it be that the *Examiner* has a purely Pickwickian interest in its socialistic and communistic friends, and that it does not want them to come in large numbers to California? Why not? "Call you that backing of your friends?" The proprietor of the *Examiner* must fear that his property interests in this State would suffer if the Debs cohorts should run the State. We are very much inclined to agree with him. But Mr. Hearst's attitude is inconsistent. His disposition to turn over his Debs friends to other States reminds us of Artemus Ward's self-sacrificing conduct during the Civil War, when he professed himself as willing, in order to crush the rebellion, to sacrifice all his wife's relations.

It is gratifying to learn that the long struggle of the Kentucky legislature over the United States senatorship has at last been terminated, and a Republican has been returned. Dr. Hunter has been the Republican nominee through the bitter six weeks' fight, but it was found impossible to elect him. After one hundred and eleven ballots Dr. Hunter threw his strength to W. J. Deboe, and thereby succeeded in defeating the Blackburn forces. It was a good fight, and the unanimity of Dr. Hunter in finally throwing the prize to Deboe is worthy of praise. Governor Bradley, the Republican governor of Kentucky, also did stalwart work. W. J. Deboe, the newly elected senator, is a young man of small means—in fact, so poor that it is said he was unable to give the customary banquet to the legislature. However, his poverty will not hurt him. There are enough rich men in the Senate to counterbalance him, and we fancy that the leaders of the Senate come from among the poor men rather than the rich ones. Senator Deboe is already being besieged by applicants for Federal posts. A Republican senator from Kentucky sounds oddly. In point of patronage he will have a virgin field.

We hope that all the farmers and producers in this State who are interested in abrogating the present reciprocity treaty with Hawaii, and building up the interests of the State of California and the United States, instead of those of foreign sugar-planters, will at once write to their representatives in Congress and to the senators from California, and urge speedy action upon them. The merchants of San Francisco who are interested in perpetuating the reciprocity treaty have already memorialized the congressional delegation. Those in favor of reciprocity are organized. Those against it are not. Those who have the true interests of the State at heart should lose no time, but at once write to their representatives in Congress to oppose a perpetuation of reciprocity.

We observe that the public-school teachers' annuity act, passed by the last legislature, has met with an unexpected check. Auditor Broderick refuses to sign demands drawn against the fund for the reason that certain moneys deducted from what is called the "absentee fund" have hitherto been used for paying substitute teachers, and the auditor is convinced that it can not be legally drawn upon for the annuity fund. The *Argonaut* has already pointed out to the teachers the grave defects in their annuity scheme, and that considered from an actuarial point of view, or that of the life-insurance tables, it is doomed to inevitable financial collapse. They should not look upon Auditor Broderick with hostile eyes, because in any event the constitutionality of the law must be tested in the courts, and this is an excellent opportunity to find out its soundness early in the battle, before much money has been paid out by the teachers or before many of them have forfeited their positions by retiring.

In order that reciprocity should be wise and just in any given case, it is essential that mutual benefits as well as mutual concessions should be secured. The treaty of reciprocity with the Hawaiian Islands has now been in operation twenty years, and a balance may be struck to determine what the effects of the policy have been. If the benefits have been all on one side, or even largely on one side, it is clearly unwise for the less favored party to the agreement to continue it.

The treaty went into operation in September, 1876, and

under it several products of the United States were to be admitted to the ports of the Hawaiian Islands free of duty, while in return this country was to admit sugar, molasses, rice, and some other articles free. These are the main commercial provisions of the treaty. The convention was to remain in force for seven years, and thereafter for one year from the date of notice of termination by either of the contracting parties.

When the treaty went into effect the trade between the two countries amounted to little more than \$3,000,000 a year. Under the operation of the treaty it has increased, until last year it amounted to nearly \$15,750,000. Thus in twenty years the business has increased more than five-fold. The steady growth may be seen by taking the annual average for periods of five years, beginning with 1880. During the first five years the average was \$9,808,000; during the second, \$13,644,000; during the third, \$14,622,000; during the next three years, four months of 1897 being estimated, the average is \$14,433,000—a slight decrease. The increase during the period was forty-seven per cent. From this point of view, then, the policy has been a success, but it yet remains to be seen how the benefits have been divided.

Since the treaty has been in force, this country has purchased from Hawaii goods to the value of \$140,500,000. From \$2,500,000 in 1876 the imports have grown to \$11,757,704 in 1896. During the quinquennial period from 1880 to 1884 the average annual imports were \$6,792,000. During the next five years they increased to \$10,500,000, or nearly one-half more. In 1890 to 1894 the average was \$10,696,000, and in 1895 to 1897, four months being estimated, \$10,363,000. The imports include coffee, fruits, hides, rice, molasses, and wool, besides sugar, but, except sugar and rice, none of these importations amount to \$100,000 a year, and rice averages less than \$300,000. Nearly all the imports are admitted free of duty, either under the free list or under the treaty.

In 1896 sugar formed ninety-six per cent. of the total imports, and it maintains about this proportion each year. It is therefore particularly interesting to see what the effect of the tariff has been upon the exportation of sugar. During the ten years ending with 1876, the average annual exportation of sugar from the Hawaiian Islands amounted to 10,483 tons. During the next five years, the amount rose to 27,038 tons—thus, during the first five years under the treaty, the exportations were nearly three times as great as they were before. The effect was hardly beginning to be felt, however, for during the next five years the average increased to 75,851 tons, again nearly three times what it was during the previous period. During the succeeding quinquennial periods, the average was 122,560 and 144,944 tons, respectively. The export of sugar in 1896 was nearly fourteen times as great as it was in 1876. The rate of increase may perhaps be seen more clearly in the form of a proportion. For every pound of sugar exported before the treaty, taking the annual average for ten years, during the succeeding quinquennial periods, the average annual exports were 2.57 pounds, 7.23 pounds, 11.21 pounds, and 13.82 pounds. The sugar-planters certainly have no cause to complain about the operation of the treaty; this country pays them annually \$8,800,000, or about twice as much as all the inhabitants of the islands buy from this country each year.

This is what the islands have gained; what has the United States gained under the treaty? In 1876, the exports from this country to Hawaii amounted to about \$1,000,000; in 1896 they had increased to \$3,985,707. The exports have increased during the period nearly \$3,000,000, the imports nearly \$8,000,000. Making the comparison by periods of five years, the average annual sales to Hawaii during 1880 to 1884 were \$3,016,000; during the next period, \$3,144,000; during 1890 to 1894, \$3,926,000; and during the three years 1895 to 1897, the last four months being estimated, \$4,070,000. Thus, while the imports have apparently fallen off slightly during the last three years, the exports have slightly increased.

Of the articles purchased by Hawaii the cereals lead the list, with an annual average for the last five years of \$541,792. This is a fair showing and is interesting, as the greater part, if not all, of this supply is furnished by this State. An examination by separate years is not so reassuring, however. In 1892 the exports of breadstuffs amounted to \$706,787; in 1895 they had fallen to \$463,888; and last year they rallied to \$518,170, or \$23,622 below the average for the five years. Lumber, the second commodity largely furnished by this State, averages \$167,296, with exports of \$203,433 in 1892, and \$210,934 in 1896. The purchases of hay have declined from \$106,782 to \$66,832.

The benefits have clearly been on the side of the islands; their resources have been developed and their land-owners have been enriched at the expense of the people of this country. Nor is the trade likely to be increased. With a total population about as large as that of the State of Alameda, the majority of whom are poor, and a few

wants beyond the bare necessities of life, those who can buy purchase here only when they can not do better elsewhere, and take advantage of the favorable opportunities for selling offered by the sentimental generosity of this country. They are not to be blamed, for they follow the dictates of common sense, but, under the circumstances, what is to be said of the wisdom of the people of the United States?

The apprehensions expressed in these columns during recent months that the condition of the United States Senate is one of degeneracy, not only paralyzing the efficiency of our highest legislative body, but positively alarming in its menace to public affairs, have not been allayed by the proceedings of that august assemblage during the past week. The sharp criticism of the press has evidently found a joint in the armor of senatorial dignity, and the squirming of our conscript fathers shows that they feel the thrusts. Fortunately the agitation for reform has found friends inside the Senate chamber. A new senator—Mason, of Illinois—introduced last week a resolution in favor of creating rules by which jaw-smith chatter could be checked, debate closed, and a vote taken upon any measure before that body. It was Mr. Mason's maiden speech, and he utilized the occasion, as he said, to deliver a message from the people before he, himself, had succumbed to the withering blight of "senatorial courtesy." He recapitulated fearlessly and caustically the inaction of the Senate on all great questions, reminded his hearers of the long and fruitless debates on irrelevant matters which prevented the transaction of legitimate and pressing business, and characterized the Senate as the only legislative body in the United States incapable of doing business. The outcome was merely a reference to the Committee on Rules upon the motion of Mr. Gorman, by a vote of 32 to 24, but an encouraging symptom, apart from the size of the negative vote, is the inclusion among the friends of reform of the names of such new senators as Fairbanks, Foraker, Platt, Spooner, Turner, and Wellington.

If anything were needed to emphasize Mr. Mason's arraignment of Senate methods, beyond the humiliating spectacle of incapacity presented in the last session, it was provided on the very day following his speech. The offering of a resolution proposing to express official sympathy with the Greeks—itsself a demagogic proposition—was merged into a tumultuous discussion over committees and rules, and resulted in deciding neither one nor the other, but did give that apostle of clap-trap, Senator Morgan, an opportunity for another tiresome harangue, in which he defended Senate customs by a virulent attack upon the methods of the House and Speaker Reed. Even Hoar, of Massachusetts, one of the senior senators and a stickler for "senatorial courtesy," had the grace to second Mason's plea for reform.

The light way in which the advocates of reciprocity dismiss the question of competition between the sugar of the Hawaiian Islands and the beet-sugar interests of this State indicates that they consider it a difficult one to answer. There is no real competition between the two, they argue, because the Sugar Trust desires the abrogation of the treaty in order to crush out the beet-sugar industry here, because the beet-sugar interests of this State are already prosperous, because the limit of production has been reached in the Hawaiian Islands and this State will naturally be called upon to furnish any increased demand, and because Hawaii furnishes only 225,000 tons annually, while 1,500,000 tons are imported from other countries, upon which duty must be paid.

There are some people upon whom the thought of a corporation or trust acts in the same manner as a red flag upon a wild bull or water upon a mad dog. It may be admitted that the Sugar Trust desires the abrogation of the treaty, and that that organization would be benefited somewhat by such action, because they might get their raw sugar at a less price. But does it necessarily follow that the beet-sugar industry of this State would be harmed thereby? The trust now refines the Hawaiian sugar that is brought to this country. Its contract soon expires, and will not be renewed by the planters without an increase in price, and this the trust is unwilling to pay. The planters must then send their sugar elsewhere, or must establish a rival refinery here to compete with the trust. In the latter case, if the treaty is continued in force, the Hawaiian planters will have an advantage over the trust to the extent of the tariff; if the treaty is abrogated they will compete on even terms.

In either case the beet-sugar interests of this coast will be benefited. The trust must acquire a new supply of raw sugar to take the place of the Hawaiian sugar, and will have its choice between foreign sugar with the duty or domestic sugar duty free. If the treaty remains in force, the trust will fight on the side of the California producers, but the Hawaiians will have an advantage. They will compete on

even terms as to the California product, and at an advantage as to the remainder. The advocates of reciprocity affect to believe that while the Hawaiian planters could afford to build a refinery for their output of 225,000 tons, the California growers, with a possible product nearly ten times as large, could not afford to do so, and would be absolutely at the mercy of the trust. They are more completely at the mercy of the trust now with 225,000 tons coming in to this country free of duty than they would be were the treaty abrogated.

The argument that the beet-sugar industry is now prosperous hardly deserves consideration. Three factories in this State are now making large profits. The reported dividends are probably exaggerated, but it may be admitted that they are making money. The three factories are prosperous, but that does not mean that the industry is prospering. Less than 20,000 acres, in an available total of nearly 3,000,000 acres, are planted to sugar-beets. Until more than one per cent. of the land available for beet-culture is utilized, the industry can not be considered prosperous. The prosperity of the industry has been retarded by the competition of Hawaiian sugar, and the development will be slow until that competition is removed.

It may be that the limit of production has been reached in the Hawaiian Islands, but, if so, it is very strange that the increase of production in recent years should have been so extensive. The imports in 1896 were 57,390,450 pounds greater than they were in 1895—an increase in one year more than twice as great as the total import during the first year under the treaty. The average annual importation of sugar during the last five years was nearly fourteen times as great as it was before the treaty went into effect. The imports in 1896 were 62,187,918 pounds above the average for the quinquennial period ending with that year, and 107,055,285 greater than the average for the previous five years. An industry does not reach its limit by such strides as this, equal to an increase of nearly one-half in five years. The Hawaiian sugar industry has been steadily growing at a rapid rate, and will continue to do so. It has been fostered by the reciprocity treaty, and the expenses of its development have been met by the people of the United States. Since the treaty went into effect, \$139,000,000 have been paid by the people of this country to the Hawaiian planters, and the greater part of this money has gone to effect the marvelous expansion of the sugar industry. Had a small part of these millions been expended in developing the sugar industry here, it would have shown a growth equal to that in the Hawaiian Islands.

It is absurd to claim that, because this country imports 1,500,000 tons of sugar annually upon which duty must be paid, the Hawaiian sugar does not compete with the beet-sugar of California. The beet-sugar industry here has an advantage over the duty-paying importations; but so has the Hawaiian sugar. As between this State and the Hawaiian Islands this other foreign sugar cuts absolutely no figure, it affects both alike. This country has paid out millions of dollars to develop the sugar industry of the Hawaiian Islands, and it has placed that industry in a position where it can retard the development of beet-sugar culture in this State. In twenty years it has enriched foreigners at the expense of the people of this country, and has built up a monster that will suffice to crush out the infant sugar-beet business of this State. We should beware lest a continuation of the policy will destroy not only the beet-sugar industry of the whole United States, but the cane-sugar interests as well.

Last week the *Argonaut* remarked that there could be little question, as to the result of the Græco-Turkish conflict. We said at the time that Turkey had an effective army of over three-quarters of a million of men, while Greece's effective army was less than two hundred thousand; that with such disparity between them, Greece's defeat would be but a question of weeks. Our article was prepared on Thursday, printed on Friday, and published on Saturday. During Friday and Saturday the San Francisco daily papers printed dispatches which might have perturbed us if we were not used to the flip-flaps of those journalistic acrobats. Briefly to summarize their attitude, we reprint a few of their headings:

Greeks Turn The Tables In Turkey—Troops Of The Sultan Destitute And Demoralized—King George's Forces Hold Them Back—Decided Check In The Onward March Of The Invading Moslem Hordes—Followed By A General Changing Of Turkish Commanders.
Brave Greeks Check The Turks—Crown Prince Personally Commands During The Brilliant Resistance—Greeks Repulse The Fierce Attacks Of Moslems—Holding The Turks By The Throat.
Edhem Pasha Fails To Carry The Outposts Of The Greeks—Constantine Of Greece Halts The Turkish Progress Suddenly—Turkish Forces Checked—Victory Leans To The Greeks—Sultan's Troops Retiring Before Enemy's Bayonets—Edhem Pasha Recalled.

These are but a sample of the wild scare-heads in which the dailies reveled for two days. It is needless to remark

that on the third day the Greeks ran away, and the headings of the dailies ran as follows:

Edhem Pasha Signifies His Intention Of Marching On Athens—Greece In Her Extremity Invokes The Aid of the Powers—King George's Crown In Jeopardy—Athenian Populace Infuriated At The King—King George May Be Uncrowned—The Athenian Populace Hold Him Responsible For The Disasters To The Greek Arms.

The *Argonaut* in its article remarked that Greece had not the ghost of a chance with Turkey on land, but as the Greeks were better sailors than the Turks, and as the Turkish navy was an antiquated one, they might make some showing on the water. This question still remains to be settled. But as to the fighting upon the Thessalian frontier, even the editors of the daily papers should have known that raw Greek officers and rawer Greek recruits had no chance against seasoned Turkish troops led by the grizzled veterans of the Russo-Turkish war.

The "magnificent business that has been built up with the Hawaiian Islands," that so affects some of the emotional advocates of reciprocity, does not appear so attractive upon investigation.

The Hawaiians have far more cause to become enthusiastic over the magnificent business that has been built up with the United States, and at the expense of this country. The total amount of purchases by that country from the United States is about four millions of dollars annually, or the amount of business that is done in this city in two days. Chicago does as much business on any working day before noon as the purchases of the Hawaiian Islands amount to in a whole year; New York does more business in an hour. This "magnificent business" amounts to less than the duties that will be remitted on sugar alone under the Dingley tariff, and this State gets less than one quarter of it.

We have received several approving letters concerning our remarks on imprisonment for alimony, which we have not space to print. As the legislature will not be again in session for nearly two years, we urge upon the Code Commissioners that they have ready for the next legislature amendments to the codes which will wipe this relic of mediæval barbarism from the statutes of California.

This alimony question requires settlement in other phases as well as in regard to the question of imprisonment. In New York State, in the case of Shepard against Shepard, a wife got three thousand dollars alimony, remarried, got a divorce from her second husband with six hundred and seventy-five dollars a year alimony, and married a man earning twenty-five hundred dollars a year. The second husband applied for a reduction of the alimony, on the ground that she did not need his support. But the court held that the payment of alimony was partly a punishment, and the application was denied.

A similar case is now pending before the supreme court of Massachusetts in the case of Southworth versus Southworth. The wife obtained a divorce in 1890, with one hundred and fifty dollars a month alimony. In 1896 she married one Treadwell, and Southworth applied to the court to cut off the alimony. This is as yet undecided. Owing to the high standing of the courts of Massachusetts, this decision will be awaited with much interest.

As we have said, the law concerning alimony requires amendment. If a woman can marry and divorce six or seven men in succession and get alimony from each in succession, it puts a premium on divorce. If that be the law in New York State, we call it pretty poor law. And as for imprisoning a man for debt, which is what Judge Angelotti is doing with Finnegan at present, we think it outrageous that the law of California should permit it.

It is a favorite assertion among the advocates of reciprocity with Hawaii that vast sums of American capital have been invested in the development of the islands, and, therefore, this government owes it to its citizens to protect them wherever they may be. Like many other jingo arguments, the contention is lacking in common sense. This country certainly owes it to its citizens while abroad to protect them in their rights as American citizens, but it owes them nothing more. When they elect to take up their residence in a foreign country, to devote their energies and their capital to the development of that country, to pay their taxes to support the government of that country, they cease to have any valid claim upon the United States for any protection at all. When, under these circumstances, they ask to have remitted the taxes or duties that all other foreigners have to pay, they can not be considered as American citizens, but rather as foreign mendicants. If taxes are to be remitted by this country, those who remain here, spend their money and pay their taxes here, develop this country instead of some other, and perform their duties as citizens, are entitled to be favored rather than these patriots for revenue only.

SHALL WE BUILD
UP A FOREIGN
INDUSTRY?

THE DAILY
PAPERS ROUT
THE TURKS.

PATRIOTS SELF-
EXPATRIATED
FOR GAIN.

THE MAKING OF A MAN.

Showing that a Clever Woman should be Given Something to Do.

If a stupid woman is unoccupied, nothing serious will come of it. But a clever woman should be given something to do. Another good rule is that if a woman is not ignorant of life, she had better have learned it from life and not from books.

Olive Torrey was clever and had nothing to do. She lived at a frontier post, and could go in neither for charity nor clubs nor fads. She had a husband who studied, and no children, so there was nothing for her in her home. She had come straight from a Southern California town—and there is less of life to be seen there in a given period of years than in any other spot upon the earth. But she read—largely Balzac and Thackeray and Crawford and Bourget; which taught her a great deal she had no need to know. She dreamed dreams of love at first, while she was a bride; but they were not very realistic dreams. She had to idealize her husband vigorously to make them endure even a year; and one can not idealize a husband successfully. He is too much on hand; more especially in a four-company post.

She was a good woman—therefore, when she failed on the husband it did not even occur to her to try on some one else, though there were two promising hachelors. Instead, she went at the novels of manners again, and with new devotion, and dwelt on the parts that dealt with intrigue and ambition and success in the world, and skimmed over the love parts. She did not believe in them much now. So her mind became filled with this sort of thing, and there was no vent for it. She wanted to be a brilliant, disillusioned young matron, courted by diplomats, a power in salons—which ambitions were just a bit difficult of realization where she was.

Lieutenant Torrey would not be worked up to her pitch. He read war records and Interior Department reports, and thought great thoughts about Indians, and would have made himself a nuisance to the people at Washington, if they had not become used to that sort of thing and thick-skinned long ago. He was an unpleasant kind of man, and a soldier neither in appearance, nor by instinct, nor in actions. He was to the service what the man who signs his letters "A Citizen" is to a local newspaper. He was always making petty objections to and complaints against what is. And what is should be bowed down to and silently worshiped by a good officer. In short, he was not at all the sort of a man for his wife, and she did not need to be as clever as she naturally was to find this out.

At four-and-twenty she thought she was old and experienced and quite capable of handling any sort of sharp-edged tools. Although she never posed as unhappy, or thought herself particularly so, the idea came to her that she would like to have the making of a man, to be the Egeria to some Numa. Just what she would make him she had not determined. She would have to have the man first. She got him. He came straight out from West Point, and he was hopeless—impossible.

"Joe, don't you think young Gordon is promising?" she asked her husband. Gordon had come the day before.

"Promising to be about like all the others." There was infinite contempt in that "all the others"—men with no ideas.

"I don't know. It seems to me he has a clever face, the face of a man—that is, a man of the world, in embryo."

She was trying to see him in the light of her own imaginings. It is quite human and very feminine to persist in trying to idealize those about one, and only a great many dismal failures succeed in curing one of the habit.

"It struck me that he had the face of a boy from West Point."

His wife's good nature was unflagging. "Now—yes. But he could be made something of."

"A major, if he lives."

Mrs. Torrey was silenced, but not daunted.

It must not be supposed that Torrey was ill-natured; only he had an earnest repulsion for service automatons who went to reveille, and early stables, and retreat, and went on as officer of the day, and had no soul above company funds. Otherwise, he was an abstracted, good-natured, tidy little man.

Mrs. Torrey continued to think that Thorne Gordon was good material to work with. She liked his name. It smacked of the statesman. She called his face impressionable, when it was just weak. She saw secrecy in his eyes—which were shifting. She discovered evasion in his speech—which was trivial. Physically, he did fairly well. He was tall and slender in a distinguished sort of way. There was no cause for the distinction; it was neither in himself nor inherited. If there had been any girls at the post, he would have fallen in love and married, and then Mrs. Torrey couldn't have done anything with him. As it was, he came to her naturally. Nobody else wanted him. She set to work by giving him her hooks to read. He knew enough West Point French to glean all the harm there is in Balzac and Bourget. When Mrs. Torrey talked life as therein portrayed, he talked love as they showed it forth.

"It seems to me that the greatest delight in living that a man could have would be to wind other men around his finger."

"It seems to me that it would be to wind women around his finger," her ward would say.

"Only as a means to an end," she suggested.

"That goes without saying," he answered, with the wrong sort of a look. The hooks had taught him that. Mrs. Torrey recoiled. She didn't mind kneading dough into shape, but she was afraid of pitch. However, she reassured herself and tried it again the next day.

"It is a pity for a promising young fellow to be thrown like an empty beer-bottle from the official ambulance way out here on the prairie." The simile struck her as being good, but he found it unflattering. She continued mixing

up her comparisons: "You ought to be on the theatre of the world, watching the play of men's passions and minds."

"Why not in the orchestra row, watching the *danseuses*?"

"That was clever enough to be preserved as a sample of repartee," she told him; for she insisted upon seeing him through very rosy spectacles, and when she found the rosiness fading or wearing away in spots, she laboriously tinted them up again. She talked diplomacy, the world, life, ambition, to him constantly. She lost sight of the fact that an officer has very little use for that sort of thing. She brought him to correct tastes in the matters of art, and literature, and music, and, above all, personal appearance.

He absorbed how to cut his finger-nails, probably, for she never actually told him, and he stopped chipping them on the hias. He tried at saying things with his eyes; pretty generally the things had to be said over with his tongue, but both of them laid that down to Mrs. Torrey's stupidity. After all, Gordon was improved. It took eighteen months to get him into shape, and then he said he was in love with Mrs. Torrey. The way she had brought him up made him hard to handle. He had all kinds of ideas that do in books and salons and French, but are bad, in fact, in the army and in English. It began with the eye talk, and Mrs. Torrey understood that. But she pretended she did not; so he thought her stupid again and put it in words. He was very fiery about it—as in the hooks. They were on the porch together after dark. This was rare, for she was careful of appearances, usually.

"Do you know that you have become life itself to me?" he asked.

"I have tried to show you life."

"Don't talk to me in that cold, instructive way, as though you were years older than I—and homely. You are only half a year older, and what is that?"—wherein the Balzac showed—"and you are heautiful."

"Oh! no, I am not."

"At least you have the face of a Madonna."

"To you it should be the face of a brother officer's wife."

"Can't you see that I love you passionately?"

"I can see that you think you love me romantically, but you don't."

He did, however. He was in earnest, and he had had the decency to keep it to himself for a long while. Then it had burst out, and after that he made her life a burden. She saw that it was her fault, and she ought to have seen that the kindest thing to do in the long run would be to drop him relentlessly then and there. Instead of that she tried to reason with him and to comfort him, which, of course, did not work. He said that if she shook him off altogether, he would kill himself, and he might have done so, because his brain was a romantic muddle. Mrs. Torrey was in a very bad predicament when Uncle Sam came to her aid. He ordered Lieutenant Torrey to Baltimore on recruiting service.

Torrey lived in Washington, and went over to Baltimore to the office every day. In two months Gordon had a sick-leave and was in Washington. Mrs. Torrey was frightened. She flew into a rage, and told Gordon what she thought of his actions. He retorted by calling her heartless. It ended in a parting with tears and curses; and Gordon married an heiress before he went back.

Mrs. Torrey felt sorry for him. She knew she had broken his heart, wrecked his life. She would do what she could for him. At least she would further his ambitions. He should owe his worldly success to her. She had learned a good deal by real experience now, and she was young, brilliant, very pretty, and marvelously attractive. She became quite a feature in Washington society, a woman of the world who never lost her head whatever she might make others do. All this in less than two years. She knew there was no use in trying to advance her husband, and she did not particularly care to, because she had found out now that she was unhappy, horribly unhappy, and that her life was a flat thing. She cared for the Gordon she had made more than she guessed. The real interest of her life lay in him. Her influence was great, because of her social powers and her beauty and attractiveness, and by dint of trying in those thousands of untold ways that there are of doing such things, she got Gordon an attachéship at the Court of St. James. He had a rich wife and he could accept it.

It was improbable that he did not know whom to thank, but however that might have been, he gave no sign and neither did she, except to turn horribly pale when she met him on Connecticut Avenue one afternoon. She smiled waveringly and pitifully, and he only looked deep into her soul with hurt eyes. He had mastered that much of eye-language. He was rather pleased at the obvious success of it, but she believed his heart was broken, and was as miserable as a naturally good and honest woman is when such a thing is on her conscience.

A year later she was in another frontier garrison, and her husband came in with the mail.

"I say Olive—you remember Gordon? Well, he's recalled from England."

"Why?"

"It's all in this letter that came to Harcourt. Do you want to read it? He followed the example of the classic parrot, it seems, and talked too blamed much. As a diplomat he's not a success."

And in six short weeks he brought her further news.

"I say, Olive, what do you think young Gordon's been and gone and done now?"

"What?" she asked, desperately.

"Got himself in to a devil of a scrape with a woman there in Washington, and has had to resign. Here's some of it in the *Army and Navy*; the rest's in the letter from Walker. He lost his head. He'd better have stayed with his regiment and done his duty, and left foreign courts for men that were horn for them."

"Perhaps you are right," she answered.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1897.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Jennie Lind's daughter, Mrs. Raymond Maude, of London, has much of her mother's brilliancy of voice, but has always refused to sing in public. Of her three children none is musical.

Ex-Senator Peffer, who has taken editorial control of a Populist paper in Kansas, says that it will continue to advocate that party's principles, but "along conservative lines," as he has learned that this world is too big for men to re-create it.

Francisque Sarcey, the French dramatic critic, is lecturing on Béranger, singing selections from the songs himself. On the other hand, Mounet-Sully, of the Comédie-Française, is creating a sensation by his public readings of Massillon's sermons.

The names in the new city government at St. Louis sound like a Reichstag roll-call. Mr. Ziegenheim is mayor, and among the other successful candidates for municipal offices are Messrs. Besch, Weneker, Reinstedler, Meier, Gast, Gaus, Kratz, Thuner, and so forth.

There is likely to be gossip in London when Colonel and Mrs. John Hay entertain. At a gathering given by them this winter for the young friends of their débutante daughter, it was remarked that no wine was offered, although a large number of the guests were foreigners.

When one of the ambassadors of the powers tried to dissuade King George of Greece from his course, telling him he had not the power to carry out his plans, he answered: "J'ai la puissance de l'impuissance des puissances." ("I have the power of the incapacity of the powers.")

Lord Brassey has been having a lively time since he became governor of Victoria. He has been thrown from his bicycle, has run the *Sunbeam* twice on the rocks, and lately broke his collar-bone, after landing on his head in a fall from his horse and having the horse roll over him.

Emperor William and his brother Henry are once more at daggers drawn, the elder of the two being irritated beyond all bounds by the reports that he was about to be placed under restraint on the ground of insanity, and that the government of the empire was to be intrusted to a regent in the person of the sailor prince.

Karl Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, a son of the great composer, died recently in a German insane asylum in which he had been confined for over twenty years. It had been generally supposed that he died in 1874, and the family had never denied the report. He was the author of several excellent historical and biographical books.

Prince Moritz of Saxe-Altenburg, who is a man about sixty-seven years old, enjoys the reputation of being the most utterly *blasé* man in Europe. Although in perfect physical condition, he has been in the habit of staying in bed for weeks, not because he was ailing, but simply because there was "nothing worth getting up for."

Since the death of her son, Mrs. John W. Mackay has evinced no inclination to resume her brilliant social career. Almost immediately following the death of her son came the death, in Rome, of her father, Colonel Hungerford. Since this latter event, she has been living at the Hotel Metropole, in Monte Carlo, in almost absolute seclusion.

It seems that Ada Byrd, the little girl of fourteen whose marriage and elopement with the young son of Governor Atkinson, of Georgia, has caused such a furore, only followed the example of her forebears. Her mother, the former wife of Charles P. Byrd, married at thirteen, while her maternal grandmother, a Southern poetess, married even younger.

The body of Johannes Brahms, the composer, has been buried between the tombs of Beethoven and Schubert. He left no legal will, only a letter to his publisher, Simrock, making the Society of Friends of Music the sole heir of his fortune of forty thousand dollars and the copyrights of his compositions, together with all his manuscripts and beautiful collections of autographs.

Mary Ann Bascombe, of Stapleton, S. I., is one of the most remarkable women in America. Born in a little frame house in Stapleton, fifty-six years ago, she began life at twelve years of age as maid of all work, receiving as wages but fifteen dollars a year; yet from this humble beginning she has succeeded through her own unaided efforts in amassing a fortune of over five hundred thousand dollars.

Three of the queen's twelve bridesmaids are still alive. One is Lord Rosebery's mother, and another, the elder of the Dowager-Duchesses of Bedford, is a sister of Lord Sackville, of unlamented memory. These were at first supposed to be the only survivors, but a third is discovered in the person of Lady Jane Bouvine, who at that time was the most beautiful of the lot, and, as the daughter of the Earl of Radnor, was a notable figure in society. But she married a commoner in 1847, and has been living in cheerful obscurity ever since.

Ex-Secretary Carlisle has returned the retainer he accepted from the "scrippers" in the Chicago lake-front case, and thus surrenders a fee of ten thousand dollars. He does not care to have anything to do with the case. The fee offered was two thousand dollars more than he ever received for a year's labor, and involved comparatively little time and work; but Mr. Carlisle's friends say his professional engagements will bring him in at least one hundred thousand dollars during the present year. He will look after all the legal business of the house of Morgan & Co. in the Southern States, and has made an engagement with the Southern Railway Company to serve it in a similar capacity. He will be compelled to maintain offices both at Washington and New York.

A BUMPTIOUS DIPLOMAT.

The British Ambassador Wants First Place or Nothing in Washington—Sir Julian Pauncefote an Uncomfortable Dinner Guest.

Fifteen years ago Eugene Schuyler, in his book on "American Diplomacy," remarked that it would be far more difficult for us to receive than to send ambassadors, owing to the many new questions of etiquette their presence here would call up. In the monarchies of Europe almost all such questions have long been settled by established custom. The courts there have masters of ceremony who determine the relative dignity and importance of the officers of the court and of all visiting foreigners, and decide who shall have the *pas*. Even republican France, with its traditions of court ceremonies, has an official in its ministry of foreign affairs—his department is called *Service du Protocol*—whose duty it is to introduce ambassadors and to regulate court etiquette. And where the point is one that can not be left to the judgment of a master of ceremonies, it is settled by international arbitration, as, for example, when the Congress of Vienna, in 1815, determined that ambassadors, as the personal representatives of their sovereigns, shall have precedence over all others except the blood royal—that is to say, those who may inherit the throne.

But with us republicans the order of precedence among our own officials is by no means settled yet, and we are quite at sea regarding many points of diplomatic etiquette. One of these has been raised recently by the British ambassador, and it is creating a great stir here in official and social circles. Since Sir Julian Pauncefote was raised to the dignity of ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, he has been taking himself very seriously, and in the latter part of President Cleveland's administration he gave Vice-President Stevenson and Secretary of State Olney a peck of trouble with his claims to almost royal dignity. He has continued this same course under the present administration, and the matter came to a head a short time ago, when he was invited to a dinner given in honor of the Vice-President by Mrs. Leiter. The Leiters hail from Chicago, where Leiter *père* amassed a fortune in the dry-goods trade. With their millions came a desire to shine among the socially elect, and as the Windy City did not offer a sufficiently brilliant theatre for their effulgence, the Leiters sought other worlds to conquer. They had a try at New York, and were chagrined to find that the neighbors did not call. Neither did great diligence in doing good works and liberal contributions to fashionable charities, the usual tactics of the social climber, procure them intimacy with the caste of *Vere de Vere*. So they withdrew to Chicago and meditated a plan of campaign. The result was that they spent a couple of winters in this city, where admission to society is an easy matter. You can always fill your rooms for a reception in Washington, and if you have a capable *chef* and a well-stocked wine-cellar, you can soon have society at your feet. By a judicious system of taking up people who can help you and dropping those who can not, a woman with money and social tact can soon be counted among the "best people" here, and that is what Mrs. Leiter did. She was materially helped, too, if not guided, indeed, by a daughter whose beauty became famous. They spent a summer or two at Newport, visited Homburg and Cannes at the proper season, and two years ago Miss Leiter was married to the Hon. George Curzon, an Englishman of high social position and the promise of a brilliant political career.

But to return to her British majesty's personal representative. When he received his invitation to Mrs. Leiter's dinner to the Vice-President, he bethought him of his official dignity. He does not hold to the convenient theory that "where the Macgregor sits, there is the head of the table." Accordingly he sent to his prospective—no, merely possible—hostess for a list of the guests and a diagram of the positions they were to occupy at table. Mrs. Leiter did not comply with this request, but she assured Sir Julian that he should have the place of honor. His indignation, then, may be imagined when, on going down to dinner, he found the Vice-President assigned to the place on his host's right, while he himself, the personal representative of Queen Victoria, was relegated to a seat next the host's son, Joseph Leiter. Sir Julian fretted and fumed all through the dinner, and was not to be mollified by Mrs. Leiter's explanation that she had seated him on the right hand of "the heir of the house."

This experience put him on his guard, and a few days ago, when Gardiner Hubbard gave another dinner in honor of Mr. Hobart and included the British ambassador among those whom he bade to the feast, Sir Julian issued another call for the list of guests and diagram of the table. Mr. Hubbard responded with the desired list and the information that the guest of honor should have the place of honor, but that Sir Julian should sit at the host's left. The correspondence came to an abrupt close with a note from the British ambassador stating that on no account could he yield to Mr. Hobart, and distinctly declining the pleasure of being present.

Sir Julian and his dignity have since been left pretty much to themselves, so far as social Washington is concerned. Personally, Sir Julian is not so much to blame for all this pother. As our government has no official to determine such questions, since the elevation of four ministers to the rank of ambassador it has fallen to him, as dean of the diplomatic corps, to arrange questions of precedence, and he is not a trained diplomat. In England he was simply a lawyer by profession, and entered the diplomatic service through its legal branch. He was attorney-general in Hong Kong in 1865, and assistant under-secretary of state for the colonies when he was knighted in 1874. His knowledge of international law promoted him to be permanent under-secretary of state for foreign affairs in 1880, and eight years later he succeeded Lord Sackville as British minister here, upon that gentleman's recall for interfering in

the politics of the country to which he was accredited. It will be seen, therefore, that Sir Julian has had almost no experience in matters of court etiquette, and when called upon to settle a question of this kind he has usually suggested that the rules that obtain at the Court of St. James should be followed. There, ambassadors always come next to the queen and the heir-apparent. But in this country the heir-apparent to the executive chair is the Vice-President, and the blood royal, so far as the succession is concerned, includes also the members of the cabinet. On that basis, they would all precede the ambassadors. In France, by the way, the representatives of foreign sovereigns have to yield the *pas* not only to the president of the senate, whose position is in many respects comparable to that of our Vice-President, but also to the presiding officer of the Chamber of Deputies, as they are both regarded as associates of the president of the republic in the national sovereignty.

WASHINGTON, April 23, 1897.

DUPONT.

Almost the last work of the Belgian astronomer, Houzeau, recently deceased, was an article in which, while arguing in favor of a decimal division of time, he pointed out the origin of the double set of twelve hours represented on our watch and clock faces. The ancient inhabitants of Mesopotamia chose the number twelve as an arithmetical base, because it has four divisors, viz.: two, three, four, and six, while ten has only two divisors, viz.: two and five. They counted twelve hours in the day and twelve in the night, measuring the day by the progress of the sun, and the night by the progress of the stars across the sky. This system, prevailing over all others, has come down to us, and so our watches bear on their faces a souvenir of those ancient days when the sun served for a clock-hand half of the time, and the stars the other half.

"Such enormous sums are being paid for houses and windows in London along the route of the royal procession, and so costly are the preparations made by the people of the metropolis for the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the queen's accession to the throne, that during the last three months her majesty's life has been insured to the tune of nearly five millions of dollars by shop-keepers, window-brokers, house-agents, and speculators, who are anxious to protect themselves against loss in the possible event of the venerable sovereign's death before the date of the jubilee." This paragraph has been floating around the press for some time. It is only necessary to say concerning it that such insurance was made a criminal offense in England many years ago.

In Connecticut there is hardly a farmer who does not raise tobacco. The Connecticut leaf is particularly valuable for wrapping purposes, and also excels in flavor. In Ohio the growers say that the total expenses of their crops average eighty-five dollars per acre, but they find tobacco-growing profitable even at those figures. There is said to be a growing belief among American tobacco consumers that home-grown tobacco equals the imported article. Tobacco is grown in at least a dozen States, Pennsylvania leading in the amount of production, while Ohio has fifty thousand acres given up to the culture, and an average crop of thirty million pounds.

Although minute diamonds can be made with the aid of the electric furnace, none large enough to be employed in jewelry have yet been produced. But rubies of large size, and as fine in color and appearance as the best natural gems, have been made. A certain method of detecting artificial rubies is by examination with a microscope. The natural gem is always filled with minute cracks, invisible to the naked eye, but perfectly discernible with a high magnifying power. The artificial ruby has no cracks, but, on the other hand, is filled with minute bubbles, or gas-holes.

Curious facts have lately come to light concerning the Island of Sakhalin, which lies off the eastern coast of Siberia. Cold winds and sea-currents circulate around it, and produce on the island a reversal of the ordinary course of nature respecting the arrangement of temperature. Usually the air is warmest near sea-level, and coldest on highlands and mountains, but in Sakhalin the coldest air is found near the sea, while in the lofty interior of the island the climate is mild, and even sub-tropical plants flourish on the heights.

Physicians occasionally use, for the purpose of illuminating parts of the interior of the body, a delicate electric lamp, called the "pea lamp," because its little glass bulb resembles a small pea in size. It is, nevertheless, a complete incandescent lamp, having a carbon film one-eighth of an inch long and about one-two-thousandth of an inch in diameter.

As a result of a city ordinance recently passed in Chicago, by which retail dealers in cigarettes are obliged to take out a license costing one hundred dollars, the number of places where they may be bought has fallen from five thousand to about one hundred.

For the first time in seventeen years all the judges of England are about to meet in the House of Lords, to decide what constitutes intimidation in labor cases, the law lords of the House having divided equally in a recent case sent up to them.

Some ultra-progressive French Jews have started a movement to transfer the Sabbath from Saturday to Sunday, to adopt the Gregorian calendar, and to make Yom Kipper coincide with the Christian Easter festival.

Thirty years ago Berlin was smaller than Philadelphia, now it is larger by five hundred thousand.

OLD FAVORITES.

By Lord Byron.

TRANSLATION OF THE WAR SONG OF THE GREEKS.

Sons of the Greeks, arise!
The glorious hour's gone forth,
And, worthy of such ties,
Display who gave us birth.

Sons of Greeks! let us go
In arms against the foe,
Till their hated blood shall flow
In a river past our feet.

Then manfully despising
The Turkish tyrant's yoke,
Let your country see you rising,
And all her chains are broke.

Brave shades of chiefs and sages,
Behold the coming strife!
Hellènes of past ages,
Oh, start again to life!
At the sound of my trumpet, breaking
Your sleep, oh, join with me!
And the seven-hill'd city seeking,
Fight, conquer, till we're free.

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers
Lethargic dost thou lie?
Awake, and join thy numbers
With Athens, old ally!

Leonidas recalling,
That chief of ancient song,
Who saved ye once from falling,
The terrible! the strong!

Who made that bold diversion
In old Thermopylæ,
And warring with the Persian
To keep his country free;
With his three hundred waging
The battle, long he stood,
And like a lion raging,
Expired in seas of blood.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer glids them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they!

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
Must we but blush?—Our fathers' blood
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one arise—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain; strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answer each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh! that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells:
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

MRS. ATHERTON'S NEW NOVEL.

"Patience Sparhawk and Her Times"—A Sensational Picture of the New Woman—Bits of the Story—What the Critics Say of It.

Gertrude Atherton's latest novel, "Patience Sparhawk and Her Times," is melodramatic enough to make the fortune of a Bowery theatre. It is also sufficiently audacious to satisfy the present hunger and thirst after topics that are more in harmony with the clinic or the pages of a medical report than a novel. It purports to be a true picture of the new American woman. Here is our first view of Patience Sparhawk, as a child:

Her face had little more beauty than her legs. It was colorless and freckled. The mouth was firm, almost dogged, as if the contest with life had already begun. Her nose was her only beautiful feature, straight and fine, and her hands, though rough and sunburned, were tapering and slender, and very flexible.

On the Sparhawk ranch, her mother "moved her tall bloated form with the pride of race despite the alcohol in her veins." Patience despised her inebriate mother, whose excesses and relations with a farm-hand excluded her from companionship with other children, except Rosita, a half-Spanish girl. To be marked as a pariah tortured her deeply, and she studied hard to excel the other children; but she continued to suffer inwardly from the innuendoes, suggestions, sarcasms, and slights inflicted upon her by the thoughtless cruelty of her schoolmates. One day she returned home in a particularly vicious frame of mind, for one of the scholars had said to her brutally: "Why your mother was in here Saturday with her young man, and regularly turned the town upside down. They were thrown out of three saloons. Can't you keep her at home?" Patience returned home in a cyclonic condition, and the following scene took place:

Mrs. Sparhawk was sitting on the porch reading a novel when Patience walked up to her, snatched the book from her hand, and flung it into a rose-tree. The woman was sober, and quailed as she met her daughter's eyes. Patience had walked rapidly under a hot sun. Her face was scarlet, and she was trembling.

"I hate you!" she sobbed. "I hate you! It doesn't do any good to tell you so, but it does me good to say it."

The girl looked the incarnation of evil passions. She was elemental hate, a young Cain.

"I wish you were dead," she continued. "You've ruined every bit of my life."

"Why—what—what—" mumbled the woman. But the color was coming to her face, and her eyes were beginning to glitter unpleasantly. "You know well enough what. You were in town drunk on Saturday night, and were in saloons with a farm hand. To make a brute of yourself was had enough—but to go about with a common man! Are you going to marry him?"

Mrs. Sparhawk laughed. "Well, I guess not." Patience drew a quick breath of relief. "Well, that's what they're saying—that you're going to marry him—a man that can't read nor write. Now look here, I want one thing understood—unless you swear to me that you'll not set foot in that town again, I'll have you put in the Home of the Inebriates—there! I'll not be disgraced again; I'll do it."

Mrs. Sparhawk sprang to her feet, her face blazing with rage. "You will, will you?" she cried. She caught the girl by the shoulders, and, shaking her violently, boxed first one ear, then the other, with her strog, rough hands. For an instant Patience was stunned, then the blood boiled back to her brain. She screamed harshly, and springing at her mother, clutched her about the throat. The lust to kill possessed her. A red curtain flotted even the hated face from sight. Instinctively she tripped her mother and went down on top of her. The crash of the body brought two men to the rescue, and Patience was dragged off and flung aside.

"My land!" exclaimed one of the men, his face white with horror. "Was you going to kill your ma?"

"Yes, that she was," spluttered Mrs. Sparhawk, sitting up and pulling vaguely at the loose flesh of her throat. "She'd have murdered me in another minute."

Patience by this time was white and limp. She crawled upstairs to her room and locked the door. She sank on the floor and thought on herself with horror.

Patience Sparhawk has several weird experiences. The poetry of Byron and the writings of Boccaccio are mentioned as assisting in her emotional evolution, and she wanders about, reciting poetry. On one of these excursions she comes unawares upon a revel of the Bohemian Club of San Francisco. From her perch in a tree, she makes the acquaintance of a good-looking young man, who is also a spectator, and her perusal of Byron, combined with huddling sentimentality, gives a romantic importance to this chance interview, which, of course, is woven into the story later on.

One night Patience passes through a crisis, the details of which Mrs. Atherton mercifully spares us. It is sufficient, however, to make a deep impression upon her. She seeks refuge with a friend of her father's. Her intoxicated mother, surrounded by the refuse of the saloons, seeks her out. To shield her protector as much as possible, she returns with her mother; but Mrs. Atherton tells us, "no more terrible conversation ever took place between mother and daughter. After that night, they never spoke again."

From this point onward, the development of the story is rapid and varied. After two years in a Christian temperance atmosphere—in which Mrs. Atherton has accentuated piety to an almost sacrilegious extent—Patience Sparhawk enters New York society as the wife of Beverly Peele, and has, to say the least, a good many admirers for a married woman. Metropolitan society, as Mrs. Atherton paints it, is a hodge-podge of women with unruly hearts and men with unruly passions. Under the influence of Hal, her husband's sister, her social education progresses rapidly. "She arranged Patience's hair in six different fashions. Her nails were manicured, she was taught how to smoke cigarettes, and select extracts from French novels were read to her. Hal was an accomplished gossip, and regaled her hostess with all the whispered scandals of New York society. She was a liberal education." An example of her instruction is given in the following conversation:

"You mustn't take life so tragically. I've had several weird experiences myself, although I'm not the kind that men lose their head about, as a rule; only given the hour and the occasion, some men will lose their head about any woman. Perhaps I should have said New York men. They are a rare and lovely species. They admire God because He made Himself of their gender and knew what He was about when He invented woman. I was out on a sleighing-party, one moonlight night last winter, and on the back seat with a man I'd never seen out of a ball-room before. The way that man's legs and arms flew round that sleigh made my hair curl. You see, a lot of us are fast, but then plenty of us are not. The trouble is that the men can't discriminate, as

we look pretty much alike on the outside. They're not a very clever lot—our society men—and they don't learn much until they've been taught. Then when they are forced to believe in your virtue they feel rather sorry for you, and later on are apt to propose—if you have any money. He would propose to you if you were living in a tent and clad in a gunny-sack. He would have preferred things the other way—it's so much less trouble—but as he can't, he won't stop at any such trifling nuisance as matrimony. Oh, men are a lovely lot! Still, the world would be a pretty stupid place without them. You'll learn to manage them in time, and then they'll only amuse you. They are not really so bad at heart—they've been badly educated. I know four married women of the type we call 'friskies,' whom my mother would shudder at the thought of excluding from her visiting-list, and whom I'd bet my new Paquin trunk several men I know have had affairs with. So what can you expect of a man?"

"Is the world rotten?" asked Patience, in disgust.

"It's just about half and half. I know as many good women as bad. Half the women in society are good wives and devoted mothers. The other half, girls and married women, old and young, are no better than your Rosita. Sometimes their motives are no higher. Usually, though, it's a craving for excitement. I don't blame those much myself. The most fascinating woman I know is larky. She's as much as told me so. Some of the confessions I've had from married women would make you gasp. Well—let's quit the subject."

After a stormy career with her husband, Patience seeks the notoriety of the press. Reporters solicit her views upon society, books, dress, religion, etc., and at last she determines to enter the ranks of journalism.

The consummation of her career is reached when she is sentenced to death for the supposed murder of her husband. Mrs. Atherton selects as the means of execution the "electric chair"; it is much more blood-curdling than the ordinary "drop." On the day of the execution the heroine's emotions are thus described:

She had but one thought, one desire, to die bravely. She felt as if she were about to play some great finale act. She could not understand that the climax meant her annihilation. She was physically so tired that she would have liked to lie down and sleep for hours, although the coffee had routed sleep. Once she half extended herself on the bed, then sat erect, her mouth contracting spasmodically. The last moment came; she was led out of her cell and placed in the electric chair. Two prison guards stood by the chair, one behind it and one on the right. The State electrician, two surgeons, and a man in light-blue clothes, stood near. Patience turned her eyes to the reporters. The young men were very pale. They regarded her with great sympathy, and, perhaps, a bitter resentment at the impotence of their manhood. Patience wondered if she looked ugly after her long confinement, and possibly ridiculous, as most women look when they have dressed without a mirror. Her hair hung in one long braid. She looked very young.

She is strapped to the chair. "Suddenly her ears were pierced by a din which made her muscles leap against the straps. Was she in hell, and was this her greeting? She felt a second's thankfulness that death had been painless." But Mrs. Atherton could not let her heroine die in this way; she is rescued in a melodramatic manner by one of her many lovers, and it is to be inferred they lived happily ever after.

The book has attracted so much attention that it may be well to repeat some of the criticisms on it. Jeannette Gilder, writing in the *New York World*, says: "Mrs. Atherton is not without talent as a writer, but it seems a great pity that she should devote herself to the writing of books that are as unpleasant as this." The *New York Sun* says:

"While the book, which may fairly be called the study of an abnormal temperament, is interesting from a pathological point of view, it gives the reader no definite idea of either the intellectual or moral trend of the men or women of our race. . . . As for the women who figure in the pictures of New York society' . . . it is no disparagement to the author to say that they differ in no essential particulars from many of the characters of 'Gyp,' or certain English writers. Mrs. Atherton writes in a style that is curiously uneven. There are passages here and there of power and beauty, and there are others in which she uses such words as 'blondinity' and 'blonditude,' 'fictional' and 'fictionist.' . . . The evolution of Patience from the child to the woman is traced with care and skill, and while the subject is deftly handled, her innermost nature is laid bare with a frankness that equals that of any of the writers of the English neurotic school. . . . From such a type as this no generalization can be drawn as to the present status or the future progress of the women of America."

The *Evening Sun* is less severe than its morning namesake; it says:

"The trouble about the book, or rather the virtue of it, is that Mrs. Atherton has become a very skillful story-teller. She has acquired grasp and force, consequently one becomes very much exasperated at the sexual pessimism with which it is filled. It would be one of the most depressing tales that have appeared in recent years, if one could only bring one's self to believe that Mrs. Atherton really held to her own doctrines."

In England, Mrs. Atherton's book has not created so much of a sensation as it has here. *Vanity Fair*, to which Mrs. Atherton is an occasional contributor, says:

"One interesting and distinctive note of Mrs. Atherton's work is her treatment of women's passions and affections. We are accustomed to meet in fiction women who are misunderstood angels, 'too complex for anything,' and women who are mere devils, painted in primitive fashion with a big black brush. Mrs. Atherton's women are neither—or both. At any rate, they are frankly human, and thus win our interest for themselves and earn our gratitude for their creator."

Another English paper, *Black and White*, is less lenient:

"With the exception of two dames, who are so religious that they hover perpetually on the verge of blasphemy, the women are almost invariably weak or depraved. The story is smart and interesting, but it leaves a bad taste in the mouth."

But the most severe criticism we have seen is that of Elwyn A. Barron, one of the best-known American journalists in London, who writes from that city to the *Chicago Times-Herald*:

"That strangely lymphatic creature, Gertrude Atherton, who writes so emphatically of Americans from the low plane of her social observations in the United States, has again tickled the fancies of unreflexive Englishmen by a new attack upon her countrywomen. She has just published a novel, written in her usual impetuous and unitary style, in which she reiterates much of that pretentiously sociological twaddle with which she entertained the stolid English readers of newspapers a few months ago. Mrs. Atherton, who has the physical appearance of a five-shilling blonde doll, and the intellectual penetration of a nursery governess, thinks herself competent to dissect and analyze the American temperament as a psychological expert and the sum of her findings is that most married American women are 'frisky'; that American girls have no figure; that the religion of American women is erotic sentimentality; and that American men to society are 'poor frolics burnt out at forty.' Though to the experienced mind the writings of this curious woman define accurately the unenviable limits of her social and literary acquaintance in America, it is almost amusing to behold the eagerness with which her crass slanders are accepted as oracles by a set of presumably judicious listeners over here. One need not trouble to blame Mrs. Atherton. Her renegade conduct is merely the expression of the instinct of self-preservation. As a writer, she must have a public; lacking either genius or talent to command the respect of a discriminating public, she must appeal to that which battens on prejudice. There is a public here, and a very considerable public, be it known, that thinks

the uncouth is typical of America. This class of readers accepts our good friend Captain Jack Crawford, who has but now turned in his last 'copy,' as the representative of American originality, just as it accepts plantation negro stories and dialect as the highest standard of our native humor.

"Such is the naïf credulity of this strictly insular class it unquestionably accepts persons of Mrs. Atherton's stamp as if they were qualified to discuss American society and character. It is this class which expects every bona-fide American to use the phrase, 'Well, I guess,' as an emphatic affirmative, and of which a member said to me on the day of Nevada's glory: 'Corbett is received in the very best American society, isn't he?' This idea of democratic fraternity is certainly no more absurd than the kindred notion that Mrs. Atherton is acquainted with the higher grades of American manhood, womanhood, and life."

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

JUBILEE TALK.

All England to Celebrate the Longest Reign in English History—The Expected Harvest of American Dollars—Will the Queen Abdicate?

We are now in all the primal delights of the Queen's Jubilee. In fact, scarcely anything else is thought about. The Greeks have ceased to attract attention; Mr. Cecil Rhodes has gone back to Africa; and Parliament is about to adjourn for the Easter recess. All of which will give people more time to think about and suggest every sort of thing that the mind of man could possibly concoct where-with to celebrate the sixty years' reign of her most gracious majesty. Every locality in England, small and great, has several propositions before its residents, ranging from convalescent homes and hospitals to public recreation grounds and scholarship endowments.

In London the procession of the queen from Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's Cathedral on Jubilee Day is the great, the only event, that seems to be cared about, except, perhaps, the *Daily Telegraph's* shilling subscription list in support of the Prince of Wales's Hospital fund. Already houses, windows, roofs, door-steps, balconies and other coigns of vantage on the route of the procession both to and from St. Paul's are in great demand, and are being secured from people willing to let them at enormous prices. I heard the other day of one house being rented for the single day at one thousand pounds. No doubt the man who pays it to-day and thereby raises doubts as to his sanity, will quadruple his money before the morning of Jubilee Day dawns.

"Just wait," as I heard a man say, not five minutes ago—"just wait until the Yankees begin to come over, with their pockets full of dollars. They're the chaps to pay anything you like to ask for a window, sooner than miss a sight of the queen. I tell you, wait. Don't be in a hurry. There'll be more of 'em here this year than ever."

He seemed to know what he was talking about. I expect the influx of Americans will be enormous this summer. Already Mr. and Mrs. Bradley-Martin have arrived in London and taken up their temporary quarters at one of the private hotels in the neighborhood of Berkeley Square. Whether they intend to take, or buy, a house in London for the season, or go to their "shooting box," I am unable to say. I hardly think their arrival in England has created the furore which, as the givers of that New York hall, they had a right to expect.

One of the burning questions of the hour in connection with Jubilee Day and the royal procession is in the sort of head-gear the ladies ought to wear. There is a general outcry among men against the "cart-wheel flower-garden," as some masculine wretch has called the fashionable hat of the day. But I am afraid it will be useless to expect the women to give in. They know very well that the big, wide, be-flowered hats are becoming to them—more so to nine out of ten women than any other hat. At least they think so. Even the tenth lady thinks it is all right on her head. Of course men think a woman looks best in a bonnet. And I believe a toque is really a bonnet, and that is what the men who hope to see the procession want the women to wear on Jubilee Day. To make sure about it, I put down my pen right here and went out for a stroll. The first lady I met whom I knew, I asked.

"A toque?" she smiled, looking at me as if I were up to some joke or other. "Why on earth do you want to know what a toque is?"

"I do, I assure you," I told her. "It's most important that I should know. I can't tell you how important it is."

"It's lucky you met me, then, isn't it?"

"Most lucky. I don't know how I should have managed else. But do, pray, tell me."

"Don't look so miserable. A toque's a bonnet—"

"I thought so!" I exclaimed. "Thanks awfully. Good morning."

"Not so fast, you silly. Stay a moment!" she called, as I raised my hat and started away. "That's not all."

"Oh?" I said, coming back. "What's the rest?"

"A toque's a bonnet—stop, don't interrupt—a toque is a bonnet without strings. There, now you may go."

And go I did, and here I am again. So much for toques, which, by the bye, I am afraid will not take the place of hats on Jubilee Day.

A good many people are wondering if, after the Jubilee is over, the queen will not abdicate in favor of the Prince of Wales. It would be a graceful thing by the poor prince, who has had such a long innings as heir-apparent. And the chances are strong—stronger than ever, it would seem—that, unless he comes to the throne by his mother's abdication, he will never come at all. His life is not considered a good one, compared with that of the queen. He is a most enormous eater, as his father, the Prince Consort, was before him, and as, indeed, all the royal family of England are. He has led a tiring, wearing life, too, and has done the work of a sovereign for his mother, while she has been taking it easy. Still the queen herself is very lame, and though a wonderful woman in health for her age, has to take care of herself, a thing the Prince of Wales never has done. Everybody hopes and trusts she will keep well and live a long Day of her longest English reign in her usual

LONDON, April 9, 1897.

LITERARY NOTES.

Beatrice Harraden's California Story.

Beatrice Harraden's new story, "Hilda Strafford," has been published in book-form quite recently, though its publication as a serial was completed some months ago. She calls it a California story, but it is rather the story of an Englishwoman's impressions of California. Hilda Strafford comes from a fairly refined home in London to become the wife of a young Englishman who has settled on a ranch in Southern California, a few years before, and made a home for the bride who is to follow him from the old country. She is a hard and selfish young woman, and, far from appreciating his efforts for her comfort, she is almost stunned by the monotony and desolation of the landscape, which contrasts so unpleasantly with the beauty of English rural life. Talking to his friend, who is the only other figure of importance in the story, she unburies her pent-up feelings in this wise:

"Nothing could make me like it," she cried bitterly. "It isn't only the scenery—it's everything; the isolation, the fearful distance from home, the absence of stimulus. One doesn't realize this at home. If one only realized it, one would not come. Nothing could make one come," she continued excitedly, "neither love nor friendship, nor duty nor regret; and as for ambition to carve out a new career for one's self—good heavens! if I were a man I would rather starve in my old career."

To this the friend replies:

"It's a land and a life for men, and not for women. We men gain to every particular; no more small clerkships for us; no more imprisonment in airless offices, but out-of-door freedom, and our own lives to ourselves, and our own land. That is what it all means to us. To you women—well—"

"Well?" she said, impatiently.

"To you women it is altogether something different," he continued, "and unless you all know how to love desperately there is not much to redeem the life out here for you."

Hilda did not know how to love desperately, and her discontent grows until, when her husband's plans are ruined by the breaking of a reservoir, she can contain herself no longer and breaks his heart with the bitter outpourings of all the misery her life with him has brought her.

It is an unpleasant story, and the most that can be said for it is that it bears the stamp of truth in the delineation of the two leading characters. That it should be taken as a picture of California life is quite impossible: a selfish and unbending Englishwoman is shown in an environment that is to her unbearable; but it should not be inferred that the environment is to blame for her inability to survive there.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Medieval History.

Dr. Oliver J. Thatcher has prepared an abridgment of the larger work, "Europe in the Middle Ages," written by himself and Dr. Ferdinand Schwill, which he publishes under the title of "A Short Story of Medieval Europe." It covers the period from the invasions of the barbarians, which began on a large scale in the fourth century, to the end of the fifteenth century, in which began the great religious revolution, the growth of absolutism in Europe, the changes in practical government of many countries, the birth of political science, the multiplication of international relations, and the extension of industry and commerce. The book was prepared for use as a text-book in high and preparatory schools, but it will be found a convenient summary for reference and a concise statement of the history of the period for the general reader. It is provided with an index, chronological tables, and maps.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

Fiction Fiends.

The action of the Carnegie Free Library of Allegheny, Pa., in excluding certain writers of fiction from its shelves, excited so much interest and discussion that the librarian, W. M. Stevenson, has thought it well to explain the matter. This he does in the March *Library Journal*.

The novels in question were not so much excluded as refused renewal when read to tatters. Nor was the reason assigned that the stories were immoral; they were simply silly, slovenly, not strictly literature at all. Some of the novels which the library, under this ruling, decided not to replace when worn out were the works of Mrs. Holmes, Mrs. Southworth, A. C. Gunter, and E. P. Roe. The local press took the affair very hard, especially the laying of audacious hands on the "native author named Roe"; did the librarian mean to give the lie to Matthew Arnold? And how could Mr. Stevenson be sure that he got all the silly novels out? He frankly confessed that he could not. Some were still on the shelves, but solely for the reason that they were made of "a little better paper"; as soon as they are worn out they, too, will be excluded.

One of his discoveries was that of a sort of free-for-all competition among school-children to see who could read the most novels in a given time. One heroic boy averaged a volume a day of *Alger*, *Optic*, and the like, for several weeks running. "A prominent educator" disapproved of this, which is not strange. That is the way in which "fiction fiends," as Mr. Stevenson suggestively calls them, are made—not born. His study of them in their native haunts for six successive years leads him to deny a theory advanced by "librarians of standing" that devotes Mrs. Holmes and E. P. Roe will "gradually rise to something better." Librarian Stevenson's experience

is that this is absolutely false. He has "never yet discovered a case of improvement. Once the habit is formed, it seems as difficult to throw off as the opium habit."

No one would be surprised at this (says the *Nation*) were it not for the lingering power of two respectable fallacies. One is that reading in itself is a virtue. Old-fashioned parents have been known to say complacently that if their boy is reading he surely can be taking no harm; the acuter moderns are often as much alarmed at absorbed reading, as they are at preternatural quiet, on the part of their children. Something, after all, depends on the thing read. But what of all the great men who have confessed to a youth of reckless indulgence in novel-reading? Was not Thackeray "a lazy, idle boy," who delighted in "Thaddeus of Warsaw"? That is the second fallacy. Genius may disport itself for a time in cheap and silly reading, but that scarcely proves that cheap and silly fiction breeds genius. The exuberant and expanding power of a great talent may have its fling with books that are no books and literature that is meretricious; but the fact that it succeeds in escaping unscathed is no evidence that the regimen is just the thing to foster talent and taste. Temporary loitering by future great men among foolish books is a very different thing from the prolonged, the satisfied, the sordid reading of inane novels by the true fiction-fiends.

Nobody can stop the reading of fiction (if anybody wants to), but we can do something to prevent the nourishing of fiction-fiends. Not to stop novel-reading, but to stop indiscriminate novel-reading, is the thing to aim at. It is unfortunately true that there are thousands of readers to whom a novel is a novel, and one is as good as another. They do not crave the vicious or the suggestive in fiction—they scarcely recognize those or any other qualities when they meet them—but they love to surrender themselves in complete vacuity to any kind of a tale that will keep them from thinking. The thing they need to be saved from is their dead monotony of indifference. By a blow on the head, if necessary, they must be given the idea that one novel, one piece of writing, is better than another. They may have to take it on authority at first, and find out the reasons why later. Therefore it is highly desirable that public libraries should begin giving them this blow on the head.

Patriotic Poems.

Washington, Lincoln, and Grant, among other national heroes, appear in a collection of patriotic poems entitled, "For the Country," by Richard Watson Gilder. They aim to instill the spirit of patriotism, and here and there are many noble passages. From one of the poems, "The Burial of Grant," we select this timely extract:

"All's over now; here let our Captain rest,
Silent amid the blare of praise and blame;
Here let him rest, while never rests his fame;
Here in the city's heart he loved the host,
And where our soot his tomb may see
To make them brave as he—"

"As brave as he—he oo whose iron arm
Our greatest leaped, our geodest and most wise;
Leaned when all other help seemed mockling lies,
While this one soldier checked the tide of harm,
And they together saved the state,
And made it free and great."

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

According to the English University Extension, a list has been published of what, in their estimation, are the best historical novels. Kingsley's "Heward the Wake" is mentioned as the best picture of the eleventh century; Scott's "Ivanhoe" as the best of the twelfth; Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" and Scott's "Kenilworth" are given for the sixteenth; Shorthouse's "John Inglesant," Scott's "Old Mortality," and Blackmore's "Lorna Doone" for the seventeenth; and Thackeray's "Esmond" for the eighteenth.

S. R. Crockett's latest story, "Lads' Love," which has just been issued by D. Appleton and Company, is a return to the manner of "The Lilac Sunbonnet." The scene is laid in Galloway.

There is an interesting discussion of "The Problems of Rural New England" in the May *Atlantic*. Philip Morgan writes of "A Remote Village" and Alvan F. Sanborn writes of "A Farming Community."

B. G. Jayne, who sued the firm of Charles Scribner's Sons for libel contained in President Andrew's "History of the Last Quarter Century in the United States," has obtained a verdict of two hundred and fifty dollars in the United States Circuit Court. In his charge, Judge Shipman said that the historian is permitted to criticize public matters, but is held liable if he defames the character of an individual.

Captain Mahan's "Life of Nelson" has been received in England with an enthusiasm that is described as little short of frenzy.

Pierre Loti, who is at present on active service on the French warship *Javelot*, has produced a new book, "Ramuntcho"—a study of Biscayan landscape and manners. Gaston Deschamps declares it to be "the true Loti, the Loti of the old manner."

A monument to Guy de Maupassant will be placed in the Parc Monceaux after the closing of the Champs-Élysées Salon, where it is at present exhibited. It is

the work of Raoul Verlet, and represents a young woman seated on a circular bench and leaning against a column on which is placed a bust of Maupassant. In her hand she holds a half-closed book, "Notre Cœur." The likeness of the bust is said to be striking.

"Tatterley, the Story of a Dead Man," is the title of a novel by a new writer, T. Gallon, which is to appear shortly in Appleton's Town and Country Library.

The Rev. Dr. C. Ellis Stevens's book, "Sources of the Constitution of the United States," is being translated into the French language by a member of the French diplomatic service, and is about to be published in Paris by Messrs. Guillemin & Co., in their series of notable foreign works.

In "Real Utopias in the Arid West," William E. Smythe describes in the May *Atlantic* the communities at Greeley, Colo., and Riverside, in this State, where a modified communism is practiced.

Anthony Hope has almost ready a new volume. The title will probably be "Born in the Purple."

"A Galahad of the Creeks" is the title of a picturesque tale of Indian life which the Appletons have just issued. It is by S. Levett-Yeats, the author of "The Honor of Savelli."

Thomas Wentworth Higginson writes in the May *Atlantic* of Kansas and John Brown in the reminiscence series of articles which he calls "Cheerful Yesterdays."

"John Strange Winter," has just completed her fiftieth book.

Mrs. Flora Annie Steel has dramatized her story, "On the Face of the Waters," at the request of a London manager. If the play is as successful as the book has been, Mrs. Steel need ask nothing more.

Messrs. D. Appleton and Company announce for early publication:

"Some Masters of Lithography," by Atherton Curtis; "The Aurora Borealis," by Alfred Aogot; "The Beautiful Miss Brooke," by "Z. Z."; "Tatterley, the Story of a Dead Man," by T. Gallon; "A Spotless Reputation," by D. Gerard; and "Perfection City," a story of Kansas, by Mrs. Orpen, together with new editions of "Dyocian Sociology," by Lester F. Ward; "Sight," by Professor Joseph Le Conte; "History of Bimetallism in the United States," by Professor J. L. Laughlin; and "Actual Africa," by Frank Viocet.

"The Half Caste; An Old Governess's Tale," by Miss Mulock, author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," will be published in a few days in New York. The story first appeared in *Chambers' Journal*, and is now for the first time issued in book-form.

Lafcadio Hearn is a contributor to the May *Atlantic*, which contains his "Notes of a Trip to Izuma."

The firm of Armand Colin & Cie., Paris, started, some two or three years ago, a series of works of fiction suited to young girls (young French girls, be it understood), and which should not necessarily be namby-pamby and unduly flavored with orange-water. The result has been the production of several books which grown-up people, surfeited with naturalism, can enjoy to the full. The two latest numbers of the series, A. Robida's "Le Mystère de la Rue Carême-Prenant" and R. Candiani's translation of Sophie Ulanowska's "La Princesse," are excellent reading.

Professor N. S. Shaler, of Harvard University, in an article entitled "Nansen's Heroic Journey," in the May *Atlantic*, discusses the famous explorer, his methods, his book, and the results of his exploration.

Oscar Wilde has written an autobiography, and it is said that it will be published next winter.

R. D. Blackmore sent to an editor, who was getting up a symposium on the time it took noted authors to write a book, the following reply:

"The proper point about a book—
Or he it praised or smitten—
Is not to ask how long it took,
But what it is when written."

"My Sixty Days in Greece" is the title of an interesting article in the May *Atlantic* by B. L. Gilderleeve.

It is said that ex-President Harrison is pursued by the new journalism with offers. "We do not care what you write," said one of the emissaries recently; "we shall be satisfied with anything that bears your signature."

Sarah W. Whitman discusses "Art in the Public Schools" in the May *Atlantic*.

Mark Twain is still living in retirement in England. He can be reached only through his publishers, Chatto & Windus. "My book will soon be finished," he wrote a few weeks since to an intimate friend. It will be issued by his publishers in Hartford.

F. C. Selous, the well-known hunter and author of books recounting his adventures in search of big game, intends soon to set out on a trip to the Rocky Mountains. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Selous, who is said to be as great a hunter as her husband.

A biography of Cecil Rhodes is to be published. Dr. Jameson will contribute reminiscences. Mr. Rhodes's characteristics can be understood when it is remembered that he has for an objective idea the building of a railroad from the Cape of Good Hope to Cairo, with, say, five hundred miles of British territory on each side of the track.

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Mr. Yeats's new novel offers a picturesque and dramatic study of exciting episodes of Indian life in addition to the working out of the special motive from which the title is drawn. In addition to this admirable romance, another story is included in the volume.

For sale by all booksellers; or will be sent by mail on receipt of price by the publishers.

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ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 18, No. 245 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the first day of June, 1897, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

F. I. VASSAULT, Secretary.
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LITERARY NOTES.

A Canadian Romance.

Gilbert Parker, author of "The Seats of the Mighty" and other novels, has written another story of French-Canadian life of two generations ago. Against the background of the small French-Canadian town of Bonaventure, during the time of the fruitless Papineau uprising against the English in 1837, the characters of the story play out a stirring tragedy.

"The Pomp of the Laviettes," besides a carefully elaborated plot, contains one of the most unique and original character portraits that Mr. Parker has ever attempted. In the character of Tom Ferrol he has drawn a strange mixture of apparently the most incompatible characteristics. It would appear that the author had deliberately striven to alienate the reader's sympathy at the beginning by painting his hero as black as he possibly could. Tom Ferrol is a liar and a thief, a betrayer of hospitality, an indifferent, careless rascal capable of any roguery or crime. Yet the reader follows his career with the same fascination that one accords to the picturesque and gentlemanly highwayman of the eighteenth century.

The story is full of strenuous action. The encounter between Ferrol and the bear is described in short, breathless sentences with an intensity it would be difficult to excel. The other characters, while not so prominent, are no less carefully portrayed, and the reader is hastened from one dramatic situation to another without pause, from the first page to the last.

Published by Lamson Wolfe & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Twenty-Five Centuries of Evolution.

Edward Clodd points out in "Pioneers of Evolution from Thales to Huxley" that this theory, which we have all regarded as so very modern, had its origin twenty-five centuries ago, when Thales maintained the proposition "that nothing comes into being out of nothing, and that nothing passes away into nothing." The first part of his book is devoted to the "Pioneers of Evolution from Thales to Lucretius," a period ranging from 600 B. C. to 50 A. D. This is followed with a long chapter on "The Arrest of Inquiry," after which he considers "The Renaissance of Science" which followed the investigations of Bacon. The modern portion of the book is in three chapters—"Darwin and Wallace," "Herbert Spencer," and "Thomas Henry Huxley." Their ideas are explained in terms that are easily understandable, and the subject is brought well up to date. Portraits are given of Dana, Wallace, Spencer, and Huxley, and the volume concludes with an index.

Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

A Chance for Aldrich.

Donald G. Mitchell's and Mrs. Fields's reminiscences are almost the last there can be of the old literary New England set. There are very few of the set left, and of the Boston lot only Mrs. Fields, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and Miss Jewett remain. Mrs. Fields has not written until within comparatively few years, and Miss Jewett did not begin until long after Mr. Aldrich, so that he, although the baby of the really old set, is the sole survivor of it actually in Boston. In view of these facts, Mary Abbott suggests that Aldrich write his reminiscences. He belonged to New York for years even more than to New England, and among his most intimate friends, till death took them into perspective, were Edwin Booth, Launt Thompson, and Bayard Taylor. It was in New York that T. B. Aldrich met his wife, then Miss Woodman, through Edwin Booth's kindly ministrations. At first Mr. Aldrich was afraid his strapping income would not meet the demand, and he wrote, timidly:

"Woodman, spare T. B.;
Touch not a single curl;
He can not shelter thee,
Thou most expensive girl."

If Aldrich chose he could write interesting and unknown reams about Booth, and Barrett, and Thompson, and Vedder, and a hundred others as illustrious.

New Publications.

"An Ambitious Slave," by Reginald Rowland, has been published in paper covers by the Peter Paul Book Company, Buffalo.

"The Little Lady of Lagunitas," by Richard Henry Savage, has been republished in paper covers by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents.

"The Strange Romance of a Palace Car," by A. B. Anker, has been published in paper covers by the G. W. Dillingham Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

Mrs. Helen Choate Prince, granddaughter of Rufus Choate, has written a novel about Americans in France called "A Transatlantic Chate-laine." The plot is entirely conventional, but the story contains some inviting pictures of rural French life. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Robert Underwood Johnson has published "Two Tributes to Greece" in a small pamphlet for private circulation. It contains an apostrophe to Greece which was begun on the steps of the Parthenon in 1886 and published ten years later in the New York

Independent, and a metrical version of the Greek "Hymn of Liberty." Printed at the De Vinne Press, New York.

"Mr. and Mrs. Hannibal Hawkins," by Belle C. Greene, has been published in paper covers by the American Publishers' Corporation, New York; price, 25 cents.

A collection of fifty extracts relating to plant-lore is contained in the "Plant World," edited and compiled by Frank Vincent. They are in poetry and prose, and treat of the wonders of the vegetable kingdom in a way which makes botany as readable as a romance. The book contains many illustrations. Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

In the series of Short Histories of the Literatures of the World, edited by Edmund Gosse, has been published "A History of Ancient Greek Literature," by Gilbert Murray, M. A. It reviews the different periods of Greek literature, the poets, dramatists, and orators, and covers the whole field from Homer to Demosthenes in an efficient manner. Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

In "The Beginnings of Art," Ernst Grosse, Ph. D., traces the development of art in all its forms from the most primitive peoples. The subjects of personal decoration, ornamentation, pictorial work, and the arts of dancing, poetry, and music are dwelt upon, and the book forms one of the most interesting volumes yet published in the Anthropological Series. Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, \$1.75.

"On the Red Staircase" is a story of Moscow during the childhood of Peter the Great. It portrays the tempestuous events of that wild period when two factions disputed the succession to the imperial throne left vacant by Czar Fedor. The story abounds in mystery, dark passages, and hidden doors. It is full of action, much of which takes place upon the "Red Staircase" of the Kremlin. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

T. Bailey Saunders has brought out a seventh volume containing his translations of selected passages from Schopenhauer. It is entitled "On Human Nature," and brings together essays from chapters in Schopenhauer's "Parerga," and his posthumous writings. The names of the essays are: "Human Nature," "Government," "Free-Will and Fatalism," "Character," "Moral Instinct," and "Ethical Reflections." Published by the Macmillan Company; New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Procession of the Flowers" is the title of a little book in which Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson has brought together from other essays certain summer sketches. In addition to that which gives its title to the volume, the contents are: "April Days," "Water-Lilies," "My Outdoor Study," "The Life of Birds," and "A Moonglade." The volume concludes with an index of plants and animals mentioned in the essays. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"Prisoners of Conscience," by Mrs. Amelia E. Barr, is a novel about the fisher-folk of the Shetland Islands. It has been published in a briefer form in the *Century Magazine*, where it attracted considerable attention by its force and faithful characterization. In the story as it now stands there is additional material which imparts further power to an already strong narrative. The drawings are by Louis Loeb, who was sent to the Shetland Islands to make them on the spot. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.30.

Professor Franklin Henry Giddings, professor of sociology in Columbia University in the city of New York, has supplemented his "Principles of Sociology" with a pamphlet entitled "The Theory of Socialization." This syllabus of sociology is principally for the use of college and university classes, briefly stating the propositions contained in his larger book and supplementing them with many lesser affirmations which are the connecting links in the theory. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, 60 cents.

NEWSPAPER VERSE.

Excelsior.

Mr. Allen Upward, the novelist, has gone to Crete.—*Daily Paper.*

The rifle balls were whizzing fast,
When through a Cretan valley passed
A youth who bore (besides his sword)
This motto on a sandwich-board—
Upward!

"Oh stay," a Consul cried, "a night;
'Tis hut a Cretan faction fight."
The hero answered as he went—
"I do it for advertisement!"
Upward!"

"Try not to pass," an Admiral said;
"The Mussulmans are gone or dead,
And Cretans shoot their Cretan brother—"
A voice made answer: "You're another!"
Upward!"

About an hour before the day,
The Cretans, in their playful way,
Automomized a fortress height
With democratic dynamite,
Upward!

A Special Bagman of the boss,
Emerinos Chronographos,
Discovered on the ghastly scene
The board that told of what had been
Upward!

There, in the morning clear and fair,
He—well, he wasn't anywhere;
And no one very greatly missed
The filibuster humorist,
Upward!—Pick-Me-Up.

The New Chivalry.

It is natural that women should admire fighters. Naturally they think more of a man who can fight than of any other man.—John L. Sullivan on the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight.

"O, Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy," and—all the rest of it,
When man is on his second's knees,
'Tis then your presence makes the best of it.
Once wont to watch in hattle's rear,
Now in fight's hawling, brutal, bully van
You stand and shout, despising fear—
So says the dithyrambic Sullivan.
Clare sat and gazed o'er Flodden's fight
At a remote, respectful distance.
Mrs. Fitzsimmons keeps in sight,
And renders practical assistance.
Eliza, on the wood-crowned hill
O'er Linden, watched wild war's vicissitude,
But Mrs. F., at the great "mill,"
"Conducts herself with great solicitude."
Ob, sweet romance of the ring-side!

A pugilist must feel complacent,
What time his Amazonian bride
With good advice is "close adjacent."
How that Pug's huzzum must rejoice
Who, true to chivalry's high law alone,
Hears his wife's winning, warning voice,
'Keep at his ribs, and leave his jaw alone!!!!'
At the old lists the ladies' eyes—
So bards who hymn the tourney's shocks sing—
"Rained influence and adjudged the prize."

How different in modern boxing!
'Tis now the lady's voice that rains
Pithy advice in free vernacular,
Urges the blow, the rush restrains,
At once inspiring and oracular.
Fancy Queen Ginevere of old,
When Lancelot leveled for a casque-hit,
Out-shouting to her champion hold,
"Give him the lance in the bread-basket!"

"A pugilist at Arthur's Court"
Would give Mark Twain, who never spareth,
A chance to show a Yankee "sport."
Knocking out Lancelot and Gareth.
A woman loves a fighter best;
Elaine would now back Boh Fitzsimmons;
King Arthur's self, put to our test,
Would never pass our standard—women's.
The Pug is now the Blameless King
Who wins the modern woman's benison;
And it is "Idyls of the Ring"
Must give his theme to our next Tennyson.

—Punch.

Journalism.

Monday: The North Atlantic Fleet
Is ordered on active service;
The commander and Cabinet officers meet;
The country is strained and nervous.
War is at hand! WE have certain clews
To the plans of a hostile nation,
This is the *Rocket's* exclusive news—
Look at our circulation!

Tuesday: Didn't WE tell you so?
Diplomats all deny it,
But war is imminent. This WE show
In the New York *Rocket*. Buy it!
No doubt the Federal Government views
Our power with trepidation;
This is the *Rocket's* exclusive news—
Look at our circulation!

Wednesday: Some of our rivals print
Rumors of strife and slaughter.
These are absurd! WE have a hint
From a most reliable quarter.
See what comes of a foolish guess,
Written to make sensation!
War is a figment—nothing less.
Look at our circulation!

Thursday: Government chiefs commend
The *Rocket's* conservatism.
All the danger is at an end,
Ended the risk of schism.
WE have preserved the State, and must
Yield to gratification!
The New York *Rocket* is safe to trust,
Look at our circulation!

Friday: War!!! The *Rocket* can speak
With certainty and conviction;
War will come in about a week,
Owing to foreign friction.
Representatives show their rage
And vote an appropriation,
Watch for our Sunday Woman's Page,
And look at our circulation!

Saturday: WE have been authorized
To deny reports of trouble,
This, as WE yesterday surmised,
Is only a scare-head bubble.
What would the country do without
The *Rocket's* prognostication?
No one can read our views with doubt,
Look at our circulation!

Sunday: War is a thing assured!
War! As WE understand it,
Nothing further can be endured!
War! For the States demand it!
War! Too long we have waited for
An excuse or a provocation!
War! War!! War!!! and a fourth time War!!!!
Look at our circulation!
—Philip Rodney Paulding in *Munsey's Magazine*.

The May Atlantic

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A Farming Community.

ALVAN F. SANBORN.

Two papers by trained observers showing the salient features of the present and changing life in rural New England. How the old condition is giving way to the new; the rush to the towns: Is rural life deteriorating?

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CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

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B. L. GILDERSLEEVE.

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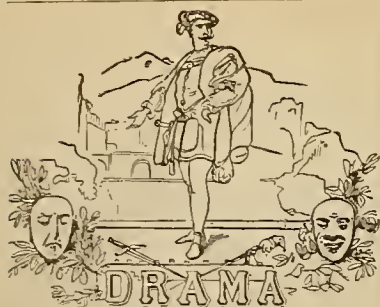
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BLASIUS
PIANOS

New Styles Just Received

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SOLE AGT.



Mr. Denis O'Sullivan ought to feel very much pleased with San Francisco. Honoring its talented children has never been one of its strong points, but in the case of Mr. O'Sullivan, an exception was made and "le tout San Francisco" turned out on Monday night to bid him welcome and lay its tribute at his feet.

The Tivoli was the scene of local triumph. Before eight o'clock it was filled, and dejected people who had not been able to obtain seats, were met on the steps retiring in dudgeon. The Tivoli's hospitable walls have held a good many big crowds, but it is doubtful if it ever held such a big one before. People thronged in by twos, by threes, by fours, and the elongated crowds of theatre-parties struggled after each other through the press. They jammed in the lobby and they packed in the doorway; they hailed each other boisterously as straggling remnants of other theatre-parties cut across them and tore them asunder. They re-found each other with congratulatory greetings, and charged for their seats under the lead of an usher.

When Fate and an ungrateful box-office put you up under the roof by the calcium light, you may be excused a caustic spirit in dealing with the play. Experience, however, has taught one that at the Tivoli it is better to sit under the roof by the calcium light than anywhere else in the house. The light makes a maddening sort of noise, as if a great many blue-bottle flies were buzzing on a window-pane, but the distance lends a mellowed enchantment to the stage tableaux, and neither the voices nor the smoke is so bad up there. Besides, you can lean over and look at the house below, recognize your friends, and study their spring hats at leisure.

The house beneath one did not present a very gay appearance. It had not honored Mr. O'Sullivan to the point of wearing its best clothes. It was dark and demure-looking. On the ground floor unbathed heads and pale-tinted bodices lent a suggestion of festival to the parquet, and one watched the unbathed heads nodding greetings to other unbathed heads, and now and then leaning forward to exchange snatches of conversation across the aisles. In the gallery the effect was sombre. They were sailor-hats there, and there were some surreptitious shirt-waists lurking in the back rows. Even strung-out theatre-parties, all spring millinery and fluttering fans, could not brighten the dark sweep. Here and there, back where the shadows were thick, the red glow of a lighted match threw a momentary gleam over a face that sprang from the darkness like a picture, to disappear as suddenly when the spurt of flame died out.

Then the curtain drew up, and everybody faced about toward the stage, with a squaring of shoulders and a raising of lorgnettes.

The good old blood of Erin should have beaten high with pride and pleasure before the first act was half over. "Shamus O'Brien" is a real Irish opera, and, indeed, there's no mistake about it! California ought to take it to its bosom and cherish it as its one ewe lamb. It is almost local. They only beat us on the banshee. We have no banshee, so far, in San Francisco, but we may get one yet. We might import a pair and raise little banshees for the market. With that single exception, "Shamus O'Brien" is an opera full of local color and sentiment, with situations as familiar to us as the brogue and the point of view.

The Irish are a people naturally full of drama. On their native heath they are said to be charming, not as we know them after the refining influences of American civilization have succeeded in spoiling them. Their humor and their enchanting social gracefulness and graciousness make them peculiarly suitable to stage representation, but it takes a real Irishman, like Tom Moore or Dion Boucicault, to get the flavor and the color right. The Irishman of the shillalah and the short pipe, whose main amusement seems to be shooting landlords and fighting anybody he chances to meet, is a most objectionable being when treated by an outsider. When an Irishman gets hold of him, writes about him, paints him, or acts him, he becomes suffused with a rich and captivating charm, being transmuted into a Con the Shaughraun or a Charles O'Malley.

Mr. O'Sullivan has this Irish charm. He is a man with a splendid presence and much dramatic fervor. With that brawny, muscular, deep-chested figure, that broad, thick-necked, straight-backed head, which Alexander Salvini had in its most splendid type, and which suggests the gladiators of old Rome, he has a face full of boyish good humor and frank bonhomie. He has plenty of artistic temperament, and, one might imagine, a good dash of that cheerful laziness which, it is said, the singer so often possesses. Surrounded by the stimulating picturesqueness of the stage, and borne along on the exalting strains of

orchestral accompaniment, he shows the quick, demonstrative readiness of the Irish, and responds with a rush of impetuous sympathy to the situation under portrayal. His almost rash spontaneity, his sympathetic keenness of feeling and its perfect sincerity of expression, make him an admirable actor of emotional rôles. His is the enthusiastically impulsive style that is so essentially Hibernian. It is at once convincing and not quite to be believed, having the ardent sincerity of the moment that evaporates after the moment is past.

With such an admirable appearance and such a quick comprehension of the effectively dramatic side of things, Mr. O'Sullivan has found his right place on the stage. His voice is not so noble or so finely used and poised as his appearance and his histrionic ability. One expects bigger, richer notes to come from this broad chest, deep enough to house a bass as sonorous as Edouard de Reszké's. A hardness, a coldness of tone were so apparent at first that the spirited opening song, rolling out challenge and patriotism and soldierly sentiments, like a Barrack-Room Ballad, did not make the effect it should. Later on this chilliness wore off, the voice grew warm, richer, and fuller, gained in a deep, searching quality, and in that soft-toned enthusiasm which is so necessary to the emotional singer. Nevertheless, a tremolo that was almost an oscillation between two notes mars it continually. There is work for Mr. O'Sullivan in subduing this and getting his voice as well under his control as he has his instinct for dramatic effect.

The opera itself, dealing with a story that thrills, is not so interesting as it ought to be. Whether it was the buzzing of the calcium light, or the heat, or the deliberate falsetto notes of Mr. Rhys Thomas, or the keening of the banshee, or something else unclassified and unknown, the opera undoubtedly dragged in the middle. There was a tide in the affairs of Shamus which was very dull. It was in the prison scene, which, with an excellent finale, was boring until that finale arrived. Mr. George Jessop's imaginative talents were not so strong as his ability to adapt. Sheridan Le Fanu furnished him with an opening and an ending that were admirably dramatic. These two Mr. Jessop had to link together with a second act of his own creating, and he was unsuccessful in making it match in interest its predecessor or its follower. The first act was the best—some of it was very pretty. An amateurish multiplicity of climaxes marred its symmetry. Indeed, this seemed to be the great defect of the libretto—it was the work of one who is deficient in a knowledge of stagecraft. A first act full of climaxes and action and a second act with hardly anything in it but a spirited final scene is work by a 'prentice hand. To scrape your action even over your play is the first thing the dramatist must learn.

Vocally, too, the first act was by far the most attractive. Though Shamus had a fine aria in the beginning of the second, and Captain Trevor had a pretty love-song which won him a round of applause, the crisp, the gayest, and the most piquant melodies were all in the front of the opera. Its composer's inspiration did not last much over the first half of his work. In the opening scenes he strove to lend to the airs a national color, and much of the music showed that quaint mingling of the weird and the jocular which seems to mark the outpourings of Erin's muse. Some of the melodies were distinctly characteristic, and one felt that "the harp that once through Tara's hall the soul of music spread," was not so mute and broken-down as the poet led one to believe. But the local color and the inspiration both died before Shamus was safe behind the bars, and Erin's harp was silent for the rest of the evening.

The end of the opera was abrupt but exciting. It is a scene of thrilling interest. Unfortunately it was bound to go so quickly that the act had to be filled up with lachrymose duets between the two women characters. Then came Shamus in the cart of the condemned, and one knew that the conclusion of the opera was at hand. To escape before the crowd seemed so great an advantage that the vicinity of the calcium light was deserted, and as the priest cut Shamus's bonds, and the soldiers discharged their muskets in the air, one hastened down the aisle, past the row of men sitting on tables in the background, down to the stairway, while the roar behind of the applauding house sounded loud and confused as the roar of the sea. Ten minutes later, from the car, one could see the audience still pouring out from the broad, flaring entrance—hundreds of people, masses of people, still coming and coming and coming in a bright, talkative, excited flood—the sort of house one sees once in five years.

Notes.

The Lilliputians will bring their new spectacle to the Baldwin next month.

Nella Bergen, De Wolf Hopper's new prima donna, is reported to be a very handsome woman.

Isabel Irving is to play Maud Adams's part in "Rosemary" when John Drew begins his next season here.

Sadie Martinot gives some very clever imitations of Yvette Guilbert, Eleonora Duse, and other stage celebrities in "Excelsior, Jr."

It is said that Augustus Thomas is writing a new play for Charles Hopper, in which Chimmie Fadden is shown as a "well-to-do plumber of some social

prestige." The "plumber of social prestige" piques curiosity.

Augustus Thomas has written a new play which Nat Goodwin is to bring out in Chicago next year. It is entitled "Treadway, of Yale."

"My Friend from India," one of the most successful comedies that New York has seen in several years, is coming to the Baldwin late in the season.

Maxine Elliott is still with the Nat Goodwin company. Her beauty is attracting a great deal of attention in the rôle of Beatrice Carew in "An American Citizen."

Nat Goodwin will begin his coming engagement at the Baldwin with "An American Citizen." He will also present "David Garrick" and "The Rivals" during his stay.

Lewis Morrison has at last discarded "Faust," and will be seen in two new plays when he comes to this city next season. They are "The Privateer" and "Stuart Denville, Gentleman."

Marie Dressler will play May Irwin's rôle in "Courtied into Court" when it comes to the Columbia. She is making a great success in New York in the burlesque entitled "Tess of the Vaudeville."

"Under the Red Robe," which is still a success at the Empire Theatre, New York, has passed its two hundredth performance in London. A company will soon be sent out to produce it in Australia, and will probably be seen in it here on the way to the antipodes.

The Frawley Company will return to the Columbia Theatre next month. Blanche Bates, Phosha McAllister, Madge Carr Cook, Frank Worthing, Harry Corson Clarke, Wilson Enos, and George Bosworth will still be members of the company, and at least ten new members have been added to it. Managers Frawley and Friedlander are now in New York securing new plays for the company.

The Lyceum Theatre Company has already started on its Western tour. Its repertoire includes four successful plays. "The Prisoner of Zenda" we have already seen. The others are "The Late Mr. Costello," "The First Gentleman of Europe," and "The Mayflower." It is in the latter play that Mary Manning, the new leading lady of the company, made such an impression in New York.

David Henderson, the Chicago manager, who for four or five years sent out burlesque companies that eclipsed in gorgeousness the productions of Edward Effulgent Rice, is recovering from his financial collapse. He has signed a contract with the manager of McVicker's Theatre in Chicago by which he will take from four to six months there annually for the next three years. He may do well with this, but of his second enterprise we are skeptical. This is to send M. B. Curtis out on a tour which shall extend as far west as San Francisco. Mr. Curtis is not popular in this city. He is under a cloud here. He is too familiar with the inside of the Broadway jail.

Among recent deaths were those of Mrs. Sarah Richards in New York at the age of eighty-six years, and of Mercy Foster Clark in New Jersey at the age of ninety-three. The former was one of the three women who were drawing pensions from the United States as widows of soldiers of the Revolution, and the latter drew a pension as a child of a Revolutionary soldier. It is remarkable that either the widow or the child of a man who fought in the War for Independence, one hundred and twenty years ago, should still survive, and still more remarkable that the widow should be younger than the child. The first was doubtless one of those instances where a very young girl married a very old man, perhaps on his deathbed, in order to secure a pension as his widow. There are now on our pension rolls more than three thousand widows of soldiers of the war of 1812. Judging from this, it is probable that in the year 2,000 our government will still be paying pensions to the widows of soldiers in our Civil War.

Handel Barr—"Tyre has the most aggravated case of bicycle face I ever saw." Wheeler—"Since when? He was all right the last time I saw him." Handel Barr—"I don't know how long; but yesterday he had the face to try to borrow my wheel for a four days' trip into the country."—*Leslie's Weekly*.

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A galvanized-iron Mill, we are told, is branding its product "Best Bloom" in the manifest expectation to pass it for ours.

It's a very good name; Apollo Best Bloom is good iron.

Apollo Iron and Steel Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

STAGE GOSSIP.

De Wolf Hopper in "El Capitan."

Primrose and West's Minstrel Company will bring their engagement at the Baldwin Theatre to an end to-morrow (Sunday) night, and on Monday evening De Wolf Hopper will begin a fortnight's engagement in "El Capitan." When he was here a few years ago, he made himself a strong favorite with the theatre-going public of this city. He appeared then in "Wang" and "Dr. Syntax." Now he comes to us with an opera which has been one of the leading comic-opera successes of the past two seasons in the East. The music was composed by John Philip Sousa, the well-known band-master, who has conclusively shown that, in addition to being one of the greatest composers of marches, he can also write pretty lyrics and tender romances and is a master of orchestration. The story is a broad mingling of romance and fun, and gives admirable opportunity for the display of Mr. Hopper's talents.

Next to Mr. Hopper's name on the programme, the most important is that of his pretty little wife, Edna Wallace Hopper. She is a native of this city, and had been on the stage only a year or so, chiefly with one of the Frohman companies, when she was married to Mr. Hopper and joined his troupe. She will have the leading female rôle in "El Capitan," and other parts will be in the hands of Nella Bergen, Alice Hosmer, Edmund Stanley, Alfred Klein, and Thomas S. Gulse. The chorus is said to be composed of young and shapely women, and the costuming and scenery are on an elaborate scale.

A Lively Farce-Comedy.

"A Run on the Bank" is the liveliest farce-comedy that has been here in many a long day. The plot may be stated briefly: Two tramps impersonate a couple of English noblemen, borrow money, start a bank—with a bar-room as sort of side issue—and make enormous fortunes by speculation in Wall Street. Ward and Vokes are the two tramps, and, though their make-up is disgusting and some of their humor is very broad, they are nevertheless amusing as the Weary Raggles of the comic papers is amusing. Associated with them are several young women of the Daly family, among whom are Margaret Daly-Vokes, who is easily comparable with Ada Lewis as a tough girl; Lucy Daly, who combines the rôles of a dude and a female book-keeper in the bank; and Little Nellie, who is a very lively dancer. The other feminine members of the company are Gilberte Learock, as a very sophisticated and cheeky book-agent, and the usual black-stockinged girls to fill out the back-ground. The men of the company include Charles Guyer, an astonishing acrobatic comedian; Tony Williams, Joe Kelly, and others of less note. The fun is of the slam-bang order, and continues incessantly from the rise of the curtain until the going down of the same.

"A Run on the Bank" will be continued all next week, with new specialties and songs, and on Monday, May 10th, Rice's "Excelsior, Jr." will be presented by Howell and Berry's Extravaganza Company. This is headed by Sadie Martinot and Joe Cawthorn, and the other members of the company are Johnny Page, George Olmy, Harry Cassidy, Neal McNeil, Nellie and Ethel Strickland, and Carrie Behr.

O'Sullivan at the Tivoli.

"Shamus O'Brien" drew an enormous crowd to the Tivoli on Monday night. The theatre was packed from the front row in the orchestra to the back of the top gallery, and theatre-parties were dotted all over the house. It was one of the most successful nights in the Tivoli's history. There has not been the same rush for seats since then, but every subsequent night has seen large audiences, even for the Tivoli, and that popular place for amusement is unused to empty benches. "Shamus O'Brien" will be continued throughout next week, and probably for some weeks after that.

The next production at the Tivoli will be "Miss Frisco," an operatic mélange copied after the *revues de l'an* which have long been a feature of the theatrical season in Paris. There it is the custom to make up the piece of burlesqued scenes from the popular plays of the preceding year, very much as Charley Reed and his minstrel company at the Standard Theatre, years ago, used to burlesque the popular plays of the day, such as "Michael Strogoff." The Tivoli "review" will not direct its attention so much to plays which have been given here as to local events, which will be guyed in the frankest fashion.

A season of grand opera will be given at the Tivoli during the summer.

The Orpheum's Programme

There have been several commendable numbers on the Orpheum programme during the past week, and the best of them are to be retained. The singing of Signor Alberti and Mme. Orlandi, who have been giving the *toreador* song from "Carmen" and some characteristic Spanish songs, is thoroughly enjoyable; the Andersons' buck-dancing is well worth seeing, as is also the dancing of the Merrilees Sisters; Edwin Latell's performances on the banjo, the saxophone, and even the musical bells, is above the average; and the Midgleys repeat the impersonation of children that won them favor in "Natural Gas." The new female impersonator, Alexander Tacianu—who

bails from Vienna, in spite of his name, and sings chiefly in German—is unique among his kind in not being offensive, either when he sings like a woman or descends to his natural baritone.

The new-comers next week will be Mlle. Fleurette, a "toe-dancer," who has the assistance of four others, who are described as "fleurs-de-lis," and Mlle. Ani, a trapeze performer and wire-walker. In addition to these, Signor Alberti and Mme. Orlandi will sing selections from "Ernani," "Trovatore," and "Cavalleria" in costume, and a generally entertaining programme will be presented.

The Orpheum, by the way, is improving its seating facilities, having raised the parquet and provided it with new opera-seats.

According to Dr. Nansen, the pole, after all, is really not worth finding. He could get there any day with a couple of hundred dogs, but what would be the good of it? If you want to make serious scientific observations you must build a floating laboratory, and drift about for an indefinite number of years, simply ignoring the existence of the unprofitable pole altogether. The great explorer thinks that the neglected South Pole will attract more attention in the future than her northern sister.

Professor Blake proposes to furnish negroes with white skins by means of electricity. It is his belief that the carbon pigment which gives to the negro his black skin can be decomposed by the application of an electric current.

Edinburgh drunkards find a mixture of methylated spirits and naphtha or paraffine a cheap and effective intoxicant. They call it dynamite.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Note from Paris.

PARIS, le 6 Avril.
MONSIEUR LE REDACTEUR DE L'ARGONAUT: Ayant remarqué que vous aviez le bienveillance dans votre analyse des Salons de Paris de mentionner tout spécialement les artistes nés en Amérique, je viens vous prier de m'accorder une mention spéciale dans votre honorable journal.

J'expose depuis six ans aux Champs-Élysées, et cette année j'ai fait une jolie miniature, et, comme je tiens particulièrement à me faire connaître à San Francisco—je viens vous prier de m'accorder votre protection dans l'Argonaut, qui est un journal faisant autorité pour le bon goût et le note artistique.

Esperant que vous accueillerez ma demande avec le bienveillance qui vous est habituelle, recevez, monsieur, les remerciements anticipés d'une jeune artiste.

French schools are so corrupt that a recent Paris Anglican chaplain said: "There is not a boy's school in all Paris I can unconditionally recommend."

The whole atmosphere of a French city or large town is steeped in danger for a foreign youth. The French consider it impossible for any boy to be pure-minded, leaving the youth surrounded with everything that excites the imagination, lowers the moral sense, and calls into ridicule all that we in America think of good report. Belgian schools are no better; Switzerland is fairly safe. Germany, in the main, is satisfactory.

A bill introduced in the Kentucky legislature makes it a misdemeanor to throw an egg at a public speaker, and a felony to hit the speaker with the egg.

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Very respectfully yours,

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Read
This
Letter

The Emporium

VANITY FAIR.

Miss Susan de Forest Day, who bought a tramp steamer a year ago and turned it into a yacht, has just returned from a six weeks' cruise among the West Indies. It took two months to metamorphose the steamer into a yacht, and since it was finished, Miss Day has made it her home; she has not been ashore for more than six weeks at a time in the past year. It is just like a country-place, she says; she can take friends around with her or go alone, just as she pleases, and when the *Scythian* is at anchor, she can invite people to visit her or not. She holds the first commission from the Treasury ever given to a woman as master of her own boat, and is at present studying navigation at the Nautical College with a view to getting a captain's certificate. This work ties her down at the anchorage at Whitestone for the present, but she keeps her horses and bicycle in Whitestone, and puts in a good deal of time in wheeling, riding, and driving. She enjoys these outdoor sports, but, though she has seriously tried to make up her mind to live ashore and put her boat out of commission for two months, she simply could not do it. She has had no trouble in running her yacht. She has four men before the mast, a captain and mate, an engineer and assistant engineer, and three firemen, besides her private servants, who comprise a companion, a maid, a steward, an assistant steward, and a woman cook. Miss Day's apartments are entirely separated from those arranged for her guests, and she is thus undisturbed in the conduct of her household affairs and the management of the ship. In addition to her own suite, there are four other bedrooms, two double and two single ones, for the accommodation of her guests.

An idea of the immense expenditure entailed by the possession of ancestral estates in Great Britain may be gathered from the statement that in several of the great country-seats, such as Chatsworth, belonging to the Duke of Devonshire; Knowsley, belonging to the Duke of Atholl, etc., the staff employed on the house and grounds, exclusive of agricultural laborers or artisans, amounts to seven hundred and eight hundred men. On a number of less magnificent places the force of indoor and outdoor servants, gardeners, and game-keepers exceeds two hundred, while it is estimated that there are at least twelve hundred country-seats of third-rate magnitude which require the services of seventy and eighty men apiece. This is not so surprising when one remembers that at the Duke of Portland's country-seat at Welbeck there are three deer-parks, surrounded by twelve miles of iron fences.

Vogue says that well-dressed men are going to draw a distinction between golf and cycle suits this summer. Golf-knickers will have quarter-cuffs of box cloth, closing with four or five buttons. Cycle-knickers will not have quarter-cuffs, but a strap and buckle at the knee. This is a very fine distinction indeed.

Objections have been raised against the proposed admission of a colored cadet to the Naval Academy on the ground that a colored officer in the navy would subject his fellow-officers to humiliation in foreign ports. As a matter of fact, the color-line is not drawn in England and in France as it is here. A man who has spent his summers abroad for years past recently said to a New York *Sun* writer: "At the English inn where I stayed for a month last summer a colored man—really a black fellow—was seated beside me at the table. When the cut of beef was served, it was offered to this colored man first, and then it was served to me. Now, I am a Southerner by birth, and I went to the proprietor of the hotel and objected. He told me that if I didn't like it, I might go. He said that he made no distinction in color. I changed my seat and remained, for the hotel was really a good one. Later, in Paris, I went to the opera one night and saw in a box two well-dressed white women accompanied by three negroes. It was a respectable party, and during the evening several of the other occupants of boxes dropped in to shake hands with the colored men. These colored men were men of means and good social standing in Paris."

Queen Victoria has relaxed her severity with regard to divorced ladies, several of whom are now received at court. Among them may be mentioned Lady Millais, who was the wife of Ruskin, Lady Pittbright, and Lady Blaniard. Yet the queen has become more rigorous with regard to the treatment of those who wed in defiance of their parents' wishes. It has just been made known by the lord chamberlain's department that runaway marriages will be regarded as a bar to the presentation at court of the fair heroines of such escapades. It is believed that the cause of this announcement has been the recent runaway marriage of the Honorable Harriet Agar Ellis with Granville Knox, a member of the Scotch family, one of the most famous scions of which was John Knox, the reformer. Mr. Granville Knox, it is needless to say, is a Protestant, and it was on this score, as well as on that of his inadequate means, that the strongest objections were entertained against the match by Viscountess Clifden, the mother of the Honorable Harriet. Lord Clifden himself, who is separated from his wife, was equally opposed to the union. Another young lady whom the queen

has barred from court on the same grounds is her relative, Lady Lillian Fitz-Clarence, who is the great-granddaughter of King William the Fourth. Lady Lillian, a very pretty, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, could not obtain the consent of her father and mother, the Earl and Countess of Munster, to her marriage with Captain Boyd, formerly of the Life Guards. Accordingly, she left her parents' home without their knowledge, and, after marrying Captain Boyd at Dover, crossed the channel to Paris. Since then both her husband and herself have found it convenient to live abroad. There are so many instances in the British aristocracy of runaway marriages that the announcement by the lord chamberlain's department will cause a good deal of dismay, and it is already being asked to what extent the rule will be retroactive. There are several peeresses of the realm who have been admitted to court in the past—such, for instance, as the Marchioness of Hastings and Lady Rosmead—who made runaway marriages more than a generation ago. Are they to be punished for the indiscretion of their youth, and to be classed in the same category as Lady Mabel Bruce, who, on the eve of the date appointed for her marriage with Captain Crosby, bolted with a disreputable bookmaker named Siever?

Says a lively woman in the *Bazar*: "The salon will never revive so long as *gas* is used. Who can talk under a conversation-killer blazing overhead?" Some can, but few do. No room can be really cozy where all the lights are hung high; and a room that is not cozy is never the habitat for real conversation. In the first place, conversation feeds largely on the listener's looks. Set an ardent listener under a high-hung light, and immediately dark, weary shadows show under the eyes, the color goes, and the most responsive faces take on a more or less ghastly, strained look. Eager eyes blinded by the glare are lowered; or if raised, lose full expression, shrinking from the beating rays. All this, high lights can do and undo, unless well supplemented and toned down by low lights judiciously placed about the room.

There is an art in growing old gracefully, but it is one which must be cultivated and brought to perfection; and, fortunately for middle-aged women, the fashions of the present year of grace seem to have been designed specially for their benefit. The cloudy masses of soft tulle and chiffon, which have always attracted the Frenchwoman, will be found of enormous value to the *femme à trente ans*; for, as every one knows, it is in the drawing of those disastrous lines below the chin that the finger of time first makes its presence unpleasantly felt. Nothing is more ageing than what is known in vulgar parlance as a "double chin," nothing more difficult to conceal. This year, however, big bows of tulle and soft scarfs of lace-edged chiffon are *de rigueur*, and what more delightful setting than one of these bows for a face no longer in its first youth? The fact that the gracious curves of early girlhood have gone forever remains altogether unsuspected, while you get a general impression of softness and charm in place of that coarsened contour, which implies most unmistakably that some thirty or forty summers have left their unkind traces behind them.

Romance is dead. We write it and act it and paint it, but not one of us lives it. Nothing shows this more plainly (says *Munsey's Magazine*) than an up-to-date love-affair. A keen sense of humor is fatal to passionate utterances, and, the world having gone humor mad, even passion has learned to take itself with a grain of Attic salt. Broken hearts are extinct, and sweethearts have petrified into "best girls," while he who would go on his knees must do it simply by way of a joke, or be branded with the terrible stigma of "soft." The girl who, a generation ago, would have whispered to her adorer, with crimson cheeks, "More than life itself do I love you," now laughs and casually remarks: "You know I'm perfectly silly about you!" and both are satisfied.

The prevalence of red and plum color or purple in women's clothes this spring has brought about some combinations in colors that would have shocked an æsthetic person two years ago. Red was flaunted everywhere by New York women this Easter. It was a little redder red on the lower East Side than on Fifth Avenue, but the same recklessness in combining it with colors that generally are not supposed to be in harmony with it was noticeable in both districts. It seemed to be a struggle on the part of the dress-makers for major-minor effects, and men looked on and wondered. The fluffy white hair, or nearly white, which has superseded the reddish tinge of last fall with the women who change the color of their hair with as little concern as they do their bonnets, contrasted strikingly with the glaring colors.

To a Frenchman, his wife is the silent partner in a business contract; to a German, she is his housewife; to an Englishman, she is the mother of his heirs. But, to an American, she is more of a companion, whom he meets on the equal ground of sympathy and understanding. She is less a commodity to him than a human being. He recognizes her intelligence and defers to it. It follows, therefore, that the American woman is much in evidence, and because she is, the charges of extravagance and frivolity may easily be brought against her. But the test of a

woman's good qualities as a wife and mother can not be made by her conduct at a bargain-counter or on the platform of her favorite club. That American women are so eager to obtain bargains should be one vindication, at least, against the charge of their extravagance. It is in the home alone, however, that they can be fairly judged, and few of their critics can study them in their own sitting-rooms and nurseries. The average American wife knows as much about the state of her husband's exchequer as the average Englishwoman or Frenchwoman. She knows as much about good housekeeping as her lauded foreign sister, but she refuses to make either economy or housewifery the paramount object of married life. In short, she has a higher ideal of the marriage relation than the business ideal or the *hausfrau* ideal.

RECENT VERSE.

The Spears of Kan-Mar.

Eyes that we look into—so,
Hands that we kiss ere we go,
Keep us,—remember us, hold us a night and a day;
For the white road stretches ahead
And our spears have a vision of red
And our horses champ with their bits and rear at the way.

The tussocks of grass in the glare,
Are brown as a dream-maiden's hair,
And over them, white in the sun, the spears of Kan-Mar.
The curbs and the froth at the lips—
The bridle-chains snapping like whips,
And our plumes tossed red, and scenting the beels of war.

The eyes that twinkle and burn—
The wrists like elk-thongs that turn,
With the balancing, pausing, slender, murderous spear;
The swords that lead us along,
The thrust, the shriek, and the song—
Sights not fit for their eyes, nor sounds for their ears to hear.

The city gates in the sun,
The glory of brave deeds done,
The clatter of horned hoofs and the song of old Kan-Mar,
The roar of the narrow street
Filled with clanging of feet—
The white hands over the balconies and the kiss on the burning scar.

—Theodore Roberts in the Independent.

The White Wolf's Cry.

We are the Chosen People—look at the hue of our skins!
Others are black or yellow—that is because of their sins.
We are the heirs of ages, masters of every race,
Proving our right and title by the bullet's saving grace;
Slaying the naked red man; making the black one our slave;
Flaunting our Color in triumph over a world-wide grave;
Wearing the lamb's pure vestment to the unsuspecting feast:
Flinging it off to show them the conquering Mark of the Beast.
Unto the tropic Edens, where shame was a thing unthought,
Bearing the fruit of knowledge with the serpent's venom fraught.
Indian, Maori, and Zulu; red man, and yellow, and black,
White are their bones wherever they met with the White Wolf's pack.
We are the Chosen People—whatever we do is right—
Feared as men fear the leper, whose skin, like our own, is White!—James Jeffery Roche in Harper's Weekly.

One of the best signs of a moral reform in France for a long while is the effort now being made to abolish the law against the *recherche de la paternité*, which is a constant source of evil, and one cause, perhaps, of the decline in population. In most civilized countries the father of a child may be compelled by law to support it. There, if the mother is deserted she dare not complain, for the *recherche de la paternité* is forbidden by law. She must bear her misfortune as best she knows how, only three courses being open: either to work hard to support the child, to abandon it to the state, or to kill it at once. The result is thousands of infanticides yearly. The law is a relic of Napoleon the First, and was directly designed to give immunity and irresponsibility to his soldiers and the nobility of the imperial régime. Now this time-hallowed law is being attacked. A committee of nine members of the Chamber of Deputies has under consideration a law permitting the *recherche de la paternité*, and six of the nine members are favorable to it.

A merchant in Copenhagen was recently fined ten crowns for having used the American flag as an advertising medium.

It is known that there were men practicing the profession of dentistry in Egypt at least five thousand years ago.

Young Mothers

Should early learn the necessity of keeping on hand a supply of Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for nursing babies as well as for general cooking. It has stood the test for 30 years, and its value is recognized.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Once upon a time a man who needed the aid of Fontenelle went to the great philosopher and began an apology for a pamphlet which he had written against him. Fontenelle's withering answer was: "Sir, this is the first time I have heard of it."

Leo the Thirteenth was greatly in demand as a diner-out while filling the office of nuncio at Brussels. Always severe in matters of propriety, he was deeply offended by a baron who passed him a snuff-box on the lid of which was enameled a feminine figure *en dshabille*. Controlling his annoyance, his future holiness replied: "Very pretty. Is it your wife?"

When William J. Stillman was in Greece for the London Times, a report was sent out that he had been beheaded. One of his friends telegraphed to the correspondent this message: "Rumor here that your head has been taken off. Is it true?" The message reached Stillman, and this was his reply: "My dear boy, a newspaper man never loses his head."

When Mr. Hunter, the Confederate secretary of state, referred to the correspondence between Charles the First and Parliament as a precedent for a negotiation between a constitutional ruler and rebels, Lincoln replied: "Upon matters of history I must refer you to Mr. Seward, for he is posted in such things, and I don't confess to be; but my only distinct recollection of the matter is that Charles lost his head."

There was once a mathematical tutor in one of our great universities who was in the habit of boasting that he neither knew nor cared to know anything about poets or poetry, and considered it all "a lot of impractical rot." A certain brother tutor anxious to convert him, gave him the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade" to read. The mathematician took it up and began to read aloud, thus: "Half a league, half a league, half a league—Then he banged the book down, exclaiming, impatiently, 'Well, if the fool meant a league and a half, why on earth didn't he say so?'"

James Russell Lowell, when American minister to England, was much bothered by the wife of an American senator, who was determined to be presented at court. The woman was noisy, illiterate, and socially impossible; but she was the wife of a senator. There came a time when the minister, worn out with her importunities, was about to capitulate; in that hour of weakness, however, he chanced to overhear his persecutor say to a friend, regarding a dressmaker's bill which had just come in: "When I see the size of that bill I just laid back and yelled." The lady was not presented.

Kansas had a shibboleth in border State days. In 1854, when the first tide of New England settlers began to drift into the South-West, the Missourians tied a cow at each crossing of the Missouri River. When a new settler arrived at the crossing he was sure to make some remarks about the cow. If he said "cow," he was at once permitted to cross over to Kansas. But if he said "kaow," he was hustled out of the country as a bated Abolitionist. To retaliate, the Kansans tied a bear on their side of the river. When a new settler said "bear," he was welcomed with open arms. But if he said "bar," he was scooted back into Missouri as a wicked slavery advocate.

One day an officer serving in the Army of the Potomac, who had formerly been a surgeon, appeared at Meade's head-quarters in a high state of indignation, and said, "General, as I was riding over here, some of the men shouted after me and called me 'Old Pills,' and I would like to have it stopped." Meade seized bold of his eye-glasses, conspicuously large in size, clapped them astride of his nose, glared through them at the officer, and exclaimed: "Well, what of that? How can I prevent it? Why, I bear that, when I rode out the other day, some of the men called me a 'd-d old goggle-eyed snapping-turtle,' and I can't even stop that!" The officer had to content himself with this explosive expression of a sympathetic fellow-feeling.

"D-n that Shelby," said Senator Harris once according to a correspondent of the *Times-Herald*, is the tall form of the soldier disappeared through her door; "I don't see where he got the impudence to speak to me at all. Me an' Pap Price an' Governor Allen of Louisiana were down at Carlotta when that rebel chicken-stealer came along. We had fixed up a little distillery, an' I had made four bottles of the finest liquor, suh, you evab tasted. This Shelby drank one bottle of it the fust day. Next mornin' we had to ride ova the plantations. We lef him at the house an' he drank two mo' bottles of it, suh." "What became of the other bottle, senator?" asked a listener. "We aged it an' drunk it, suh." "How long did you keep it, senator?" "Fo' days, suh."

The British minister at Constantinople once asked Turkish pasha for information concerning the population and trade of a certain province. "Illustrious

friend, joy of my liver!" the pasha's letter began. "The thing you ask of me is both difficult and useless. Although I have passed all my days in this place, I have neither counted the houses nor have I inquired into the number of the inhabitants; and as to what one person loads on his mules and another stows away in the bottom of his ships, that is no business of mine. O my soul! O my lamb! seek not after the things that concern thee not. Thou comest to us and we welcome thee; go in peace. Of a truth thou hast spoken many words, and there is no harm done, for the speaker is one and the listener is another. After the fashion of my people thou hast wandered from one place to another, until thou art happy and content in none."

A privately printed volume about the famous Athenæum Club, in London, just issued, has some stories about bishops, many of whom are members of it. One is of a clerical dignitary who, being anxious to consult one of the fathers on a theological point, asked a servant of the club "if 'Justin Martyr' was in the library." "I don't think he's a member, my lord," was the answer, "but I'll go and ask the porter." The curious behavior of a bishop is thus described by an eye-witness: "As I stood talking outside the Athenæum the other day, I saw a bishop—a humble suffragan—drive up in a hansom and bid the (unpaid) cabman wait while he went into the club. A minute or two later out came a 'real' bishop, who guilelessly got into the waiting hansom, and, being mistaken by the cabman for his original fare, was straightway driven off. Then issued the suffragan, whose inquiries for his cab led to his being informed by a second cabman that it had been taken 'by another gent in leggings.'"

TWO FLATS.

He had a flat and she had a flat. It was about flats they began to talk when first they met.

Said he: "Mine is a most convenient little place—"

"Ob, so is mine," said she.

"I have a charming sitting-room and a little dining-room; my own bedroom is quite a regal apartment, and I have a little den where I can always put a fellow-labe."

"I have three bedrooms," quoth she.

"But not a bath-room," he said, firmly. "Now, I—"

"But I have a bath-room—a beauty. Heaps of hot water."

"Mine has a shower-bath."

"I can't say that I care about a shower-bath."

"Ah!" said he. It was evident that he pined for her shower-bathless abode. He scored one.

"I have a lift," she said, triumphantly.

"Noisy," said he.

"Mine is not noisy," she said, and unconsciously she rolled up a bread pellet in her fingers and laid it beside her on the table. The scoring should be quite fair.

She became gracious. She said, "You must come and see my flat. I am always at home on Sundays."

"Thank you," he said, and he was brutal enough to add, "It is a little out of the way for me, of course." His hand wandered towards his dinner-roll.

"Of course it is," she rejoined sweetly, "but you must come into the regions of civilization sometimes."

A second pellet was in course of construction, when the bostess bowed, and she sailed out of the room, her train a yard behind her and a splendid smile upon her lips.

"Good-night," she said, a little later; "I shall expect you some Sunday."

And he went.

The porter kept him waiting some minutes in the hall.

"Abominably managed place."

"Very draughty," he remarked, settling himself down into his coat as the lift bore him upward.

"Faith it is, sorr," said the porter, being Irish.

He decided it would be objectionable to have a man with an accent like that about the house.

He groped with aggressive caution in the passage, when the maid had admitted him, and knocked over an umbrella loudly.

His smile was beautiful and bland as he entered her drawing-room.

"I am so sorry to enter in such a noisy fashion," he said; "but it's so dark in your passage that I could see nothing, and I'm afraid I have knocked over a lot of things."

"We have the electric light," she replied, sharply.

"Why was it not turned on?"

"Perhaps something has gone wrong with it," he said, kindly. "These electric lights are not quite dependable. I always use old-fashioned lamps myself."

"Awfully nifty, aren't they?" she said, laughing and holding her nose.

"Not if they are managed properly," he replied, with a somewhat superior air.

He liked her wall-paper—"Oh, yes, it is very nice. What a pity there are French windows—so very cold."

"But airy. I like air."

"I think I could give you a hint about your mantel-piece," he said, presently. "If you saw mine; it's—"

"But I haven't seen yours, you see, and at present

I am quite pleased with my own." The atmosphere was charged with war.

He planned a little dinner, with the theatre afterwards. She must see his flat. Her aunt should chaperon her, and he would ask Heathcote—she knew Heathcote; he was at the dinner the other night—to make a fourth. "My dining-room is only a slip of a room—"

"Ah, you should see mine!" she cried, ungratefully.

She took him along the passage (now lit), and flung open the dining-room door.

"Very hot in summer-time, I'm afraid," he said, doubtfully.

"And warm in winter."

She showed him her little dodge for summoning her parlor-maid without getting up from the table; her oak sideboard—picked up, a great bargain, at a country sale ("Some little bits of it really are genuine," he said; but her blinds, her book-shelves, her escritoire with the funny little drawers.

His whole air said, "Wait till Wednesday." Wednesday was the day she was to dine with him.

"Oh, I wish I could show him the bedrooms," she thought. "My own dressing-table and the spare-bedroom, carpet would, must impress him. But perhaps he would think it odd."

"What I like about my flat," he said, walking down the passage again, and sniffing slightly, "is the little hall. I have a little hall, with a skylight, and it makes the whole place so light and airy."

"Rather a waste of room, isn't it?"

"Oh, no! I use it as a smoking-room."

"Every room must smell of tobacco," she said, bidding him good-bye. "So draughty, too!"

"But one doesn't bark one's shins in it," he said, smiling, and knocking over the umbrella again.

She said to herself, with religious fervor: "Ob, I will be nasty about his things on Wednesday!"

But her aunt spoiled it all. Her aunt was prepared to be pleased with everything. Her aunt had no tact. She admired his room (where they left their cloaks), his hall, his lamps, even his horrid little dining-room; while her niece wrung her hands and writhed.

"I really believe," said the aunt, good-naturedly—

"I really believe I like this flat better than my niece's."

"I couldn't live in such a place!" cried her niece, wildly, and Mr. Heathcote stared.

His triumph disposed him kindly toward her. He came often to her flat. He once admired her ceilings. He said the dining-room was sunny. He proposed. She accepted him. And they forgot all their quarrels and became sentimental at once.

"The flat has felt a little lonely sometimes," she admitted. "But now!" She gave him a fond look.

"My sitting-room just wants a woman's touch," he said. And it was an enormous concession to make.

"But now, sweetest, it will be perfect."

"You will be able to bang all my pictures," she went on. "I have always had an upholsterer to do it before."

"And you shall hold the nails, darling."

"You will be able to fuss about the hot-water pipes when they go wrong," she said. And, as she added up his occupations, she was delighted to find that even a man has his uses.

"My hot-water pipes do not go wrong," he said, superbly.

"But mine do."

"When you come to my home, love—"

"When you come to mine."

"I do not think you can seriously suppose, dearest, that it would not be more fitting that my flat should now be our joint home."

"My dear boy, it would not hold us!"

"It will hold us admirably; the small bedroom shall be my dressing-room, and the hall—well, you know, the hall can be anything."

"My dining-room will dine ten people; what should we—"

"Mine is a cozy little place for two."

"But the extra bedroom, dear, and the electric light."

"A woman must give up even the electric light and cling to her husband."

"Oh, I won't!" she said—"I won't!"

Thus they parted.

There are two charmingly furnished flats still occupied by two separate owners. One is on the Cadogan Estate, and one is near Portman Square. Neither of them is to be let. A house-agent who lived near one of them, asked, with a smile, if he might put this one on the list. But he was told, with withering scorn, that, had it been to let, he would have been given notice in due form—so far, the flat suited its present owner admirably.

This is the story of the two flats, as far as it can be told at present.—*The Sketch.*

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SOCIETY.

Thursday Evening Riding-Class.

A riding exhibition was given by the members of the Thursday Evening Class at the San Francisco Riding Club, 1615 Pacific Avenue, last Thursday night. There was a fashionable attendance of about two hundred ladies and gentlemen in the gayly decorated hall, and all seemed to take much interest in the events, which were as follows:

Exhibition of fancy horses; grand entrée by members of the club; exhibition of high school riding, by Captain J. Dilhan on his mare Caprice; riding exhibition, by the boys' and girls' class; game, "Jeu de Barre," by three boys; fencing contest with rapiers, between Professor A. Tronchet and M. Emil Ortion; tandem riding, Mrs. George H. Lent, Miss Rose Hooper, Mr. Webster Jones, and Captain J. Dilhan; game, "Jeu de Barre," by two gentlemen; violin solo, Mr. A. Johansen; hurdle jumping, by members of the class.

Among those who rode were:

Mrs. Fanny Lent, Mrs. George H. Lent, Mrs. W. B. Hooper, Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. Walter Gilmore Holcombe, Miss Mary B. Farquharson, Miss Anna Kohler, Miss Rose Hooper, Miss Helen McElroy, Miss Sussman, Mr. George H. Lent, Mr. Webster Jones, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr. Dalzell Brown, Mr. C. Walter, Mr. Eugene Lent, Mr. E. F. Fisher, Mr. H. R. Baker, Mr. Henry E. Bothin, Mr. R. G. Somers, and Captain J. Dilhan in command of the class.

A supper was served after the exhibition, which was a successful affair throughout.

The Skull and Keys.

The "Skull and Keys," of Berkeley, entertained a large and fashionable audience last Saturday evening at the Macdonough Theatre, in Oakland, in Boucault's comedy, "London Assurance." Quite a number of society people were present from this side of the bay. The cast, which was composed entirely of young men, presented the play in an excellent manner. Special mention is due to Mr. Dixwell Davenport, Mr. Frank B. King, Mr. Fred S. Knight, and Mr. William H. Smith, Jr. The cast of characters was as follows:

Sir Harcourt Courtley	Mr. C. Dudley Dean
Nax Harkaway	Mr. Otto T. Wedemeyer
Charles Courtley	Mr. Frank B. King
Mr. Dolly Spanker	Mr. Edwin W. Stadtmüller
Dazzle	Mr. William H. Smith, Jr.
Meddle	Mr. Fred S. Knight
Cool	Mr. Walter Magee
James (Butler)	Mr. Alpheus F. Williams
Martin	Mr. Howard S. Avery
Solomon Isaacs	Mr. W. Fletcher McNutt, Jr.
Lady Gay Spanker	Mr. W. Fletcher McNutt, Jr.
Grace Harkaway	Mr. Dixwell Davenport
Pert	Mr. Lloyd Baldwin

The Gingerbread Fête.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker has kindly placed her residence, corner of Sutter and Octavia Streets, at the disposal of the managers of the Children's Hospital and Training School for Nurses from Tuesday, May 11th, until Saturday, May 16th, when a gingerbread fête will be held there for the benefit of this worthy charity. Many pleasing novelties will be presented, and it is to be hoped that the affair will meet with financial encouragement. The price of admission during the afternoons will be twenty-five cents, and fifty cents in the evenings. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons will be especially devoted to children. Many who visited the Midwinter Fair will find themselves quite at home at the fête, which will be planned after the style of the Parisian fêtes, from which the title is taken. There will be varied entertainments each afternoon and evening, and booths for the sale of fancy-work and refreshments will occupy various rooms, while an art-gallery will be one of the attractions. On the spacious grounds there will be a shooting-gallery, a kitescope, an animatroscope, and other features to interest old and young. The many sick little children who are being cared for at the hospital make this appeal to the public most urgent.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Elizabeth Wright to Mr. Charles L. Davis. Miss Wright is a niece of Mrs. Hanoah H. Paxton, of Madroña Knoll, Healdsburg, and the sister of Mr. Hallock Wright. She was educated abroad, has traveled extensively, and is highly accomplished. She

resides in Berkeley. Mr. Davis is a son of Mr. William H. Davis, a pioneer merchant of this city, and is connected with the San Francisco Savings Union. He is a member of the Bohemian Club and is very popular with a large circle of friends. The wedding will take place in June.

The engagement that existed between Miss Adeline Mills and Mr. Chester Holcomb, which we announced two weeks ago, has been annulled. Miss Mills is the elder daughter of the late Edgar Mills, of Sacramento, and a niece of Mrs. Easton, of this city, and Mr. D. O. Mills, of New York. Mr. Holcomb is now attached to the Chinese Legation at Washington, D. C.

Miss Florence Sharon will give a matinee reception to-morrow at her home in Oakland. Miss Sharon will make her formal debut in society next winter in Washington, D. C., with Miss Jones, daughter of Senator John P. Jones, of Nevada. During the winter she will be the guest of Senator and Mrs. Francis G. Newlands at their home in Chevy Chase, near Washington, D. C.

Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin will give a fancy-dress ball this evening at their home, Golden Gate Villa, in Santa Cruz. Many of their friends from this city, Oakland, Oroville, and San José are expected to be present.

Mrs. William A. Magee will give a matinee tea to-day at her home in Fruitvale, as a compliment to Mme. Camilla Urso.

Miss Wilkinson will give a matinee tea from four until seven o'clock to-day at her home in Berkeley.

Lady Hesketh, formerly Miss Flora Sharon of this city, entertained the Prince of Wales from last Saturday until Tuesday at her Northampton home in England. Among others of the house-party were the Duke of Grafton, Lord Euston, and Lord Alfred Fitzroy.

La Fiesta week in Los Angeles was a brilliant one, and the affair was an eminent success. Quite a number of San Franciscans enjoyed the fête. Among them was Miss Alice Hager, who was entertained at a number of luncheons and suppers by friends of Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks, whom she visited. Miss Lucy Jackson and Miss Ruth Adams, who were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Jackson, Jr., were also the recipients of many social courtesies. Mr. Callaghan Byrne covered himself with glory as chairman of the floral committee, as the parade was the finest pageant of the kind ever seen in this country.

Mr. John H. Jewett gave a dinner-party last Tuesday evening at his residence, 991 Bush Street, in honor of Mr. Noah Brooks, of New York. Mr. Brooks was a resident of this city in early days, in fact its first naval officer, and for some weeks past has been making a tour of the coast. The gentleman invited to meet him were Colonel John P. Irish, Judge I. S. Belcher, Dr. Behr, General Chipman, Mr. John Bonner, and Mr. S. W. Holladay.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Slauson gave a dinner-party last Monday evening at their home in Los Angeles, in honor of Mrs. D. W. Earl, of this city. The others present were Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Mott, Jr., Mrs. MacNeil, Mrs. J. S. Vosburg, and Mr. James Slauson.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Jackson, of Tacoma, are receiving the congratulations of their friends over the birth of a daughter last Tuesday. They are here visiting Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Williams at their residence, 722 Bay Street. Mrs. Jackson will be remembered here as Miss Marie Williams.

Miss Gertrude Blethen was severely injured last Tuesday evening while out horseback riding in San Rafael with a number of friends. She was thrown from her horse when near the residence of Judge W. W. Morrow. Several of her teeth were broken and she was painfully injured otherwise.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Art Association Concert.

The second week of the spring exhibition of the Art Association has attracted many visitors. Last Thursday evening a concert was given there under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman, who was assisted by Miss Jeannette Coleman, soprano; Mr. Charles A. Deane, baritone; Miss Pearl Noble, cornetist; and Mr. Emilio Cruells, organist and pianist. The following excellent programme was admirably presented:

Organ overture, "Coriolan," Beethoven, Mr. Emilio Cruells; Cavatina from "Un Ballo," "Eri Tu," Verdi, Mr. Charles A. Deane; cornet solo, "Inflammatus," Rossini, Miss Pearl Noble; song, "Happy Days," Strelzki, Miss Jeannette Coleman (violin obligato, Mr. Henry Heyman); organ, air from "Samson and Delilah," Saint Saëns, Mr. Emilio Cruells; songs, (a) "Who is Sylvia," Schubert, (b) "To Thy Health Drink I," Rubinstein, Mr. Charles A. Deane; cornet solo, "Meditation," Lavalee, Miss Pearl Noble; song, "Forbidden Music," Castaldi, Miss Jeannette Coleman; organ, march op. 108, Mendelssohn, Mr. Emilio Cruells.

Concerts will be given every Thursday evening until the exhibition closes.

A Maury Musical Evening.

Mr. Byron Maury commenced the eleventh year of his "Musical Evenings" last Thursday night by giving a concert at Maury Hall. There was a very large attendance, and the presentation of the following programme was highly appreciated:

Organ solo, offertorio, Thayer, Mr. James Hamilton Howe; trio, No. 4, Raff, Mr. A. Harold Kayton, Dr. Arthur T. Regensburger, Signor S. Martinez; soprano solo, "Ave Maria," Gounod, Mme. Alice Waltz, with violin

and organ and piano accompaniment; piano solo, "Caprice Espagnol," Raff, Signor S. Martinez; guitar and mandolin duet, "Mignon," Thomas, Misses Therese and Lily Sherwood; Boehm flute solo, "Feldblumen," Terschak, Mr. H. Clay Wysham; violin solo, "Reverie," Wieniawski, Mr. Harold Kayton; soprano solo, "Thou'rt Like Unto a Flower," Rubinstein, Mme. Alice Waltz; cello solo, "Romance," Bohm, Dr. Arthur T. Regensburger; trio, "Moonlight," Weber, Mr. A. Harold Kayton, Dr. Arthur T. Regensburger, Signor S. Martinez.

The Ladd Recital.

Miss Pearl Ladd gave a piano recital and entertainment at the California Theatre last Saturday evening. The young lady proved herself clever and versatile, and won much applause and a vast quantity of flowers from her friends. The programme was as follows:

"Harmonious Blacksmith," Handel, "Berceuse," Chopin, "Norwegian Bridal Procession," Grieg, valse A-flat major, Moszkowski, "Rigoletto," Liszt, Miss Pearl Ladd; Sonata No. 5 (for violin and piano), Beethoven, Mr. Nathan Landsberger and Miss Pearl Ladd; "Invitation to the Dance," Weber, "Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12," Liszt, "Tremolo," Gottschalk, Miss Pearl Ladd; potpourri scene from "Romeo and Juliet," Miss Pearl Ladd; selections from "Faust," Lombardero's Sextet; characteristic dance, Matilda, the royal Spanish dancer, and Miss Pearl Ladd.

The Goldmann-Siegel Concert.

Miss Ernestine Goldmann, pianist, and Miss Lotte Siegel, vocalist, assisted by Mr. Nathan Landsberger, violinist, gave a concert last night which was attended by a large and fashionable audience. The following excellent programme was presented:

Sonata for piano and violin, op. 2, D-minor, (1) adagio sostenuto, (2) allegro appassionato, (3) andante con moto, (4) presto agitato, Scharwenka, Miss Ernestine Goldmann and Mr. Nathan Landsberger; "Etudes Symphoniques," Schumann, Miss Ernestine Goldmann; grand air from "Freischütz," Weber, Miss Lotte Siegel; (a) prelude and fugue, Bach, (b) nocturne, Chopin, (c) etude, Chopin, (d) valse, Chopin, (e) "Witches' Dance," Liszt, Miss Ernestine Goldmann; (a) "Spring Song," Jensen, (b) "Miller's Song," Schubert, (c) "Annie in the Garden," Hoelzel, Miss Lotte Siegel; "Czardas" (Hungary), Rubinstein, Miss Ernestine Goldmann; variations, Adam-Mozart, Miss Lotte Siegel.

The Andrews Concert.

Mr. William T. Andrews, the baritone, gave a concert last Thursday evening, prior to his departure for London, where he will continue his musical studies. He was greeted by a fashionable audience, and presented the following programme:

"The Letter," Hatton, California Quartet; "Magic Fire Music," Wagner-Brassius, Mr. Arthur Fickenscher; prologue to "Pagliacci," Leoncavallo, Mr. William T. Andrews; "Air d'Isabelle," Herold, Miss Relfe-Byler; "Kol Nidrei," Bruch, Mr. Louis Heine; (a) "Duncan Gray," Wallace A. Sabin, (b) "Gold Rolls Here Beneath Me," Rubinstein, (c) "Good-Bye, Marie," Pessard, Mr. William T. Andrews; (a) herceuse, Grieg, (b) etude, Rubinstein, Mr. Arthur Fickenscher; "Wynken and Eynken," Jordan, Miss Relfe-Byler; (a) "Le Cygne," Saint-Saëns, (b) "Papillon," Popper, Mr. Louis Heine; (a) "Elegie," Massenet, (b) "Time Enough," Nevin, Mr. William T. Andrews.

Much interest is being taken in the concert to be given by the Saturday Morning Orchestra at Golden Gate Hall on Saturday afternoon, May 15th, for the benefit of the Episcopal Old Ladies' Home. Mr. W. A. Sabin will direct the music, and Mr. Denis O'Sullivan has kindly consented to sing. Among others who will contribute to the programme are Mme. Alice Waltz, Misses Lily and Therese Sherwood, Mr. A. Harold Kayton, Dr. Arthur T. Regensburger, Mr. H. Clay Wysham, Signor S. Martinez, and Mr. James H. Howe. The posters, by Mr. Fred Yates and other artists, are to be sold at auction.

Mr. Otto Bendix is to give a piano recital at Byron Maury Hall next Thursday evening. The programme to be presented is a very interesting one, being selected especially to show Mr. Bendix's marvelous technique. The numbers include some of the most difficult compositions that have been written for the piano. Those who have heard Mr. Bendix play need not be told that this concert will be productive of much enjoyment to music lovers.

Many of the lower animals are known to see without eyes, the skin having a high degree of sensitivity to light. Thus earthworms, the maggots of flies, and eyeless centipedes find their way about nearly as readily as similar creatures which have eyes.

Spring Productions in Art Stationery.

Of the many novelties introduced this spring in the stationery line, none have met with favor more than the "English Hawthorne" and "Italian Blue" which Messrs. Cooper & Co. have brought out. According to Mr. Cooper there has been more of this paper sold than all others combined.

— NEW CARTRIDGE KODAKS, FOR FILMS AND plates, with finest lens and latest shutter. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

— WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS, Magnificent assortment to choose from at Art Store of S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary Street.

— BEST CALIFORNIA WINES FOR FAMILY USE at Napa and Sooma Wine Co., 314 Post Street. Celebrated "Eagle Brands."

— GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRRESS SHIRTS MADE TO order. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

— FOR HIGH-GRADE DIAMOND-JEWELRY, GO TO Hirschman's, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).



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The Tavern of Castle Crag will open for the reception of guests June 15th.
GEORGE SCHÖNEWALD, Manager,
Room 59, Union Trust Building, S. F.

TO ARGONAUT READERS.

Those among our readers who would like to bring this journal to the attention of their friends may do so by sending a postal card to this office, with the address of the person or persons to whom they desire it sent. On receipt of the postal, a sample copy will be immediately forwarded.



Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against alum and all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands.
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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis and Miss Breckenridge arrived in New York early in the week.

Mrs. Moody and Miss Maud Bourn have gone down to Santa Barbara for a few weeks' stay.

Mr. Horace L. Hill has gone East.

Mr. Emil Bruguière was in New York last week.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas and Miss Delmas, after several years' tour abroad, returned to the city last week. They are now at the Delmas home, "Casa Delmas," in Santa Clara County.

Mr. Bert Hecht is in Paris.

Mr. Chauncey M. St. John returned to the city last Monday, after a visit to friends in San Rafael.

Mr. John Bermingham was in New York city last week.

Mr. John D. Spreckels has gone to Washington city on a business trip. He will return in two or three weeks.

Mr. George Crocker is now back in New York city.

Mr. George W. McNear, accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. P. E. Bowles, left for the East last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Ryland, of San José, will move, in May, to their country-place at Los Gatos for the summer.

Misses Eva and Marie Withrow are preparing to make their departure for London, in June, where they will continue their studies in their respective arts of painting and music.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway has returned from his visit to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Brown and Miss Brown were among the week's Oakland arrivals at Hotel del Monte.

Colonel and Mrs. John Bradbury are now at home in Los Angeles.

The Huntington party have returned from their excursion down the Coast Division. Mrs. C. P. Huntington, who suffers from rheumatism, remained at El Paso de Robles to try the springs. The Huntingtons will probably return to New York in June, accompanied by Major John A. Darling, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Darling.

Mr. Hermann Oelrichs has returned to San Francisco after a flying trip of a fortnight to New York.

Miss Evelyn Crow, of Crow's Landing, sails for Europe next Tuesday to spend two years abroad in study and travel. Miss Crow has been the guest of Mrs. R. Bradford Marshall in Washington city during the last fortnight.

Professor L. P. Lowe, of Pasadena, arrived at the California Hotel on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Francis, of Los Angeles, accompanied by the Rev. Father Adam, have sailed from New York for Europe.

Mr. William Greer Harrison is back from New York.

Miss Alice M. Mullins will leave here for London in the latter part of May, to attend the jubilee festivities. While there she will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wyndham at their home in St. John's Wood.

Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman, Miss Leontine Blakeman, and Miss Ethel Keeney, who have been spending several months in New York city, are now in St. Louis, and will return to this city some time in May.

Mr. Harry M. Gillig sailed from New York April 21st on the American liner *New York*. He is now in Paris.

Mrs. Gillig, who went to the Riviera last February for her health, will join him in Paris. They will return to their New York country-place about the end of May.

Mr. Charles Holbrook, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Olive Holbrook, is in the East. Miss Holbrook will remain there at school.

Mrs. John S. Hager has taken a house in San Rafael for the summer. Miss Alice Hager is in Los Angeles, visiting Mrs. Frank S. Hicks.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Dahlstrom, formerly Miss Rosa May, of Oakland, are now traveling in Europe.

Miss Masten is a guest at the Hotel Rafael.

Miss Ada Sullivan went over to the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mrs. John M. Cunningham arrived at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Mr. Fred A. Greenwood registered at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Among the recent arrivals at the California Hotel were General A. W. Barrett, of Sacramento, Dr. D. Smith, of Napa, Mr. W. L. Alger, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Borden and Mr. and Mrs. Walter L. Murphy, of Philadelphia, Mr. C. B. Sutter, of Chicago, Mr. D. B. Fargo, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. H. Livingstone Center, of New York, and Mr. Frank K. Wilson, of Butte, Mont.

Professor and Mrs. David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, were among the week's distinguished guests at the California Hotel.

Professor and Mrs. Joseph Le Conte, of Berkeley, registered at the California Hotel during the week.

Among the recently arrived guests at the Hotel Rafael were: Mrs. George D. Strickland, Mr. and Mrs. William Minter, Mrs. Ignatz Steinhart, Mr. Thomas Loughran and Miss Blanche Loughran, Mr. Jeremiah Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Ewell, Mr. William Beresford, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Wright, Mrs. William Perkins, and Mr. William Lemon, of San Francisco; Mrs. D. W. Burnham and maid, of New York; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pickering, of Boston; Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Briggs, of Cleveland, and Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Dekkar, of Omaha.

Mr. Fred Yates has gone to Los Angeles, where he intends to remain a few weeks. He is already busy on orders for portraits that will keep him occupied throughout his stay. His latest finished portrait, that of Mr. Thomas Brown, of the Bank of California, is now on exhibition at Mr. Vickery's gallery on Post Street, where it will remain for several days.

Dr. John F. Morse and family left for Washington and New York on Wednesday.

Mrs. S. O. Alexander and Miss Helen Alexander recently returned from the East and are stopping at the Occidental Hotel.

Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss McLaughlin are at "Golden Gate Villa," Santa Cruz.

Mrs. W. F. McNutt and Miss Ruth McNutt are in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. William H. Mills and Miss Ardella Mills, accompanied by Miss Sae Britton, daughter of Colonel A. T. Britton, of Washington city, have returned from a fortnight's tour of the southern counties. Miss Britton is enjoying her first visit to California.

Mr. Telfair Creighton, of Los Angeles, arrived at the Occidental Hotel Wednesday.

Mrs. George T. Folsom has returned from a visit to Mrs. Sidney V. Smith at her home in San Rafael.

Among the week's arrivals at the Occidental Hotel were: Mr. Jesse D. Carr, of Salinas, Mr. F. A. Hihn, of Santa Cruz, Mr. Leo Courtney, of Victoria, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Lowe, of Salt Lake, and Dr. W. Lang Chapman, of Honolulu.

The boys of Trinity School will give the play, "Our Boys," at the Bush Street Theatre this Saturday evening, May 1st, under the management of Mr. Frank Mathieu, for the benefit of the school library.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., will soon conclude his four years' service as instructor of the State university cadets. He will then be ordered either to rejoin his regiment or to take the customary leave of absence.

Lieutenant Sydney A. Cloman, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been appointed by the Secretary of War to be professor of military science at the University of California and commandant of the Cadet Battalion. He will take command on the first of August. Lieutenant Cloman was transferred from the First Infantry to the Fifteenth regiment last December. He has served at the Presidio and other key posts and is well known in the city. He was a member of the Bohemian Club when here last. He has been active Indian campaigning, is a good officer and an athlete, and is very popular with his new command.

Lieutenant Charles H. Martin, U. S. A., and Mrs. Martin, arrived at the Occidental Hotel early in the week.

Second Lieutenants Samuel McP. Rutherford, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., and Amos H. Martin, First Infantry, U. S. A., have been detailed for two years' service each at the Fort Leavenworth Infantry and Cavalry School, beginning September 1st.

The annual target practice of heavy artillery at the Presidio, Alcatraz Island, and Fort Mason will begin Monday, May 3d. Practice with the breech-loading armament will be supervised by Lieutenant-Colonel E. B. Williston, Third Artillery, U. S. A., assisted by Captain Sedgewick Pratt and Lieutenant H. B. Randolph, Third Artillery, U. S. A., and Lieutenant J. D. Miley, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A.

Mr. S. M. Roch, of the U. S. revenue cutter service, arrived at the California Hotel Wednesday from his late station at Galveston, Tex. He has been attached to the *Corwin*.

Lieutenant James Hamilton, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted a month's leave of absence.

The old corvette *Thetis*, which has been lying off Sausalito gazetted "on special service," has been ordered to Mare Island for survey. She will probably be placed out of commission and her officers and crew transferred to other ships.

The Cadet Battalion, University of California, was reviewed Monday by Colonel Inspector-General George H. Burton, U. S. A., at its annual inspection. The competitive drill was judged by Captain F. de L. Carrington, U. S. A., and Colonel J. C. Currier, N. G. C. The successful day was concluded with a lively sham-battle.

The revenue cutters *Corwin* and *Rush* are storing supplies in preparation for their departure to cruise the Behring Sea.

Commander William H. Whiting, U. S. N., commandant at the Puget Sound Naval Station, has been ordered to report at Mare Island May 10th to examination for promotion.

Lieutenant A. C. Baker, U. S. N., on leave, is in Washington city at 1321 K Street.

Captain C. M. Chester, U. S. N., will relieve Captain G. W. Sumner, U. S. N., of command of the *Monadnock* on May 10th.

Captain Henry Glass, U. S. N., is at San Rafael awaiting orders.

Captain C. L. Hooper, U. S. N., has been ordered to command the Behring Sea revenue-service fleet.

Lieutenant Le Roy M. Garrett, U. S. N., is at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant Civil Engineer Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., recently ordered from New York to Mare Island, has had those orders revoked. He will remain attached to the New York Navy Yard.

Naval Lieutenant Civil Engineer Frank O. Masson's orders detaching him from Mare Island and transferring him to League Island have been revoked, and he has been assigned instead to duty at Puget Sound station from May 15th.

Commander James G. Green, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Marion* on relief and ordered to San Francisco to await orders.

Commander George M. Book, U. S. N., has been ordered to take command of the *Marion* at Honolulu.

The gunboat *Bennington* left Triunfo, Salvador, April 24th, for this port.

The *Philadelphia* arrived at Honolulu on April 17th, nine days from San Diego.

The decision of the President to send Rear-Admiral Joseph N. Miller, U. S. N., to London to represent America at the Jubilee celebration will necessitate another selection of an officer to relieve Rear-Admiral Beardslee, U. S. N., of command of the Pacific station. Many names have been suggested, but the President and Secretary of the Navy are thought to favor the appointment of Commodore Henry L. Howison, U. S. N., late captain of the *Oregon*, who recently assumed command of the Boston Navy Yard.

The Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, who has the Great Seal in his personal custody, is the only member of the British cabinet who is not allowed to go outside of Great Britain. The Great Seal, which is a double silver die into which molten wax is poured when an impression is required for a state document, was once used for culinary purposes. While Lord Chancellor Brougham was staying at the Scottish residence of the then Dowager Duchess of Bedford, the ladies of the party got possession of the Great Seal, and hid it, much to the Lord Keeper's distress. He was blindfolded by the ladies, and sent to search for it in the drawing-room. At last, to his intense joy, he dragged it forth from a tea-chest, and then, to celebrate its recovery, used it for making pancakes in the kitchen.

Military journals express interest in an invention by which it is proposed to arm a self-moving car, driven by a sixteen-horse-power engine, with two rapid-fire cannon, mounted on pivots so as to sweep in all directions. Having four broad-tired wheels, it is claimed that the car can run across a level country (barring fences, of course) at the rate of forty-five miles an hour. Terrible pictures are drawn of the havoc that such cars could make on a battle-field. Only one man is needed to operate the car and its cannon, and he is protected by strong steel shields.

The Pacific Coast Jockey Club's season at the Ingleside Track will come to an end this (Saturday) afternoon, when an unusually attractive programme is offered. The great event will be the Ingleside Stakes race, for which some of the best horses that have run this season are entered.

SUNSET IN HONOLULU HARBOR.

Like golden sphere the sun hangs low
In yonder western sky of blue,
While lingering clouds more radiant grow
In borrowed robes of varied hue.

The wind sighs gently through the trees
And birds fly briskly to and fro;
The insect myriads throng the breeze
Beneath umbrageous boughs bent low.

Swift rippling ocean waves do still
The sunbeams catch and scatter forth
In shimmering rays on vale and hill
Till all doth grow from south to north.

The surf on distant coral reef
Sends high its milk-white foam and spray,
And pent-up forces find relief
In grand, unceasing choral lay.

As mother kisses babe good-night
The reddened disk at length doth meet
Horizon line, then steals from sight,
Reflecting naught but blessings sweet.

Then gushing glory mounts the west,
Where clouds in matchless beauty hang
Like curtains to that place of rest
Of which the ancient Prophets sang.

All southward, northward, circling round
And upward, arching to the east,
Each cloud its gayest robe has found,
To mind and eye a glorious feast.

From faintest salmon-tint to gold
-All clouds are frescoed by the sun;
Some all their glory would unfold,
While others ostentation shun.

The hills of Waianae, in touch
With heaven's splendor, too, do creep
Within the scene, like some side couch
That farmers near theiringle keep.

Exposed against the burnished west
Their leaden crests indeed the sky;
Their southward slope, sea-waves invest;
Pearl lochs beneath their shadows lie.

Now, darker shades pervade the sky;
The only constant thing is change.
This gilded glory soon must die—
Give place to darkness—Oh, how strange.

Now from the lowering east do peer
A million eyes in eager chase,
Beholding Sol's unique career,
Creating scenes of beauteous grace.

Could poet's pen or painter's brush
Depict the splendor of the scene—
Could camera fix this glowing blush
Of heaven's afterglow serene?

Ten million wondering eyes and minds
Would feast forever on the theme.
And some sad hearts, which no ray finds,
Would catch of heaven a brighter gleam.

—Alex. Young.

The London *Daily Telegraph* has an enthusiastic article describing the "new American vestibule train," running on the London and Northwestern between Liverpool and London, connecting with the transatlantic (Cunard and White Star) boats. It reads rather curiously to American eyes to see things spoken of as unusual luxuries which have for so long been among the every-day accessories of travel on this side.

The following gentlemen have been elected officers of the San Francisco Verein, and will be installed on Wednesday evening, May 12th: President, Mr. I. Strassburger; first vice-president, Mr. Samuel W. Saalburg; second vice-president, Mr. E. S. Heller; treasurer, Mr. M. H. Hecht; recording secretary, Mr. G. Wormser; financial secretary, Mr. I. W. Hellman, Jr.; librarian, Mr. Albert Dernham.

—CAMERA EQUIPMENTS, MODELS 1897—POCO, Premo, Bell's Eye, Bullet. Instruction and dark-room facilities free. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

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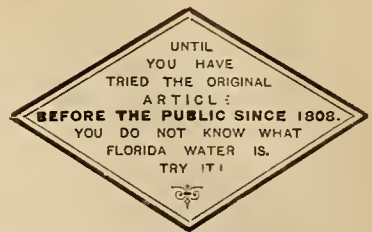
If you want the very best, freshest and strongest Vanilla Cake Chocolate that's made any where on earth, ask for "Monarch" and see that it bears this trademark.

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SALE OF THE HAWAIIAN HOTEL PREMISES HONOLULU, H. I.

ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1897, AT 12 O'CLOCK noon, at the front entrance of the Executive Building, Honolulu, will be sold, at public auction, the Hawaiian Hotel premises at Honolulu.

These premises are centrally located in the city, in the centre of the block bounded by and with entrance drives from hotel, Richards, Beretania, and Alakea Streets, and the grounds contain an area of 17-10th acres.

The buildings consist of the hotel proper, of two stories and basement; built of brick and concrete, with broad verandas at front and rear of each story.

The main building covers an area of 10,800 square feet, with Lanai or wing addition on one side 40x24 feet, and wooden addition on opposite wing, for kitchen, 60x18 feet. There are also four cottages on the premises, with ample provision for bath-rooms and closets.

The main building contains a spacious parlor, public and private dining-rooms, large billiard room and rear-room, and forty sleeping-rooms—the cottages contain about twenty additional sleeping-rooms. The main building cost a little over \$500,000 in 1874.

A water-tank, with capacity of 10,000 gallons, is placed on a tower at an elevation sufficient to give a good water pressure in second story of the main building. This tank is supplied from an artesian well on adjoining premises, owned by Dr. J. S. McGrew.

The buildings and grounds are thoroughly lighted with electric light.

Plans of the buildings and grounds can be seen at Hawaiian Consulate General, 206 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

Terms of sale are cash—in United States gold coin. Upset price, \$500,000.

In case there is no bidder to purchase the property at the above upset price, a lease of the same will immediately be offered for sale at an upset price of \$4,000 a year for a period of thirty years under the conditions set out in Act 7, Laws of 1896, and more particularly of Section 2 and 4 of said act, which reads as follows:

"Section 2. Every such lease shall contain a covenant on the part of the lessee that he shall, during the first four years of the term of the lease, cause to be erected upon the leased premises a fire-proof building of brick, stone, or metal, in a workmanlike manner, satisfactory to the Minister of the Interior, at a cost of not less than fifty thousand dollars; and keep the same suitably insured at not less than two-thirds of its value for the benefit of the lessor; and shall keep the building in good repair during the remainder of the term of lease, reasonable use and wear thereof only excepted; and in case of damage or destruction of such building by fire, shall make good such loss or damage by the necessary repairs or reconstruction, or else surrender the insurance to the lessor.

"Section 4. Every such lease shall also contain a covenant on the part of the lessor, that upon the request, in writing by the lessee or his representatives, before the expiration thereof, the premises, with the improvements, shall, if all of the conditions to be performed by the lessee have been satisfactorily performed, be put up at auction for a lease for a term of not over twenty years; unless said premises shall be required for public uses, of which the lessee shall receive at least one year's notice. Such auction sale shall be held not more than six months nor less than one month before the expiration of said term."

JAMES A. KING,
Minister of Interior.

PLAYS

Dialogues, Speakers for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.

Subscribers leaving the city for the summer may have the *Argonaut* forwarded to them by mailing us a postal with their new address.

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BYRON MAUZY, 308 P

GET OUT into the Mountains!
SCENERY—Charming, picturesque, captivating, imposing, majestic, sublime.
CLIMATE—Genial, bracing, invigorating, rejuvenating, upbuilding.
RECREATION—Rusticating, picnicking, camping, hunting, fishing, horseback-riding, boating, mountain-climbing excursions. Or run down to the
SEASHORE.
Magnificent beaches, toting and life-giving salt sea air, surf-bathing, boating, fishing, driving, wheeling, shell-gathering, and all sorts of pastimes.

The season for this sort of thought and action is upon us. All the world, and particularly that portion of it described by California, takes an outing once a year,—if it doesn't, it ought to.
While making up your mind where you will go, and concocting your itinerary, keep as many as possible of these places before your mind's eye:
Up Shasta Way—Tavern of Castle Crags, Sweet Erier Camp, Upper Soda Springs, Shasta Retreat, Shasta Springs, Sissos, Mt. Shasta Camp, Klamath Hot Springs.
Lake County and Vicinity—Geysers, Etna Springs, Harbin, Anderson, Adas, Howard, Siegler, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Glenbrook, Soda Bay, Laurel Dell, and Blue Lakes.
On Sierra Summits—Lake Tahoe, Independence, Webber and Donner Lakes, Tallac, Deer Park Inn, Sunnyside, McKinney's, Rubicon Springs, Campbell Hot Springs, and a score more.
Yosemite and the Big Trees—
Santa Cruz Mountains—Los Gatos, Pacific Congress Springs, Glenwood, Felton, Ben Lomond, Boulder Creek.
Southward—Gilroy, Paraiso, Paso Robles, and Santa Ysabel Hot Springs.
Along the Shore—Santa Cruz, Capitola, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Santa Barbara, Santa Monica, Long Beach, San Diego.
There will be REDUCED RATES to many of these places. If you haven't all needed information to complete that itinerary, call on the nearest Southern Pacific Company agent, or send to T. H. GOODMAN for resort folders.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)
Trains leave and arrive at
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From April 18, 1897.	ARRIVE
*6.00 A	Niles, San José, and Way Stations.	9.45 A
7.00 A	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	8.45 P
7.00 A	Benicia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding via Davis.	6.45 P
7.30 A	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6.15 P
8.30 A	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Tehama, and Red Bluff.	4.15 P
*8.30 A	Peters and Milton.	*7.15 P
9.00 A	New Orleans Express, Merced, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	4.45 P
9.00 A	Martinez and Stockton.	4.45 P
9.00 A	Vallejo.	6.15 P
*1.00 P	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.	*7.15 P
1.00 P	Sacramento River Steamers.	*9.00 P
1.00 P	Niles, San José, and Livermore.	8.45 A
1.30 P	Port Costa and Way Stations.	17.45 P
4.00 P	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9.15 A
4.00 P	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.	11.15 A
4.30 P	Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Raymond (for Yosemite), and Fresno, going via Niles, returning via Martinez.	11.45 A
5.00 P	Los Angeles Express, Tracy, Fresno, Mojave (for Randsburg), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	7.45 A
5.00 P	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	7.45 A
6.00 P	European Mail, Ogden and East.	9.45 A
6.00 P	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7.45 A
17.00 P	Vallejo.	17.45 P
7.00 P	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	11.15 A
SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).		
17.45 A	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.	18.05 P
8.45 A	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.	5.50 P
*2.15 P	Newark, Centerville, San José, Newark, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.	*11.20 A
4.15 P	Newark, San José, and Los Gatos.	9.50 A
COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts)		
7.00 A	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).	1.30 P
9.00 A	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf, and Principal Way Stations.	4.15 P
10.40 A	San José and Way Stations.	6.30 P
11.30 A	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	5.00 P
*2.30 P	San Mateo, Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.	*10.40 A
*3.30 P	San José and Way Stations.	*9.45 A
*4.30 P	San José and Way Stations.	*8.05 A
5.30 P	San José and Principal Way Stations.	*8.45 A
6.30 P	San José and Way Stations.	6.35 A
11.45 P	San José and Way Stations.	17.45 P
SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.		
7.00 A		7.15 A
8.00 A		7.45 A
9.00 A		10.45 A
10.00 A	MELROSE, SEMINARY PARK,	11.45 A
11.00 A		12.45 P
12.00 M	FITCHBURG, SAN LEANDRO,	1.45 P
2.00 P		12.45 P
3.00 P		4.45 P
4.00 P		5.45 P
5.00 P		6.15 P
5.30 P	HAYWARDS,	7.45 P
7.00 P		8.45 P
8.00 P		9.45 P
9.00 P	i Runs through to Niles.	10.50 P
11.15 P	i From Niles.	11.00 P

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10.00 A. M., 12.00 *1.00 12.00 *3.00 14.00
*5.00 P. M.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Tom—"Is Maude's hair golden?" Ted—"No, it's plaited."—*Yale Record.*

He—"Miss Peavick's age is telling upon her." She—"What ingratitude!"—*Puck.*

Young playwright—"And what did you think of my climax?" Critic—"It was very welcome."—*Brooklyn Life.*

"Margaret always reads the end of a novel first." "Why?" "So she can lie awake at night wondering how it began."—*Chicago Record.*

"Pa, what is a pessimist?" "A pessimist, my son, is a person who never goes out on his wheel without expecting to puncture his tire."—*Puck.*

"The decree," announced the messenger of Jupiter, "is that you shall be bound forever to the wheel!" "W—which make?" asked Ixion, anxiously.—*Puck.*

Yabsley—"Did you ever make a mistake in the dark and kiss the wrong girl?" Mudge—"No, I have got mixed in the dark and kissed some other girl."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"Dah ain' much use o' sufferin' in silence," said Uncle Eben; "seems like if dis worl' picks out anybody foh'er victim, it ain' gwinter to be saterfied till he bollers."—*Washington Star.*

Apprehension: *The professor*—"As a matter of fact, there are different dialects in different parts of Scotland." *Friend*—"Great Scott! Are there more counties to hear from?"—*Truth.*

"Can he actually give his pupils a working knowledge of French in five weeks?" "He doesn't try to. But it takes him only five weeks to persuade people they have a working knowledge of French."—*Life.*

Pease—"I suppose you've learned a great deal about gardening since you've lived in the country?" Hubbard—"Yes; I'm picking up something all the time. This year I've given up trying to raise my own vegetables."—*Puck.*

"Why do you do up your hair in those papers, dear?" remarked General Weyer of his wife, as she came down to breakfast in the Cuban boarding-house. "Why, that's the way you do the enemy up, is it not, dear?" replied the general's spouse.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"How did they stop the elopement?" asked Maud. "By a detestable piece of trickery," replied Mamie; "her father put his head out of the window and shouted that her hat was on crooked, and when she grabbed for it she upset the tandem."—*Washington Star.*

Once upon a time two Cows reclined peacefully beneath a tree. "Oh, by the way," one of the Cows remarked casually, "why was it, if I may ask, that you didn't chase those golfers yesterday?" "Oh, I don't care to be the cause of little calves being made to suffer."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"So you were bound and gagged by bandits while in Italy, were you?" asked the garrulous person; "regular comic-opera bandits, eh?" "No, sir," said the traveler; "there was nothing of the comic-opera style about them. The gags they used were all new."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"How long is it going to take to get through with this case?" asked the client, who was under suspicion of housebreaking. "Well," replied the young lawyer, thoughtfully, "it'll take me about two weeks to get through with it, but I'm afraid it's going to take you about four years."—*Washington Star.*

"It seems to me that you can be depended on to say the wrong thing more than any other man that I know." "What have I done?" "Insulted the Bliggins family." "Why, I tried to compliment them." "You said that their baby, who hasn't any hair, looked exactly like its father." "Yes." "Well, Bliggins is insulted on his own account, and his wife is insulted on behalf of the baby."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

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During the past few weeks the *Argonaut* has received numerous interrogatories, by mail and verbally, as to why it is so ardent an opponent of reciprocity. We are opposed to reciprocity because we believe that the people of the United States are building up a foreign industry at the expense of a domestic industry; because the people of the United States are practically paying a bounty to Hawaiian sugar-planters of thirty dollars a ton, although the United States withdrew the bounty it was giving to domestic sugar-producers. Further than that, we believe that the United States can produce enough beet-sugar within its own limits to supply its entire domestic demand, instead of paying out nearly one hundred millions of dollars per year to foreign sugar-producers. We

further believe that the State of California will very largely supply this domestic sugar demand.

These are good and sufficient reasons to us for opposing reciprocity, but there is still another. Reciprocity, in our opinion, is but the stalking-horse of annexation. Within the belly of this Trojan horse are hidden Greeks whom we must needs fear. The advocates of reciprocity frankly admit in private that they ultimately hope for annexation. They do not admit it so freely in public, but the fact remains that the thousands who are openly advocating reciprocity are now secretly advocating the annexation of Hawaii, and soon will be open advocates of annexation.

The *Argonaut* believes that the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands would be a national calamity. The policy of this nation has always been opposed to the annexation of non-contiguous territory. Even General Grant, loved and revered as he was by the American people, failed in his cherished project of annexing Santo Domingo. We have enough race problems in the United States at present. There is every reason why we should not add to them. The annexation of the Hawaiian Islands, with their motley population of Kanakas, Chino-Kanakas, Japanese-Kanakas, half whites, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, and other mixtures, all of whom would claim to be "Hawaiian citizens" and hence to be citizens of this country when annexed, would bring about problems which it would take a century to solve. Further than that, it would force upon this country an aggressive naval policy. A large fleet would be required for the protection of the islands alone. These are the reasons why the *Argonaut* is opposed to reciprocity and opposed to annexation. We think they should commend themselves to all American citizens who are unaffected by selfish or commercial reasons and who have the true interests of their country at heart.

The mountain has again labored, but the result is of even less importance than the traditional mouse. THE FAILURE OF THE ARBITRATION TREATY. The United States Senate took up in extraordinary session the subject of the Olney-Pauncefote arbitration treaty as a legacy from the Fifty-Fourth Congress. After much discussion of the usual spumescence variety, nine amendments to the original draft were evolved from senatorial courtesies, and a final vote upon ratification was taken last Wednesday. As had been foreshadowed for some time past, the verdict of the Senate was against the treaty, the vote being 43 to 26, which was less by four than the two-thirds vote necessary for adoption.

In discussing the treaty, the *Argonaut* has already expressed its approval of any movement tending toward the substitution of arbitration for war, whenever it can be honorably accomplished. As the convention was drafted, it made for the general encouragement of peace and international amity. In the nature of things, it could never have been an absolute preventive of war, but it could have been a step, though a brief one, in the right direction, and a good example to other nations. The amendments destroyed the merit it possessed. Some of them were harmless, while others were detrimental to international concord, and all were practically unnecessary. The first, which provided for the submission of each case, as it arose, to the Senate, and required a two-thirds vote to authorize arbitration, made every proposal for arbitration a new subject of agreement, as though no treaty existed. By it the Senate would virtually have said that the United States would in the future arbitrate with Great Britain when it felt so disposed, and that is exactly our position without any treaty.

The action of the Senate doubtless marks the end of attempts at permanent arbitration for some years. The peaceful sentiment involved was, in its inception, intensely captivating to the advanced thought of the American as well as of the English people, but the delays and wrangling in the Senate and the thorough evisceration of the document have gradually changed the attitude of both publics to one of apathetic

indifference, if not of disgust. The gain, if any, will be in the exposition of American and English sentiment favorable to national concord, and the loss will be that the position of the United States would have been more dignified if the idea had never been proposed. The real value of such a treaty, apart from its sentimental aspect, may well be doubted. We have enjoyed profound peace with Great Britain for eighty-two years. The last shot was fired on the 8th of January, 1815, at New Orleans, after a treaty of peace had been signed a month before at Ghent. During this period of almost a century such important differences as the matter of the *Caroline*, the north-west boundary disputes, the Mason-Slidell case, the *Alabama* claims, the Newfoundland fisheries, and the Behring Sea troubles have arisen between the two nations and, in the absence of any permanent treaty, have all been satisfactorily settled by diplomacy, or referred to special arbitral tribunals from which we have gained more frequently than we have lost.

The use of those methods has proven wise and effective. A general treaty could make them no more so, neither would it be more binding than any other treaty. The compact is good so long as it is adhered to, and it becomes a real menace to concord if either party loses control of its temper. The field of war will always be the court of final adjudication in the latter event. Within the purview of each government, questions arising from the differences of individuals and states receive adjustment in constituted courts of law, but between nations there is, and there can be, no such tribunal until the federation of the world—a beatific condition which will be coeval with the millennial dispensation.

The concert of Europe is a voluntary arbitral tribunal, composed of diplomatists, where international questions can be decided so long as the members agree, and no longer. Europe is plastered with treaties of all kinds, secret and public, offensive and defensive, all in the interest of peace, general welfare, and commercial advancement, and yet the nations thus bound together keep nearly five millions of armed men and vast stores of war material ready to march against each other at a moment's notice and to fight at the drop of the hat. There is in existence the treaty of Berlin, which binds the powers to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, but the moral sense of some and the greed of all threaten its dissolution at any time.

Treaties can be merely the expression of temporary agreement. Instances of their infraction abound. England agreed by treaty to relinquish the Island of Malta early in this century. She still holds it as a military stronghold, though the broken compact was the prelude to the Napoleonic wars. The treaty which resulted in the erection of the Congo Free State has been flagrantly violated by the Belgian king, in whose interest it was made. The unusually intimate treaty relations of Germany, Austria, and Italy did not restrain Germany from engaging in secret negotiations with Russia inimical to the Triple Alliance—an infraction which may easily be a factor in the threatened conflict. Within the past year a close alliance between Russia and France was hailed with jubilant acclamations in the latter country as a treaty denoting enduring concord. Its integrity is already shaken by the various interests surrounding the Eastern question, and the two countries are visibly drifting apart. Worthy as the motives of treaty powers may be, when the changing interests of nations conflict with stipulated obligations "paper handcuffs can not hold them."

The Senate has accepted the amendment offered to the sundry civil appropriation bill by Morgan, as a NAVAL STATION. who considers himself the champion of American rights and privileges abroad, appropriating fifty thousand dollars for the improvement of Pearl Harbor in the island of Oahu. Pearl Harbor is a small inland sheet of water, connected with the ocean by a narrow and winding channel four or five miles in length and located about twelve miles from Honolulu. The right to establish a coaling station there was granted to the United States by the Hawaiian Government in 1875, when the reciprocity

was ratified, and was one of the considerations of that treaty, though the concession was not actually made a part of it. The only provision in the treaty suggesting such a concession is that in the fourth article, by which the Hawaiian Government bound itself not to lease or otherwise dispose of or create any lien upon any port or harbor or other territory to any other power or government so long as the treaty should remain in force. In 1884, or after the period of the original treaty had expired, a supplemental agreement was entered into by which the duration of the reciprocity agreement was extended for seven years from that date, and the exclusive right to enter the harbor of Pearl River was granted to the United States without limitation as to time of occupation.

The cession of this harbor as a coaling-station for war-vessels was supposed at the time to be a very valuable concession; but, though the right has existed for twenty years, practically no use has been made of it. The harbor is closed to vessels of any size by a coral reef which reaches across the entrance, and the expenditure of a large sum of money will be necessary before it can become available. Careful surveys of the necessary work have been made, and Senator Morgan's appropriation is intended for the purpose of making a beginning on this work.

This coaling-station at Pearl Harbor has been made use of by those who oppose the abrogation of the reciprocity treaty. Why should we put an end to a treaty, they ask, which, though it may be commercially disadvantageous to us, nevertheless secures to us so perfect a haven in case of war? As has been said, the haven, so far from being perfect, is not accessible, and can not be made so without extensive engineering operations to remove the dangerous coral reef. The harbor was not ceded to this country as a part of the reciprocity treaty, and was probably considered at the time a permanent cession without regard to the life of the treaty. The convention, by its terms, was to remain in force only seven years, and after that it might be terminated by notice given by either party. The proposed coaling-station involved considerable expenditures by this government, apart from those for the improvement of the entrance to the harbor, and it would be more than folly to undertake these expenditures for an occupation that might be terminated at the expiration of seven years. To assume such an interpretation would be to convict this government of imbecility. The treaty says nothing regarding the coaling-station at Pearl Harbor, and its abrogation would not affect the title of the United States.

In speaking of this question, Claus Spreckels, who is certainly familiar with the facts, recently declared that the loss of the harbor would be nothing to mourn over, as it would be useless in case of war. He says it would cost several millions of dollars to blast away enough of the coral reef to make a passage for ships, there would be a constant expense to maintain it, and the harbor would be simply a trap for war-vessels, even if the passage could be kept open. The vessels in the narrow entrance would be completely at the mercy of a fleet lying outside, and a war-vessel sunk in the channel would effectually blockade any vessels in the harbor.

The jingoes, who affect to regard England with contempt and yet seek to follow her policy of extending the naval equipment throughout the world, fail to realize the difference in situation between the two countries. England's policy has ever been one of land conquest, and her colonies, which require protection, are in all parts of the world. The policy of this country has been exactly the opposite. The territory, though extensive, is compact. In case of war the principal duty of the navy would be to protect the coasts of the United States. For this purpose a coaling-station two thousand miles distant from the nearest point on the Pacific coast of this country would be about as useful as a navy-yard located on the moon. The necessity of keeping war-ships at Pearl Harbor to protect it from capture by the enemy would be a source of weakness. In case of a siege, this city would soon experience the disadvantage of having a part of the sea defenses stationed so far away that six weeks would be required to communicate with them and secure their cooperation.

Apart from these considerations, there is another that should conclusively condemn the appropriation. It was introduced by Senator Morgan. The thoughtful portion of the American public has come to realize that whatever Senator Morgan advocates is tinged with demagoguery and whatever he opposes is generally honest and right.

Senator Jones, of Nevada, having joined with his Republican colleagues of the Finance Committee, thereby constituting a Republican majority of one, much to the disgust of Democratic members, the committee has been enabled to report the tariff bill to the Senate on May 4th. This action was reached by a strictly party vote—Republicans, 6; Democrats, 5. The bill will be called up for general discussion

on May 18th. If it be true, as stated, that a thousand amendments are to be considered, the expectation that debate will consume six weeks or more does not appear to be an over-estimate. We may now hope for its passage about August 1st, but surely not earlier.

The great number of amendments indicates how sweeping has been the assault upon the details of the bill, and, as was anticipated, the changes are largely in the line of reductions of the House rates. The Senate committee fixes the first of July as the date for the bill to take effect, instead of May 1st, and strikes out bodily the retroactive clause contained in the Dingley draft. The reciprocity provisions proposed by the House are entirely eliminated, and in their place it is provided that, whenever a country pays a bounty on exported merchandise which is dutiable under the act, its importation into the United States shall render it liable to an additional duty equivalent to the net bounty paid.

The wool-growers have not obtained the full limit of their demands, but it is tacitly agreed that the rates fixed on raw wools will provide satisfactory protection. Wools of first class are reduced from 11 to 8 cents per pound; of the second class, from 12 to 9 cents; and the rate on third-class is revised by placing upon values of more than 10 cents per pound a duty of 7 cents instead of 50 per cent. ad valorem. In woolen fabrics, blankets and flannels are increased from 30 to 40 cents per pound, and other manufactured wools generally are reduced. In the lumber schedule, "timber," covering hewn, sided, round, or squared timber, is unchanged at 1 cent per cubic foot. The House rate of \$2 per ton on sawed boards is also retained. For boards planed on one side, the additional rate provided is reduced from 50 to 35 cents per thousand feet. When planed, tongued, and grooved, the reduction is from \$1 to 70 cents. When planed on both sides and tongued and grooved the reduction is from \$1.50 to \$1.05. The rate on shingles is 5 cents per thousand or less, while kindling-wood in bundles is stricken out and pulp-woods, stove-bolts, and railroad-ties are placed on the free list. The Senate committee advises the reduction of the House rate on cigars and cigarettes by taking 50 cents per pound from the specific duty. Imported tobacco generally, whether manufactured or not, is to be dutiable at 40 cents per pound instead of 65 cents as originally proposed.

Changes in the fruit schedule are numerous and interesting to California growers. Dried fruits are reduced one-half and berries are taken from the dutiable list. An additional duty of \$2.50 per gallon is placed on the alcohol, in excess of 5 per cent., used in preserving fruits. Olives are changed from 25 to 20 cents per gallon. Figs, prunes, and raisins are reduced to 2 cents per pound. The House rate was 2½ cents, but the schedule is now made to include Zante and other currants. Citrus fruits are placed at 1 cent per pound. The House rate was three-quarters of a cent. Nuts generally are slightly reduced. Aside from the item of citrus fruits, California benefits little from Senate changes in this schedule, but the reductions made are slight and doubtless calculated to leave a margin ample to subvert protection. The prospect for taxing the cheap-labor sugar of Hawaii is not only bright, but California beet-sugar interests are encouraged by providing that machinery for that purpose may be admitted free for two years from July 1, 1897.

In the interest of revenue, the committee proposes to increase internal taxes on tobacco and beer and to place a duty of 10 cents per pound on tea until 1900. Republican members estimate an increase of over \$20,000,000 of revenue from these two items.

The final character of the bill is not yet assured. Reciprocity, retroaction, and the various amendments have yet to run the gauntlet of Senate debate and the chance of concurrence in the House.

The elimination of the reciprocity feature of the tariff bill by the Finance Committee of the Senate is by no means evidence that the fight against the Hawaiian planters is won. The experience of the Democrats with the Wilson tariff in the Senate, after it had been reported by committee, should teach the folly of expecting the tariff now under discussion to pass unaltered through the fires of debate—and bargaining.

The Republicans are not so strong in the Senate to-day as the Democrats were then, and we can not expect to receive a greater mercy at the hands of the Senatorial freebooters. Again, if the Senate concurs in the wisdom of its Finance Committee, the bill has still to run the gauntlet of the House, and in a matter where such weighty interests are involved, no man can tell what a day may bring forth. Eternal vigilance is the price of other things than liberty, and the opponents of reciprocity should not relax their efforts to enlighten the Senate, the House, and the people of the United States on the merits of this question. The friends of California should leave no stone unturned to educate the people and the press of the eastern part of the United States as to the real needs of California and the

best interests of the country as a whole. We must not rest on our arms in fancied security, but should fight the fight untiringly until the enemy's last ditch is won.

The first two weeks of the Græco-Turkish War have been full of incident. Short as the period has been, it is long enough to demonstrate the disparity of strength between the contestants, and has developed weaknesses on the part of Greece which, at the inception of hostilities, were latent. Affairs on the island of Crete have remained in abeyance, awaiting the outcome of the more important operations on the mainland. The Grecian army of occupation still remains in the island, although Colonel Vassos, its commander, has been recalled for service at home, and the ships of the powers still guard the ports.

It will be remembered that hostilities were precipitated on the frontier by the simultaneous invasion of Epirus and Macedonia by the Greek irregulars, followed by the organized troops. These early movements were accompanied by successes which fired the Grecian heart and possibly made it over-confident. The Turkish declaration of war was quickly followed by an attack on the Greeks holding the Pass of Milouna. The superior force of the Moslems alone assured their success. The Greeks replied by an advance on Damasi, just across the frontier, through a pass to the west, and the capture and destruction of that town. The Moslems pouring through the captured pass at Milouna threatened the Grecian rear and compelled a return to Thessaly. Thus quickly was the invasion of Macedonia changed into a defense of Greece. A battle in the Larissa bills resulted in the defeat of the Greeks and the abandonment of Larissa, where their head-quarters had been established. The retreat from Larissa became a disorderly panic and rout, during which the honor of the Grecian arms was saved only by a brave stand of a portion of their force at Velesino, where an exceptionally strong position in the rugged country enable them to hold out against the Turk.

As we write, the Turkish army, numbering nearly forty thousand men, occupy Larissa and its vicinity. The town is about twenty miles from the frontier and lies in the centre of a plain ten miles wide and forty miles long, wholly surrounded by mountains. The main Grecian force retreated to Pharsala—noted in ancient times as a frequent field of battle. The town is about twenty miles from Larissa, at the extreme southern extremity of Larissa plain, and is backed by the mountains which form the boundary of the great basin on that side. There the Greeks apparently awaited a decisive battle, but the Turks appeared more than willing to accommodate them. The Greek line of defense was naturally strong. It extended in a curved line from Volo—a naval base on the Gulf of Salonica—through Pharsala, Karditza, and Trikala to Kalambaka, on the eastern slope of the Pindus Mountains. All these places are connected by rail, facilitating rapid support to the wings from Pharsala, and the Turkish force lay before this line of defense on its concave side. With the Turk far from his base of supplies, in an enemy's country, and partially surrounded, the strength of the Grecian position was apparent. Its fatal weakness was in lack of numbers and of capable leaders. The latest dispatches announce the capture of Pharsala.

To the west of the Pindus Range the campaign in Epirus is not more encouraging to the Greeks. The Hellenic expedition, which had Janina for its objective point, has been halted at Pentepigadia and turned back to the Louris River by a disastrous defeat. It is the same story in the west—overwhelmed by numbers and destitute of leaders. Unquestionably, good fighting material has been badly banded. Young and inexperienced commanders have made the blunders which might have been foreseen. The retreat from Larissa was ordered without a good military reason, and once commenced, the officers lost all control of their troops. The effective Grecian fleet, valuable as a support at Salonica, has been "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

These reverses and blunders, whether chargeable to numerical weakness or the ineptitude of commanders, or both, have had a marked effect on the impressionable Greeks. The enthusiastic populace which forced its rulers into war is prompt to denounce them at the first misfortune. They blamed the ministry and overthrew it, replacing the Delyannis cabinet with another headed by Ralli, a leader of the former opposition. The Crown Prince, charged with cowardice as well as incapability, is an especial object of popular resentment. The prince retorts that the soldiers were at fault, and the latter point to the irregulars as the culpables. Meanwhile, Athens has barely escaped a season of mob rule, and the royal family have been in some personal danger. King George is rumored to have contemplated a withdrawal from Greece on a plea of ill-health, which has much the appearance of

flight. The downfall of the dynasty and the erection of a republic is mooted, though with slight probability that the powers would permit such a radical change. The programme of the Ralli ministry was announced to be the reorganization of the army and the attainment of honorable peace, by arms if possible, if not, by appeal to the powers. Since then, a commission has examined the condition of the army at Pharsala and reported unfavorably to a continuance of the war. The alternative—an appeal for intervention—is daily expected.

There was a curious sight at Ellis Island in New York harbor, the other day, when fourteen hundred immigrants were landed from three vessels that arrived almost simultaneously. Among them were nine hundred and fifteen from Ireland, and of these, seven hundred and twenty-three were young Irish girls between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five years. More than sixty-five per cent. of these girls had their passage prepaid by relatives or friends in this country, and more than one thousand of these friends went to Ellis Island to meet them. They swarmed over the island, trampling upon the flower-beds and breaking down the railings intended to separate the immigrants from the naturalized. It was a good-natured crowd, however, though unwieldy, and there was no trouble.

One of the most striking features in connection with this large influx of immigrants from the Emerald Isle is the fact that the increase has been particularly notable only within the last few weeks. In January and February, the number of arrivals was slightly less than it was during the same months of last year, and March did not show an increase. But they have been coming by the hundreds in the past three or four weeks, and it is expected that several thousand more will arrive in the next month or so. The total number of immigrants for the year from Ireland will undoubtedly be far greater than it has been in any single year since the '60's. The increase this year is attributable partly to the depressed industrial condition in Ireland and partly to the increased demand for domestic servants in this country. Prospective immigrants have been deterred by reports of the general industrial depression here resulting from the panic of 1893 and by lack of the money which those who had come before would have sent to assist them over. But more cheerful reports have evidently been sent to the old country; and the labor employment bureaus in New York alone announce that they can find places for more than two thousand girls of proper character and fitness.

It is difficult to determine what will be the result of so large an influx of laboring women. But it must be remembered that while the problem of domestic service has been simplified here by the presence of the Chinese, it is a most vexatious one for the Eastern housekeeper. There is a continual drift among American-born girls of the poorer class toward the factories, where, if the work be hard, there is more than compensation in the greater degree of personal independence it insures. The result is a scarcity of good female servants there, and this large increase in the supply will unquestionably be absorbed without difficulty. Many of them will doubtless remain in New York, in response to the brisk demand for good domestics; the fact that some were received by their sweethearts indicates that not a few of them expect soon to be married; but the great majority will be distributed through the country. On the whole, they are a desirable class of immigrants. The men of their race are prone to swell the ranks of pot-house politicians within a short time of their arrival, but the women are strong and healthy and of excellent character, and would make admirable wives for the lonely bachelors of the womanless North-West.

It has become the fashion to attempt to bolster up a weak argument by putting forward the Sugar Trust as a sort of industrial scarecrow. The effort is being made to persuade the people that the abrogation of the reciprocity treaty will favor the Sugar Trust and enable them to control the sugar supply of this country more effectually. The *Chronicle*, in a labored editorial, argues that the trust favors the imposition of a duty on Hawaiian sugar in order to crush out the beet-sugar industry in this country. How this is to be accomplished is not very apparent. The trust has controlled the Hawaiian sugar under reciprocity, and can continue to do so. It depends upon foreign sugar for the raw material for its refineries, and can gain nothing by having the price of any part of that supply increased. To shut off any part of the foreign supply must increase the demand for the domestic product and foster the development of the industry. If Hawaiian sugar is excluded, California beet-sugar will take its place and the farmers of this State will get the money that now goes to the Hawaiian Islands, whether the trust continues to refine it, as at present, or it is refined by other and competing concerns. The trust can not buy up all the land in the United States suitable for sugar-beet

culture; the farmers will continue to own the land and will raise beets upon it. The only question is whether the money for raw sugar shall go to the Hawaiian planters or to the farmers of this country.

In commenting on the production of gold in the United States during 1895, the *Argonaut* remarked last year that, considering the richness of the mines in the Cripple Creek district and the intense interest in mining displayed throughout Colorado by her men of means, there was apparent ground for the belief that California would be passed in the race in 1896. Continuing, the article said, "but we are not among those who believe that California is going to lose her place as the banner gold State, which she has always held." The statistics of production issued by the director of the mint, as well as those issued by Wells Fargo & Co. last January, justify this confidence. Since silver mining practically came to an end in Colorado, there has been immense activity in the development of gold properties, and the production has increased at a rapid rate. But there has been equal activity in California, and while this State shows an increased production for 1896, Colorado, for some reason, shows a slight falling off.

The detailed and complete official figures for California, prepared by Charles G. Yale, the statistician of the mint, show a total production of \$17,181,562. The annual increases since 1893 have been \$1,500,470, \$1,411,036, and \$1,847,245. The increase last year, therefore, was greater than that of any preceding year. The output for 1892 was slightly more than that of 1893, but 1896 exceeded 1892 by \$4,609,662. In 1892 Colorado produced \$4,743,000; in 1894, \$9,491,514; in 1895, \$13,120,000; and last year, \$13,000,000. The figures for 1896 are from the estimate of the director of the mint, and are not based upon the completed returns, but as the estimate for California made at the same time was \$17,000,000, and the complete figures increased this only \$181,562, it is not probable that the revised returns will raise Colorado's output above the figures of 1895. In 1892 the production in California exceeded that in Colorado by \$7,828,900; in 1893, the excess was \$5,452,811; in 1894, it was \$4,431,767; in 1895, it was \$2,214,317; and in 1896, it was \$4,181,562. The Colorado output, therefore, steadily approached that of California during the first four years of the period, but fell behind last year. It is not probable, however, that the production in Colorado is reaching its limit; there are yet vast deposits that remain untouched.

Throughout the United States there has been a very satisfactory increase in the yield. The total for last year was \$54,300,000, an increase of \$7,690,000 over the previous year, \$14,800,000 over 1894, \$18,345,000 over 1893, and \$21,300,000 over 1892. Last year's output was greater than it has been in any year since 1857, when it was \$55,000,000, of which California furnished \$43,628,172. Thus, while California maintains its position as the banner gold-producing State, the United States remains the greatest gold-producing country, in spite of the developments in South Africa and Australia.

It is interesting to note the changes that have taken place in the production of the various counties of the State as shown by the report recently sent to Washington. In 1895 the leading counties were Nevada, Calaveras, Placer, Amador, Trinity, and Siskiyou, in the order named. Last year Nevada retained the leading position, Placer and Calaveras have changed places, and Amador, Trinity, and Siskiyou maintain their former positions. Nevada is credited with \$2,380,756, an increase of \$570,940—the greatest of any county in the State. The increase comes largely from old producing mines and indicates the activity with which operations were carried on last year. Calaveras has \$1,546,398—a decrease of \$171,517, which is accounted for by activity in developing properties rather than in working ores—while Placer has \$1,674,844, an increase of \$75,209.

In the table of counties showing an increase for the year, Nevada leads, with Tuolumne (\$403,387) second, Kern (\$359,433) third, and San Diego (\$216,270) fourth. The large increase in Kern and San Diego Counties is due to the development of the Randsburg and Colorado River regions, though San Bernardino and Riverside both show a falling off. Kern's output increased from \$231,433 to \$590,866, or more than double, and San Diego from \$344,307 to \$560,578. In the amount of decreased production, Shasta leads with \$182,486, Calaveras (\$171,517) is second, Plumas (\$140,424) is third, and Mono (\$101,136) is fourth.

Whether the increase of production shown by the whole State last year (\$1,847,245) will be equaled this year, it is difficult to predict. Nevada County will probably not show so large an increase, but, on the other hand, Calaveras, Shasta, Plumas, and Mono Counties, where extensive development has been going on, will be taken from the list of decreased production and will show an increase. The southern counties, which are in the list of increased pro-

ducers, are likely to remain there, as extensive developments are likely to result from the activity at Randsburg and along the Colorado River. It is therefore probable that there will be an increased output, and the figures should be between \$18,000,000 and \$18,500,000.

The development of gold-mining in the United States during the last year being so satisfactory, what has been the experience in other countries? It is difficult to get figures from foreign countries as early as they are obtained here, for the facilities afforded by the activity of the mint and Wells Fargo & Co. are not duplicated there. The director of the mint, however, estimates that it will reach \$215,000,000 and the *Engineering and Mining Journal* places it at \$218,000,000. The true figure probably lies between these two, but nearer to that of the mint. In 1895 it was \$200,283,700, so that the United States would furnish nearly one-half of the increase while contributing about one-quarter of the amount. In 1894, the output was \$181,567,800; in 1893, it was \$157,494,000; in 1892, it was \$146,651,500; in 1891, it was \$130,650,000; and in 1890, it was \$118,848,700. During the last seven years, therefore, the mines have contributed about one-quarter of the value of the world's stock of gold coin. The output has increased steadily each year, and in 1896 it was \$100,000,000 greater, or nearly twice as much as it was in 1890. The danger of a gold famine would, therefore, seem to be very slight.

Interest in the war in Greece or the revolt in Cuba pales into insignificance before the international episode that occurred at the Woman's Congress.

Congress last week. The Brahmarin, Bodhabhikshu, was invited to contribute his views on the emancipation of woman from the Oriental standpoint, and for a time he was the bright particular attraction of the congress. But he claims that because his views differed from those of the women taking part in the discussion, he was insulted, and, through him, his nation was insulted. That he should disagree with Mrs. Gardiner's remarks on heredity was to be expected, since all Eastern philosophy is opposed to the scientific method; that he should have replied with unnecessary warmth is not surprising, considering his age, which is in the early twenties; that he should have been betrayed into expressing very unfavorable views regarding women was but natural, when it is remembered that that is the tenor of prevailing opinion throughout his country.

The surprising thing is that he should have been present at the meetings and should have been invited to take part in the discussions. Herod in a society for the prevention of cruelty to children would be no more out of place than a Hindoo in a woman's congress. In India, as in all Oriental countries, woman occupies an inferior position. She may not eat in her husband's presence, she fans him and serves him. According to the law of Manu, "a wife must ever regard her husband as a god, even though he be dissolute, even though he fail to provide, even though he be untrue; still must she regard him as a god, otherwise nothing is left for her hut to be horn again from the body of a jackal."

Holding such views regarding women, there was something amusing in his appearance at the congress and in the enthusiasm with which he was received. Yet, if a woman's congress has any purpose, he helped to serve that purpose. Unlike the congresses in which men join, the woman's congress meets for purposes of mutual admiration and self-education. It was in contributing toward the latter that the Brahmarin served the purpose of the meeting, and the closing episode was the most valuable of his contributions. The managers of the congress have probably learned that it is impossible to reconcile Oriental philosophy and Western civilization. The women of America have greater privileges before the law and greater social freedom than any others, and they had nothing to learn from this disciple of Brahma.

The *Examiner*, which is actively advocating free trade under the guise of Hawaiian reciprocity, takes exception to the *Argonaut's* claim that it is had business policy to remit between thirty and

forty millions of dollars in duties in order to sell goods valued at far less than that amount. It is an old paradox of the free-traders that prosperity must result from paying more for foreign goods than is received from foreign countries for domestic goods, and they think that, when they have repeated this formula, they have silenced all opposition. The paradox does not appeal to sensible men. The firm or the corporation that persists in buying more than it sells will soon experience the necessity for appealing to the insolvency courts, and what is true of an industrial corporation is equally true of that vast corporation known as the United States. The end may be delayed by the great wealth at the command of this country, but it is, nevertheless, inevitable.

The *Examiner* asks, "What became of the money invested here, and helped to build up the wealth of the

ity of California. Part of it is putting up the Spreckels Building, another part built the California Sugar Refinery, another supports the Oceanic Steamship Company, another is the financial backbone of the Valley Railroad. It was Hawaiian sugar that built up the beet-sugar industry of California. But for that, the Watsonville factory would never have been built."

There is no string tied to the money made in Hawaii from United States sugar bounties. Because some men who made money in Hawaii chose to spend it here, we can not count upon all doing so. The Spreckels family were not under any compulsion to invest their money in California; they might equally well have spent it in any other part of the world. They elected to invest here in sugar-refineries, and buildings, and railroads, and steamship companies, because the foundation of their fortune had been laid here, but they were not obliged to do so. Plenty of other rich men and rich men's sons would have spent their money abroad, and would have made investments elsewhere. The weakness of the *Examiner's* argument is patent, when it advocates the building up of Hawaiian industries and making millionaires in that way, when it speaks of their investing money in California as if the money were California money. It is not. It is Hawaiian money—after we have given it to them. It can be invested anywhere. There are in Hawaii scores of men who have made money out of the United States bounties. Some of them are Germans, some are Hawaiians, some are English. Some of these men are investing their money in Hawaii, others in their native countries, and others are spending it freely abroad for luxuries for themselves and their wives. If we renew the reciprocity treaty and it continues for another twenty years, it is hardly possible that there will be another Spreckels family who will choose to invest their money in California. Suppose any Hawaiian planters should invest it in some other country. What would become of the *Examiner's* argument then? If we are to create millionaires by fostering the sugar industry, in order that they may invest their millions in California, it would be far better and wiser to create them in this State rather than in Hawaii.

The pure-food congress has met and adjourned, after taking the action that was suggested in these columns last week. A number of interesting papers were read, and the State board of health was requested to undertake the enforcement of the law, acting through the county boards of health. To secure uniformity of action, a convention of the several boards of health is to be held in August, when detailed plans of action will be developed.

This is, perhaps, the best arrangement that could be adopted if the law is to be enforced by the State authorities. But it will probably be found that the State and county boards are powerless to cope with the situation. They may be able to restrict the retail trade in adulterated goods to some extent, as has been done by the board of health in this city, but the question is one that must be handled by the Federal Government if the trade is to be thoroughly stamped out, since it involves a regulation of interstate commerce. The State authorities can not prevent adulterated goods from being shipped here from other States, and without this no regulation can be effective. The experience of Iowa in attempting to enforce its prohibition law is conclusive on this point. The Department of Agriculture at Washington has already undertaken the investigation of adulterations, but what is needed is an adequate Federal law which shall define and punish abuses of this class. Such a law would have ample power behind it to secure its enforcement, while action by the State authorities must always be weak and uncertain.

This is but another illustration of the inevitable drift of power to the Federal Government and the weakening of the State governments. The power tends to develop along the lines of least resistance and increased efficiency; it has been so throughout the history of this country and it will continue to be so.

Those who claim that the only effective method of developing the beet-sugar industry in this State is to pay a bounty to the planters in the Hawaiian Islands, may find an object-lesson of value in the experience of Germany. It was one hundred and fifty years ago, in March of this year, that Professor Marggraf announced that he had discovered that sugar could be extracted from beets; but it was not until 1801 that Achard, his pupil, established the first factory, and even after that the industry developed slowly. In 1837 there were 156 factories, with an annual production of only 8,470 tons of beets. After 1840, however, the industry gained strength, and in 1850 there were 184 factories; in 1860 there were 247; and in 1870, 296.

In 1844 the government considered that the beet industry was strong enough to contribute to the public revenues, and

a tax of 30 pfennigs (.714 cents) was imposed upon each 100 kilogrammes of raw beets. Six years later this tax was doubled, and in 1858 it was doubled again. This tax was not sufficient to retard the development of the industry. The production in 1841 was 13,700 tons, in 1851 it was 58,950 tons, and in 1861, 139,800 tons. But Germany was importing large quantities of sugar from abroad, and it was seen that the money paid for this sugar might be kept at home if the industry were properly fostered. The system of bounties, or, more properly, rebates, on exports was therefore adopted.

In 1868 the rebate law went into effect, and it remained in force until 1885. It was during this period of fifteen years that the sugar industry was really developed in Germany, and that country became independent of the foreign supply. The tax on the raw beets was raised to 1.60 marks (38 cents) for each 100 kilograms, or 220.5 pounds, and on all sugar exported a rebate of from 18.8 to 23 marks was allowed. It was estimated that twenty pounds of beets would make one pound of sugar, but the rebate offered a premium for raising a superior quality of beets, since the rebate paid on the sugar was larger than the tax paid on the beets in proportion to the amount of sugar obtained from the beets.

The effect of this policy was soon seen. The production in 1861 had been 139,800 tons of sugar; in 1871 it was 262,980 tons. The average annual output during the first five years under the new law was 230,920 tons, an increase of sixty-five per cent. over what it had been before. During the next five years the growth continued, the annual average being 314,586 tons. The full force was not felt, however, until the next quinquennial period, when the annual average rose to 613,625 tons. In 1883 the production amounted to 917,270 tons. Thus in fifteen years, under the stimulating influence of a rebate of a tax of less than one-fifth of a cent a pound, the production had increased more than six-fold.

The figures of imports and exports tell the same story more strongly. In 1872 the imports of sugar amounted to 4,431 tons, being nearly eight times as great as the exports, 566 tons. The next year the imports decreased nearly one-half (2,223 tons) and the exports (817 tons) increased nearly one-half. The average imports for four years were 2,852 tons and the exports were 713 tons. During the next four years the conditions were reversed. The imports dropped to 543 tons in 1879 and the exports increased to 10,347 tons. The average imports for the four years were 929 tons, the exports were 6,669 tons. Thus in ten years, under the rebate law, instead of being an expense to the country, sugar was bringing in a revenue. Germany had developed its resources and was reaping the benefit. During the next four years the improvement continued, the average imports dropping to 409, or less than one-half, and the exports increasing to 24,031, or three and one-half times what they were during the earlier period.

While the law of 1869 thus developed the sugar resources of the country and brought wealth to the people, it brought no revenue to the government. The receipts from the tax were swallowed up by the payments for rebates. In 1883 the rebate was decreased for two years, while the tax remained without change. In 1885 this law was extended for one year, and then there was a further reduction in the rebate, while the tax was increased to 1.70 marks (40 cents). During this period the increase in production continued, the annual average being 1,085,182 tons. The imports decreased to 340 tons and the exports increased to 48,468 tons, or double what they were during the preceding four years. The industry had received such an impetus during the fifteen years that it continued to grow in spite of the reduction.

In 1892 the law was again changed. The "material tax" on the beets was abolished, and a consumption tax of 18 marks (\$4.28) on each 100 kilograms of sugar, or 1.9 cents a pound, was imposed. Instead of the rebate, a bounty of from 1.25 to 2 marks for three years, and from 1 to 1.75 marks for two years thereafter, was provided. At the end of the five years all bounties were to cease. Last year the bounty of 1888 (59.5 cents on each 100 kilograms) was restored, and the consumption tax was increased to 21 marks, or about 2.2 cents a pound. Under the law of 1892 the annual production averaged 1,582,800 tons, and the exports 929,000 tons.

This is the experience that Germany has had in the production of beet sugar. At the same time that the industry was being developed, France, Austria, Russia, Holland, and Belgium have been raising beet sugar in competition. Had Germany adopted the policy of the advocates of Hawaiian reciprocity in this country, it would now be receiving sugar from its neighbors, and would be paying tribute to them instead of receiving a revenue from others. California may look forward to paying tribute so long as reciprocity continues; when the treaty is abrogated, we may look to see a development of the beet-sugar industry similar to that in Germany.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Finnegan Imprisonment Case.

The following communication concerning the *Argonaut's* editorial on the imprisonment of P. A. Finnegan for refusing to pay alimony will be read with interest by the legal fraternity as well as by laymen. It is from the pen of Judge John Currey, of Solano County, who is one of the most widely known jurists in the State of California and has occupied a position on the supreme bench, one of the highest in the State. We are naturally much gratified to see that a jurist of the standing of Judge Currey should hold that the *Argonaut's* reasoning was sound and its law was good. The *Argonaut* is not a law journal, nor are its editors lawyers, but all good law is based on reason, and we thought that our article was reasonable. Now we know on the authority of Judge Currey that it was not only good reasoning but sound law. We hope that the attorneys of Colonel Finnegan will force this matter to an issue and find out whether, within three years of the twentieth century, a man can be imprisoned in California for debt.—EDS. ARGONAUT.

DIXON, SOLANO COUNTY, April 30, 1897.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The position taken by the *Argonaut* in its issue of April 26th, in relation to the imprisonment of the defendant in the divorce case of Finnegan against Finnegan, because of his refusal to pay a certain sum of money which the court in that case had ordered and adjudged him to pay as alimony to and for the use of the plaintiff, seems to be well supported by the law of this State.

The order which the court made in the case named is erroneously denominated, in the parlance of the legal profession of our State, an *interlocutory order*, when, in fact, it is a *final judgment*, on which an execution might be issued against the property of the judgment debtor, and from which the defendant has the right to appeal to the supreme court, as provided by law in other cases of money judgments. From an *interlocutory order*, properly so denominated, there is no appeal, for the simple reason that it does not amount to a final judgment on which an execution could be issued against the property of the judgment debtor. An *interlocutory order* is made by the court during the progress of a litigation as the means to an end, namely, to obtain thereby evidence of facts essential to the just determination of the rights of the respective parties litigating. When such evidence is obtained through the instrumentality of the *interlocutory order*, it is submitted to the court, and then may become, in whole or part, the basis on which the judgment may be pronounced. Thus it is that such order and the evidence and testimony thereby obtained become a part of the record subject to be reviewed on appeal. It may be said that an *interlocutory order* is a proceeding in aid of an auxiliary to the final determination of the rights of the litigating parties. Such an order never becomes, in itself, of the nature of a final judgment; hence it is that there can be no appeal from such order before final judgment.

An order requiring the defendant to pay to the plaintiff a sum of money, as alimony pending the litigation, is in no just sense an *interlocutory order* possessing the elements of a final judgment on which execution can be issued against the property of the judgment debtor. It is an *intermediate order*, possessing the elements of a final judgment from which an appeal can be taken to the supreme court as provided by law. It was so held in effect by our supreme court in the Sharon case.

A judgment is defined by our Code of Civil Procedure (section 577) to be "the final determination of the rights of the parties in an action or proceeding." Such judgment, if a money judgment, can be enforced by execution against the judgment debtor's property, but not by the imprisonment of the debtor, for our constitution (Article I., section 15) forbids imprisonment for debt, except as therein provided. It reads as follows: "No person shall be imprisoned for debt in a civil action, on mesne or final process, unless in cases of fraud, nor in civil actions for torts, except in cases of willful injury to person or property."

In the divorce suit referred to, the court adjudged the defendant to pay to the plaintiff a certain sum of money, and thereby made the defendant the debtor of the plaintiff. This judgment was to a legal intent a final judgment for money, on which an execution could be issued against the defendant's property, but not against his person, because the constitution forbids imprisonment for debt, except as provided in the constitution itself.

JOHN CURREY.

Some Appreciative Readers.

NEW ORLEANS, April 24, 1897.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Our subscription to the *Argonaut* ran out December 16th—the first interruption since the issue of the first copy of the paper. This was because we anticipated a change of address. We shall want all the back copies.

The *Argonaut* is an important member of our family and not the least element of happiness in it. From all points of view and with reference to our special—though very wide—interests, it is the best paper published in all the world.

This is not "taffy," but a "thank you" born of pleasant appreciation and this opportunity or excuse for reiteration.

NEW YORK, April 25, 1897.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In common with many readers in the East, I am always interested in seeing the *Argonaut*, which seems to me to be about the best edited paper I ever saw—permit me to say this quite frankly, as I feel it. But for some unknown reason I find that I do not get the paper. I believe the *Book-Buyer* goes to you regularly, and I should appreciate the courtesy very fully if you could arrange to have the *Argonaut* sent to me, in order that I may not miss seeing one of the most valuable exchanges on the list. Yours very truly,

WINFIELD S. MOODY,
Editor *Book-Buyer*.

SOMERSETTE, ZAC., MEXICO, April 26, 1897.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Inclosed please find my check for a year's subscription of the *Argonaut*. The *Argonaut* is one of the best, if not the very best, periodical of the kind published. To me it seems as if nothing was entered in its columns except choice and picked matter. I hope you may continue to prosper. Yours truly,

GEORGE H. LOUCKS.

27 DUDLEY STREET, BOSTON HIGHLANDS, MASS.,

May 7, 1897.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I am very happy to inclose another year's subscription to the *Argonaut*, which has for ten years given me so much entertainment and satisfaction. MRS. HENRY A. MARTIN.

In some of the Chicago railway yards compressed-air hrooms are employed for sweeping and dusting the carpets and upholstery of the cars. The compressed air is led from a power-house through an underground pipe, to which a hose is attached. Affixed to the end of the hose is an iron nozzle as long as an ordinary broom-handle, having at its extremity a fixture of brass about a foot broad, and furnished with a long slit a thirty-second of an inch in width, through which issues the compressed air at the rate of seventy-five cubic feet a minute. The dust does not stay long in front of that current.

A DESIGNING DULCINEA.

Showing that Woman Oft Disposes, Though Man may oft Propose.

Manuel Terreno sat in his office, overlooking the plaza, in an unamiable frame of mind. His cigarette burned slowly toward the inclosing fingers as he thought bitterly of the little sign on the door, with "licenciado" following his name. He had come to San Marco six months before, hopeful and with a little money. His three remaining dollars rattled dully against each other, emphasizing his lack of clients.

The *alcalde*, influenced at first by a letter commending Manuel to his favorable notice, had thrown some business in his way; an invitation to dinner had followed. Fortune seemed about to smile, when the inevitable woman put in an appearance. Julia, the *alcalde's* daughter, saw fit to approve of Manuel's personal appearance, and made up her mind, with that celerity and thoroughness which thirty years of maidenhood give, that only in him were united those qualities necessary to make her happy for life. It soon became apparent to him, and later to others, that he had but to say the word in order to obtain a wife whose full tale of years was carefully concealed by a deft use of powder and good judgment in placing the lights, but who possessed a revenue-producing *hacienda* in her own name. Again, what more delightfully easy way of building up a legal practice could be imagined than to become son-in-law to the chief judge of the district?

At this stage the matter might have been accommodated. Unfortunately, a second woman must needs indorse Julia's good taste in her approval of Manuel by falling in love with him openly and with violence. This in itself was not necessarily a complication. The palpable error in the affair was that Manuel reciprocated her passion; nor was he less open in acknowledging in words what she confessed by her blushes. Now, Anita's father was *administrador* of Julia's *hacienda*. To prefer to the owner of the place the daughter of one whom she chose to consider a servant was certainly turning the knife in the wound. Hesitation was no part of Julia's character, so she promptly rode out and interviewed with terrifying force the trembling Anita, but gained only an avowal of constancy to the doubly blessed Manuel.

Returning, she found Manuel just closing a consultation with the *alcalde*, and at sight of him her calmness was not restored. The father's confidence in his daughter's discretion had never been jarred in their thirty years of companionship, hence he felt safe in leaving the two together, in response to a nod from her. Of what passed in the brief ten minutes Manuel never had a clear remembrance, but he walked down the street in a confused state of mind, one idea overshadowing the rest, that of gratitude at having escaped with his life.

To leave San Marco, and worse yet, Anita, was evidently the proper step. He resolved to begin packing at once, when he was handed a letter from the *alcalde*, which asked him to come to the *palacio* at his earliest convenience.

A dozen ideas filled his mind as he presented himself to the judge and said he had found it convenient to answer his honor's summons at once. The judge smiled benignly, and wound up a series of neat compliments by banding over to him the defense of a woman who had poisoned her lover and whose trial was set for the next day. Then the truth dawned on him that he had been commissioned to defend a case which admitted of no defense, solely to make his present unpleasant position less bearable. His curiosity had taken him to the preliminary examination, and he saw no point upon which to hang even extenuation of the crime. He interviewed the woman in the jail, but could get no help from her. She was not guilty, though she could offer nothing in support of the fact. She loved her husband, he was her husband though no priest had joined them, then why should she wish him harm? She had nothing more to live for, and would gladly join her husband.

The trial next day was torture for Manuel. He tried to get the woman to plead guilty, but she refused. The public prosecutor brought out the stories of the several witnesses very concisely, and she was sentenced to suffer the death penalty. She had purchased a packet of strychnine from the druggist, who had put it up in a red paper tied with a blue string. Only a small part of the amount sold by the druggist had been used. The remainder had disappeared. The woman made no denial of any part of the story, and heard her sentence pronounced with inattentive ears. The only clew to fight on that Manuel could grasp was the one thin wisp of fact that the package containing the poison could not be found. He set to work on this, and on the eve of the day of execution he not only learned that the woman's little son had stolen the bright-colored package, but found the package itself where the child, under the impression that it contained sugar, had carefully tucked it away in the kitchen between two adobes, the paper slightly torn and a part of the powder gone.

It still lacked a couple of hours of daylight, giving ample time to call on the judge and get a postponement of the execution. With such evidence, he was sure no difficulty would be encountered. Walking rapidly, his spirits rose as he fancied himself telling the story in court and, with true dramatic instinct, hringing forward the youthful criminal at the proper time.

Arrived at the *alcalde's* bouse, he was about to raise the heavy knocker, when he heard a well-remembered voice, "Eres tu, Don Manuel?"

Drawing back a step, he saw the calm features of Julia in an adjoining window.

"Yes, it is I. I want to see your father at once."

"At once? Is the matter, then, so pressing? It must be, indeed, for you to be out at this hour of the morning."

"It is a matter of life and death. Send for him at once."

"You are impertinent. I'm not a *criada* to be ordered about. You can't see my father at this hour."

"Call him at once, or I will arouse the household."

"Really, you are too violent. Besides, the servants have

gone to a *baile* and noise would be useless. Let us talk of something else. How is the fair Anita?"

"Ay, *Jesus!*" he mutters to himself. "Doña Julia—Julia—please call your father. It concerns a woman who—"

"Not the demure Anita, I hope. Surely she can have done nothing to bring her to grief yet."

Controlling himself with an effort, he begins again: "Julia, dear Julia, listen to me. An innocent woman is to be shot at daybreak, but your father can prevent it. She is innocent."

"Ah, yes! I remember. The one you defended. My father said your work in the case was remarkable. She poisoned her—husband, was it? No doubt he deserved it. Many do. Manuel," changing her tone, "I treated you badly that day and said much I was sorry for. I was angry, but meant nothing by it."

"I understand—of course, you didn't, Julia. I'm sorry, too—and Julia, *por el amor de Dios*, I must see your father. I always did think a great deal of you, and all that sort of thing," he concluded, weakly.

"Very well, I'll let you in, since the *portero* has gone with the rest."

A moment after, the small door of the *aaguan* swung open and Manuel passed through and into the parlor. Julia followed and took her place at the open window.

"Sit down, Manuel, we can talk more easily now. My father will doubtless return soon. He went to the Casa Moran early in the evening."

"Then I must follow him there. Why, in heaven's name, did you not tell me at once?" He rushed from the room, but almost immediately returned. "Where is the key? The door is locked."

Holding her hand through the *rejās* which barred the window, she said, "Here it is."

"Give it me at once," striding toward her.

"Another step, Manuel, and I drop it into the street!"

"What is the meaning of this farce, Doña Julia? This is no time for jesting. Give me the key and let me go. A woman's life hangs in the balance, and you are content to trifle at such a time!"

"I am serious, Manuelito. What I mean is this: Either you promise to marry me within a month, or I drop the key into the street and scream. The *sereno* is standing at the corner, well within sound of my voice, and he would interpret the matter in but one way. My father is not one to allow his daughter's name to suffer. You would be obliged to marry me then, and it's better to avoid the appearance of scandal. I have made up my mind to marry you, and you must confess to certain advantages in the union, looking at it from your point of view."

He suppressed as much as possible his disgust and said: "Your idea is to force me to marry you, when you know I'm betrothed to another, a—"

"Better woman, you were about to say?"

"Yes, better! Rather than marry you now, I'd—"

"Shall I drop the key?"

"Julia, be reasonable. Why should you wish to marry a man who, in spite of your many charms, does not love you?"

"A very neat compliment, Manuel. Why? Because, strange as it may seem, I love you, and will not—do you understand?—will not see you married to another. See, the east is brightening a bit, and you must be quick if you hope to carry out your idea of rescuing your innocent client."

Confused ideas ran through his mind. If he could have approached near enough to throttle the woman, he would have done so. His client was even now about to be taken from her cell. Anita would be left desolate without a word, for his lips would be sealed as to this night's work.

"Well?"

"I promise. Give me the key."

She made no movement. Suddenly, raising her head, she said: "The ring you wear will make a pretty seal of our betrothal."

Drawing it from his finger, he flung it at her feet. "Now, the key," he said.

"Here it is, dear. Come this afternoon, and—"

He was out of the room and in the street before she finished. He broke into a swift run, startling the *serenos* as he passed, for one does not run in Mexico. The rapidly brightening sky frightened him. Within a block of the Casa Moran, he met the judge, with two companions, walking a trifle unsteadily.

"Señor Alcalde," he panted. He leaned against the wall to catch his breath.

"Señor," he began again.

As he did so, the sun burst into view over the eastern hills, and the muffled sound of musketry came dully from the *arroyo* below.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1897.

The following unique and pathetic advertisement appeared in the *Dyersburg (Tenn.) Gazette*: "On Tuesday, March 16th, my dwelling-house, thirteen miles above Caruthersville, was washed from its foundation and floated down the Mississippi River. It is a new two-story frame, painted white and built in T-shape, with a ball in the centre and a two-story front porch all the way across the building. It contained all my household and kitchen furniture, including an organ with 'J. C.' engraved on the plate. The cook-stove is an old-fashioned No. 8 range. A Marlin rifle—16-shot, 38-calibre—was also in the house. Any one knowing the whereabouts of this house will be rewarded by informing me at this place. J. I. HOPKINS, Dyersburg, Tenn."

An ordinance has gone forth in Japan exhorting the people to eat more freely of meat, with a view to increasing the average height of the race—another instance of the determination on the part of the Japanese not to let the slightest chance slip for attaining all the advantages of Western civilization.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sarah Bernhardt's late husband, M. Damala, was a Cretan by birth, and the actress is strongly in sympathy with the Greeks.

The jewels of Nellie Farren, the well-known English burlesque actress, were sold at auction recently in London, and brought only a little more than eleven thousand dollars.

Brahms left no will, but in a letter to his publisher, Herr Simrock, he states that he makes the Vienna Society of Friends of Music heir to his fortune of forty thousand dollars, his copyrights, and manuscripts. An attempt is being made to have this letter admitted to probate as a will.

Lord Salisbury is said to have tried bicycling last autumn at Hatfield under the guidance of his parson son, Lord William Cecil, who was the first rector in the United Kingdom to open his church to bicyclists and to provide means of checking their machines during divine service.

King Leopold of Belgium expects to recoup the enormous sum he lost in his Congo enterprises by the gambling palace which is shortly to be opened in the Ardennes. It is to be a formidable rival to the Prince of Monaco's casino at Monte Carlo, and Leopold will receive a very large sum down from the syndicate, as well as a handsome annual revenue.

The woman who is now claiming a part of the late Jay Gould's estate says she was married to him in a Canadian town on a certain date. Gould was at that time in constant correspondence with his former school-teacher, James Oliver, now a resident of Burlington, Kan. Mr. Oliver kept Gould's letters, which are said to show that the marriage could not have taken place in Canada at the time named, as Gould was not there then.

It is said that, though Mr. Gladstone has declined to be raised to the peerage, the queen will signalize the sixtieth anniversary of her accession to the crown by appointing the "grand old man" a knight of the garter. He may accept this honor, as it will still enable him to go down to posterity as a great commoner, while it is a unique distinction in the reign of her majesty, and has not been granted to any save princes and peers since the day of Sir Robert Walpole.

Of Arthur Balfour's three sisters, one is the wife of Henry Sidgwick, professor of moral and political economy at Cambridge; another is married to Lord Rayleigh, the celebrated scientist and discoverer of argon, and is herself an accomplished mathematician; and the third is a brilliant musician and the inseparable companion of the former chief secretary for Ireland. He has two brothers, one of whom has filled the position of Irish secretary, while the other is a hard-working member of the House of Commons.

Edhem Pasba, the commander of the Turkish army, was born a Greek of Christian parentage. His parents were killed in a Turkish raid when he was a mere child, and he was carried off to Constantinople as a slave. His master not only gave him his freedom, however, but sent him to Paris to be educated, and he subsequently spent several years in travel in Europe. In 1849 he became the French instructor of the late Sultan Murad and of the present ruler, Abdul Hamid, and later filled several important political positions. He is a zealous member of the Young Turkish party, and has always shown a violent hatred toward foreigners, and especially toward Christians.

Senator Isham G. Harris, of Tennessee, is one of the most picturesque figures in our national legislature. For many years he has refused to state his age to the compilers of the Congressional Directory, but it is known that he has seen more than eighty summers. Occasionally he has his secretary write a speech and prints it in the Congressional Record, but he does not waste his voice delivering it. He saves that organ for barassing and brow-beating his opponents. He is as typical a huccaneer as ever sailed the Spanish main, but in these dull times he is forced to content himself with glaring venomously across the Senate-chamber at his political foemen or causing poor old Morrill, of Vermont, spasms of nervousness with hoarse-voiced demands for explanation of some harmless statement.

Herbert Spencer is particularly sensitive to discordant noises, and is said to be organizing a crusade against steam-whistles. He is equally annoyed by cocks crowing in the morning, and it is related that years ago, during a stay in Scotland, being awakened one morning by a noisy cock, he gave his philosophic attention to the matter and decided, by a fine effort of inductive reasoning, that if the bird were tied to its perch it would be unable to rise for the act of crowing. Mr. Spencer accordingly crept into the hen-house soon after midnight, and with a bit of twine, tied his enemy firmly to its perch. Then he went back to bed, and slept the sleep of the just until a late hour. History does not record whether the expedient silenced the rooster or Mr. Spencer's confidence was so great that he slept on through the bird's matutinal greeting.

Mr. Labouchère, of London *Truth*, was one of the Parliamentary committee which overhauled Cecil Rhodes, and his opinion of the South African dictator is interesting. "My impression of Mr. Rhodes," *Truth* says, "is this: In his opinion, almost all men are to be bought, and he has never lost an opportunity to provide himself with the means of buying them. . . . He is not intellectually great, and he is not likely to do anything great, because, unlike Napoleon—to whom his admirers and toadies compare him—he does not work out the details of any scheme he wishes to carry through. . . . What Captain Kidd was to the captain of one of the royal navy vessels he is to statesmen. . . . Looking at him and listening to him, I was a good deal reminded of Buffalo Bill. As a man of intellectual capacity he disappointed me. As a strange, reckless sort of Buffalo Bill, I was somewhat taken with him."

THREE CLEVER WOMEN.

A Trio of Fair New Yorkers who are Of the Stage, not On It—
Mrs. Ryley and Miss Morton, who Write Plays,
and Miss Marbury, Who Sells Them.

Three women of the theatrical world who yet are not on the stage, have come rather prominently before the public recently. Two of them are playwrights, and the third follows the, for a woman, unusual profession of dramatic agent. Mrs. Madeline Lucette Ryley, whose new play, "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle," was produced by Daniel Frohman at the Lyceum Theatre a few nights ago, is unquestionably the most successful woman dramatist of the time. With the possible exception of "The Late Mr. Costello," I do not recall a comedy in several seasons at the Lyceum that I have enjoyed so much, one that has been so bright in dialogue and so full of wholesome fun. The idea on which it is built up is trivial: the heroine, stopping at a country resort, pretends, at her jealous lover's suggestion, that she is a married woman in order to ward off the attentions of possible suitors. But, starting with this idea, Mrs. Ryley has constructed a play that is full of funny situations and scintillates with wit in the dialogue.

Though still quite a young woman, she has had not a little practical experience on the stage. She sang in several of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas some years ago, and married the comedian of the troupe, J. H. Ryley. Shortly after that she retired from the stage and turned her attention to writing plays, instead of acting them. Her first notable success was "Christopher, Jr.," which John Drew brought out. I think it is the same piece—certainly it is some one of hers—which enjoyed an excellent run in London at Terry's Theatre under the name of "Tedbury, Jr." "An American Citizen," which is in Nat Goodwin's repertoire, is another well-known play from her pen, and among her minor productions are "Blue Blood," "Lady Jemima," and "Valentine Day."

The second woman who has found profit in writing for the stage is Martha Morton. Only eight years ago she was a poor teacher in the public schools of this city, and had employed her leisure hours in writing a play. She sent it the dreary round of the managers, but without success, and had given up all hope of escaping the drudgery of her pedagogic work when the New York World offered a prize of several thousand dollars for an original American play. Miss Morton had been on the point of burning her manuscript, or using it for curl-papers, when this announcement was made. She thought she would have one more try at fortune, but she was so skeptical of success that she left her precious manuscript on top of a street post-box, where it was at the mercy of any passing thief. And she was very much astonished, a few weeks later, when the jury pronounced her play, "The Merchant," the best of the many hundreds that had been submitted. Not only was she paid the prize of some thousands of dollars, but the play was produced at a special performance at the Union Square Theatre, under the management of A. M. Palmer.

Then followed a sweet revenge for the woman whose manuscript had accumulated dust in so many managerial offices. One of the very men who had rejected it now bought it for a goodly sum, and it was sent out "on the road." Unfortunately, "The Merchant" was not a good acting play, and, despite the advertising it had received as a "prize American drama," it soon sank into oblivion. Miss Morton's later plays, however, have met with success. The three that are best known she wrote for William H. Crane. They are "Brother John," "His Wife's Father," and "A Fool of Fortune."

Miss Morton seems to have a peculiar faculty of constructing plays that show Mr. Crane at his best; if she can write equally good plays to order for other actors, her future is assured—if she continues as a playwright, for she is soon to marry. For there is no branch of literature the rewards of which are comparable with those of playwriting. It used to be that the author of a play received \$10 for each night performance and \$5 for a matinee, and he was a dramatist of repute whose royalties ran up as high as \$200 in a single week. Nowadays, however, it is a poor play that does not net its author \$500 or \$600 a week, and when it is so successful that two or more companies are appearing in it at the same time, his weekly income from it may mount as high as \$2,000. Bronson Howard's returns from "Shenandoah" alone had reached the sum of \$130,000 several months ago, and the royalties on "The Prisoner of Zenda" amounted to more than \$20,000 in a single year.

The third woman of whom I started to write is Miss Elizabeth Marbury, who sailed for Europe a few days ago to be invested by the French Government with the purple ribbon of an officer of the Academy. This is an honor which has been conferred upon very few American women. The only ones I can call to mind who have been so honored are Marie Van Zandt, the singer, and the late Kate Field. Just why Miss Marbury should be decorated with the ribbon of the Academy is not apparent. Decorations have been going very cheap in Paris for some years past, and almost any man could get one who was willing to pull the necessary wires. But in this country, where the significance of the ribbon is so little known, few people will work to get it, and it is therefore the greater honor when it comes unsought. It is impossible to imagine that Miss Marbury conducted a campaign to secure this distinction, and it is generally conceded here that the appointment has been brought about by Sardou and other members of the French Dramatic Author's Society—of which Miss Marbury is the accredited representative in this country—in recognition of her services for them in America.

Miss Marbury comes of an old New York family, and for many years has been a well-known figure in social life here. But, as she puts it, she got tired of "talking for her dinner," and began to write for the newspapers. Her journalistic work brought her in contact with Mrs. Frances Hodgson

Burnett, when the creator of Little Lord Fauntleroy was putting that delectable youth on the stage. Mrs. Burnett wanted a man to act as her agent and manage the play. Miss Marbury made inquiries for her of a friend, and the friend suggested that she take hold of the matter herself. This Miss Marbury did, and she succeeded so well with it that she presently opened an office in Twenty-Fourth Street, and began, in a small way, to act as agent for dramatic authors. This business soon grew to such proportions that she found it necessary to form connections in London and Paris. At the present time her reputation for keen judgment as to the value of a play, for ability to drive a bargain, and for absolute integrity in business dealings is such that the most suspicious of European dramatists trust her absolutely. They put their plays entirely in her hands and allow her to make what bargains she will with American managers, and she not only places their productions to the best advantage, but collects their royalties and keeps the dramatic pirates in a proper state of awed subjection.

NEW YORK, April 30, 1897.

FLANEUR.

In the railway strike of 1877 the loss to property and business inflicted by the mob at Pittsburgh alone is estimated at \$5,000,000, and the county of Alleghany was compelled to pay \$2,787,000 of the loss sustained during the Pittsburgh riots. The Chicago strike cost the railways \$5,358,000, and the employees \$1,700,000, a total of \$7,058,000, not including the loss to the Pullman Company. The National Commission says that "beyond these amounts very great losses, widely distributed, were incidentally suffered throughout the country." The California fruit-growers, for example, lost \$50,000 a day. The total loss which resulted from that one strike, in all probability, exceeded \$10,000,000. The telegraph strike of 1883 cost the companies \$909,000, and the men \$250,000. The railway strike on the "Gould system," in 1886, cost the strikers \$900,000, those thrown out of employment by their action \$500,000, and the railroads \$3,180,000. For the strikes that occurred from 1881 to 1886, inclusive, the wage loss by employees is estimated by the United States Commissioner of Labor at \$51,814,000, and the employers' losses are estimated by the same authority at \$30,701,000. From 1841 to 1880, inclusive, there were 1,491 strikes and lock-outs; while for the six years ending December 31, 1886, the number of strikes alone was 3,902—40 a year for the first period, and over 650 a year for the second.

The boon of emancipation from slavery is said to be responsible for the great increase in tubercular diseases and insanity among the negroes of the Southern States. While they lived in slavery the negroes were compelled to live sober and regular lives, but with freedom their natural impulse to excesses asserted itself and they plunged without restraint into vicious and riotous habits. They have consequently developed a highly nervous consumptive and alcoholic diathesis, which makes them easily susceptible to diseases from which formerly they were free. They are for the most part unable to withstand exciting causes, and insanity is greatly on the increase among them. Mortality returns show that the rate of death from tuberculosis among Southern negroes is three times as high as that among the whites.

The longest bridge in the world is said to be that which spans an inlet of the Yellow Sea, near the city of Sangang, in China. It is a stone structure five and a quarter miles in length. The number of piers is three hundred, and each one is ornamented with the marble figure of a lion three times life-size. The top of the roadway is sixty-four feet above the water level. The bridge, it is said, is eight hundred years old, and its masonry is still in a state of excellent preservation.

Horses are valuable in Alaska. They are driven up over the divide from the Canadian plains and then have to be transported eight to sixteen miles by water. The freight on them for this distance is forty cents a pound, so that a one-thousand-pound horse gets to be worth one dollar a pound by the time he nears a place where he can be of good service. A good, strong dog is valued at seventy-five dollars.

On several South African farms experiments have been tried with zebras. They become as tame as ponies, and are readily broken in for draught-work. The object of their tamers has been to breed a mule which, like the zebra, is proof against the tsetse-fly. The zebras themselves will run well enough in a mule team, though they can not stand over-driving.

It has lately been proposed to use thin sheets of water-proofed asbestos in place of the usual spongy material employed for the inner sole of shoes. Not only would dampness thus be excluded, but it is said the natural temperature of the foot would be better retained, because asbestos is a poor conductor of heat.

A Chicago jury discovered, when it retired to make up its verdict, that one of its number did not understand a word of English. However, he had made up his mind that the accused men were guilty, and as the eleven men thought likewise, they brought in a verdict to that effect.

The striking uniformity of size among the Japanese is shown by the fact that recent measurements taken of an infantry regiment showed no variations exceeding two inches in height or twenty pounds in weight.

Aluminum helmets have not proved successful in the German army, the saving in weight being more than offset by the metal's storing heat, even to blistering the foreheads of the wearers.

OLD FAVORITES.

Hagar in the Wilderness.

The morning broke. Light stole upon the clouds
With a strange beauty. Earth received again
Its garment of a thousand dyes; and leaves,
And delicate blossoms, and the painted flowers,
And everything that bendeth to the dew
And stirreth with the daylight, lifted up
His beauty to the breath of that sweet morn.

All things are dark to sorrow; and the light
And loveliness and fragrant air were sad
To the dejected Hagar. The moist earth
Was pouring odors from its spicy pores,
And the young birds were singing as if life
Were a new thing to them; but music came
Upon her ear like discord, and she felt
That pang of the unreasonable heart
That, bleeding amid things it loved so well,
Would have some sign of sadness as they pass.
She stood at Abraham's tent. Her lips were pressed
Till the blood started; and the wandering veins
Of her transparent forehead were swelled out,
As if her pride would burst them. Her dark eye
Was clear and tearless, and the light of heaven,
Which made its language legible, shot back,
From her long lashes, as it had been flame.

Her noble boy stood by her, with his hand
Clasped in her own, and his round, delicate feet,
Scarce trained to balance on the tented floor,
Sandalized for journeying. He had looked up
Into his mother's face, and he caught
The spirit there, and his young heart was swelling
Beneath his dimpled bosom, and his form
Straightened up proudly in his tiny wrath,
As if his light proportions would have swelled,
Had they but matched his spirit, to the man.

Why bends the patriarch as he cometh now
Upon his staff so wearily? His beard
Is low upon his breast, and his high brow,
So written with the converse of his God,
Beareth the swollen vein of agony.
His lip is quivering, and his wonted step
Of vigor is not there; and, though the morn
Is passing fair and beautiful, he breathes
Its freshness as if it were a pestilence.
He gave to her the water and the bread,
But spoke no word, and trusted not himself
To look upon her face, but laid his hand,
In silent blessing, on the fair-haired boy,
And left her to her lot of loneliness.

Should Hagar weep? May slighted woman turn,
And, as a vine the oak hath shaken off,
Bend lightly to her leaning trust again?
Oh, no! by all her loveliness, by all
That makes life poetry and beauty—no!
Make her a slave; steal from her rosy cheek
By needless jealousies; let the last star
Leave her a watcher by your couch of pain;
Wrong her by penitence, suspicion, all
That makes her cup of bitterness—yet give
One evidence of love, and earth has not
An emblem of devotedness like hers.
But, oh! estrange her once—it boots not how—
By wrong or silence—anything that tells
A change has come upon your tenderness—
And there is not a fling out of Heaven
Her pride o'ermastereth not.

She went her way with a strong step and slow,
Her pressed lip arched, and her clear eye undimmed.
As if it were a diamond, and her form
Borne proudly up, as if her heart breathed through.
Her child kept on in silence, though she pressed
His hand till it was pained; for he had read
The dark look of his mother, and the seed
Of a stern nation had been breathed upon.
The morning passed, and Asia's sun rode up
In the clear heaven, and every beam was heat.
The cattle of the hills were in the shade,
And the bright plumage of the Orient lay
On beating bosoms in her spicy trees.
It was an hour of rest; but Hagar found
No shelter in the wilderness, and on
She kept her weary way, until the boy
Hung down his head, and opened his parched lips
For water; but she could not give it him.
She laid him down beneath the sultry sky—
For it was better than the close, hot breath
Of the thick pines—and tried to comfort him;
But he was sore athirst, and his blue eyes
Were dim and blood-shot, and he could not know
Why God denied him water in the wild.
She sat a little longer, and he grew
Ghastly and faint, as if he would have died.
It was too much for her. She lifted him,
And bore him farther on, and laid his head
Beneath the shadow of a desert shrub;
And, shrouding up her face, she went away
And sat to watch, where he could see her not,
Till he should die; and, watching him, she mourned:

"God stay thee in thy agony, my boy!
I can not see thee die; I can not brook
Upon thy brow to look
And see death settle on my cradle joy.
How bave I drunk the light of thy blue eye!
And could I see thee die?"

"I did not dream of this when thou wast straying,
Like an unbound gazelle, among the flowers;
Or willing the soft hours
By the rich gush of water-sources playing,
Then sinking weary to thy smiling sleep,
So beautiful and deep.

"Oh, no! and when I watched by thee the while,
And saw thy bright lip curling in thy dream,
And thought of the dark stream
In my own land of Egypt, the far Nile,
How prayed I that my father's hand might be
An heritage for thee!"

"And now the grave for its cold breast hath won thee!
And thy white, delicate limbs the earth will press;
And, oh! my last caress
Must feel thee cold; for a chill hand is on thee.
How can I leave my boy, so pillowed there
Upon his clustering hair!"

She stood beside the well her god had given
To gush in that deep wilderness, and bathed
The forehead of her child until he laughed
In his reviving happiness, and lisped
His infant thought of gladness at the sight
Of the cool plashing of his mother's hand.

—N. P. Willis.

Modern mining methods and American and English capital are soon to be applied to the working of the ancient El Dorado of the Iberian Peninsula.

WAR AS SHE IS WAGED.

Scenes from the Siege of Saragossa, as Described in Lejeune's
Memoirs—An Artist Turned Soldier who
Wields a Graphic Pen.

The reading public is getting tired of Napoleonic literature, but the latest specimen of his generals' memoirs deserves a goodly measure of appreciation. It is "The Memoirs of Baron Lejeune," and fills two volumes of nearly three hundred and fifty pages each. It has been translated and edited from the original French by Mrs. Arthur Bell (N. d'Anvers), and has been furnished with an introduction by Major-General Maurice, C. B.

Lejeune was employed during the greater part of his career on the staff of Prince Berthier, Napoleon's right-hand man, and therefore was in frequent personal contact with the emperor. But it is not for new light on Napoleon's character or for the completeness of his panorama of the Napoleonic wars that his memoirs are valuable; cultivated, brilliant, and gallant soldier though he was, he remained ever an artist, and he possessed in a high degree the faculty not only of seeing but of portraying in words what he saw. His memoirs are a vivid record of personal experiences in campaigns in France, Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Germany, the Tyrol, Hungary, and Russia. It is impossible in the brief space here available to review the entire work, but a just estimate of the character of the book may be made from the passages we shall quote, describing incidents of the siege of Saragossa. But first, to show what manner of man Lejeune was, we reproduce his account of his capture of Fort Volsberg, during the siege of Colberg. The fort had inflicted so much damage on the French forces that Lejeune expressed surprise that it had not been taken, whereupon the reply was made, "If you find it so easy, take it yourself." He continues:

I accepted the challenge, and set to work at once. I began by demanding three hundred picked men who would be willing to join me, and I had assigned to me one hundred French, one hundred Italian, and one hundred Polish grenadiers, commanded by three brave captains, namely, Beaufort d'Hautpoul and Rohault de Fleury, of the engineers, with Béli, of the Italian Legion.

While these troops were approaching the trench, I took a drummer, and advancing with him to the fort, I ordered him to beat the rappel. I wanted to reconnoitre and to parley with the enemy. I made my way thus right up to the barrier of the fort, and was able to convince myself that the glacis and the bottom of the ditch were bristling with spikes and military pits in good condition. The commandant did not keep me waiting, but appeared at once, and I advised him to withdraw before the assault on the fort which seemed to me no longer tenable, but the grand defense of which did him honor. He agreed with me that his position was most critical, but added that he could not surrender without orders from the governor of Colberg. I gave him half an hour to get those orders, and withdrew, employing the interval in giving instructions to my three columns, telling them exactly what they were to do, but not allowing a single man to show himself beforehand.

At the time named I took my drummer again and went towards the fort. I had not taken twenty steps from our trenches before the cannon opened fire on me, the discharge covering me with dust. The answer was clear enough. I gave the signal for an assault by raising my sword instead of the white handkerchief I had been holding, with the cry of "Columns to advance!"

With the rapidity of a flash of lightning, my three hundred men were over the parapet of the trench and dashing forward in the direction ordered. I did not wait a single instant for them to come up, but made straight for the barrier, getting there just in time to see the garrison running away. I called out to them in German, "Right about face!" and, astonished at the command in their own language, they obeyed. I drew them up in line between myself and the fort, and they never suspected that they had been made to serve as a screen between me and the hail of shot from the bastions.

The next moment the walls and every point of vantage of the fort swarmed with my grenadiers, and I ordered them to shoot down the first Prussian who moved from the spot where I had posted him. I then made my way into the casemates, which the grenadiers had not been able to leave. The brave fellows received me with a threat to set fire to their powder and blow us all up together. They would no doubt have done so if I had taken the matter seriously; but calling up all my tact and retaining my presence of mind, I answered them gayly, disarmed their anger, and avoided an explosion. They left the casemates, and I made them set fire to the four blinded batteries flanking the fort from right to left, which were completely burned down. Our engineer officers then set to work to install us in the fort and establish our communications.

As long as I kept the Prussians drawn up in line between us and the town, the town could not fire on us, and the day passed without the exchange of a shot, as if there were an armistice. Several Prussian officers came to chat with us, and they assured us that Colberg would never be taken.

Toward evening, when our defensive works were complete and we were well under cover, we felt we no longer needed the presence of our Prussians; and not wishing to incur the blood of prisoners, I set free, one by one, the men who had saved us much bloodshed by coming between us and several hundred balls.

The character of the man is again shown in an incident which occurred during the campaign in Spain. He had had occasion to box the ears of a man named Stoffel, and had accordingly been waited upon by the latter's brother with a challenge to fight a duel. Lejeune accepted, and what follows is here set forth:

In spite of myself I was really as much under the tyranny of the point of honor as any one, and I gladly accompanied M. Stoffel to the place where I expected to find my brother with his regiment. But, alas! on his return from Portugal he had been ordered elsewhere with his corps, and I was unable to find him. "It doesn't matter, however," I said to M. Stoffel; "you must be second for both of us, and I have full confidence in myself." We found his brother awaiting us outside the ramparts. Snow had been falling heavily for the last two days, and it lay on the ground more than four inches deep, so that there was not a clear space suitable for our trial of skill. Seeking about, we reentered the town by a breach where traces of the assault could still be seen, and finally fixed on a spot rather freer from snow in the vaults of a hospital which had been broken open by the same cannonade which had thrown down the walls. Several dead bodies completely stripped lay upon the flagstones awaiting burial, and here and there the blood-stained ground was strewn with quantities of grain. Tired of hunting for a suitable place, we dragged a few of the horrible witnesses out of our way, and swept a space clear of rubbish with some bundles of faggots which were ready to our hands. In thus removing the blood and grain covering the stones were uncovered several inscriptions marking the resting places of the dead, and I confess that my heart sank a little when I came upon my own names, Ludovico Francisco. But I soon conquered the qualms, which I attributed rather to disgust than fear; we stripped before crossing swords, the elder brother, sole spectator of the scene, holding our clothes, which would have been soiled if they had been laid on the ground.

I was in no mood to brook further delay, and I made a vigorous attack upon my adversary, who prudently withdrew before me, awaiting his chance of taking me off my guard; but I gave him no time for that, and he had retreated some ten paces when I drove him against the wall, and seizing his right arm with my left hand, I held the point of my sabre at his breast. Our faces nearly touched. I felt none of the

ferocious courage which would have enabled me to drive my blade home in the body of one who had done nothing to offend me, but as I had to beware of a surprise, I sprang back and resumed my guard. A second time my adversary was pinned against the wall in the gloomiest part of the vault and threatened in the same manner. Still unwilling to kill him, I said, "Must I?" His eyes glared at me menacingly, but terror prevented him from answering. I could not make up my mind to sacrifice him, and feeling a little doubtful of the brother, who was behind me, I sprang back to my original position, and wiping my sabre, my hands, and my face, all splashed with our blood, I said, "That is enough for the present; but if you are not satisfied yet, we can meet again," and I left them. It was not till long afterward that I learned of what service my frank audacity had been to me, for my adversary turned out to be a very noted fencer. We neither of us received any but slight wounds, but we were both a good deal scratched.

Saragossa was taken only street by street, indeed house by house, and after a long siege, in which the sappers and miners did good service. Baron Lejeune says of them:

We advanced very slowly but very surely with the aid of the sapper and the miner. As soon as a house was taken, a miner was sent down to the lowest part of the cellars, where he set to work to open a mine beneath the street, or under the next house, so as to reach the one we meant to attack. This mine was then charged in the most profound silence, and with such skill that the line of least resistance was beneath the condemned house. Directly after the explosion the soldiers, who were held in readiness, flung themselves through the clouds of dust which arose, and took possession of the ruins of the house just thrown down, where to secure possession they quickly harried themselves and awaited the night. Then under cover of the darkness they brought in sacks of earth and bales of wool, anything, in fact, which would serve as epaulments or mantlets and render more secure our communications in the streets between one block of houses and another. . . .

For the sapper, there is absolutely no break in the dangers to be met at every turn, for he has to work under the direct fire of the enemy in the open as he goes down some counterscarp, and to brave all manner of vaguely aimed projectiles as he rolls some gabion before him when he is about to open a sap or finish off a trench. Imagine how great must have been the skill and coolness of the engineers, who, during the last sixteen years, had thus taken possession of all the chief strongholds of Europe! . . .

To us who read of it, the soldier often seems wanton in his vandalism, but excuse for it is to be found in this passage:

Every day it became more difficult to protect ourselves. The streets of the quarters into which we penetrated grew narrower and narrower, and we were almost at close quarters with the Spanish, who riddled with balls the barricades, planks, doors, windows, and shutters, behind which they thought we might be. In a few moments every protection was pierced with holes like those in lace, and we betide any one who happened to be on the other side. . . . All the walls on the enemy's side were loop-holed, and covered galleries had been pierced in every story of the houses, and passages or crossings had been established in all the streets between two epaulments. Everything was pressed into the service, and I actually saw sacks of corn, bales of the fine wool in which Saragossa does such a large business in times of peace, and even books from the libraries of the convents, piled up in great numbers; the big volumes, telling at length the marvelous legends of the martyrs, and the parchment folios were most useful to us. Books can be as easily piled up as bricks; and, some on end, others laid down flat, they formed a perfect protection from balls. Many of our men owed their lives to the thickness of the history of some saint, whose piety they would never have dreamed of imitating. Nor was this way of destroying valuable tomes and priceless manuscripts the most distressing sight of the kind we had to witness, for during the night our soldiers, who had to make fires at which to warm themselves, burned books for the purpose, or tore out the leaves to make torches with which to grope about in the labyrinths of rubbish where they might so easily have hurt themselves. Our cultured officers grieved over this vandalism and tried to prevent it, but wood was not much used in the buildings of Saragossa, and it was often very difficult to get less costly combustibles for the use of the men. It was even more hopeless to make them understand the value of Greek, Latin, Arab, and other antique volumes, which they recklessly tore to pieces to burn.

Much space is given to accounts of the work and experiences of the sappers already alluded to, from which we quote the following passages:

Rogniat soon found that the houses which had been completely thrown down in the explosions were no real shelter to us, and that our men ran many dangers in crossing the exposed ruins on their way to attack the neighboring buildings. He therefore had the charges so laid that only the wall next to us was destroyed, in each case leaving the others standing, to serve as a cover to us when we took possession. Heavily charged chambers were henceforth only fired to throw down the walls of the large buildings, which served as something like citadels in the interior of the town.

The experience gained day by day in this extraordinary kind of warfare served to teach us much in every way, and our prudence and method alike grew greater and greater. Directly a house was taken, it was converted into a fortress with the aid of sacks of earth used to wall up the openings on the side of the enemy, while we pierced a straight line of interior communications which we could prolong successively into each house occupied. Loopholes were then made opposite those of the enemy, and we soon became nearly as clever in this style of aiming from room to room as were the Spanish themselves.

In the centre our miners were preparing three chambers at the base of the Convent of Jerusalem, with a view to blowing it up, when they heard noises beneath them which told them that the enemy was countermine them. They at once charged one of the fourmeaux, and fired it lest they should be anticipated. The Spanish miners, including one officer and fifteen men, perished miserably, buried beneath the masses of earth which fell on them, and our sappers began making fresh galleries. The courage and calmness with which the military miner braves danger and fatigue are admirable. While he is patiently following out the tomb of the enemy's sappers, it often happens that he is separated from them by the thinnest layer of earth. While some slight noise or movement reveals to him that his enemies are compassing his destruction close beside him, he is not standing up, he can not confront his enemy in a proud attitude of defiance, the eyes of the army are not upon him to raise his courage and redouble his strength. He is often alone, stretched flat on his face on the ground, or crouching in a cramped position, and he sometimes succumbs, suffocated for want of air. It is often when he is but half alive that he is called to the struggle. What Bayard, what Murat, would not find his courage ebb if he had to submit to being shut up for days in the cold subterranean galleries where the miners noiselessly creep along to prepare the mine they are to fire? Their disinterestedness was equal to their courage, and in this memorable siege I knew instances of men who, while driving horizontal galleries at a depth of some twenty feet underground, broke with their picks antique vases full of gold, silver, and bronze coins, which the Carthaginians, Romans, or Arabs had buried in times of similar calamities. It would have been natural enough if the miner's cupiditas had been aroused by the gleam of the metal in the light of his lamp; but not a bit of it—he would simply push the treasure and the loosened earth behind him to the next worker, with the words, "Here, pass Peru to the captain; it will amuse him." Captain Veron-Réville was a connoisseur of coins, and in this way he received a good many very rare medals, several of them found at the foot of an old Roman wall, the hard cement of which bothered our miners a good deal. . . .

The work of the miners in this protracted siege now became everywhere more formidable and arduous than ever. One day it so happened that two parties of miners—one besieged, the others besiegers—debouched at the same moment from their rival galleries in the same cellar; and there, in a gloom scarcely relieved by the light of their lanterns, they flung themselves upon each other with their tools, their knives, and their sabres, without waiting for any other weapons. It was indeed war to the knife. The furious blows exchanged knocked down around the combatants many of the great stone pitchers used by the Spanish for storing wine and oil, and those who were struck down by pick or mattock were drowned in a mixed flood of wine, oil, and blood.

In this subterranean struggle, which left us victors, we lost only two miners.

Another day one of our miners had just made the opening for getting into a cellar to which he had mined his way, and where the silence and peace of the tomb appeared to reign. Already, pistol in hand, he had pushed his head into the gloom, his lamp flinging but a few rays before him, and he was trying to make out his bearings with the aid of his compass, when some Spanish in ambush, who had been watching his proceedings, fell upon him, and killed him in the gallery at the opening he had just made. Fortunately, his comrades behind him were able to make their escape in time.

The Spanish miners were able to choose their own ground, and to make their works in advance at the points we were likely to attack. They were therefore less cautious than we were, and their confidence sometimes led them to break the silence we so rigorously observed. Our precautions had the best results for us, and their imprudence lost them many men. Our miners became very skillful in hearing those of the enemy a long way off and in accurately estimating the position of their mines. They were thus able to avoid them, and we had scarcely ever to deplore a mining catastrophe.

One evening, for instance, near St. Francis and about fifteen feet below the surface of the ground, nine Spaniards, thinking themselves in perfect security, went down into a cellar to prepare a chamber in the path of a gallery we had been excavating and which was all ready for charging. The noise they made put us on our guard soon enough for us to prepare a similar trap for them; the powder was hastily laid, and our explosion brought the house down upon them, without damaging the cellar in which they were. The unfortunate fellows remained shut up for some hours without daring to make the slightest noise. But at last, when we thought they had all been dead some time, we heard them struggling to free themselves from their terrible position and calling out piteously for help. We all hastened to aid them to climb out of their tomb. They worked from their side and we from ours, and we were already near enough to give them our hands, when the roof of the cellar, shaken by the crash of the explosion, and also, perhaps, deprived of its supports by our efforts to help, fell upon them. Only three were left alive, one of whom was an officer, whom we rescued with the greatest difficulty from under the stones beneath which he was buried. . . .

The explosion and capture of the convent of St. Francis furnished many scenes as horrible as any ever pictured by Verestchagin. Lejeune says:

The explosion had made a wide opening in one wall near the chief entrance, and torn up all the pavement of the nave and cloisters. In this upheaval everything had been turned topsy-turvy. The cornice of the nave, the pulpit, the altars of the side chapels, had all been flung down and were partly buried, while the bodies of the dead, which had been shut up in crypts for centuries, had been wrenched from their resting-places and flung upon the surface of the ground. When we entered the breach, the Spanish were already returning to the church through the sacristy. They barricaded themselves in the midst of the ruins, behind benches, chairs, and over-turned confessionals. Even reliquaries and fragments of the exhumed coffins from the crypts were pressed into the service to make a cover from behind which to fire at us. A shower of balls fell on us from every side, the most murderous coming from the galleries above, especially through some small openings in one of the big pillars beside the choir, in which were the steps leading up to the belfry. Fortunately the breach in the wall of the church was a very wide one, and our column entered easily through it, quickly invading the whole building. The defenders were driven from their intrenchments and from the lateral chapels by a tremendous bayonet charge, and pursued by our men up the narrow and dangerous spiral staircase in the big pillar even to the roof, great numbers of them falling beneath our blows.

The struggle in the beautiful but sombre Gothic building was a truly remarkable sight. Through the broken stained-glass windows with their subdued coloring, a ray of light shot here and there, touching with a celestial glory some group of furious combatants or the clouds of bluish smoke from the burning powder, which was almost suffocating us. Rising up from amid the gloom, and clearly outlined against the east window, was the high altar of brown marble, approached by eight steps and surmounted by a splendid canopy, originally upheld by eight Corinthian columns and adorned with numerous angels wearing crowns on their heads. Several of the columns had been broken in the explosion, and some were now standing, while others lay on the ground, producing an irregularity of effect which might have been taken for the result of a happy inspiration on the part of their artist. In the nave, which was some one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty yards long, all was wrapped in gloom from the choir to the breach near the great doorway, and it was here, amid coffins, bones, and broken marbles that the hottest struggle took place.

From one of the old broken coffins protruded the livid, shriveled features and part of the body of a bishop still wrapped in his sacerdotal robes. His dried and bony arms seemed to be pointing at us; his dark eyes set in their deep sockets, and his mouth with its terrible expression, combined to give him the appearance of some such phantom as that of Samuel called from the grave by Saul, and we seemed to hear him cry: "Saul! Saul! why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?" The terrible confusion, the carnage going on among the bones of the long since dead, with the mitted spectre swaying to and fro beneath our feet, combined to make up a picture which, to our astonished eyes, appeared the very acme of desolation.

Almost as striking a scene was that of the final surrender:

At noon our troops, few in numbers but imposing from their soldierly bearing, were drawn up in order of battle with lighted matches, facing the Ebro in the Aragon Road, with reserves placed in suitable positions to guard against all contingencies. The Spanish column soon came out in good order, carrying their flags and their arms. Never perhaps had any of us before gazed on a sadder or more touching spectacle. Thirteen thousand sickly looking men, bearing in their bodies the seeds of disease, all frightfully emaciated, with long black matted beards, and scarcely able to hold their weapons, dragged themselves slowly along to the sound of the drum. Their clothes were dirty and disordered; in a word, everything about them bore witness to their terrible misery; but in spite of their livid faces, blackened with the smoke of powder and scarred with the deep traces of rage and grief, their whole bearing still radiated forth an indescribable dignity and pride. The bright-colored Spanish sashes set off their figures, the large round hats surmounted by a few black cock or vulture feathers shaded their foreheads, and the brown cloak or horse-blanket flung negligently over the varied costumes of Aragon, Catalonia, or Valencia, gave a certain grace, perhaps even elegance, to the torn garments and tattered rags reduced to their present condition in a struggle so noble and now covering mere living spectres. The weeping wives and children of the poor fellows, who outnumbered their ranks, constantly turned towards the Madonna, to whom they still prayed. When the moment came for the gallant troops to pile their arms and deliver up their flags to us, many of them gave violent expression to their despair. Their eyes gleamed with rage, and their savage looks seemed to say that they had counted our troops and deeply regretted having yielded to such a small number of enemies. They started for France, and Saragossa was conquered.

We have here given only a few brief glimpses of one incident in Lejeune's career. Throughout the entire two volumes he is as graphic as in the passages quoted, and it is not too much to say that there is not a page in the two volumes that the reader will willingly miss.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$6.00.

The late Erastus Baldwin, after allowing the Naugatuck Railroad to use part of his property, applied to the president for a life pass. His request was refused. Mr. Baldwin thereupon made it his sole business to board every train that came along until the company tired of putting him off and gave him a life pass for himself "and on his neighbors rode on it until his death."

The Emporium.

LITERARY NOTES.

Olive Schreiner and Cecil Rhodes.

In "Trooper Peter Halket, of Mashonaland," Olive Schreiner employs her splendid talents to champion the negro of South Africa. The book is a ringing arraignment of Cecil Rhodes and his Chartered Company, and presents the cruelty and covetousness of the British in South Africa in a very ugly light.

Peter Halket is depicted as a rough trooper, as brutal as the rest, with the same ceaseless ambition for money-getting at any cost. Over his camp-fire in the desolate "Koppie" he dreams of wealth. He has studied the methods of the successful British speculators in South Africa, and proposes to himself that he will sell to a syndicate the land he expects to receive for his military services.

He and some other men would have to take shares. They would not have to pay for them. And then they would get some big man in London to take shares. He need not pay for them; they would give them to him; and then the company would be floated. No one would have to pay anything; it was just the name: "The Peter Halket Gold Mining Company, Limited." It would float in London; and people there who didn't know the country would buy shares; they would have to give ready money for them, of course; perhaps fifteen pounds a share when they were up! Peter Halket's eyes blinked as he looked into the fire. And then when the market was up, he, Peter Halket, would sell out all his shares. If he gave himself only six thousand, and sold them each for ten pounds, then he, Peter Halket, would have sixty thousand pounds! And then he would start another company, and another.

While Peter Halket is absorbed in these glittering phantoms of his imagination, he is joined by a stranger, who impresses him greatly and to whom he discloses his ambitions. Here is a bit of their conversation:

"Peter Simon Halket," said the stranger, "if it should come to pass that you should obtain these lands you have desired, and you should obtain black men to labor on them and make to yourself great wealth; or you should create that company and loots should buy from you, so that you became the richest man in the land; and, if you should take to yourself wide lands and raise to yourself great palaces, so that princes and great men of the earth crept up to you and laid their hands against yours, so that you might slip gold into them—what would it profit you?" "Profit!" Peter Halket stared; "why, it would profit everything. What makes Beit, and Rhodes, and Barnato so great? If you've got eight millions—" "Peter Simon Halket, which of these souls you have seen on earth is to you the greatest? Which soul is to you the fairest?" "Ah," said Peter, "but we weren't talking of souls at all; we were talking of money."

Imperceptibly the trooper feels that he is talking to one not of this world, and with rare skill, which the author's intense earnestness of purpose saves from sacrilege, Christ is introduced as a character in the narrative. The story is allegorical in theory, but the details are terribly realistic and powerfully depicted. It is impossible to communicate in a review any adequate idea of the passionate language in which Olive Schreiner has indicted those responsible for the British outrages in South Africa. It is a fight between genius and wealth.

There is a remarkable frontispiece to the book, depicting a tree from which three natives have been hanged, while several white men are about smoking with the coolest indifference. The whole conclusion of the story is contained in the remark of one of the minor characters, "There is no God in Mashonaland."

Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.25.

Du Maurier's Egotism and Ingratitude.

The latest installment of "The Martian" will not increase the lustre of George du Maurier's fame as a novelist, and it deals an unexpected blow to the *amour propre* of those who admired him as a man. His American readers have, with reason, prided themselves on the fact that it was they who "discovered" Du Maurier and who have given his stories the fullest measure of approval. More than this, they had a warm personal feeling for the man, born of his genial kindness and modesty as revealed in his writings. But they have been mistaken in one or two respects. In plain words, in the chapters of "The Martian" printed in the May *Harper's*, the author has made a most unpleasant revelation of egotism and ingratitude. He has not only brought his own personality on the stage in a manner that offends good taste, but he has held up to ridicule the patrons whose approval gave him the literary, and, consequently, financial, success which he has enjoyed.

In the eighth installment, after marrying Barty to Leah, he interjects in the most gratuitous manner a letter "from George du Maurier, Esqre., A. R. W. S., Hampstead Heath, to the Right Honble Sir Robert Maurice, Bart., M. P.," in which he says he will be "proud and happy to illustrate your biography of Barty Josselin; but as for editing it, *vous plaisantez, mon ami; un amateur comme moi! Who'll edit the editor?*" This letter has no *raison d'être* except that it describes the author's relations with the Josselins, and so enables him, a little later, to make Barty say:

"I remember their [the Josselins'] first dinner-party well, and how pleasant it was. How good the fare, and how simple; and how quick the hired waiting; and the wines, bow—but I won't talk of that; and how lively we all were, and how handsome the women. Lady Caroline and Miss Daphne Rohan, Mr. and Mrs. Graham-Reece, Scratcher and my sister, G. du Maurier (then a bachelor) and myself—that was the party, a very lively one. After dinner, Du Maurier and Barty sang capital songs of the Quartier Latin, and told stories of the *atelier*, and even danced a kind of *cancan* together—an invention of their own—which they called 'Le Dernier des Abencerrages.' We were in fits of laughter, especially Lady Caroline and

Mrs. Graham-Reece. I hope D. M. has not forgotten that scene, and will do justice to it in his book."

In addition to this, Du Maurier shows himself in two full-page pictures—in one as a Bohemian artist, passing Barty when the latter is "between two well-known ears," and in the second in evening-dress, madly dancing "Le Dernier des Abencerrages."

Now, this is in bad taste, but it may be excusable as the frank egotism of a childish nature. The same explanation may apply also to the fact that, in his enumeration of Barty's works, he mentions "Berthe aux Grands Pieds"—a playful pet-name he may have evolved for his own most successful book, though "Big-Foot Bertha" is a very uncomplimentary allusion to his heroine's "tribbles."

But there is less excuse for the manner in which Du Maurier holds up to ridicule the American public, to which he owes so much. "Peter Ibbetson," "Tribly," and "The Martian" all first saw the light in *Harper's*, an American magazine. "Tribly" was a craze in America long before England thought of noticing it. It was an American publishing-house—the Harpers—that, after buying "Tribly" outright for a goodly sum, gratuitously gave the author a handsome bonus for its unexpectedly large sale. Finally, it was an American playwright and an American manager who put the story on the stage and paid the author a fortune in royalties. Yet, in describing the consequences of Barty's literary success, Du Maurier says:

"One of the duties that devolved upon Leah was that of answering the passionate letters that her husband received by every post from all parts of the world—especially America—and which he could never be induced to answer himself. Every morning he would begin his day's work by writing 'Yours truly, B. Josselin' on quite a score of square bits of paper to fair English and American autograph collectors, who forwarded stamped envelopes, and sometimes photographs of themselves that he might study the features of those who loved him at a respectful distance, and who so frankly told their love; all of which bored Barty to extinction, and was a source of endless amusement to his wife. But even she was annoyed when a large unstamped or insufficiently stamped parcel arrived by post from America inclosing a photograph of her husband, to which his signature was desired, and containing no stamps to frank it on its return journey!"

Such experiences doubtless fall to the lot of most novelists who make a popular success, but the recital of them seems out of place in a story which is so frankly autobiographical. The references to American admirers are, in view of the facts, particularly ungraceful.

In another place, Mr. du Maurier says: "In less than a year celebrity had quite palled, and all his money bored him. He had a very small appetite for either the praise or the pudding which was served out to him in such excess all through his life. It was only his fondness for the work itself that kept his nose so constantly to the grindstone." This can scarcely be autobiographical, however, for it is pretty generally known that Mr. du Maurier, with his failing eyesight, was in some trepidation as to how he should provide for his large family of daughters before the success of "Peter Ibbetson" opened the fields of literature to him, and one can scarcely believe that it was only fondness for the work itself that kept his own nose to the grindstone up to the last days of his life.

Altogether "The Martian" is in many respects a sharp decline from the plane of "Tribly." If Du Maurier was to continue in this strain, it is as well for his reputation that death cut him off in time.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Anybody who has a voucher for the *édition de luxe* of the forthcoming book on Queen Victoria by Mr. Holmes, chief librarian at Windsor Castle, is very fortunate. Though the date of publication is still far distant, the vouchers are being sold and resold, always at higher prices. The latest quotation gives one hundred and fifty dollars per volume as the figure—more than four times the original price.

The life of the late Lord Tennyson, by his son, the present Lord Tennyson, is finished and on the press of the Macmillan Company. It will be published on October 6th in two large volumes, illustrated.

Rider Haggard has completed a new novel dealing with Boer life, to which he has given the title of "The Swallow."

Sam T. Clover, managing editor of the Chicago *Evening Post*, has written a book in which he recounts his experiences upon a journey he once made around the world with but fifty dollars to start on.

At the close of the sixties, Francis Turner Palgrave published his "Golden Treasury of English Songs and Lyrics," and so excellent was the selection that not less than twenty-two editions of it have been published. Mr. Palgrave is preparing a sequel, which the Macmillans will publish. It will contain additional verse from Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Clough, Rossetti, and other poets of the last half-century.

Olive Schreiner's "Trooper Peter Halket" has stirred up a new interest in her greater work. A new edition of "The Story of an African Farm" is now in press, bringing the total number of volumes up to eighty-three thousand.

It takes five minutes to cut the leaves of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, with its sheets folded and re-folded and folded again. Other magazines require from two to four minutes. Estimating a monthly sale of three million uncut magazines in this country and in

Europe, demanding on an average three minutes each for cutting the leaves, and an annual issue of two thousand uncut books in editions of a thousand each, requiring five minutes per volume for cutting, a correspondent finds that nearly two million hours are spent each year, in this country and in Europe, in putting books and periodicals into a readable condition after they have been received from the publishers. Why, he asks, should not pressure be brought to bear on all publishers to issue their books and magazines either trimmed or cut open by the new process recently adopted by the enterprising proprietors of one of our popular ten-cent magazines? This process leaves the edges uncut, and is thus not open to the objections raised against paring or trimming the margins of books.

The Macmillan Company announces a new book by Mrs. Steel, whose recent novel of the Indian mutiny, "On the Face of the Waters," has had such a deserved success. The new book is a Scotch story entitled "In the Tideway," and will meet a warm welcome from those who remember the author's "Red Rowans."

In point of productiveness, Marion Crawford stands first among modern novelists, with a record of twenty-eight tales in fourteen years, but he is hard pressed by Julian Hawthorne and Edgar Fawcett.

The new Year Book which the Macmillan Company announces, the first issue in a new form thoroughly remodeled, retains its original title, "Who's Who?" It is in its enlarged form a biographical dictionary of living celebrities in literature, arts, and sciences. Of the brief notices the majority are autobiographical.

"The Romance of Isabel, Lady Burton" will contain a number of letters written by General Gordon which have never yet been printed, and her explanation of the burning of "The Scented Garden."

Tourgueneff's letters to George Sand are being prepared for publication. The bulk of the correspondence runs on questions of literary history and criticism, but the Russian novelist also sets forth his views on sentimental subjects. His letters to Emile Zola are shortly to see the light, but it is probable that they will be extensively edited, as the judgments they contain on many famous contemporary men of letters are believed to be most outspoken.

The latest additions to the Foreign Statesmen Series of the Macmillan Company are "Maria Theresa" and "Joseph II.," both by the Rev. J. Frank Bright. They cover the history of the Hapsburgs during two important reigns.

Of "Life's Quarterly," a quarterly selection from the cartoons and smaller pieces in *Life*, the *Nation* says:

"The residuum of pure humor, after separating the illustrations which are fitted with cynical or worldly legends, is so slight that we find this collection rather melancholy than otherwise; nor can we think the influence of such illustrations, week in and week out and year after year, on the readers of *Life* anything but unwholesome. While the cleverness of the artists, too, is undeniable, what they give us is a millinery show; it is not comic art."

The Macmillan Company has scored another success in its new book entitled "The Port of Missing Ships and Other Stories of the Sea," of which a second edition is already on the press.

Moncure D. Conway has written an introduction for "The Scarlet Letter," the first volume of a new edition of Hawthorne's romances, which will be published by Constable, of Edinburgh, this month. There seems to be a large demand abroad at present for the works of this novelist.

Sir Walter Besant has had the grippe, but is now convalescent. He is revising his new story, "A Fountain Sealed."

The Macmillan Company has in preparation a cheaper edition of Miss Kingsley's "Travels in West Africa." This book, whose author is a niece of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, is already in its fifth edition in England. Here its price, six dollars and fifty cents, has made it move more slowly than will be the case when it is issued in a less costly form.

Rudyard Kipling has written a short story with the odd title "Number 007," which will appear in an American magazine.

If word from Washington can be credited, Mrs. Grant has written the home story of her life with her illustrious husband. But whether the matter is to be published at once or after her death is not known.

Colonel Higginson recalls that once on a time Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., received the largest salary ever paid to any American writer. Ingraham's "Prince of the House of David" was enjoyed by almost the same sort of constituency as that which now delights in Wallace's "Ben Hur." Mayne Reid was vastly popular. J. W. Buel was once a popular writer. His "Beautiful Story" reached a sale of nearly three hundred thousand copies in two years. There is something curious in the way books go out of fashion.

Stanley has prepared a new edition of "In Darkest Africa," which is to be issued in a cheap form, but with all the illustrations.

Richard Harding Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune," now running as a serial, is to be published in the latter part of May. It will be illustrated by C. D. Gibson, who has also designed the cover.

The Macmillan Co.'s NEW BOOKS.

Ready May 6th

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By JAMES LANE ALLEN,

Author of "Summer in Arcady," etc.

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At first glance it seems a bright society sketch of a house party at a shooting-box in the far north of Scotland, just the book for summer reading. But it proves to be far stronger than that, and the jesting covers a situation so tense that to the very end one wonders whether it will turn out a triumph or a catastrophe, or whether it will be decided a drawn battle by the old umpire Death.

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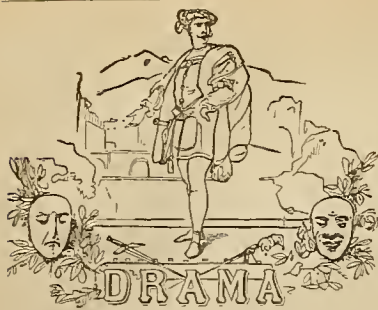
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For the first time in many moons the signs of "Standing-Room-Only" were in the Baldwin lobby on Monday evening. They faced you there with a cheerful promise of good things to come. And when you penetrated within and found the foyer banked with masses of American Beauty roses that distilled a sweetened atmosphere through the thick scents of perfumery and sachet powders, you knew that such preparations portended a performance worth sitting through.

The Hoppers always draw a good first-night house. People like them in a friendly, personal sort of way. De Wolf Hopper has the knack of establishing a confidential relation with his audience. His speeches have the intimacy of after-dinner remarks delivered sitting over the sparkling untidiness of a rifted table, between stimulating sips of black coffee and crème de menthe. These sharply spoken phrases, each word clipped off from its predecessor with the nice precision of a certain sort of English accent, sound as if they might be spoken over the delicate rim of the little slender-stemmed glass, where crushed ice is diluted with fluid emerald, to the ears of a confidential party who know each other even unto the intimacy of Christian names. Such a speech as Mr. Hopper's on Monday is a greeting and a handshake. It suggests a more friendly attitude even than "Casey at the Bat" would have done. Mr. Hopper, by the way, will not say "Casey" any more. It was the one relic of the amateur that still clung to him, and he has discarded it.

The house that welcomed him testified to the fact that he is still regarded as a social pet strayed from the fold but not discrediting it. John Drew is the only other player who has obliterated the chasm between the audience and the player, and who with the finish and poise of the professional combines the confidential pose of the amateur. Audiences seem to like this combination of the man of the drawing-room and the player of the boards, and always have a little, comfortable sense of looking on at one of their own kind disporting himself with creditable likeness to a professional. They feel it is a *pastiche*, but a very good *pastiche*, and if the actor finds that their point of view brings him money he does not mind.

Fashion and heauty and money waited on the steps of "El Capitan." It was a pretty house, well dressed by pretty people in pretty clothes. The hat question is almost solved. There were hardly any millinery mountains in view. When they came sailing down the aisle, trembling throughout their buds and blossoms with the speed of their wearers' progress, there was a moment of suspense until a pair of white-gloved hands were raised and the towering flower garden removed. There were no talking theatre-parties, either. It would seem that these are reserved for Shakespearean performances; the two most notable instances of the past year being those of "Romeo and Juliet" and "Richard III." But "El Capitan" held the Upper Ten dumb in a state of mute enjoyment. If Mr. Hopper never did anything better than this in his whole operatic career, he is to be commended. To keep a San Francisco audience still during three long acts is a feat his betters have not accomplished.

As to "El Capitan" itself—that is another question. The days of great opera bouffes seem over. We will never have another "Mascotte," or "Perichole," or "Mikado." Lightning does not strike twice in the same place. That "El Capitan" is not a frightful bore is matter for thanksgiving. Those who have suffered and been strong under the strain of the dreary, wretched, dull comic operas that have flooded the stage for the past five years, know what it means to say an opera bouffe has been written which is not sickeningly nonsensical, vulgar, or stupid. The public have got inured to them. It is a long-suffering beast—that poor public. It takes what is given to it and is humbly grateful when its amusements do not drive it to sleep or drink with their dullness. It pays out its money meekly, and it sits in its orchestra-chair stupidly, and yawns in the car on the way home, and says to its neighbor, "Oh, yes, it was very good," with a patience that would have made Job, even when he was at the lowest ebb, feel ashamed.

So when "El Capitan" does not bore us, or disgust us, or fill us with a pessimistic disbelief in our fellow-creatures' brains, we are all ready to proclaim it the masterpiece of the age. It is difficult to get one's mind up to a calm, critical clearness of perception and really say what it does amount to. It seems so richly, luxuriantly, exuberantly good after "The Little Trooper," and Cissy Fitzgerald, and things like that. It certainly does not drag. That can be asserted positively. It is not in the least vulgar. It does not make you want to go home after the first act, and the second act is a little better

than the first. Of course, when you think about "Erminie," or even "Robin Hood," which is the poorest of the popular light operas, you see that it is not as dazzling a work of light and genius as you were beginning to believe. We must not let our own gratitude carry us too far. Secretly we want to burn candles and bend the knee before Mr. Hopper and his beautiful and accomplished wife, to send letters of rapturous congratulation to Messrs. Sousa and Klein. Finances permitting, we would like to shower some more American Beauties at the feet of those who have kindly consented not to bore us. We have had our spirit broken by the Della Foxes and Pauline Halls of this world, and, like badly heated dogs, we do not know how to express our gratitude and joy when some one really treats us reasonably.

Thus it will be seen that we must pass by "El Capitan" without much criticism. It amuses—that is sufficient. Whether it is the type of operetta from which one carries away airs, can not be said in this criticism, owing to an inability to ever carry away the airs of anything, even a barrel-organ playing selections from "Trovatore." Just what the advantage of being able to carry away airs is, one does not exactly know, but that it has some esoteric attraction is evident from the number of people who use the expression as a phrase of the highest commendation. A faint, vague perception that there are people who will carry away the air, "Behold El Capitan," convinces one still more deeply of the operetta's merits. No one whistled it on the streets, but there was a man on the car coming home who turned up his coat-collar and under its shelter hummed snatches of it—"Look at his misanthropic stare" successfully—"Gaze at his penetrating glare." unsuccessfully—then stopped baffled, only to begin again in a few moments—"Behold El Capitan." He kept it up till he got out, and it is probable woke up at intervals in the night and sang it triumphantly to the dark.

The company has been augmented by several new people who seem to be chosen for their size. With Mr. and Mrs. Hopper as the stars of an organization, the other members could hardly be people of an average stature, as it would place the two leading lights in the positions of human anomalies that were unique in their tallness and shortness. Accordingly, the small Mr. Alfred Klein has been selected to do comedy roles, and the massive Nella Bergen has lent her imposing height and Wagnerian beauty to the soprano lady who is so prominent in opera bouffe. Miss Bergen is an acquisition in the company, though she is a self-conscious beauty, with a large repertoire of Delsartian gestures and a pair of lovely, languishing blue eyes that their owner has constantly on her mind. In the first act, this vision of exotic loveliness almost carried off the honors, so largely magnificent was she in white brocade and pearls, a big, white-skinned woman like the heroine of a Norse Saga. She had some very trying high notes that rose undismayed to astonishing altitudes and soared above the din of the orchestra and the concerted harmonies of the charms, in wild, untutored freedom. People do so love these shrieks of the soprano voice, in the last agonies of overstrained training, that it is a pity to deprive them of the pleasure of hearing them. But it is a calumny on singing to call this kind of high-pressure screaming by the name of the most grateful and soothing art. Miss Bergen had one fine upper note, which, in the second act, she held for an incredible length of time, both smoothly and softly. It was the one part of her vocal performance which was charming. Why can not teachers understand that a strained shriek, even if the note is touched fully, is intensely disagreeable and nerve-racking. The true charm of singing is spontaneity and ease, and not one singer out of ten has either. This little diversion on the vocal side of opera is for the honor of Miss Bergen, as she is the only person in the company who has any voice, and it is a pity she does not use it better.

The Hoppers themselves are always attractive, naively unprofessional, and delightful, singing and dancing and making jokes from the other side of the footlights as if they by rights belonged to your side and had only gone on the boards for a lark. They are keeping comic-opera on the stage and keeping it decent. We are a prim, Puritanical people, we Americans, and, in our hearts, we think a good deal of the players who contribute to the tone and decency of the stage. We can stand the foreigners playing the interestingly disreputable plays and undoubtedly we all go and see them, but in our own theatres, we want everything proper and *convenable*, and the native player who shows us that his ambition is for a decent, reputable theatre, runs a good chance of winning the approving plaudits and the more practically supporting dollar of the average spectator. Honesty is the best policy in this instance. It has always seemed a vile way to regard honesty, and that of the two an honesty for policy was somewhat inferior to a sincere and open dishonesty. But if one must regard things from a commercial standpoint, stage honesty is really worth while. Next to talent it pays best.

The Hoppers have both the honesty and the talent. They are at once humorous and well-bred. They make you laugh, by burlesque methods it is true, but the laughter is sincere and the thing that evokes it fantastically funny. Mrs. Hopper is as small as of yore and prettier. She does not come out as a boy, which is a disappointment, as she is

one of the few actresses on the stage who look pretty in boy's clothes. She wears some child-like frocks and has her hair arranged in infantine curls. Altogether she looks about twelve years old, and has the manners of a spirited, spoiled child. The part allotted to her is hardly so piquantly dainty as her part of the prince in "Wang." It must be difficult to find suitable characters for a lady who is made on such a miniature scale; she can not perpetually play little girls in short skirts or small boys in their first knickerbockers.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Art Association Concert.

An interesting concert was given at the Art Association last Thursday evening under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman. A large and appreciative audience enjoyed the excellent presentation of the following programme:

Organ overture, "Preciosa," Weber. Mr. Emilio Cruells; song, "The Holy City," Adams. Mr. Christian Jorgensen; overture, "William Tell," Rossini (for mandolin, two bandurrias, and piano), Misses Annette and Mabel Johnson, Professor Lombardero, and Mr. E. Cruells; song, "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair," Haydn, Miss Eva C. Shorey; organ, prayer from "Parsifal," Wagner. Mr. Emilio Cruells; song, "Calm as the Night," Bobm, Mr. Christian Jorgensen; trio, mandolin and bandurrias, waltz, "Melancholia," Lombardero, Misses A. and M. Johnson and Professor Lombardero; songs, (a) "Without Thee," D'Hardelot, (b) "Vorrei Morir," Tosti, Miss Eva C. Shorey; organ, "Marche Religieuse," Meyerbeer, Mr. E. Cruells.

Another concert will be given next Thursday evening.

The Choral Concerts.

The Stanford University and Apollo Choral Societies will unite in giving two choral concerts at Palo Alto this Saturday evening, and in Metropolitan Hall on May 15th. The choruses have been preparing for these concerts since last January under the direction of Mr. H. B. Pasmore. As the participants are all young, with fresh voices, an unusual musical treat is in store for those who will attend. Wagner, Beethoven, Handel, Schuett, Schubert, H. B. Pasmore, and other eminent composers will be represented in the attractive programme.

Bendix Piano Recital.

Mr. Otto Bendix gave a piano recital last Thursday evening at the Byron Mauzy Hall, and attracted a large and fashionable audience. The following excellent programme was presented:

Fantasia, op. 15 (in memorial), allegro, "The Wanderer," presto, allegro legato, Schubert; novelette, No. 8, Schumann; (in memorial), intermezzo, op. 117, caprice, op. 76, rhapsodie, op. 79, Brahms; "Marguerite at the Spinning Wheel," transcribed by Liszt, Schubert; "Will O'Wisp Studie," Liszt; sonata, op. 58, allegro moderato, scherzo, largo, presto non tanto, Chopin.

The Saturday Morning Orchestra will give a concert at Golden Gate Hall next Saturday afternoon for the benefit of the Episcopal Old Ladies' Home, which is sadly in need of funds. Mr. W. A. Sahin will direct the music. Mr. Denis O'Sullivan will sing the serenata from "The Damnation of Faust," by Berlioz, and a group of Irish ballads which he sings irresistibly. The Misses Ames and Miss Marie Wilson will play Mendelssohn's D-minor trio, and the Colonial Quartet will sing. Mr. Edwin W. Newhall has kindly promised to sell the posters from the stage at auction, after the concert is over. A local firm has carefully reproduced the poster by Mr. Yates in reduced form for window showing. With the attractions to be presented, the concert should be an artistic and financial success.

At the request of many music-lovers for a repetition of Mr. Ad. Locher's mass, it is announced that it will be sung at the French Church of Notre Dame des Victoires, at eleven o'clock, Sunday morning, May 9th. This composition has been accepted at Bordeaux, and will be sung there soon at St. Peter's Church by eminent artists.

"I played a game of golf with my wife the other day." "Which won?" "Sir! How many wives do you think I have?"—Puck.

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STANFORD UNIVERSITY AND APOLLO CHORAL SOCIETIES—

VOCALISTS—Mrs. Frank L. Wratten. Mrs. Edith Scott Bassford. Mr. W. S. Edgerton, Mr. Herbert E. Medley. INSTRUMENTALISTS—Otto Bendix, Nat. Landsberger. ACCOMPANISTS—H. J. Stewart, Organ; Fred Maurer, Jr., Piano.
STANFORD UNIVERSITY, May 8th, 8 P.M.
Seats 50c. and 75c.
METROPOLITAN HALL, San Francisco, Saturday, May 15th, at 8 P. M.
Tickets 50c., including reserved seats. \$1.00 Seats at Sherman, Clay & Co., April 14th and 15th.

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SATURDAY, MAY 13th, AT 3 O'CLOCK
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WILL BE GIVEN BY THE
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Monday, May 17th—Mr. Nat C. Goodwin in "An American Citizen," "The Rivals," "David Garrick," etc.

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FRIEDLANDER, GOTTLIB & CO., LESSEES AND MANAGERS
Commencing Monday, May 10th. Rice's Gorgeous \$30,000 Extravaganza,
-- **EXCELSIOR, JR.** --
70—People in the Ensemble—70, including Sadie Martinot and Joe Cawthorn.

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Week Commencing Monday, May 10th.
Direct from the Antipodes—the **Excelsior Bros.**, the "Crocodile and Demon."
Return of the World's Greatest Tenor, **A. L. Guille.**
Edmund Martin's Educated Dogs.
In conjunction with Fleurette and Her "Four Fleurs-de-Lis." Mlle. Ani, Europe's Greatest Aerial Artist, Tacianu, Edwin Latell, the Midgleyes, and the Andersons.
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FORTY THIEVES UP-TO-DATE!
A Magnificent Production by The American Burlesque Company, 60 Strong, Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Evening Prices, 10 and 25 cents.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

A Revival of Burlesque.

Ward and Vokes's "Run on the Bank" is in its last nights at the Columbia Theatre, and will be withdrawn after the performance of Sunday night.

On Monday evening E. E. Rice's burlesque, "Excelsior, Jr.," will be presented. It is substantially the same entertainment that has been running for more than two hundred nights at Hammerstein's Olympia, in New York. The company, however, is a new one, and includes some well-known people. At the head of it are Sadie Martinot and Joe Cawthorn. Miss Martinot was a well-known queen of burlesque in New York for several years, and made a great success in pure comedy when she appeared as the widow in "The Passport." More recently she was here with the company that presented "The Gay Parisians" at the Baldwin, and again showed the true comedy spirit. Cawthorn is broader in his methods. He was the star in "A Fool for Luck," and later visited this city with the Corinne Extravaganza Company. Other members of the company are Johnny Page, Carrie Behr, Nellie and Ethel Strickland, Neil McNeill, George Olmi, and others who are not so well known in this city. The piece will be staged by John J. Braham, who superintended the production at Olympia, and Mr. Rice has made an attempt to eclipse in point of gorgeousness the scenery and costumes that were so prominent a feature of the show in New York.

De Wolf Hopper's Last Week.

"El Capitan" has been enjoying a goodly measure of popularity at the Baldwin during the week, and the advance sale of seats for next week indicates that the second half of the fortnight will be as successful as the first.

After Mr. Hopper's departure, next Saturday night, Nat Goodwin will begin a fortnight's engagement. His opening programme will be a double bill, consisting of the old-school comedy, "David Garrick," preceded by a one-act comedy, "The Silent System." Later in the week Mr. Goodwin will be seen as Bob Acres in "The Rivals," and the second week of his engagement will probably be devoted to a whole "An American Citizen." Mr. Goodwin will be supported by his own company, at the head of which the beautiful Maxine Elliot still holds her place. Other members are William Ingersoll, Frazer Coulter, Clarence Handsides, Louis Payne, L. E. Woodthorpe, Clarence Montaine, Niel O'Brien, Estelle Mortimer, Hattie Russell, Gertrude Elliot, and Isabel Haskins.

Novelties at the Orpheum.

There will be an unusually attractive bill at the Orpheum next week. Fleurette and her four "fleurs-de-lis," whose graceful and novel dances have been greatly enjoyed this week; Mlle. Ani, the aerial artist; Tacianu, the male soprano; Edwin Latell, the clever musical jack-of-all-trades; the Midgleyes, in their impersonation of a frolicsome couple of children; and the Andersons, whose buck-dancing is the real thing, are among those who will be retained on the programme, and there will also be some newcomers of note. Among them are Edmund Martin's educated dogs, who perform feats evidencing a high degree of canine intelligence; A. L. Guille, the popular tenor, who will sing operatic selections; and the Eclair Brothers, whose "crocodile and demon" act is as surprising as their name.

Concerts are now being given by the Vienna Ladies' Orchestra in the Orpheum Annex every afternoon between four o'clock and six, and in the evening after the regular performance.

"Shamus O'Brien" a Great Success.

Dr. Stanford's romantic opera, "Shamus O'Brien," has made as great a hit at the Tivoli as it did in London and New York. It has drawn unusually large audiences throughout the fortnight that it has been on the stage, and the Tivoli has been enjoying such a succession of theatre-parties as it had not known before. Much of the popularity of the opera is due to Denis O'Sullivan, whose fine presence and admirable acting and singing seemed to fill the stage whenever he is in view. Myra Morella, Maurice Darcy, and Rhys Thomas are also strong favorites in their several rôles, and the real Irish piper, Mr. McCarthy, is thoroughly enjoyed when he pipes for the reel. Next week Mr. O'Sullivan will introduce two new Irish songs. It was while singing such lilting airs that Dr. Stanford first heard him and decided that he was the man to create the title-rôle of his opera.

After the run of "Shamus O'Brien," the Tivoli will present another novelty. This is "Captain Fracasse," a new comic-opera by Dellinger, which has been running for the past two years in Vienna. It is in the style of the "Black Hussar" and "The Gypsy Baron," and is full of stirring marches and taking waltz measures. One of its most striking features is a representation of the carnival of Venice. "Captain Fracasse" will be followed by "Miss Frisco," the Tivoli's annual review, which will probably run well on into the summer.

Mrs. Dimond in Burlesque.

Mrs. Carey Higley Dimond, of Honolulu, made her debut on the stage at the Auditorium last Monday night. Her marital difficulties and the many manifestations of her indomitable determination to

go on the stage have made her a prominent feature of San Francisco for several weeks past, and there was a large audience present to greet her first appearance in sock and buskin—or, to speak more precisely, in tights and grass-cloth. She appeared in the rôle of Morgiana, the slave-girl, in "Morgiana, or the Forty Thieves," and her appearance was greeted enthusiastically and her singing and dancing afforded much enjoyment.

The venture has proved so successful that the engagement will be continued indefinitely, with performances every evening and on Saturday and Sunday afternoons.

The New Frawley Company.

Arrangements have been practically concluded for the next season of the Frawley Company, which will begin at the Columbia Theatre on Monday evening, May 31st. The members of the company, so far as it is now determined, will include Frank Worthing, Blanche L. Bates, T. Daniel Frawley, Harry Corson Clark, Wilson Enos, Phosa McAllister, Madge Carr Cook, H. S. Duffield, George Bosworth, Georgia Busby, Gladys Wallis, J. M. Colville, Theodore Hamilton, Thomas Ross, and William Lemers. Gladys Wallis was here with John Drew's company when he played "The Squire of Dames," and Georgia Busby is a member of the Frohman's Stock Company and made quite a success in New York in "Two Little Vagrants." The plays that will constitute the company's repertoire include "Two Little Vagrants," which had a tremendous success in Paris under the name of "Les Deux Gosses," and has since been running in London and New York; Bret Harte's play, "Sue"; "A Social Highwayman," which was one of the great successes of the Holland Brothers' tour; Stuart Robson's play, "The Henrietta"; "Held by the Enemy" and "Shenandoah"; and "The Case of Rebellious Susan," "The Fatal Card," and "Aristocracy." In addition to these, it is probable that Mr. Frawley will secure some other new plays for which he is now negotiating with London and New York managers.

Notes.

Ada Rehan will appear as Portia and Joan of Arc next season.

Louise Allen and her sister, Nita, Willie Collier, and M. A. Kennedy have the principal rôles in "The Man from Mexico."

John Drew and "Rosemary" will be with us in August. He will begin his next season in this city, as he has done twice before. "The Heart of Maryland" will also begin its next season here.

Even Mrs. John Drew is to join the noble army of those who appear in continuous performances. A condensed version of Mrs. Malaprop is being prepared for her to appear in at Keith's, in New York.

The announcement is made that George K. Fortesque, who achieved fame as the Merry Little Mountain Maid in "Evangeline," is having a vaudeville sketch written around him. It ought to be a big thing.

When the Lyceum Theatre Company come to the Baldwin for their summer engagement, they will present three new plays, "The Mayflower," "The Late Mr. Costello," and "The First Gentleman of Europe." "The Prisoner of Zenda" will also be in their repertoire.

The Lilliputians are to appear at the Baldwin shortly in "The Merry Tramps," which seems to have been even better liked in the East than their other comedies. Franz Ebert, Adolph Zink, Selma Goerner, Ida Mahr, and all the other favorites are still with the company.

Mary Mannering, the new and handsome leading lady of Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theatre Company, who is engaged to be married to James K. Hackett, the leading man of the same company, will make her first appearance here this summer as Flavia in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

The author of "My Friend from India," which was his first attempt at play-writing and raised him at a jump from the telegraph desk of a New York newspaper to a prominent place among the successful dramatists of the day, has already had produced a second comedy, "The Man from Mexico." It seems to have been as successful as his first venture.

The death of Edwin F. Thorne, in New York, last Tuesday removes the last of a family that has been famous in the history of American theatricals. He was the son of Charles R. Thorne, one of the first American actors to find favor in England, and his mother was Maria Ann Mestayer. Edwin played his first San Francisco engagement at the old Metropolitan Theatre under his father's management, and has since appeared in the leading theatres throughout the country.

It is nearly ten years since William H. Crane declared that San Francisco was a jay town. He had been playing at the Bush Street Theatre in "The Senator," and Georgie Drew-Barrymore, as a dashing widow, won so much of the popular approval that there was not enough left over to satisfy the star. He accordingly uttered his critical condemnation of the town, and turned his back on it forever and a day. But he has changed his mind, and will appear again here next season. As he is an admirable actor and has a very interesting list of comedies

which we have not seen, including his latest play, "A Fool of Fortune," his engagement will be a dramatic event of unusual interest.

The Mr. Shepherd whom Odette Tyler married is a Southerner, with all the wealth that rumor ascribes to him, for he has spent a number of years as a theatrical "angel." He has long been stage-struck, and has gratified his ambition by several more or less expensive ventures. His most notable experiment was made when, under the name of R. F. McLean, he supported Marie Prescott, who was his first wife, playing Othello to her Iago. She was one of the last women to attempt this part in the United States.

John Drew has taken another society amateur into his company. Seven years ago, when she was known as "Little Kitty Brady," her elopement with Sidney Harris created a sensation in the smart set of New York. She has long had a desire to go on the stage, and after a few tentative ventures in the way of public readings, she has now burned her bridges behind her. She made her debut last week in Chicago in "Rosemary," replacing Ethel Barrymore in the rôle of a vivacious maid. On the stage she is known as Kathrynne B. Harris. She is a daughter of Judge John R. Brady, of New York, and the marriage of her sister, May Brady, to Albert Stevens, of Castle Point, N. J., was a great social event. She is not a pretty woman in the usual sense of the word, but has a lithe, graceful figure, and dresses in excellent taste. Her husband, from whom she has separated, is a member of the Union Club, of New York, and is a son of Miriam Coles Harris, whose "Rutledge" was a popular novel some years ago.

Toby Rosenthal's New Picture.

"The Cardinal's Portrait," by Toby Rosenthal, which is to be exhibited at the Gingerbread Fête at the residence of Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, has been declared by the artist Defregger to be the most brilliant of all Rosenthal's pictures. It represents a cardinal whose portrait is being painted by a young monk. Judging by the partially finished painting on the easel, the cardinal, although advanced in years, desires to appear in the full vigor of life. The artist has chosen the moment when the monk turns away from his canvas and, seeing the cardinal asleep, stands, palette in hand, bewildered and nonplused. The contrast between the cardinal as he is and as he is made to appear on the canvas is amusing. The canvas is forty-three by fifty-five inches, and the details are beautifully executed. The picture has attracted the favorable attention of the great painter Kaulbach, the Prince-Regent of Bavaria, and Emperor William, and is considered by the artist himself to be superior to his "Elaine" and "Constance de Beverly."

The San Francisco Kennel Club will soon hold its first bench show at the Mechanics' Pavilion, commencing on May 19th and running for four days. Many entries have already been made at the office of the club, 224 Montgomery Street. Not only will every county in the State be represented, but entries have been received from Oregon, Washington, and the East. The judges will be E. M. Oldham and J. M. Kaylor, of New York. Mr. Oldham will also officiate as superintendent. The prizes offered this year, in addition to cash premiums amounting to two thousand dollars, include sixteen silver cups, representing seven hundred and fifty dollars, and sixty medals in gold or silver, valued at six hundred dollars.

Miss Clara T. McChesney, daughter of Professor J. B. McChesney, of Oakland, submitted three pictures to the Paris Salon this spring, two of which were accepted. From the two thousand passed upon by the committee, but two hundred were selected, so that Miss McChesney may consider herself especially successful. Her art studies were begun in this city under the late Virgil Williams in the School of Design.

Mr. Edward L. Holmes, a graduate of the Alameda High School, who has been attending the Massachusetts Technical Institute, has won the first honorable mention for the junior prize of the beaux arts in architectural drawing. This is the second highest prize awarded by the institute. He is a son of Mr. E. B. Holmes, the well-known mining secretary of this city.

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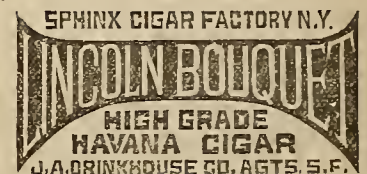
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Argonaut Clubbing List for 1897

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Independent.....	6.00
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Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Magazine of Art.....	6.30
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.50
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Argonaut and Thrice - a - Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Outing.....	5.75
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
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Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
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Argonaut and Demorest's Family Magazine.....	5.00
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	5.75
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.50
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	7.25
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	5.00
Argonaut and Illustrated American.....	7.50
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	9.00

VANITY FAIR.

To be young, to be in the first faint flush of *première jeunesse* is, in English society, no longer either admirable or enviable. The fashionable age for a successful society woman in London now is between thirty and forty. A man to be thoroughly appreciated in that charmed circle known as "the best set" can range in years from thirty-five to fifty. Just at present, from the inmost centres of Mayfair exclusiveness to the outer circles of rank bohemianism, the men and women who are the most popular are those who have "lived." The doctrine of middle age (writes Anne Morton Lane in the *Chicago Times-Herald*) is being preached with exceeding vehemence at two of the most fashionable theatres—at the St. James's in Mr. Pinero's "Princess and the Butterfly," and at the Criterion in "The Physician," by Henry Arthur Jones. In both these plays the chief interest centres about men and women who have left the "white-muslin" stage and crept out to the once-dreaded precipice of maturity. And it is in fashionable real life as it is within the artificial glamour of the stage. The women of whom we hear the most in London have certainly no longer any claim to be considered young. They are frankly middle-aged, and they seemed to glory in it. There is the Countess of Warwick—*pastie* we would have dubbed her in other times. She is still beautiful, but he who runs may read her age in "Debrett's Peerage." Then there is that still lovely dowager, the Countess of Dudley, a grandmother, but with as many moths fluttering about the light of her blue eyes as would satisfy many a *débutante's* heart. She is going to marry again, so they say, and she is still a beauty. Lady de Grey is another instance of the apotheosis of middle age. The most talked about woman of her time is this tall countess, and one of the most envied. She holds the future as well as the past of Italian opera in London in the hollow of her slender, aristocratic hands. What she says or suggests at Covent Garden Opera House "goes."

This season, what has been called in New York the "Easter parade" has finally joined the great majority of extinct fashions. Many people still walk on Fifth Avenue on Easter, as well as on other Sundays, and many of the women wear fine and sometimes startling gowns, but society has passed one of its unwritten laws that on Easter there is to be in future no especial display of spring finery and that, although if Fifth Avenue be on the route homeward it is all right to take it, it is no longer fashionable to look and be looked at by the "Arries" and "Biddies" who crowd the sidewalk, and it is better to avoid that thoroughfare, if possible, on Sunday. A couple of decades ago the half-hour walk on the avenue after church was an established fashionable custom. Engagements were announced invariably on the avenue by the couple appearing on that popular mall arm in arm. In short, it was the great artery of the fashionable New York of that day. The Easter parade was then a sight to see—the prettiest and best-known women in society, dressed in their best, looking their loveliest, and accompanied by the smartest men in town. Now, it is over, and the old-time fashions seem to have had their day.

For those who shirk the expense of silks, satins, or velvets for costume balls, *Vogue* suggests that the prettiest possible fancy dresses may be made of paper—of the crinkled paper, sold in all colors, to make lamp-shades. The flower-dresses are particularly well rendered by this paper. One great lady recently went to a Paris ball and created a sensation as a lamp-shade in dark-red tissue-paper—she being tall and a brunette, wearing a paper Gainsborough hat decked with black poppies. Care must be observed not to go near fire or lights thus attired.

The young bachelor who skips about the pleasant paths of society has in his large acquaintance many young married women, a few years his senior, who take a half-motherly interest in him and his affairs. He counts them as among his best friends, as indeed they are, being in a position to extend him many small favors and perhaps some large ones. He goes to their houses with as much freedom as to a relative's, takes meals without previous invitation, and regards the house as a place where he can resort when in need of either entertainment or sympathy. He knows scores of younger women, but his relation with them (says the *Illustrated American*) is of quite a different character. When calling, he may desire one puff of a cigarette or the comfortable, leisurely smoking of a cigar. He may even look longingly at a large easy chair without accepting its suggestion of comfort, lest it betray him into an attitude of too great relaxation. Conversation with the girls of his acquaintance, to be successful, must be sprinkled with compliments and peppered with originality. His soul turns with fond recollections to the homes of his married friends, where he can be absolutely natural and, if he likes, lazily selfish in conversation.

The negro poet, Paul Lawrence Dunbar, who has been taken over to England to give a series of readings there, is writing letters to the American papers, in one of which he gives an account of a visit to the Savage Club. It is interesting for two reasons—as giving a glimpse of the interior of a famous London club and also as showing the utter absence in Eng-

land of what we call the "color line." "I had the pleasure, not long since," he writes, "of being a guest at a club dinner given by the Savage Club, where I saw and met a number of prominent workers of London. There were painters and sculptors, actors, musicians, authors, and scientists. From the time the chairman, Mr. Thomas Mason, struck his war-club on the resounding table and said, 'Brother Savages, you may smoke!' there was a continuous stream of good things to be listened to and seen. It would be impossible to name the participants. There was Nicol, the Scotch tenor, who sang like a bird in his native heather, and there were pipe-playing and a sword-dance by two members of the Scottish Grays, great bronzed, brawny fellows, but as bashful as girls. There was the drawing of Morrow, an excellent artist, who made a portrait of Nansen, the last guest of the club, and a picture of 'The Girl of the Century,' which is in my possession. There were recitations from two of the best old actors of the London stage (both retired), Odell and Fitzgerald, and some very creepy card-tricks by Dr. Burke-Page, a very clever prestidigitator. Later in the evening I met and enjoyed a pleasant chat with Phil May, Du Maurier's successor on *Punch*. He is a delightfully free and unconventional young man."

Extravagance and richness of all sorts are to be the motif of dress this year (according to the *St. James's Gazette*), and jewelry will be worn more than ever. For necklets the newest thing is to mix all the stones. Chains of pearls and diamonds are used at all times and for all purposes. A French duchess went to a ball, the other night, in a bodice which was kept on by diamond chains across the shoulders. Another lady at the same ball wore a large bouquet of violets and kept them in place by a trailing branch of diamonds. Bracelets are not so much worn; necklets and chains are the favorites, and they are mostly arranged in some fantastic manner or worked in in unexpected parts of the costume. Jeweled pins for hats, jeweled purses, jeweled fans, etc., are all being used.

"American men, as a rule, are slovenly, untidy, and careless," according to a writer in the *New York Tribune*. "A certain set, it is true, that has leisure and means, is well dressed and thoroughly groomed, but with men of affairs the distinction between Americans and Englishmen is marked. In England the same class look, as a whole, decidedly superior, and it is simply their clothes and the way they are worn and the generally scrubbed look of their faces that make the difference." It is useless to ignore clothes as a powerful factor in our lives. If the tailor does not actually "make the man," he certainly has a great deal to do with the semblance. One of the great causes of untidiness among men who can afford to dress and appear well is the lack of proper valetting. In England every well-to-do man has his clothes taken care of by a servant, and if he has not his own especial man, there is always some one in the household whose duty it is to see that his coats are well brushed, his trousers cleaned and pressed, his shoes polished, hats brushed, and all the details which in this country—except the shoes, perhaps—a busy man is supposed to see to himself. In America a man arrogates to himself a certain credit in not caring for clothes—"he has no time for such nonsense"—the consequence being that when conventionality demands a recognition of its claims, it requires an especial effort, which is often apparent. Many political and business men will say that it is a distinct disadvantage to dress well in this country. Older merchants regard a punctiliously dressed clerk with disapproval. Public men say that their constituents distrust "frills," while a large majority simply do not want to take the trouble to dress, and yet these very men like their womenkind to be well dressed, and grudge no expense so far as the latter are concerned, while they themselves wear slovenly clothes and do not even try to look fresh and neat.

Statistics show that the uneducated factory-girl is more frequently married than is the wide-awake, capable girl in the higher-salaried position of stenographer, office assistant, clerk, or trusted secretary. The factory-girl is not thrown with people of wealth and position so much as is her more talented sister, and consequently, when some honest man comes along, she is ready to trust her future with his in a simple, even shabby, little home. But the girl who sees, day by day, the rustle of my lady's silks and the courtly manners of my lady's husband and sons will not be content to give up her salary, however difficult it may be to earn it, for the sake of being loved by a man who may not find her so charming when the rent is overdue and the babies need new shoes. So she stays on, growing old and acquiring deeper lines about her mouth.

A sensation has been created at Harvard by the sending of a copy of the following notice to every student in college: "The Parietal Board expects that when entertaining ladies in your room, except on such days as class-day, you will observe the following regulation: No. 1—No young lady or ladies, unattended by an older lady as chaperon, should be received in a student's room. No. 2—During the evening no lady should be received in a student's room unless the student has previously consulted with the proctor, or, in the proctor's absence, with

some other officer of instruction or government. No. 3—It is desirable that ladies should not enter or walk through the halls of the dormitories unattended; and a student, when entertaining ladies, should see that they are escorted to and from his room either by himself or by some other gentleman. Very truly yours, GEORGE A. BARTLETT, Chairman of the Parietal Board." What has prompted Mr. Bartlett, or the Parietal Board, to this action is not known. Perhaps it was the harsh statement made by Evangelist Moody in Boston, in February, when he denounced Harvard—more especially the medical school—as "a sink of moral iniquity," and said he had several personal proofs given him of the truth of his statement, one of which had come from the lips of a young girl. Upon being seen later at his hotel by the reporters, Mr. Moody refused to retract his statements, and went even further by saying that the facts in the particular case he had mentioned were known to President Eliot. However that may be, the student-body is justly angry. Their sentiments are fairly represented by one of the editors of the *Crimson*, who, in discussing the new edict, said: "There is no man in the university but knows its regulations regarding the reception of women in the dormitories. When it has been proved to the satisfaction of the faculty that a man has received a woman of bad character in his room, expulsion has followed in every instance. I remember four such cases during the four years that I have been in college, and the guilty men did not even get a chance to say anything in their own behalf. They all went, though the reasons for their departure were not made public. This circular is simply a new piece of officiousness on Mr. Bartlett's part. Harvard men are no better and no worse than any other young men."

A great deal has been said about the custom of five-o'clock tea-drinking, which is making astounding headway among the well-to-do classes. The time has come in New York when a man can enter a café and order a cup of tea instead of a cocktail without exciting suspicion as to his sanity. Recently, however, a well-dressed New Yorker, who has been for some years a resident of London, entered a hotel restaurant and gave an order which caused the waiter, the head-waiter, the cashier, and the people at the next table to look upon him as if he were a dynamiter. He had ordered nothing more than a cup of tea, but he had asked to have the dry tea-leaves brought to him, together with a pot of boiling water, in order that he might prepare it himself.

That Paris is continually on the look-out for novelty of a morbid kind was illustrated last month, when a number of persons received this invitation: "You are asked to assist at a sacred and secular concert to be given on Friday, April 2, 1897, in the ossuary of the catacombs of Paris by a number of well-known musicians. N. B.—The entrance will be Rue Dareau, 92, near the Rue Halle, after eleven P. M. In order to avoid the gathering of a curious crowd, you are requested not to stop your carriage before the entrance. This card is personal." Among those to whom the invitation came was Lawrence Franklin, who sends the *Providence Journal* an account of the "concert." "When Friday evening came," he writes, "we turned our faces toward the Rue Dareau—a little street in the region behind the observatory. A number of long-haired youths met us at the door; and, after begging us to observe a rigorous silence, showed us the way down a spiral staircase dimly lighted by candles, to the Rotonde des Tibias, situated eighty feet below the surface. Here we found some hundred auditors already assembled, among them the painter, Henri Brisot, the poet, Jean Lorrain, two of the officers of the observatory, and the professor, Paul Poirer, who, with a skull in his hand, was delivering an impromptu lecture on anatomy. There were even a few women, although it had been announced that they were not wanted. At half-past twelve a flicker of light on the platform at one side of the rotunda told us that the music-stands were ready, and soon the orchestra of forty-five musicians filed in. The programme consisted of Chopin's funeral march; Saint-Saëns's 'Dance of Death'; a chorus and funeral march by Xavier Leroux; a poem, 'In the Catacombs,' composed for the occasion and recited by the author, M. Marlit; and the march from Beethoven's 'Heroic Symphony.' The effect produced was at the same time impressive and uncanny, for the stone vaulting gave a peculiar resonance to the instruments, and when the xylophone began to imitate the rattle of bones in the 'Dance of Death,' we half expected to see a group of skeletons emerge from the black shadows of the surrounding corridors and encircle us in a mad round. It was after two o'clock when we again ascended to the streets of Paris, and every one went home flattering himself that for once he had had a really novel experience."

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Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,040,201.66
Capital actually paid up in cash..... 1,000,000.00
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SOCIETY.

The Pearce-Burton Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Minnie Burton and Second Lieutenant Thomas A. Pearce, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., will take place at half-past one o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, June 1st, at the residence of the bride's father, 2111 Pacific Avenue. Miss Burton is the daughter of Colonel George H. Burton, Inspector-General of the Pacific District, with headquarters in this city. She is a beautiful and highly accomplished young lady, and is very popular in society circles here and in Washington, D. C., where she made her debut three years ago. Lieutenant Pearce was born in North Carolina, entered the West Point Military Academy in June, 1891, and was graduated from there in 1895. He is now on duty at Fort Logan, Colo., to which station he will take his young bride. The Misses Lulu and Kathro Burton, sisters of the bride, will be the bridesmaids, and Lieutenant William Sells, U. S. A., will act as best man. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. George Edward Walk, of Trinity Episcopal Church, in the presence of a limited number of relatives and intimate friends. Afterward there will be a reception from two until four o'clock.

The Rosenfeld-Smedberg Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Agnes Adams Smedberg and Mr. Max L. Rosenfeld will take place at nine o'clock next Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's mother, 851 Pine Street. The bride-elect is the daughter of Mrs. James R. Smedberg and a niece of Colonel W. R. Smedberg, U. S. A., retired. Mr. Rosenfeld is a son of Mr. John Rosenfeld, the park commissioner. Only about fifty relatives and intimate friends will be present. The ceremony will be performed by Judge Seawell. Miss Hallie Smedberg will be the maid of honor, and Miss Annie White the bridesmaid. Mr. A. W. Follansbee, Jr., will act as best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Henry Esberg and Mr. Louis Rosenfeld. The wedding tour will comprise an extended Southern and Eastern trip.

Darling Matinée Musicale.

Mrs. John A. Darling gave a *matinée musicale* at the Occidental Hotel last Monday, as a compliment to Mrs. Collis P. Huntington, and entertained about one hundred and fifty of her friends. Mrs. Darling and the guest of honor were assisted in receiving by Mrs. C. F. Dio Hastings, Mrs. John H. Jewett, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. J. D. Fry, and Miss Campbell, of New York. The spacious reception-room was profusely decorated with crimson-hued draperies, roses, and carnations.

The hours of the reception were from three until five o'clock, and during that time an attractive musical programme was presented, several of the numbers being the compositions of Major Darling, whose identity as a composer has been hidden beneath the pseudonym of "August Mignon." The programme of music was as follows:

"Eloped Dreams," August Mignon, "The Old, Old Story," Blumenthal, "Dear, Do You Remember?" August Mignon, Mrs. Etta B. Blanchard (contralto); "Valse Caprice," August Mignon, "Love's Dream," F. Liszt, Miss Carrie Bowes (pianist); "For My Dear Lady's Sake," August Mignon, "Dolly," August Mignon, "Fiddle Mollie," August Mignon, Mrs. Eva Tenney (soprano); "A Summer's Night," A. Goring Thomas, "Adrift," August Mignon, Miss Etta B. Blanchard (contralto); "'Twas April," Nevin, "Nina," Wekerlin, Mrs. Eva Tenney (soprano); "Gavotte Militaire," August Mignon, "Grand Polonaise," F. Liszt, Miss Carrie Bowes (pianist). Miss M. Genevieve Moroney, accompanist.

Major Darling had on Monday received unofficial news of his appointment to be military attaché at the United States embassy at Vienna, and he was the recipient of many congratulations. His official appointment will probably be received in a few days. Major and Mrs. Darling will pass this month here and at Madrona Villa, their country-seat in Napa Valley, and go East in June. If possible, while en route to Vienna, they will stop over at London to witness the queen's jubilee celebration. If this be accomplished, they will meet Dr. and Mrs. Morton Grinnell in London. The latter are now in Vienna,

en route to Paris and London, and expect to be in New York city in July.

A Military Dinner.

One of the most pleasant affairs of the week was the dinner-party given last Wednesday evening by some of the officers at the Presidio in honor of their fellow-officer, Lieutenant Charles Lyman Bent, First Infantry, U. S. A., and his fiancée, Miss Emelie Ethel Cohen, who are to be married on June ad, in the First Unitarian Church. It was originally intended to have all of the bridal party present, but the illness of some of the members prevented this. The dinner was served in the Assembly Hall, and the decorations were effective and pretty. Accoutrements of war were distributed around the hall, the national and regimental colors were in full evidence, and masses of roses and forget-me-nots completed the pretty picture. Mrs. William E. Birkhimer acted as chaperon and received the guests with the assistance of Major Robert H. White, U. S. A. Dinner was commenced at half-past seven o'clock, and at its conclusion dancing was enjoyed until midnight to music by the Presidio Band. Those present were:

Mrs. William E. Birkhimer, Miss Emelie Ethel Cohen, Miss Emma Butler, Miss Ida Gibbons, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Kate Thornton Salisbury, Miss Clementina Kip, Miss Marjorie Young, Miss McNutt, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Pratt, Miss Birkhimer, Major Robert H. White, U. S. A., Captain Guy L. Edie, U. S. A., Lieutenant Charles Lyman Bent, U. S. A., Lieutenant R. C. Croxton, U. S. A., Lieutenant R. H. Noble, U. S. A., Lieutenant Thomas G. Carson, U. S. A., Lieutenant S. McP. Rutherford, U. S. A., Lieutenant Rogers F. Gardner, U. S. A., Lieutenant D. E. Nolan, U. S. A., Lieutenant D. W. Kilburn, U. S. A., Lieutenant John P. Hains, U. S. A., and Lieutenant C. T. Boyd, U. S. A.

The Magee Reception.

Mrs. William A. Magee gave a *matinée* reception at her home in Fruitvale last Saturday in honor of Mme. Camilla Urso, the renowned violinist, who is passing the summer in this city. Palms, ferns, roses, and delicate foliage adorned the rooms, and an impromptu musicale programme was given, making the affair thoroughly enjoyable.

Mrs. Magee was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Valentine Goldsmith Hush, Mrs. George W. McNear, Jr., Mrs. Edson Adams, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. George D. Greenwood, Mrs. Mark L. Requa, Mrs. Oscar F. Long, Mrs. S. B. McKee, Miss Ella Goodall, Miss Nellie Chabot, Miss Jean Marie Hush, Miss Florence Hush, Miss Churchill, Miss Emelie Ethel Cohen, and Miss Mae Tucker.

The McNear Matinée Tea.

A *matinée* tea was given by Mrs. George W. McNear recently, at her home in Oakland, as a compliment to Mrs. Norman Lang, of Portland, Or., who is visiting her mother, Mrs. S. B. McKee, in Oakland. About one hundred ladies were present in the flower-decked rooms, and they were most hospitably entertained.

The hostess had the assistance in receiving of Mrs. Norman Lang, Mrs. Seward McNear, Mrs. Orestes Pierce, Mrs. Edson Adams, Miss Mae Tucker, Miss Annie Herrick, Mrs. Janet Watt, Miss Annie Miller, Miss Palache, Miss Violet Whitney, and Miss Jessie Coleman.

The Huntington Banquet.

Mr. Collis P. Huntington gave a banquet last Wednesday evening at his residence on California Street, and entertained one hundred and ten of the principal officers and employees of the Southern Pacific Company. The table, in the form of an immense horseshoe, was set in the art gallery, and the floral decorations were most elaborate. With the *café noir* were a number of appropriate toasts and responses, interspersed with concert selections by an orchestra and vocal numbers by the Knickerbocker Quartet. The affair was made one of much enjoyment.

An Excursion to Tamalpais.

Under the chaperonage of Mrs. L. L. Baker, a jolly party of young people made the ascent to the top of Mt. Tamalpais on May Day, by way of the scenic railway. They had chartered the inn for the evening and witnessed the sunset and sunrise, besides having a charming outing. They returned on the following day, and on Tuesday evening all met at the residence of Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, 1414 California Street, and enjoyed a dance and supper. The party comprised:

Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. William Sanborn, Miss Stone, Miss Kate Thornton Salisbury, Miss Florence Stone, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Estelle Kane, Mr. Bertody Stone, Mr. Howard Veeder, Mr. Burbank Somers, Mr. Albert Russell, Mr. Stone, Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Smith.

The Gingerbread Fête.

It is to be hoped that the Children's Hospital and Training School for Nurses will receive a substantial financial benefit from the gingerbread fête that is to be given next week at the residence of Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, corner of Sutter and Octavia Streets. The object is certainly worthy in the highest degree, and the novelties to be presented should attract large gatherings. It will commence on Tuesday evening and close next Saturday evening. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons will be especially devoted to the pleasure of children. Fifty cents will be the price of admission at night and twenty-five cents in the afternoon.

Each room will be devoted to some particular

specialty, in which works of art and curios will be exhibited and articles of fancy-work and refreshments will be sold. An immense marquee will be erected in the garden, where an animatoscope, a kinetoscope, a shooting gallery, etc., will be the attractions, and a booth for the sale of fresh gingerbread will be the special feature. On Tuesday evening there will be a series of tableaux, in which the different modes of hair-dressing in vogue with different nations will be illustrated. Among those who will participate are Miss Marie Wells, Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, Miss Gladys Merrill, Miss Edith Deane, Miss Reid Hutchings, Miss Kathro Burton, Mr. Louis Bruguière, Mr. Charles Fernald, and Mr. Emery Smith. Entertainments of a varied character will be given each afternoon and evening.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. Walter McCreary, son of Mr. A. B. McCreary, of Sacramento, was married on April 6th to Miss Enilia McAdam, only daughter of Major J. J. McAdam, late of the Seventh Dragoon Guards. The wedding was celebrated at the residence of the bride's father in Dorset, England. Mr. McCreary is well known here in club and society circles.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ella Leichter and Mr. Theodore E. Schucking. Miss Leichter is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. L. Leichter and niece of Mr. Frederick Hess, of the German *Demokrat*. Mr. Schucking is the son of Mrs. E. Schucking and nephew of ex-Mayor Adolph Sutor and of the late Levin Schucking, the well-known German author.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Chauncey Boardman, *née* Mercado, gave a dinner-party at their residence last Thursday evening as a compliment to Mr. S. C. Pardee, of this city, and his fiancée, Miss Mary Louise Adams, of Detroit, Mich. Those invited to meet them were Miss Kate Thornton Salisbury, Miss Ethel Rodgers, Miss Jessie Newland, Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, and Mr. Danforth Boardman.

Mrs. Norman McLaren gave an afternoon reception last Thursday at her residence, in honor of her sister, Mrs. Harold Sewall, *née* Ashe, who is on the eve of her departure for Honolulu to reside there with her husband, who has been appointed United States consul at the Hawaiian Islands. The hours were from four until six o'clock, during which time quite a number of guests were delightfully entertained.

Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin gave a fancy-dress ball last Saturday evening at Golden Gate Villa, their residence in Santa Cruz, and delightfully entertained many of their friends. Dancing was enjoyed in the large barn, which was handsomely decorated with flowers, foliage, draperies, and fancy rugs, while illumination was afforded by hundreds of Japanese lanterns and incandescent electric lights. The costumes were, as a rule, handsome, and many were quite original.

Captain and Mrs. Gilbert E. Overton, U. S. A., retired, gave a dinner-party recently at their home in Los Angeles in honor of Lieutenant Milton F. Davis, First Cavalry, U. S. A. Covers were laid for twelve, and the decorations were of yellow, the cavalry color.

The West Point Corps of Cadets gave their Easter hop at the Military Academy on the evening of April 24th. The Misses Graham and Miss Caroline Ayers, of San Francisco, were there as the guests of Mrs. Charlotte S. Joyes and Lieutenant J. W. Joyes, U. S. A. After the dance, Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, Jr., U. S. A., joined the California party in a Welsh rarebit supper at the quarters of Lieutenant Granger Adams, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding tomorrow by giving a dinner-party at their villa in Redwood City.

The annual election of the University Club was held last Tuesday. The following new officers were elected: President, Mr. Charles P. Eells; directors, Mr. Thomas R. Bacon, Mr. T. B. Berry, Mr. Robert Hooker, and Mr. Robert L. Coleman.

Fin-de-Siècle Champagne.

It is very rare that a brand of champagne paved its way more rapidly into favor among the cultured and ultra-fashionable than the Moët & Chandon. The selection of this brand, at some of the most prominent gatherings held recently in this country, goes to show that Moët & Chandon is now the connoisseur's favorite. It was selected to be served at the last Patriarch's ball, the Washington Gridiron Club banquet, the O. H. P. Belmont party, the Bradley-Martin costume-ball, and the New York Reform Club dinner, tendered to ex-President Cleveland and his Cabinet. In San Francisco, Moët & Chandon was also in evidence at the Goad-Mackintosh wedding, Whitier-Weir wedding, and the C. P. Huntington banquet, and to judge by this year's importation of 2,600 cases up to May 1st, Messrs. William Wolf & Co., agents for Moët & Chandon, White Seal, are bound to bring the brand to the front on the Pacific Coast.—*Pacific Wine and Spirit Review*.

—CAMERA EQUIPMENTS, MODELS 1897—POCO, Premo, Bull's Eye, Bullet. Instruction and dark-room facilities free. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

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ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 18, No. 245 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the first day of June, 1897, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

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The season for this sort of thought and action is upon us. All the world, and particularly that portion of it described by California, takes an outing once a year,—if it doesn't, it ought to.

While making up your mind where you will go, and connecting your itinerary, keep as many as possible of these places before your mind's eye:

Up Shasta Way—Tavern of Castle Crags, Sweet Briar Camp, Upper Soda Springs, Shasta Retreat, Shasta Springs, Sisson's, Mt. Shasta Camp, Klamath Hot Springs.

Lake County and Vicinity—Geysers, Etna Springs, Harbin, Anderson, Adams, Howard, Siedler, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Glenbrook, Soda Bay.

On Sierra Summit—Lake Tahoe, Independence, Webber and Donner Lakes, Tallac, Deer Park Inn, Sunnyside, McKinney's, Rubicon Springs, Campbell Hot Springs, and a score more.

Yosemite and the Big Trees—Los Gatos, Pacific Congress Springs, Glenwood, Felton, Ken Lombard, Boulder Creek.

Southward—Gilroy, Paraiso, Paso Robles, and Santa Ysabel Hot Springs.

Along the Shore—Santa Cruz, Capitola, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Santa Barbara, Santa Monica, Long Beach, San Diego.

There will be REDUCED RATES to many of these places. If you haven't all needed information to complete that itinerary, call on the nearest Southern Pacific Company agent, or send to T. H. GOODMAN for resort folders.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.		
(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)		
Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.		
LEAVE	From April 18, 1897.	ARRIVE
7:00 A.	Niles, San José, and Way Stations.	8:45 A.
7:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	8:45 P.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Vacaville, Runsey, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding via Davis.	6:45 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Tehama, and Red Bluff.	4:15 P.
8:30 A.	Peters and Milton.	7:15 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Merced, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	Vallejo.	6:15 P.
9:00 A.	Niles, San José, Livermore, and Stockton.	7:15 P.
9:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	9:00 P.
10:00 P.	Niles, San José, and Livermore.	8:45 A.
11:30 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.	11:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:15 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.	11:15 A.
4:30 P.	Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Raymond (for Yosemite), and Fresno, going via Niles, returning via Martinez.	11:45 A.
5:00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Tracy, Fresno, Madera (for Kamsburg), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	7:45 A.
5:00 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	9:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 A.
17:00 P.	Vallejo.	17:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	11:15 A.
SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).		
17:45 A.	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.	18:05 P.
8:45 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.	5:50 P.
9:15 P.	Newark, Centerville, San José, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.	11:20 A.
4:15 P.	Newark, San José, and Los Gatos.	9:50 A.
COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts)		
7:00 A.	San José and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).	1:30 P.
9:00 A.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf, and Principal Way Stations.	4:15 P.
10:40 A.	San José and Way Stations.	6:30 P.
11:20 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	5:00 P.
9:30 P.	San Mateo, Menlo Park, San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.	10:40 A.
9:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	San José and Way Stations.	8:05 A.
5:30 P.	San José and Principal Way Stations.	8:45 A.
6:00 P.	San José and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	San José and Way Stations.	17:45 P.
SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.		
7:00 A.		7:15 A.
8:00 A.		9:45 A.
9:00 A.		10:45 A.
10:00 A.	MELROSE, SEMINARY PARK,	11:45 A.
11:00 A.		12:45 P.
12:00 M.	FITCHBURG, SAN LEANDRO,	1:45 P.
2:00 P.		12:45 P.
3:00 P.		4:45 P.
4:00 P.		5:45 P.
5:00 P.	HAYWARDS,	6:15 P.
5:30 P.		7:45 P.
7:00 P.		8:45 P.
8:00 P.		9:45 P.
9:00 P.		10:50 P.
11:15 P.	Runs through to Niles.	11:20 P.
	From Niles.	

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—

7:15 9:00 11:00 A. M., 1:00 2:00 3:00

4:00 15:00 6:00 P. M.

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—

7:00 8:00

10:00 A. M. 12:00 1:00 12:00 3:00 14:00

5:00 P. M.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"The Biglow Papers"—The New York World and the New York Journal.—Harvard Lampoon.

"Was church well attended this morning?"

"Yes. I counted sixty-seven different makes of wheels."—Life.

In Crete: First insurgent—"Haven't you any cartridges?" Second insurgent—"Shade of Aristotle! I must have left them in my other skirt."—Puck.

"How did you know he was from Chicago?"

"By his accent." "But you said he didn't speak to any one." "I overheard him eating a piece of pie."—Truth.

In Mars: Martian schoolma'am—"Now, what is the name of the planet we are endeavoring to establish communication with?" Martian school-boy—"Mud."—Truth.

Maude—"Wonder how it happened that Mr. Smarte proposed to Carrie?" Edith—"I understand she told him that another man was trying to marry her for her money."—Boston Transcript.

"Did the enemy offer any resistance?" "Not the slightest," replied the Spanish general; "we have printed at least a dozen victories and they have not published a single denial."—Washington Star.

At the opera bouffe: Visitor (behind the scenes)—"Say, why do you call these 'dressing-rooms'? No one ever dresses in them—do they?" Dolly Dimple—"Oh, yes—after the show is over."—Life.

First lady—"There goes young Mrs. Pedigree. I suppose she bores people to death telling the bright things her little boy says." Second lady—"Oh, no; fortunately, he says such dreadful things they can't repeat them."—Truth.

"Dear friend," wrote the King of Mbwaka to his hatter, "please send me another of those high hats. The one you sent me was such a success, and so satisfactory, that I have made up my mind to wear nothing else."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I wouldn't marry you if you had three times the wealth of my father," she said. "I presume you know," he replied, with dignity, "that if I had that much money, there would be no necessity for me to marry."—Philadelphia North American.

"Listen!" he hissed. "No," she answered, and turning upon her heel brusquely, she left him there alone. For she was a telephone-girl by profession, and it was not her wont to listen to anything unless she was sure it was none of her business.—Detroit Journal.

Friend—"Do you really like to live in Harlem?" Hs. Lemite—"Well, it has some disadvantages; but whenever I feel myself becoming too dissatisfied, I go to see a friend who has a suburban place in New Jersey, and he lets me work his lawn-mower until I become reconciled."—Puck.

Tommy—"What kind of a store is that one, papa, where they have three colored glass jars in the window?" Papa—"That's an apothecary shop, Tommy." Tommy—"And that place next door to it that has three balls in front of it?" Papa (with a sigh)—"Oh, that's a hypothecary shop, Tommy!"—Judge.

"I took the dough," said the gentleman who had been caught "going through the clothes" of a drunken man, "because I don't believe in no man a-havin' more than he needs." "But how did you know that he did not need his money?" "Uv course he didn't need it. He was plumb paralyzed."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Did you speak to my father?" said Miss Gushley. "Yes," replied the young man with embarrassment. "You told him that despite your humble fortune, we wished to marry?" "Yes—or something to that purpose." "And what did he reply? That I was too young?" "No, not exactly. He said that I was old enough to have more sense."—Washington Star.

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ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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daily papers of San Francisco seem to be very much exercised concerning what they call the "inordinate profits" of the beet-sugar refineries in this State. We do not quite see the beet-sugar refineries should not make as much money as they can. It is what most people are trying to do. Further than that, if in making money they cause farmers of this State to make money as well, we do not how the farmers can object, or why the newspapers

should. It has always been the bane of California that the press of this State has been disposed to tear down and destroy. Suppose the beet-sugar refining business were to be crushed out of existence in this State because the refiners are making large profits. It would naturally follow, when the beet-sugar refiners were driven out of business, that the farmers who are raising sugar-beets would be driven out of the sugar-beet business too. They would then have the cold comfort of reflecting that the newspapers had punished the too rich refiner, but that in so doing they had also severely punished the unrich farmer. As to the "inordinate profits" made by the sugar-beet refiners, we may point out to our virtuous contemporaries that the reason they are making so much is probably because there are so few refineries; that the beet-sugar industry in California is an infant industry; that when there are more refineries the profits will be divided and subdivided, and therefore each refiner will make less; that when there are thirty refineries instead of three, the thirty refineries will not make "inordinate profits"; that when there are three hundred instead of thirty, all will have to be content with a fair living profit as in any other line of business. If there were only three daily newspapers in California they would probably make all the newspaper money. As there are a great many more than that, they have to divide it up, and we imagine it is pretty poor pickings at present.

However that may be, it is just as well for the dailies which are opposing the beet-sugar refineries and beet-sugar growers to state facts correctly, at all events. In a recent number, the *Examiner*, in an article on the "inordinate profits" of the beet-sugar industry, says:

"What Mr. Claus Spreckels will say at this time is inconsistent with past utterances. When Mr. Spreckels was being paid twenty dollars a ton bounty on his beet sugar by Uncle Sam, the farmer received no more for his beets than before."

This statement is absolutely without foundation in fact. When the beet-sugar manufacturers were receiving twenty dollars a ton for beet sugar, Mr. Spreckels was paying to the farmers upon his Watsonville refinery five dollars a ton for their beets. When afterward it seemed as if Congress intended to withdraw this bounty, Mr. Spreckels made an agreement with the farmers who were supplying him with beets to this effect: that if Congress continued the bounty on beet sugar, he would pay the farmers five dollars a ton for their beets; that if Congress should discontinue the bounty, he should pay them four dollars a ton for their beets. This was no more than fair, as any honest-minded man will say. If Mr. Spreckels received the bounty which Congress agreed to pay, he could pay more for the beets. If Congress repudiated this contract—a movement, by the way, which caused such dissatisfaction in Louisiana that even that rock-ribbed Democratic State threatened to go Republican—then it was no more than natural that Mr. Spreckels should pay the farmers less than if he had received the bounty. As we say, the repudiation of a contract by a Democratic Congress excited consternation and anger among the Democrats who had elected that Congress. As for Republicans, they looked upon the Democratic repudiation with unmixed contempt. Republicans have always been in favor of protecting the industries which already exist on American soil and in fostering those which are struggling to exist. Democrats have always been in favor of strangling struggling industries and encouraging foreign industries. Such is the case at present with the *Examiner*. Like most other free-trade Democratic organs, it seems to be more concerned about helping foreign industries than it does about helping our own farmers. But we advise the *Examiner* to make only such statements as are based on facts.

Miss Beatrice Harraden has a capacity for provoking discussion that should secure for her at least a popular success in literature. An unknown girl, her first book, "Ships that Pass in the Night," spread her fame throughout the English-speaking world almost in a day. It was reviewed by the

critics, favorably and unfavorably; it was discussed by the reading public, pro and con; it was read by everybody. Her latest book, "Hilda Strafford," which has just appeared, is being received in a manner that indicates that the first success will be repeated. It is the first fruit of her recent visit to Southern California in search of health, and it is accepted as a picture of her impressions of the country and the life. From this point of view it is certainly not complimentary or encouraging.

The story is that of a young Englishman who comes to California to love a home for himself and the English girl who won his love in the old home. Shortly after the story opens, she arrives and they are married. Disasters come upon them almost immediately; a reservoir bursts, flooding his land and sweeping away the results of the work he has done. Robert Strafford finds himself a ruined man, and Hilda, fresh from the comforts of her English home, is called upon to face the hardships of the lonely ranch life. She proves unequal to the occasion. Accustomed to the pleasures of an artificial social life, where theatres and parties, concerts and operas, occupied her time, she resented the loneliness of this new life, even before her troubles came. She struggles for a time to hide her misery from her husband, but she can not sympathize with him. She finds a relief in telling to his friends the regrets she seeks to hide from him, and then one day, her emotions wrought to the highest pitch by the music she has been playing, she turns upon him fiercely and pours out her reproaches with a bitterness that overwhelms him. She demands her freedom to return home, and he promises it to her, but it comes in a manner unexpected to both of them. Naturally weak, and broken down by the long physical and mental struggle and the disappointment of it all, he is stricken down while visiting a friend, and dies while they think him sleeping.

Such is the story that Miss Harraden now presents to the public, and it has been widely criticised as presenting her impressions of California. It is not probable that this was the author's intention. The story rather presents a sketch of a selfish and narrow young girl incapable of feeling for any but herself, and unable to adjust herself to her new surroundings. The author's physical and mental condition tends to give a morbid turn to her thoughts, and she writes of the dark rather than the bright side of life. With another ending the story might have been made wholly different. The wife's character might have developed under adversity; after a few years of struggle the ranch would have yielded them a living, and all would have ended happily.

But this *dénouement* did not appeal to the author, and, had it done so, the story would have lost a part of its value. It has been described as an attack on California; it is rather a defense. It will serve as a warning and a lesson to those who think that they may come here and that the soil will yield them a competence while they live in ease and luxury, passing their time with hunting and fishing, tennis and golf, riding and driving. The royal road to wealth is not to be found in California any more than it is to be found elsewhere, and those who come here with such thoughts are doomed to disappointment.

For such settlers California has no inducements. The rich man may come here and enjoy this life of leisure in a charming home, but such leisure is not for the poor man. While this is true, there is no field of industry that offers superior inducements to the man who is willing to work and wait than those offered by fruit-raising in California. He must be peculiarly able to buy his land. He must be willing to work in cultivating his land and in educating himself in the occupation he has chosen; to wait until his trees have attained sufficient maturity. With this he may secure a good living from his land in a few years, and may see his income growing steadily from year to year. The fortunes that are made from farming on a small scale are extremely rare, but good returns are awaiting those who will work intelligently for them.

The picture that Miss Harraden draws of life in California is true of one phase of that life under particular circumstances. She is acquainted with but one section

Southern California, and not the most prosperous or attractive section of that part of the State at that. The agricultural lands of the great central valley are unknown to her; she is not familiar with the rich regions along the foothills of the Sierras; the valleys near the coast south of San Francisco and to the north are a closed book to her. As a story of a sad phase of life here, as a warning to those who thoughtlessly seek to turn the philosopher's stone up from the soil without labor, the book is to be praised. But it is not a true exposition of the possibilities of fruit-farming in this State, or of the life of the fruit-farmer.

The recent change of administration, accompanied by the usual pressure for office, has directed public attention to the condition of the civil-service laws. The last report of the Civil Service Commission appeared early in March of the present year. It informs us that the increasing number of places of all kinds in the civil service of the government has reached the enormous total of 178,717, and that the aggregate compensation in salaries amounts to \$100,000,000 a year. The operation of the civil-service law, which was enacted in 1883, has been extended until 87,107 positions are now classified under the direction of the commission. There remain, therefore, 97,610 places not yet brought within the province of the commission and still the subject of personal appointment. However, of these latter, 66,725 are minor postmasterships of the fourth class, 9,000 are ordinary laborers, and 2,000 are Indians in the Indian service. It will be seen that apart from the small post-offices there are 10,000 offices remaining at the disposition of the President, the heads of departments, and the lesser officials throughout the country.

The civil-service act was a product of Republican legislation, upheld by Mr. Cleveland in his first term, equally by his successor, President Harrison, and regularly supported by the appropriations of successive Congresses regardless of party majorities. That the Republican party has been sincere in its advocacy of the system has been demonstrated by its performances and declarations. The latest expression occurs in the platform of 1896 in these words: "The civil-service law was placed upon the statute books by the Republican party, which has sustained it, and we renew our repeated declaration that it shall be thoroughly and honestly enforced and extended wherever practicable." While it is true that hills have been introduced in the present Congress looking toward radical changes in the law, and that resolutions are pending, demanding thorough investigation of the administration of the law, and that these bills and resolutions emanate from Republican sources, the reason is not hard to find. During the second term of President Cleveland, to serve his own political ends, he conceived the idea of displacing about forty thousand Republican office-holders and replacing them with Democrats of his own selection. To clinch this action he followed it with an executive order which placed all these positions permanently under the classified service. These are the conditions which have aroused the Republican ire, and given birth to the bills and resolutions which their opponents affect to regard as "assaults upon the civil-service law in the interest of spoils-men." The most deadly assault upon the civil-service system was led by President Cleveland himself. Under the cloak of reform, he entrenched an army of his own henchmen in the civil service. During the four years of his last term, the changes effected for various causes in those public offices which had already been classified under the act were not more than two per cent., while for the same period the displacement of Republicans to make room for Democrats aggregated fifty per cent. of the unclassified service—an evidently premeditated use of the law for partisan spoliation by the self-appointed apostle of reform. It constitutes an abuse of power worthy of a Democratic administration. The offices were bestowed as rewards for party service. It placed a host of purely partisan appointees in life positions under the protecting ægis of the reform law, and is a glaring example of the spoils system in its most pernicious and insidious form.

Cleveland's action was purely—or rather impurely—partisan. The stream of reform was polluted at its source for the benefit of a clique. What can the Republican party do, in the face of its responsibility for the proper conduct of affairs and its pledges to the people, but to clear the befouled stream, restore the condition which prevailed, and let it flow again clean and pure from its source? To attack the Cleveland conspiracy is not to assail the merit system, it is rather a duty to protect the civil service from rank abuse.

Among the various other curious phases of the "new journalism," not the least curious is the desire for securing "names" at the expense of everything else. A striking instance of this is shown in the recent battles between Greece and Turkey. Rarely has it been our experience to

read such messes of nonsense as have been cabled from the "special correspondents" of the new journals at the seat of war. There was a time when the narratives of such veterans as William Howard Russell, Archibald Forbes, John MacGahan, and others of that ilk, filled the columns of the London dailies—which journals, by the way, have usually furnished the matter for their enterprising contemporaries in the United States, whose "enterprise" generally consists in scissoring out the specials of the London papers and cabling them to the United States. Now, however, the "enterprise" of the new journalism has caused it to send special correspondents of its own. We think they would have done better had they followed the old plan, and "lifted" the specials of the London dailies.

Amid the long list of nobodies whose names have headed the dispatches to the New York *Journal* and San Francisco *Examiner*, the only two that can be faintly recalled are James Creelman and Stephen Crane. Creelman will be remembered as the gentleman who concocted such fantastic fairy-tales during the war between China and Japan. Stephen Crane as a "war-correspondent" is even more peculiar. Some two or three years ago Crane wrote a book called "The Red Badge of Courage," which purported to be the narrative of an eye-witness of battles during the Civil War. The book attracted some attention—more in England, by the way, than in America. It was followed by another of a similar character. The American press, noticing the attention paid to Crane by the English press, took up the matter. His book then attracted more attention than at first, but it was speedily torn to pieces by some Loyal Legion men, who pointed out such gross blunders in it that it became food for laughter. It was then discovered that Crane was a young man of twenty-four or five, not old enough to have participated in the war of the rebellion, and that his battle scenes were purely imaginative. That, of course, did not hurt them as fictional matter, but it injured them as "battle pictures." None the less, the New York *Journal*, in its search for a "name," at once seized upon Crane, and set him at work writing up "Scenes in the Trenches," in the course of which Mr. Crane succeeded in getting into jail, together with a light lady whose cause he was championing. When Mr. Crane was released, the *Journal* sent him down to Florida, whence he sailed to conquer Spain—in a tug-boat. Fortunately for that country, the tug-boat foundered, and Mr. Crane and his comrades were brought back to land.

About this time the trouble broke out between Greece and Turkey, and Crane was sent to Greece by the *Journal* to be its "special war-correspondent." It must be admitted that Mr. Crane had rather a hard task to execute, for his orders evidently were to defeat the Turks whatever might befall. Inasmuch as the Greeks persistently ran away, his task was a difficult one, but he certainly labored strenuously toward that end. Here are some gems from his "special" letters from the seat of war:

"Velestino has proved that Greek soldiers, when called upon, can cope successfully with Turks, even though outnumbered. This battle's effect upon Greek soldiers is like champagne. It made them perfectly happy. To be sure, the army retired from Velestino, but it was no fault of this army. The commander bit his fingers and cursed when the order came to retreat. He knew that his army had victory within its grasp. For three days he had been holding the Turks beautifully in check, killing them as fast as they fell upon him. In the middle of the intoxication of victory came orders to fall back. Why? Reverses or something of the sort in other places may have been the reason, if there was a reason."

To a gentleman up a tree, surveying the battle-field, it would seem as if the "reason" must have been that the Turks were whipping the Greeks. To a "special correspondent" at the seat of war there may have been other reasons. But Mr. Crane proceeds thus to enlighten the world:

"My notion is that the Turks must have turned the far left of the Greeks. Anyhow, the Turks never have turned the Greek right."

This is not unlike the famous description of General Boum and Baron Puck in "The Grand Duchess," in which the general describes his terrific engagements with the enemy. Mr. Crane continues:

"How the soldiers talked! Nobody wanted to fall back, save a few who would have fallen back anyhow."

This suggests the very natural query, why, then, did the Greeks fall back? Apparently every one—from the commander down to the enlisted men—was inspired with a desire to eat up the Turks. But they mercifully refrained. Mr. Crane with his "fine" writing becomes finer:

"The roll of musketry was tremendous. It was a beautiful sound—beautiful as I had never dreamed. It was more impressive than the roar of Niagara and finer than thunder or an avalanche—because it had the wonder of human tragedy in it. It was the most beautiful sound of my experience, barring no symphony. The crash of it was ideal."

"All the assaults of the Turks this day resulted disastrously to them. The Greek troops fought with the steadiness of salaried book-keepers, never tired, never complaining. It was a magnificent exhibition. The Greeks fought all the time, with the artillery fire on them even in a musketry lull, but nobody minded anything. The Turks were in great numbers and fought according to the precepts of their religion. But the Greeks were never daunted, and whipped them well."

It is painful that the stolidity of the Turks was such that

they did not know that the Greeks had whipped them. But that is frequently the case with dull and illiterate troops. Mr. Crane resumes his tangled tale:

"The Turkish guns were superior to those of the Greeks, who have mostly mountain howitzers. I learned to curse the German officers who directed their fire. I consider these German officers hired assassins. One has strong feelings under such circumstances as these."

Mr. Crane now becomes ruminative:

"War takes a long time. The swiftness of the chronological order of a battle is not correct. Often a man has time to get shaved, or lunch, or to take a bath, in battles, the descriptions of which read like a whirlwind."

"An officer of a battery sent a man to the rear after another pair of field-glasses, the first pair having been smashed by a musket ball. The man brought a bottle of wine, having misunderstood. Meanwhile the Turks were forming on a little green hill twelve hundred yards off. The officer was furious over the man's mistake, but I never let go of that bottle of wine. I saw no correspondents, and suppose them all to be in the thick of the fray."

We did not have the advantages of Mr. Crane in being on the field, but we think we are warranted in assuring him confidentially that he is mistaken, and that the correspondents were not "in the thick of the fray." He continues:

"I hoped the Greeks on the plain would hurry and drive the Turks from their position. They did it gallantly, in a short, ferocious infant fight. The bit of woods where the fight occurred seemed on fire. There was a great rattling and banging, and then the Turks went off defeated. There was general rejoicing all along the Greek lines."

"Yet the centre and left near Kraadjah and at Pharsalos had again retired. No one could explain it. We were not aware of the situation they faced, but it seemed an extraordinary order."

"They say Smolenski wept. I went down to see the retreat. Curious thing was that the Turks seemed to understand the order quickly as we did. They moved up batteries with startling rapidity to the Turks."

These are sample gems from the "special letters from the seat of war" sent by Mr. Crane in two days. We think we are entirely warranted in saying that it is impossible for anyone, no matter how carefully they may be read, to gain any coherent information from these letters. There is a ludicrous attempt to make out that the Greeks were bolding the Turks in check, which is contradicted in every alternate line. There is no attempt made to tell the truth, and the "special letters" are a mere farrago of "fine writing" and "scenes and incidents" which Mr. Crane might just as well or even better have written while sitting at a café in Athens. In fact he may have done so.

As we said in the beginning of this article, when we called the brilliant, nervous, forceful letters written by Russell, Forbes, MacGahan, and others of that famous band of war-correspondents who went through so many storms of iron and fire, the boasts of the "new journalism" concerning its enterprise are more than ridiculous. They are melancholy.

How much does California lose annually, for the sake of sending goods to Hawaii that are about equal to the annual sales of a large store? As has been pointed out in these columns, three quarters of the articles sold to the Hawaiian Islands each year are not produced in this State, and the merchants here receive only a small commission for handling them. On the other hand, large quantities of sugar—amounting in value to about three times the total exports—are received from the islands, and these imports retard the growth of the sugar industry of California. Last year, 352,175,200 pounds of sugar, valued at \$11,336,796, came here from Hawaii. All of this sugar might have been grown in this State.

Had it been grown here, it would have benefited the classes of the community, and would have transformed part of the natural resources of the State into available wealth of considerable value, besides giving employment labor. The farmers would have increased their income from the sale of sugar-beets, farm laborers would have been employed and the ranks of the unwilling tramps diminished. Sugar-factories would have been active and given employment to factory labor, a demand would have been created for limestone, coal, and other products employing other labor, and all of those who were thus made prosperous would have increased their purchases of food and clothing, of necessities and luxuries, from the merchants, thereby distributing benefits among all classes.

How much this would have amounted to may be considered somewhat in detail. The sugar imported from Hawaii last year amounted to 352,175,269 pounds. This would have required the cultivation of 124,000 acres of beet land in this State. As the labor involved in the production of one ton of beets is equal to the work of one man during 36½ days, the total import would represent the labor of one man for six and one-half million (6,456,523) days, or 21,522 men for one year of three hundred working days. Estimating the wages paid to these laborers at an average of one dollar, the total represents an annual loss to labor of \$6,500,000. After paying all the expenses of raising the beets, including an allowance for their own labor, the profit of the farmers would be \$350,000 a year.

The beets would then be passed over to the sugar factories

and another set of laborers would be employed. The labor cost of refining one ton of raw sugar, according to the figures of Mr. James Coffin, of the Alameda Sugar Company, is equal to the work of one man for 1½ days. To refine all of the sugar imported from Hawaii would, therefore, represent the work of one man for 234,782 days, or 783 men for one year. The wages of these men, at an average of \$1.50 a day, would amount to \$350,000. In these two branches of the industry, then, there is a loss of employment for 22,000 laborers, and a loss in money amounting to seven million dollars (\$7,200,000). This is about ten times the value of the goods sent from this State to Hawaii.

The limestone and coal interests are yet to be considered, however. The limestone that would be required for this amount of sugar is valued at \$400,000 and the coal at \$1,500,000. The amount of labor required to produce these commodities and the other supplies required by the factories would be sufficient to raise to 45,000 the total number of laborers who are thus deprived of employment. How much this would relieve the labor market and increase general prosperity may be estimated, and it would be far better that this employment should be given to the white laborers of this State rather than to the Chinese and Japanese laborers of the islands.

This is a simple business proposition which those merchants who are clamoring for a continuance of the reciprocity treaty would do well to consider. A loss of employment for 45,000 laborers, a loss in wages for agricultural and factory labor amounting to \$6,850,000, a loss to the farmers of \$350,000 net profit, a loss to the limestone quarries of \$400,000, a loss to the coal dealers of \$1,500,000, and a loss to dealers in general supplies of \$500,000—a total loss of \$9,600,000 for the sake of a trade that does not reach one-tenth of that figure. And the folly of it all becomes more apparent when it is recalled that the island trade is not likely to increase under the most favorable circumstances, while the sugar industry, with this stimulus, would increase vastly.

The question of improving Pearl Harbor, which was discussed at length in the *Argonaut* of last week, came up in Congress on the eleventh of May. An appropriation for fifty thousand dollars to improve the harbor was before the House. Congressman Hitt, chairman of the Committee of Foreign Affairs, spoke in favor of it. In the course of his remarks, Hitt said:

"I do not wish to discuss the question of annexation, for I think it has nothing whatever to do with this question. If the Hawaiian Islands were annexed to-morrow, the necessity for the adoption of this amendment would remain as urgent as ever."

This strikes us as peculiar. If the Hawaiian Islands were annexed to-morrow, is it possible that Congressman Hitt would be satisfied with spending fifty thousand dollars on Pearl Harbor? It would amount to more than fifty millions of dollars to fortify the islands, and probably Pearl Harbor would then get more than fifty thousand dollars.

Continuing, Congressman Hitt proceeded to dangle the bugaboo of war before the House, and to point out how "helpless" the United States would be if Great Britain or Japan should establish a coal-yard on the islands. In the course of his alarming remarks, Congressman Hitt said:

"I read that the cruiser *Naniwa* has already arrived at Hawaii to press threatening claims upon that feeble government. We will only hold it with our guns in position, and this very treaty has been construed to give us authority to erect fortifications there."

The speaker was at once interrupted by Congressman McMillen, who asked: "Then the gentleman's purpose is, first, to improve the harbor and then fortify it?" This question Congressman Hitt dodged, saying:

"All that belongs to the gentleman who will follow on this floor. I speak of the policy and of the wisdom of a government like ours to plant our flag at the entrance of that river, and it will not come down in a thousand years."

In the Associated Press dispatches we note that this remark was received "with loud applause"—probably from the gallery. That kind of remark is generally received with loud applause from the gallery. But some other congressmen did not agree with Hitt, and Congressman Cannon remarked:

"Pearl Harbor is within five miles of Honolulu harbor, where the vessels of the United States had always been able to coal, and always would be while they had the money to pay for the coal. The appropriation would not suffice to dredge the sand from the harbor. The inhabitants would raise the price of their corner lots as soon as improvements were commenced on the harbor. The appropriation was not sufficient to buy a foot of land or begin a naval station."

Congressman Sayers also said:

"As soon as Pearl Harbor had been improved, the government would be called on to expend several millions to fortify it. Instead of looking broad for objects of legislation, Congress should look to the relief of its own people."

Congressman Cummings, of New York, delivered himself of this Delphic utterance:

"I have faith enough in the patriotism of President McKinley to believe that before he leaves the White House the Hawaiian Islands

will be an integral part of this republic." [Loud applause from the galleries.]

We do not quite understand why working for Hawaii should indicate "patriotism" on the part of President McKinley, unless Congressman Cummings believes that the President is an Hawaiian. We have never had any doubts about the patriotism of President McKinley, but we think that it is American patriotism, and not Hawaiian patriotism.

But the appropriation was temporarily killed by Congressman Hilborn, of California, who said:

"The United States has bought a sheet of water at Pearl Harbor, but not a foot of land. All the land at Pearl Harbor has been bought by speculators, who hold it in expectation that the United States must buy. When the United States is so badly off for naval stations at home, it is folly to build them abroad. In case of war, all the power of the navy would be required to hold Pearl Harbor, and in case of annexation, the harbor would be unnecessary."

This eminently sensible utterance convinced the House of the inadvisability of the appropriation, and it was defeated by a party vote. We hope that it will stay defeated.

What is the matter with these jingo congressmen, who want to spend the money of the United States in erecting fortifications thousands of miles away from home? Great cities like New York, Boston, Baltimore, New Orleans, and San Francisco are as yet at the mercy of a foreign foe. It is true that the work of fortifying has begun, but it is still entirely inadequate to the vast wealth exposed to invasion. Is the Government of the United States to expend its money in fortifying a shallow hole inside a coral reef on a volcanic island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, when it leaves cities like San Francisco and New York almost unfortified? Is the Government of the United States to expend millions of dollars in building naval stations on the Island of Oahu, while idle workmen seek vainly for employment at Mare Island and Brooklyn Navy Yards? If this government is going to expend millions in fortifying harbors and building up naval stations, let us begin at home. When we have fortified all our seaport cities, when we have made the Mare Island Navy Yard equal to the needs of the navy, it will be time enough for us to think of scattering millions in building up naval stations thousands of miles away.

The extension of forest reservations proposed by the executive order issued by President Cleveland on February 22d, has developed an opposition in a few north-western States which is largely local, selfish, and short-sighted. As might be expected, certain Populist and Silver congressmen from Montana, the Dakotas, and Washington are the worst offenders. In an animated debate in the House on May 10th, some of them went so far as to declare that the people "would cut all the timber they wanted, in defiance of the law." We are inclined to believe that the congressmen quoted are not thoroughly representative of the law-abiding instincts of their constituents, but if any class shall have the hardihood to defy the timber laws, we warn them that the arm of the United States Government is long.

Wide as is the scope of Mr. Cleveland's order, it is neither so broad as those of his predecessor nor is it the inception of a national plan to preserve the forest areas. The act of Congress which authorizes the President to set apart from entry and sale forest areas at the head-waters of rivers in Western States and Territories, was passed on March 3, 1891. Under it, President Harrison, in conjunction with his Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Noble, designated some sixteen reservations, aggregating more than thirteen millions of acres and including the splendid tracts adjoining the Yellowstone and Yosemite National Parks. The following table will serve to show the reservations which have been segregated by executive order up to this date.

BY PRESIDENT HARRISON.		
State.	Reservation.	Acres.
Wyoming.....	Yellowstone addition.....	1,239,000
Colorado.....	White River.....	1,198,080
Colorado.....	South Platte.....	683,520
Colorado.....	Pike's Peak.....	184,320
Colorado.....	Battlement Mesa.....	858,240
Colorado.....	Plum Creek.....	177,000
New Mexico.....	Pecos River.....	311,040
Oregon.....	Bull Run.....	142,000
California.....	Yosemite addition.....	4,090,000
California.....	San Gabriel.....	555,520
California.....	San Bernardino.....	737,280
California.....	Trabuco.....	49,920
Arizona.....	Grand Cañon.....	1,851,520
Washington.....	Pacific.....	967,680
Besides the small tracts at Ashland, Or., and Afognak Island, of which we have no estimated area.		

BY PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.		
State.	Reservation.	Acres.
Washington.....	Cascade.....	4,492,800
Washington.....	Mt. Ranier.....	1,267,200
Washington.....	Olympic.....	2,188,000
Washington.....	Washington.....	3,594,740
Washington and Idaho.....	Priest River.....	645,120
Wyoming.....	Big Horn.....	1,108,080
Wyoming.....	Teton.....	820,440
Montana.....	Lewis and Clarke.....	2,426,000
Montana.....	Flathead.....	1,382,400
Montana and Idaho.....	Bitter Root.....	4,147,000
South Dakota.....	Black Hills.....	967,630
Utah.....	Uintah.....	1,706,250
California.....	Stanislaus.....	691,200
California.....	San Jacinto.....	737,280

The areas given are estimated, as none of these reserves

have ever been surveyed, but it is safe to say that they cover magnificent domains aggregating nearly forty millions of acres, or more than sixty thousand square miles—a tract which in one piece would be about as large as one-half the State of California. Their boundaries inclose our highest peaks, many of our most marvelous cañons, nearly all of the unsecured forests of big trees, and expanses of pines and cedars probably unmatched in the world. Besides these priceless treasures, their preservation will protect the water supply of half a continent, minimize destruction by floods, and insure the eventual irrigation of vast regions of adjacent arid lands.

California will be greatly benefited by the reservations within her borders, and the State is fortunate in having representatives at Washington at this time who recognize their value. When, in both the last Congress and the present session, amendments were tacked to the sundry civil bill in the Senate for the express purpose of nullifying the executive order of February 22d, the areas segregated in this State were omitted on the special request of the California senators. The two new reservations thus fortunately assured cover 1,428,480 acres. The larger—the San Jacinto—embraces the San Jacinto Mountains, in the extreme south, and is separated from the San Bernardino reservation, previously set apart by President Harrison, only by Gorgonio Pass. The whole adjacent region is arid. On the lower mountain slopes the only growth is a bushy chaparral. Scanty forests of stunted conifers exist in some cañons on the side toward the ocean, on the more elevated slopes, and in the high valleys. They are of no use for lumbering, but their preservation is no less essential to protect the sources of mountain streams, indispensable to the irrigation of the contiguous valleys, which with it blossom in the fairest orchards and without it are desert wastes. The other new reservation—the Stanislaus—extends over some six townships along the summits of the Sierras. Like the San Jacinto, the forests are without value as timber, but such as they are, they protect the innumerable small lakes and alpine meadows which feed the many streams which head in that region and send their waters both east and west. California welcomes these extensions of the forest domain. Its mountainous character makes it a State of torrential streams, whose destructive forces have already been too much enhanced by the denudation of the natural timber covering on mountain flanks, permitting the rapid melting of winter snows and the consequent freshets, followed by long rainless seasons when streams almost wholly disappear. The streams which head in the Yosemite Valley have been gradually failing for years, largely from the reckless destruction of timber which protected the sources of the Merced River.

The opposition we have noted in other States may be regarded as wholly inspired by timber and mining rings, whose members care for nothing but the temporary profits they may acquire from the public lands. The real and permanent interests of the people—not only in the west but as far east as the Mississippi Valley—are in the scientific conservation of the forests. The older countries of Europe have gained by experience the knowledge which prompts them carefully to protect existing forests and continually to increase them by planting new growths under the supervision of forestry commissions. We are learning the same lesson. The legislature of New York is now engaged in appropriating a million dollars for the purchase of private lands and enlarging and preserving the Adirondack forest watersheds.

The greatest pressure is at present being brought to induce President McKinley to rescind the Cleveland order, but the indications are that it will not prevail. It is probable that the order will be held in abeyance until the lands can be surveyed and the commission has matured plans under which timber for immediate use can be judiciously cut and mineral developments proceed, without danger to the ultimate value of the forests.

The appalling calamity in Paris, where so many women met an awful death, is causing municipal officials all over the world to look to the safety of public buildings. The public memory is short, and these disasters are soon forgotten. But it is well to remember that such disasters occur periodically. Since the middle of the last century, 732 theatres have been destroyed by fire, and their victims have been numbered by the thousands. In 1811 the theatre at Richmond, Va., was burned to the ground and 300 people were killed and wounded. In 1833 the Lehmann Theatre at St. Petersburg was destroyed, and 800 persons were trampled to death. In 1846 the theatre at Quebec, Canada, was destroyed by fire; 100 persons were burned to death and several hundred injured. In 1863 the cathedral at Santiago, Chile, was destroyed, and 600 women and children were burned to death. In 1847 the theatre at Carlsruhe, Germany, was destroyed; 63 persons were burned to death.

injured. A few years later the theatre at Leghorn, Italy, was destroyed: 100 were burned to death and 300 injured. In 1876 Conway's Theatre at Brooklyn was destroyed: 283 persons were burned to death and many hundreds were injured. In 1881 the theatre at Nice, France, was destroyed; the remains were so completely incinerated that the number of dead was never known. In 1881 the Ring Theatre at Vienna was destroyed: 450 persons were burned to death and many hundreds were injured. In 1882 the Victoria Hall at Sunderland, England (it was the occasion of a children's festival), was destroyed: 183 children were burned or trampled to death and many hundreds were injured. In 1883 the Ferroni Theatre in Berditscheff, Russia, was destroyed: 430 bodies were found, 100 were missing, and many hundreds were injured. In 1887 the Opéra-Comique in Paris was destroyed: 110 people were burned to death and many hundreds were injured. In 1887 the theatre at Exeter, England, was destroyed: 166 persons were burned to death and many hundreds injured. In 1888 the theatre at Oporto was destroyed: 240 persons were burned to death and many hundreds injured.

Now comes this latest horror, which differs only from the others in the flimsy character of the structure and the more complete loss of life. It points a moral. Not only should theatres and other permanent structures be subject to rigid regulations, but temporary structures should receive even greater attention. The San Francisco fire ordinances concerning theatres are excellent ones if they be only carried out. As to other structures, the fire department officials should look to them. The Mechanics' Pavilion is an enormous wooden building of a flimsy character, continually used for all sorts of entertainments, and frequently it contains over ten thousand people. There is soon to be held the convention of Christian Endeavorers in that building, when it will be jammed day and evening. We recommend to the officials of the fire department that they force the owners to take the necessary precautions to make that building safe.

Among European producers of beet-sugar, Germany easily leads. The policy of that country has been more steadily and more consistently devoted to the development of the industry than has that of any other, and the policy has borne its fruits. Germany produces about two-fifths of the total output of Europe, and Austria and France together produce about as much more, the former furnishing a little more than one-half. Russia is the fourth country in order of production, with about thirteen per cent. of the total; Belgium has about four cent., Holland about three per cent., and the remainder comes in small quantities from other countries. In 1879, toward the end of the period when Germany was actively supporting the sugar planters, that country, with an output of 425,425 tons, was only slightly in advance of Austria, with 419,900 tons, and little more in advance of France, with 370,175 tons.

The first beet-sugar factories in France were established shortly after the first in Germany. Achard wrote to a friend living near Paris, telling him of his new enterprise, and the result was the erection of two factories. They were not successful, however, and the business did not prosper until Napoleon, in order to assist his Continental hockade, encouraged the manufacture of beet-sugar by appropriations of vast sums of money. Improved methods of manufacture gave a further impetus to the business, and between 1815 and 1828, 103 factories were established. The output at this time was only 3,315 tons. In 1837 the industry was first taxed, the tax being laid upon the sugar instead of upon the beets, and thus the same encouragement to improve the quality of beets, as in Germany, was not given. This tax consisted of a fee of ten dollars for the privilege to manufacture and three dollars on each 220.5 pounds of sugar produced.

In 1840 the policy of encouraging the production of sugar by rebates was adopted. The import tax further discriminated in favor of domestic sugars. The rates were frequently changed from this time, but the rebate feature was retained. As showing the influence of the tax, the rate on domestic sugar was reduced forty-six and one-half per cent. in 1880, and during the next six months the consumption increased at the rate of thirty-five per cent. a year. The tax on production retarded the development of the industry to an extent that the rebate was only partly able to offset, and it was the protection afforded by the import tax on foreign sugars that enabled the manufacturers to thrive. The latest change in the law was enacted last year, when the import duties were increased in response to the increased bounty on exports under the German law.

In 1828 the annual product was only 3,315 tons; forty years later, in 1868, it had increased to 152,475 tons. The rebate law had been in force during twenty-eight years of this period, and its influence was being felt. The next year the output was 266,922 tons, an increase of seventy-five per cent. Ten years later, in 1879, the product was 370,175 tons; in

1889, it was 466,767 tons; and in 1896, it was 780,000 tons. The average annual output for the four years ending with 1871 was 274,047 tons; for the four years ending twenty years later it was 586,895 tons. The development in France has not been as rapid as that in Germany, but it has nevertheless shown a healthy growth under the influence of the protective tariff duties and the rebate for exports.

In Austria the export of sugar began about 1860, and at that time the policy of paying a bounty on exports began. During the five years ending with 1859, the annual exports of sugar averaged 4.4 tons; during the next five years the average was 1,053 tons; the average for 1864 to 1867 was 25,304 tons. In 1860 the bounty on exports was fixed at 4.20 florins (\$1.70) to 5.16 florins (\$2.08), according to quality. In 1864 this was increased to 5.30 florins (\$2.14) to 6.15 florins (\$2.50). Later this was again increased to \$3.40 to \$4.67. In 1888 the total amount to be paid out by the government in bounties was limited to 5,000,000 florins (\$2,023,000), and where more was paid it was to be refunded by the manufacturers in proportion to the amount they received. At first this amount sufficed and there was nothing to be repaid, but after a few years the exports increased until the payments exceeded the limit by nearly 4,000,000 florins. When the German Government increased its bounties last year, Austria met the move by raising the limit on bounties to 9,000,000 florins (\$3,641,000).

Austria produces nineteen per cent. of the beet sugar raised in Europe. The average production from 1834 to 1839 was 1,513 tons, and by 1867 it had increased to only 67,209. In 1879 it was 419,900 tons, and in 1889 it was 523,078. In 1859, just before the law granting bounties on exports went into effect, the annual production was 41,000 tons; for each 100 pounds in this output, 164 pounds were produced ten years later, 1,024 pounds twenty years later, and 1,276 pounds thirty years later. Last year the output was 900,000 tons, or twenty-two times what it was when the bounty policy was adopted.

Throughout Europe the governments have followed the policy of fostering the sugar industry, and the result has proved the wisdom of the course. In 1879, the total product was 1,558,050 tons; five years later, it was 2,360,000; in 1889, it was 2,785,844; and, last year, it was 4,675,000 tons. With the example and experience of Europe before them, and with a soil and climate that would guarantee even better results, there are still some Californians who advocate a continuance of the policy of favoring the Hawaiian sugar-planters at the expense of the farmers of this State.

Some weeks ago, in discussing the imprisonment of P. A. Finnegan for refusing to pay to his wife alimony and counsel fees, as ordered by the superior court of Marin County, the *Argonaut* took the position that it was in reality an imprisonment for debt, and therefore in contravention of the express prohibition of the constitution. Last week we printed a communication from Judge John Currey, now of Solano County, in which he indorses this view and maintains it from the technical legal standpoint. It is peculiarly gratifying to receive this indorsement from a jurist of the standing of Judge Currey. He has taken a prominent part, during a long and active practice at the bar, in settling the law of this State, and was at one time a justice on the supreme bench, presiding over that body as chief-justice during a part of his term. Furthermore, he was one of the counsel for the late William Sharon during his celebrated "divorce" suit, when the same point was raised, and it was undoubtedly largely through Judge Currey's efforts and exposition of legal principles that the supreme court was convinced of the soundness of that position.

The census marshal of San Francisco has just completed a census of the school-children, showing that the city has 98,496 children. According to the ratio usually accepted as existing between school-children and adults, this would seem to imply that San Francisco has a population of 374,200, according to one of the dailies. We are very much inclined to doubt the accuracy of this estimate. Either the "ratio commonly accepted in other cities" does not apply here, or else the ratio is wrong. However, we might as well accept the estimate until 1900, in order to be in line with the boom cities of Southern California. Los Angeles has been itching for some time to get over the 100,000 mark. She has at last succeeded. Her method was an ingenious one, but it was ingenuous as well as ingenious. In fact, the artful yet artless way in which Los Angeles has endeavored to swell her census irresistibly reminds one of the ostrich with its head bidden in the sand and other portions of its body in hold relief. Los Angeles took her census during the recent "fiesta," when, as the daily papers themselves naively remarked, there were from twenty to thirty thousand strangers in the town. But she got over the 100,000 mark, all the same.

AMERICANS IN LONDON.

They are Interested in the Queen's Diamond Jubilee—Their Lavish Expenditures—The Proposed American Victoria Jubilee Memorial.

We are still in the throes of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, and as time goes on things get worse and worse. The scramble for places to view the procession of the queen from Buckingham Palace to St. Paul's Cathedral, when she goes for her thanksgiving ceremony on the steps of the venerable edifice, is amazing. I heard of people, the other day, who paid five guineas each for chairs on the roof of a house. But that fades into insignificance beside the payment of seven thousand guineas for the day's rent of an entire house on the line of the procession. This caps the climax at present, I think. But there is no saying or knowing how much higher the prices will go. Still, I am inclined to believe that if this high figure was paid as a speculation, the speculator will get left.

I have heard that the seven thousand was paid by some Americans. It is the fashion nowadays in England to attribute everything big and lavish to Americans. There is a general impression, if not an absolute belief, in England—in the higher walks of English society, at all events—that all Americans are enormously rich. It is because, of course, Americans of ordinary means are more free with their money than English people in the same circumstances would dream of being. English people of average incomes do not spend any more money than they can help. And this peculiarity is not distinctive of the moderately rich either. It affects all degrees of British wealth. I will not exactly call it meanness and close-fistedness, but caution—let us say prudence, rather. There is nothing an Englishman fears and dreads so much as losing his money—he hates parting with it. I heard an English lady say the other day: "You can ask an Englishman for anything with impunity except one thing—and that is money. Whatever else you may want, you may get it, but you won't get that." Foreigners who live among Englishmen for any length of time find this out.

Therefore, when Englishmen see Americans open-handed and free with their money, they judge them by themselves, and think that they must be very rich men—as they themselves would have to be to justify them in doing likewise—to spend so much money as they do. Easy come, easy go, is a motto for which, with rare exceptions, Englishmen have no application for themselves. Men like the late Colonel North, or the late Sir Augustus Harris, or the late Baron Hirsch, were among the few exceptions. So is Barney Barnato. But take the run of Englishmen of large means—the Duke of Westminster, the Rothschilds, the Duke of Portland, Sir Blundell Maple, for example—and they have a wonderful gift for keeping what they have got. And for the matter of that, the Hon. William Waldorf Astor is not exactly what you would call renowned in English for the lavish expenditure of money—except perhaps in his support of the *Pall Mall* publications. He does not seem to mind how much he lets go in keeping their heads above water—so it is said. But no doubt this opinion is actuated and set afloat by the jealousies of rival journals. Certainly the *Pall Mall* concerns keep right along on the top wave of success—that is, if appearances and popularity indicate anything. In other respects, Mr. Astor gives no especial sign of being a millionaire, beyond leading a quiet country life down at pretty Cliveden, coming up now and then to his town House in Carlton House Terrace to dine a few friends among the swells, who only too willingly flock to his *recherche* dinners. The fact is, his reputation for wealth rests on a more solid basis than the vulgar display and lavish expenditure of money.

Among the latest moves to mark the Jubilee Day is one on the part of American citizens in England. Lady Randolph Churchill, Lady Harcourt, and the Honorable Mrs. George Curzon are the prominent movers in the cause, while the others who assist in comprising the executive committee include Mrs. Ralph Vivian, Mrs. Walter Burns, Mrs. Arthur Paget, Lady Playfair, Mrs. J. S. Tait, and Mrs. F. C. Van Duzer—all ladies. However, Mr. Walter Burns gives his honorary services as treasurer and Mr. R. Newton Crane (formerly of St. Louis) his as secretary. All Americans in England—and those out of it, if they see fit—are asked to subscribe toward what is to be called the "American Victoria Jubilee Memorial." I believe it is the wish of the committee that the fund raised should be applied to the support of the Prince of Wales's Hospital scheme in some shape or other. There are certainly enough rich Americans residing in England, including Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, Mrs. Mackay, and Lady Hesketh—whose names, oddly enough, do not appear among the committee—to swell the amount subscribed to a handsome sum. Perhaps Mr. Astor will do the handsome thing, and take his royal highness's breath away at the size of his donation. Then there is the Duchess of Marlborough—another committee absentee—whose millions ought to respond heartily. Again, the newly arrived ambassador, Colonel John Hay, will have a chance of ingratiating himself with the English people through a new channel. A generous draft on his wife's millions would do more in that direction than a thousand after-dinner speeches. And, by the way, he made a speech on Wednesday, when the mayor of that city presented him with an address of welcome. To this he had to reply, whether he liked it or not. But it was a good speech, much after the pattern of Bayard's, and Phelps's, and Motley's, and Lowell's, and all the rest who have gone before him. But there is nothing new under the sun to be said on such occasions, and doubtless Colonel Hay felt it so on the present one.

LONDON, April 22, 1897.

Sarah Bernhardt, who has always had a morbid dread of fire, is attempting to have all her stage-dresses made of fire-proof material.

SOME SOCIAL CHANGES.

A Veteran Man of Fashion's Review of English Society during
Victoria's Reign—Curious Dress and Customs of
Sixty Years Ago.

The approach of the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's ascent to the throne has called forth a flood of reminiscences, among which one of the most interesting examples is entitled "Some Changes in Social Life during the Queen's Reign." It is from the pen of the Right Hon. Sir Algernon West, K. C. B., who has been a conspicuous figure in English society for more than sixty years and remains to-day a delightful raconteur, fully abreast of the movement of the day and possessed of a vast fund of recollections of the most notable personages and happenings of English fashionable life.

It will surprise the younger generation to learn that there are men living to-day who, when they were gay young blades, dressed as Sir Algernon here describes them:

A pair of dove-colored trousers, with two fluted stripes down the sides, and buttoned under the foot with broad straps of the same material; the boots, of course, were wellingtons, which were *sine qua non* with a man of fashion in those days; a coat so high in the collar that the back of the hat rested on it. Indeed, every hat had a crescent of cloth on the back of the brim to prevent the rubbing of the beaver, or imitation beaver, of which the hat was made, for silk hats were not then invented. The scarf, never folded less than twice round the neck, like a waterfall, bulged out from a double-breasted waistcoat cut very low, and was ornamented with two pins joined with a gold chain. In the evening we wore a blue coat with tight sleeves and brass buttons, and a waistcoat of flowered or brocade silk. Black trousers, fastened by straps under patent-leather pumps, had just then achieved a final victory over light-colored kersermers or mackintosh pants. As late as 1862 Lord Derby insisted upon his sons dining with him in pantaloons and black silk stockings. A folding *chapeau bras*, for opera-hats had not been invented, was always worn under the arm, for nobody but an apothecary or a solicitor would have dreamed of leaving his hat in the hall of the house where he was calling or dining. White gloves were always worn by men at a party, but those who dined of course took them off, and Dicky Doyle used to say that it endowed them with a conscious superiority, which prevented the desired amalgamation between those who had dined and those who had come in in the evening to form a tail to a dinner. Men wore their hair much longer in those days than now, falling over their collars, and their whiskers drooped, or were bostrakised, according to the fancy of the wearer. But no man, unless an officer in H. M. cavalry, ever ventured in pre-Crimean days to wear a beard or moustache. The Duke of Newcastle was the first man of any note who wore a beard; and Lady Morley used to say the advantage of it was that you could tell all the courses he had eaten at dinner in consequence.

In the early days of her majesty's reign, peers drove down to the House of Lords in full dress, with their orders and ribbons, and bishops wore episcopal wigs; Bishop Bloomfield, who died in 1857, being the last to do so. Lord Strafford recollected seeing his uncle, the famous George Byng, M. P. for Middlesex, going down to the House of Commons dressed in tight and black silk stockings; and Disraeli tells us how Lord George Bentinck on one occasion attended in boots and breeches, his red coat partially hidden under what was called a surcoat. Hessian boots were common; the last man to wear them was Mr. Stephenson, a commissioner of excise, well known in London society, who wore them to the day of his death, in 1858. It was not till 1867 that members came down, to the horror of Mr. Speaker Denison, in pot hats and shooting-coats. And now, in 1897, cabinet ministers ride to their parliamentary duties on bicycles in anything but full dress.

Changes in some of the minor points of social usage are thus commented upon:

Early in the reign, people at large country-house parties used to go into breakfast arm in arm, and no lady ever walked with her husband except *bras sous bras*. Friends always walked arm in arm, and the country neighbor always made his entry into a party arm in arm with his wife and daughter. Now the fashion has disappeared, except at dinner, and there has sprung up an odious habit of indiscriminate hand-shaking morning and evening, in season and out of season, and another fashion, worthy of a *table d'hôte*, of assigning to each guest the place where he is to sit at dinner. I wonder why the bolder spirits of the younger and impetuous generation have not risen in revolt against this interference with individual liberty of choice which used to be theirs.

Lady Granville once remarked that, in her younger days, nobody in polite society ever mentioned their poverty or their digestion, and now they had become the principal topics of conversation; and if society was then vigilant in ignoring all allusion to money and commerce, we have now gone far in the contrary direction. Everybody quotes the prices of stocks and shares, and I have lived to see the day when a youthful scion of a noble and distinguished house produced from his pocket at dinner a sample bundle of silks to show how cheaply they could be bought at his establishment. Wine circulars with peers' coronets pursue me weekly; and I can buy my coat at twenty-five shillings a ton from wagons ornamented with a marquis's coronet.

Almaack's flourished, where it was said that fashion, not rank or money, gave the *entrée*. Society was so small that Lady Palmerston used to write in her own hand all invitations to her parties, and Lord Anglesey used to have in his house in Burlington Gardens a slate, where anybody who wished to dine might write down his name; and so circumscribed was the fashionable world that there was always in each season one lady who was recognized by society as *par excellence* the beauty of the year. The polka had just been introduced, about 1843, and Augustus Lunley and William Blackburn arranged the days of all the fashionable parties and balls in London, and provided lists of all the eligible young men in that small and exclusive ring. Lady Blessington's salon at Gore House, where D'Orsay—the "Cupidon Méchain," as he was called by Byron—Disraeli, Bulwer, Charles Dickens, and Napoleon the Third all met, came to an abrupt close, in 1848, by her leaving the country.

Great changes in dinners occurred during the forties. Sir Algernon says:

Formerly a large turbot, with red festoons of lobster, was an inevitable dish at a London dinner-party; a saddle of mutton at the head of the table, which was carved by the host; and a couple of chickens, with white sauce and tongue in the middle, was a necessity, and led to various conventional compliments as to whether the hostess or her neighbor should carve them. Sir David Dundas used to tell of a chicken being lunched on his lap, and the lady, with a sweet smile, saying: "Would you kindly give me back that chicken?" With six side-dishes and two bottles of champagne in silver coolers, the table was complete. The champagne was only handed round after the second course, and was drunk in bombonette doses out of small tubes of glass which contained title but froth. Lord Alvanley was the first who had courage to rotest, saying: "You might as well expect us to drink our wine out of thermometers." After dinner, the cloth was removed, and the wine and essent put on a shining mahogany table. The Bishop of Oxford at a dinner used to drink the health of each candidate for holy orders; and as he did not like drinking so much himself, he always kept by him a bottle of toast and water. On one occasion, a bumptious young man, being asked what wine he would have, replied: "A little of your rdship's bottle, if you please," thinking to get something of superior excellence. "Take my bottle to him," said the bishop to his butler. On now the good old habit of the master of the house asking his guests to drink with him has passed away; yet in the early days of the reign it was so much the fashion that when the change began, on a host king a lady if she drank no wine, she replied: "Do you expect me to ink it with the butler?"

Duels were forbidden in the army in 1844, but they still existed. Our author writes:

I well recollect Lord Cardigan's trial in the House of Lords, where, in consequence of a legal technicality, he was acquitted of the murder of Captain Tucker in a duel. Ridicule, however, gave the *coup de grâce* to duels. In 1852 George Smythe, the representative of the Young England party, and Colonel Romilly were going to fight in consequence of an electioneering quarrel. When they got to the Weybridge Station there was only one fly to be had, so both combatants, thirsting for each other's blood, and their seconds, had to drive over in it to the chosen spot, George Smythe sitting on the box, and Colonel Romilly, with both the seconds, inside. At the fateful moment a pheasant rose out of a copse, as in Leech's famous caricature, and a pistol went off. The combatants exchanged shots, and the foes returned as they came. The incident was dealt with in a witty article in the *Times*, and so ridicule did more than morality to kill dueling.

One of the most remarkable changes of manners has been that familiarities have taken the place of formalities. Says Sir Algernon:

In my early days few elderly ladies addressed their husbands by their Christian names in public. I never heard my mother call my father by his Christian name. I recollect that Lady ———'s fame was imperiled because, after some great man's death, a letter from her to him was discovered beginning with his Christian name. I think I am right in saying that at Eton we never recognized the existence of such a thing. Even boys who "knew each other at home" never divulged them. Letters between friends often began "My dear Sir," and many boys in my time addressed their fathers always as "Sir." A friend of mine, Gerald Ponsonby, dining with Lady Jersey, heard her say that she never recollected her father, Lord Westmoreland, though specially attached to his sister, Lady Lonsdale, call her anything but Lady Lonsdale; and Henry Greville, who was present at the same dinner, said he remembered his mother, Lady Charlotte, and her brother, the Duke of Portland, meeting in the morning at Welbeck and saying: "How is your ladyship this morning?" and her replying with all solemnity, "I am quite well, I am obliged to your grace." All shop-keepers are now "young gentlemen" and "young ladies." The Duchess of Somerset, on making inquiry about something she had purchased at Swan & Edgar's, was asked if she had been served by a young gentleman with fair hair. "No," she said, meditatively, "I think it was by an elderly nobleman with a bald head."

Photography was in its infancy early in the fifties, and had just begun to be common. The witty Lady Morley used to say, in reply to any complaint of the dullness of the weather, "What can you expect when the sun is hussy all day taking likenesses in Regent Street?"

Sir Algernon's remarks about the New Woman, as exemplified in the members of that remarkable coterie of English society known as "The Souls," are interesting. He says:

Conventionalities and commonplaces have been supplanted by daring and originality, and who shall venture to say that the change is for the worse. Following this movement, a certain number of ambitious young women, whom envious people called "The Souls," some clever by education, some by intuition, some from a sublime audacity, appeared about ten years ago on the stage of London society. By the brilliancy of their conversation, by their attractiveness and their personal charm—and may it be said from a divine instinct which taught them how dear flattery is to the race of men—they gradually drew into their society much that was distinguished, clever, and agreeable in social and political life. They soon succeeded in completely breaking down the barriers that had heretofore existed between men of opposite political parties, and included in their ranks everybody who, in their opinion, added anything to the gaiety of nations. Never having myself been admitted into the heart of this society, I have sometimes been allowed to feel its throbbings and to be drawn into sufficient proximity to estimate the real effect its existence has produced in social life; and when I have compared the sparkle, dash, and vitality of its conversation with the stereotyped conventionalities of the ordinary "Have you been to the Academy?" sort of talk of my earlier days, I think that under whatever name they live on the lips of men, we must take off our hats and make our bow to them with courtesy and admiration. No doubt women, by becoming the companions and competitors of men in all their amusements and pursuits, have lost somewhat the old-fashioned respect and deference they received in earlier days. But "la femme est toujours la femme, et jamais ne sera qu'une femme tant que le monde entier durera."

It can not be denied that with the growth of education far greater latitude in conversation is now allowed in the presence of ladies; but we live in a time of introspection and self-analysis unknown to former generations, and the realistic tendencies of our modern novels have been imported into our modern talk; but we should bear in mind the wise words of Lord Bowen, who tells us that it is not the absence of costume, but the presence of innocence, which made the happiness of the Garden of Eden.

I can not venture to describe the modern young lady of this *fin de siècle*, but shall take refuge in what Lucas Mallett says, "that, compared with even a superficial comprehension of the intricacies of her thought and conduct, the mastery of the Chinese language would supply an airy pastime, the study of the higher mathematics a gentle sedative."

People's tongues have had their changes of fashion, too. There were many old-fashioned folk who in Sir Algernon's young days still pronounced gold, as "gould"; china, as "chane"; Rome, as "Room"; James, as "Jeames"; cucumber, as "cowcumber"; yellow, as "yaller"; lilac, as "hlock"; Grosvenor, as "Grasvenor"; and Lady Jersey, as "Lady Jarsey."

Of the changes in vehicles in London, our author says:

Up till the end of the forties, the old hackney coaches, with straw in the bottom for the passengers' feet, with drivers clad in seven-caped coats, and with their miserable jades, still crawled about the London streets. It was told of a certain beau that he arrived at dinner with a straw hanging to his shoe; he apologized for this, saying his carriage had not returned from his wife's funeral, and he had been compelled to come in a hackney coach. The cabs were painted yellow, and the drivers were perched on little boxes at the side, instead of, as now, at the back. These were not of long duration, and were soon superseded by the four-wheeler and the bansom cab. Mail coaches, of course, were still running to all places to which the railroads had not yet penetrated. In 1837, a year of great severity, the mails were carried from Canterbury to Dover in sleighs. Omnibuses were few, with straw in the bottom. The lowest fare was sixpence, and in them never was a lady seen. Ladies of fashion went out for a solemn drive round the park on Sundays; but no lady went in a single-horse carriage till Lord Brougham invented the carriage which still bears his name. The victoria, the barouche, or landau appeared later on. No lady would willingly have driven down St. James's Street or have dreamed of stopping at a club-door. No lady of fashion went out to dinner except in a chariot, which was pronounced "charrot," with a coachman in a wig, and with one or two men-servants in silk stockings. Indeed, the yellow chariot and the tall footmen with long staves behind the old Duchess of Cleveland's chariot are fresh in the memory of even young people, and must still have been seen by the present generation, who can recollect Lady Mildred Beresford Hope's pony-carriage with two outriders.

The devotees of tobacco in those days had but a sorry time of it, as the following passage shows:

Many were the evenings in winter when the smoking brigade was sent across a sloppy yard to smoke in the harness-room; or, when there were less bigoted hosts, we were allowed to remain in the servants' hall. No gentleman ever smoked in the streets till after the Crimean peace; and ladies never sullied their lips with tobacco, or even allowed men to smoke in their presence. It was not till the year of '45 that a smoking-room was first established in the Holy of Holies, 18 Dandymod, White's Club; and it was 1881 before smoking was allowed below the attics in Brooks's.

Thanks to the introduction by the Prince of Wales of smoking after dinner, wine drinking is now over. What it was in old days appears almost incredible. The late Lord Clanwilliam told me of one occasion when he had dined at a friend's villa near Putney. The dinner was ex-

traordinarily late for those days—at eight o'clock. When they at last rose from the table and went up to their rooms, Lord Clanwilliam flung open his window, and saw the haymakers coming into the field. "I wonder," he thought, "what hour they begin work," and on consulting his watch he found it was eight-thirty. The haymakers were returning to work from their breakfasts. Mr. Gladstone recollects that on one occasion, when a host put to a bishop who was dining with him the ordinary formula, "Will your lordship have any more wine?" the bishop replied, in a solemn voice, "Thank you, not till we have drunk what we have before us."

When I first entered the Admiralty as a boy, about every three weeks the chief clerk used to come into the room where I sat, with a "jabot frill" and entirely dressed for the evening, and say: "Mr. Jesse, I shall not be here to-morrow, for I am going to dine out to-night." And this was not meant as a joke, but was considered quite a natural thing. At other times, J. H. Jesse, who was my immediate chief, used to tell us stories, too well known to repeat, of the wild freaks of Lord Waterford and Charles and Frank Sheridan, which would not be impossible. Imagine such an occurrence as this: A mad party were on their way back from dinner "bear-fighting" in Pall Mall. One of the party threw Frank Sheridan's hat over the area rails. At that inauspicious moment a bishop issued from the classical portico of the Athenaeum and in an instant his hat was transferred to Frank Sheridan's head, and the others making common cause with the bishop vainly pursued the thief down the street. The next morning Frank Sheridan calmly went down to his clerical duties at the Admiralty in the ecclesiastical hat!

Sir Algernon once asked Charles Villiers how he compared the morals of his early days with those of our time. He answered with a touch of cynicism that he supposed "human nature was human nature at all times, but one difference was manifest. In his golden days, every young man, even if he was hussy, pretended to be idle; now every young man, if he was idle, pretended to be hussy; and that meant a good deal." Sir Algernon himself says:

The stricter sabbatarianism of the early years of the reign existed side by side with a lamentable laxity, and perhaps the looser morals of those times were a reaction against the too Puritanic restraints of the dreary Sundays. I think of the weary services of my youth, when, with a properly pomatumed head, I was taken to the high pews, where I had to listen to the fatuous and lengthy sermons of a curate in a black gown and bands, and the refined music of Tate and Brady. What a debt we who live now owe to the movement which has emancipated us from that melancholy view of our religious duties; though there may be danger of going too far in the opposite extreme, of paying too little regard to the scruples of others, and letting our Sunday amusements rob some of needed rest. Cock-fighting, which was illegal, flourished at a farm near Harrow till the fifties. Prize-fights were still fashionable, and there was a great fight, which excited the sporting world, between Tom Sayers and an American, J. Heenan, called the "Benicia Boy," at Farnborough in 1850. A subscription for the English champion was started by Napier Street, to which the House of Commons, headed by Lord Palmerston, contributed. Early in the reign, oaths were an ordinary ingredient in polite conversation. The queen's favorite prime minister was more than an ordinary sinner in this way. Archdeacon Denison once complained to him that, on going to his brother, Lord Beauvale, on the subject of some ecclesiastical bill, he had damned him, and damned the bill, and damned everything. "But, damn it, what could he do?" said Lord Melbourne. Count d'Orsay once called on the publishers, Messrs. Saunders & Otley, on Lady Blessington's behalf, and used very strong language. A beautiful gentleman, in a white neckcloth, said he would rather sacrifice Lady Blessington's patronage than stand such personal abuse. "I was not personal," said d'Orsay. "If you are Saunders, then damn Otley; if you are Otley, then damn Saunders."

At regimental messes coarse acts and coarse language were common, and at private dinner-tables the departure of the ladies from the room was the signal for every sort of loose and indecent conversation. That is rarely the case now.

But Sir Algernon does not confine his comments to the customs of fashionable society. He says:

In 1835 there were fifty-two thousand convicts living in foreign lands in a state of bestial immorality. Now, notwithstanding the increase of population, there are only four thousand undergoing penal servitude, and in this country. In 1837, four thousand debtors were lying in common cells, with damp brick walls, with no bedding, and berded with murderers and common malefactors. Now transportation and imprisonment for debt have been abolished. Just before the queen's accession, a little boy was condemned to death for breaking a confectioner's window and stealing sweets. Now no one can be hanged for a less crime than murder. Executions are not in public; the terrible scenes of witnessing them are done away with, and I hope the sensational holding of the black flag will soon be a thing of the past. A friend of mine told me how, in his youth, he used to witness the executions at Tyburn. And within a few years there existed—and may exist now, for all I know—on the top of the house near the Marble Arch, which, when I was young, belonged to the Dowager Duchess of Somerset, a bench from which the frivolous and fashionable world used to witness with indifference, if not amusement, these terrible executions.

Lunatics are treated with careful kindness, instead of being chained together on beds of straw, naked, handcuffed, and shown at twopence a head for each visitor. Factory acts have been passed by which children of four, five, and six have been saved from being harnessed to trucks in coal mines, and being forced to climb chimneys. Women have been protected in dangerous trades. We have public baths for health and cleanliness. There is free education for the children of the poor, at a cost of ten millions of pounds per annum to the nation; cheap postage, cheap newspapers, cheap books, and free libraries are all aiding to fit the democracy for their duties.

In 1837, eighty thousand letters were posted; now there are two hundred millions posted yearly. In 1837, hospitals were in a horrid state, and no nurses of a higher type than Dickens's Mrs. Gamp and Mrs. Harris existed. Children's hospitals there were none. Now the health of the people is cared for, as it never was before, and it may almost be said, the dumb speak and the blind receive their sight. Mortality has been lessened; pain has been mitigated by anesthetics; surgical operations, once perilous and impossible, are now safely performed; and hospitals abound.

The old man of our author's early recollection, crippled by gout and disease, is no longer to be seen; and "men of an age advanced beyond the experience of those days," he says, "are overtaken by kindly Death on the bicycle track or on the golf links."

A curious controversy occurred recently in the British House of Commons. A Tory member, Mr. Seton-Carr, formally called the government's attention to the fact that England's food supplies, at any given moment, were sufficient to provide the nation's actual needs during a period of only three weeks. Supposing, then, a war should close to English purchasers the grain-producing markets of the world, would not Great Britain be confronted almost immediately with famine?

The people of Paris are hippophagous to a remarkable degree, consuming on an average over 20,000 horses and donkeys annually. Last year the Parisians ate 23,396 horses, 439 donkeys, and 86 mules. This horse, donkey, and mule flesh was sold at prices varying from three sous to one franc per pound.

On the summit of Ben Lomond may be seen the tree that grows in Great Britain; it is known as the willow, and is, when mature, only about two inches in

THE PASSING OF GARCIA.

The Story of an Inherited Feud.

When the future historian gits ready t' add th' annals of San Buenabardino County to the history of the world, he'll want to leave many pages fer the doin's at Boomopolis. An' when he takes his pen in hand to write *them*, if he jest follers the trail of Cap'n Jenkins, he'll hit on all the places worth stoppin' at. We may point with pride to-day, as Colonel Feggars sed in his great speech last Fourth of July, to our hoss-car, our high school, and our lectric lights. But, arter all, as he sed ag'in, it's men that makes a State, an' it follers that it's men that makes a county or a town, an' the world wants to know what them men done.

Ev'rybody knew that Jenkins an' Garcia had it in fer each other. Jenkins had spilled Garcia's famly blood, havin' wiped out his father-in-law, Dunlap, in a feud to the death, an' Garcia had vowed vengeance afore a hundred witnesses. If they should fight in th' open we knowed that the cap'n 'd do him, fer all that be wuz only 'bout half Garcia's size. But Garcia wuz sly an' tricky, like all the Greasers, an' we wuz afeard that he'd waylay the cap'n some dark night, an' stab him in the back.

We warned the cap'n to be on his guard, but he didn't seem to take no stock in our sespicions. The cap'n was a changed man, anyway, fer a long time arter his feud with Dunlap, in which Dunlap had been sent over the river. He spent a good deal of time at home, with his wimmin an' children, an' seemed to shun his best friends. He wuz remark'bly slow in acceptin' invertations to likker, an' wuz even known to shake his head when we axed him to take a hand at seven-up. This wuz a circumstance sech as none of us had ever heered on afore, an' it made us very sad. A lunger from Noo Yok, who had planted out an orange ranch in Boomopolis fer his health, threatened to hev the cap'n arrested fer shootin' Dunlap, an' then we all looked fer trouble fer sure. But the cap'n only larfed when we told him. That didn't seem nateral at all. But, though all of us boys noticed the change with regret, yet we recognized the fac' that all great men has their moods an' tenses, when they wants to nurse their private feelin' in solterude, an' when it's the healthiest plan to let 'em alone. Still when the cap'n commenced to act more like himself, we wuz tickled 'most to death, an' one day, when he licked a temporary bar-keep at Doc Morey's, fer putting too much sugar in his whisky, we all felt as though a great, big cloud had been rolled 'way from the face of the sun an' that nature wuz a-smilin' ag'in.

We wuz the better pleased at this because 'nother 'lection wuz a-comin' on, an' Billy Skinner, the marshal, and Johnny Burke, the sheriff, wuz both willin' to serve their constituents ag'in; but the law-an'-order element, so called, wuz dead ag'in 'em both, an' it looked like we wuz badly beat unless we could put up some kind of a job. This would hev been easy enough, with a leetle gun-play fer a bluff, if Garcia an' some of his pals badn't jined in with them law-an'-order tenderfeet. This combination wuz 'bout as reasonable as the devil an' holy water, but it seemed likely to win, or at least t' end in trubble. Now the cap'n wuz our right bower in a fight. He weighed more on sech 'casions than a wagon-load of wild-cats, on 'count of his reputation fer a dead shot. A wave of his hand, a word, a look out of them steel-blue eyes of his'n wuz enough, nine times in ten.

But, as bad luck would bev it, the cap'n had shook hands with Garcia an' called the feud off so fer as they wuz concerned. This misfortune bad come 'bout through Jenkins's wife, who had sometimes a most remark'ble control over him. She wuz a strong-minded woman, an' must hev been a beauty when she wuz young, though a trifle lank an' lantern-jawed now, arter twenty years on the frontier an' 'leven children. In his softer moments, when he wuz a-tryin' to be good, she could wind the cap'n 'round' her little finger. It happened that she went to Los Angeles to visit her second cousin, soon arter the shootin' of Dunlap, an' afore she went she got the cap'n an' Garcia together an' made 'em shake hands an' agree that there shouldn't be no blood-lettin' between 'em until she got back. The cap'n took the oath to please his wife; Garcia because he wuz a snake in the grass anyway, an' it suited him to lie low.

So it seemed like our hands wuz tied in th' 'lection, an' that half-breed Greaser, Garcia, knowin' this, wuz as sassy as a parson. As the day fer th' 'lection come along some of the bints an' remarks which he throwed out aggravated us sportin' boys so much that we'd a killed him in a minit if any one of us had bad the slightest personal provocation. But we couldn't inveigle him into a quarrel with any individool. We went in a body to the cap'n an' stated the case, an' suggested that he lay fer Garcia. But the cap'n only shook his head. "I can't do it, boys," he said, "I promised my wife." An' the thought of his helplessness in the premises cramped him so that his eyes filled with tears, like a baby's when it bez the colic.

The situation wuz certainly very unpromisin'. It looked like our liberties wuz 'bout to be snatched away from us by aliens. It burt us to think that the town in which we lived—long afore the coughin', orange-growin' tenderfoot arrived—would shet out them things which makes life indurable: a glass of whisky now an' then, a friendly game of keerds, an' once in a while, a boss trot, to make room fer the real estate auction, with its brass band an' free lunch, an' the Salvation Army. If we badn't been so mad over it we'd bev wept.

Waal, 'lection-day come 'long in due course of time, an' we wuz all on the kee veevey. Us sportin' boys polled our votes brignt an' early, an' then sot down to count noses an' bet on the result. The Law and Order League had secured an injunction closin' all the saloons while the polls wuz open, but we had loaded up with bottles fer th' 'mergency, an' so we wuzn't entirely disconsolate. They couldn't keep 's off the steps of Doc Morey's place, an' that wuz our head-quarters. We kep' a watchin' fer Garcia an' his gang, but they didn't appear till 'way 'long in th' arternoon, an' at that time we figgered that th' 'lection wuz 'bout a toss-up.

I s'pose success bad swelled Garcia's head, an' he couldn't stan' prosperity. He 'loyed the world wuz a lookin' at him that day, an' he wuz a-goin' to git even fer all past events an' to cover himself with glory. So he kep' back his gang till the last minit, in order to make a bigger show, an' then they marched to the polls in a body, 'bout twenty on 'em, all told, with Garcia at their head, walkin' a trifle unstidly, as tho' he might hev a jag on. The boys wuz simply wild, an' 'bout twenty of 's lined up 'round the polls, which wuz nex' door to Morey's. The cap'n sauntered 'long with the rest, cool as a cucumber.

Now, p'raps, them Greasers might hev been 'lowed to vote an' go 'way ag'in if Garcia hadn't took it into his head t' insult the cap'n. But the drunken fool waltzes up to Jenkins, an' shakes his fist under his nose, an' says: "Cap'n Jenkins, you old fraud, this is *my* day, d'ye see?" An' he waved his hand at his ragged gang a-follerin', like a lieutenant of mili-hay on parade.

"Stan' back," says the cap'n, very quietly; but we could see them leetle, blue veins in his temple swell up like whip-cords, an' his shoulders come back square, with a jerk. Then he took two six-shooters from his hip-pockets, an' a derringer from under his belt, an' a dirk-knife out of his boot, an' handed 'em all to me, an' then he says: "Garcia, you see that I'm unarmed. I giv' my word to my wife that I wouldn't kill you while she wuz gone, an', lucky fer you, she ain't got back yet. Now, if you want to shoot, w'y shoot an' be damned, but be mighty kearful that you don't make no false motions—on 'count of my friends here who hevnt giv' their word to no lady." An' the cap'n waved *his* hand 'round' at 's.

Garcia turned pale, an' red, an' pale ag'in. He looked 'round' at his gang, but not one of 'em dared pull a gun. His law-an'-order friends wa'n't to be seen. They had been true to their principles an' had scattered at the first sign of a row. Even the judges of 'lection, who wuz too fur 'way to ketch on to all that wuz a-goin' on, had scrooched down behind the bar's on which their layout had been put. An' the cap'n jest looked Garcia squarely in th' eye.

"Now, then," he sed at last, in 'bout a minit, w'ich seemed an hour, "I gin my word to *you*, but not to them duffers with ye, an' I swear to God that if any one of your crowd tries to put a ballot into that 'ere box, I'll shoot him full of holes. Now you git out of bere an' take yer dirty rabble with yer."

It wuz a Waterloo, all right enough. Garcia slipped back a pace or two an' tried to slide 'way, out of range of the cap'n's eye. But he didn't git off quite so dead easy as that. Us boys raised a yell—"Hurrah fer Cap'n Jenkins!"—that shook the bottles on Doc Morey's shelves, an' then we pulled our guns an' fired a volley 'round' Garcia's legs, jest to see him dance. When we wuz done with him he sneaked 'way, like a big bull-dog whipped by a yaller fyce, an' his gang follered him. Not a mother's son of 'em offered to vote. When they'd gone a couple of hundred yards or so they got into a row 'mongst themselves, an' presently we see Garcia walk up to a great, big, black-browed, beetle-eyed Mexican an' smash him over the jaw, an' the feller pulled a knife an' flung himself at Garcia, but th' others interfeered an' stood him off. An' then they all lit out of sight, 'round' the corner of the plaza, swearin' an' chatterin' an' hollerin' like a pack of crazy coyotes.

Waal, arter a while 'twuz sundown an' the votes wuz counted, an' we found that the Law an' Order League was snowed under by two votes. I tell you us fellers felt bappy then. Soon as the result wuz declared, Doc Morey throwed his place wide open, an' every man in the crowd insisted on treatin' the cap'n. But, in spite of his popularity with the boys, the cap'n seemed oneasy an' dissatisfied. He kep' a-pacin' up an' down the room, an' half the time barely touched his likker to his lips, an' then sot down the glass. We 'remonstrated at this, an' Cap'n Jenkins sed: "Boys, don't take no offense. I don't s'pose you understan' 'xactly bow I feel, an' langwidge fails me to properly 'xpress myself. I don't regret 'what I done to-day, or ruther what I didn't do. The word of a Jenkins is a sacred thing, 'specially when it's pledged to a woman, an' that woman the woman who he loves and bez swore to cberish an' protect. An' yet the fac' stares me in the face that a sneakin', bulkin', skulkin' Greaser shook his dirty fist under my nose to-day, an' still lives. Boys, is this thing true? Or be I a-walkin' in my sleep?"

We could all see that if this thing kep' 'long, 'twould drive the cap'n crazy. So, jest to divert his mind, we started a game of faro, an' we soon had the money rollin' high. I remember that I'd won a hundred dollars on th' 'lection, an' wuz feelin' pretty good. We all bet freely, an', bein' 'bliged to fix his mind upon the game, Cap'n Jenkins sorter come to, an' acted a trifle more like himself. The revelry wuz at its heigt when we beered two shots in quick succession. There wuz a lot of money on the table. The cap'n sprung from his cheer, an' spread his hands out like the Prophet Samuel in the Bible picters, an' sed to the dealer, "Jack, change in. Garcia's dead."

We all rusbed out, of course, an' 'cross the plaza, an' 'round' the corner, an' into some vacant lots, an' there we found him—dead. Both shots bad struck him, and either one on 'em would hev killed. There wuz a bedge jest afore you come to the lots, an' behind it, as I wuz a-runnin' 'long, I picked up two empty shells, still a trifle warm. 'Twuz plain that some one bad waylaid him.

The bull town soon collected on the spot, but nobody teched the corpse till Cap'n Jenkins took it by the shoulder an' turned it over. We all waited fer what be wuz a-goin' to say, an' it wuz this. He lifted his hands up toward the stars, like a play-actor in a theatre, an' sed, in a deep an' solemn voice, "Thou bast escaped me, O mine enemy." Then be turned to me, an', speakin' more like Cap'n Jenkins, be remarked, "An' if there's revolvers in Heaven, I'm a-goin' to shoot him right between the eyes."

WILLIAM M. TISDALE.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1897.

A BI-CENTENARY IN GOTHAM.

Trinity Celebrates its Two-Hundredth Birthday—Its Wealth and the Anneke Jans Claims—An Institution of which New York is Justly Proud.

If there is any one institution in this city in which your born New Yorker has a patriotic pride, it is Trinity Church, which has been celebrating its two-hundredth anniversary during the past week. There are no end of sights that the New Yorker who migrated here from New England or the West, twenty or thirty years ago, may take his country cousins to gaze at when they come to town; but the man whose forebears were born and died on this island of Manhattan has a more solid sense of being a genuine New Yorker aroused by the sight of Trinity Church, looming up at the end of Wall Street, than by any other object in the metropolis. The church is almost dwarfed among the magnificent palaces of commerce that surround it, and yet it could buy out many a one of them, for Trinity Parish is one of the wealthiest as well as one of the oldest corporations in the United States.

The original charter of the parish was granted two hundred years ago, in the reign of William and Mary. But the great wealth of the corporation came from Queen Anne's grant, in 1705, of a tract of land called the "Queen's Farm"—later known as the "Church Farm"—"lying on the west side of Manhattan Island and extending from St. Paul's Chapel northwardly along the river to Skinner's Road," now Christopher Street. This tract was worth but little at the time, but the growth of the city has developed an unearned increment that has in two hundred years made the parish enormously rich. It has started and in great measure maintained at least fifty churches, three colleges, and many other educational and philanthropic institutions, and has freely given land for public squares and streets. Yet its holdings to-day are estimated by conservative judges to be worth twenty millions of dollars.

This great wealth has proved a sining mark for the cupidity of unscrupulous lawyers, and they have for years made it a bait wherewith to draw money from the pockets of that credulous class of people who make the "gold-brick" industry profitable. It seems that, years before the English acquired New York, a woman named Anneke Jans, a Dutch-woman whose mother was a midwife, but who claimed descent from William of Orange, lived on a farm "lying west of Broadway." When she and her husband, the Rev. Everardus Bogardus died, the farm passed into the hands of the British, and was held as government property for thirty years or thereabouts. When Lord Cornbury was appointed governor, he secured to Trinity Parish the grant of the Queen's Farm, and the Anneke Jans farm was probably included in it. At any rate, the legal sharks I have mentioned sent circulars broadcast all over the country, calling on descendants of Anneke Jans and the Rev. Everardus to furnish proofs of their descent, and so to step into an inheritance of five hundred millions of dollars, of which they were being illegally deprived by the unscrupulous corporation known as Trinity Parish. Of course quantities of people bit at such a bait, and there is probably not a State in the Union which can not produce scores and hundreds of victims of the Anneke Jans fable. Several years ago, the vestry of the parish found it necessary to have printed a circular letter denouncing the fraud, and to this day copies of it are being occasionally mailed to anxious inquirers.

But even if Trinity Parish has not \$500,000,000, it has a very large estate, and, taking into consideration the large proportion of its property that is unproductive, its income must be nearly \$800,000. On this there are, of course, many heavy charges. The parish is not giving away large parcels of real estate and comfortable endowments in solid cash as it did early in its history, but in addition to the parent church, the parish supports eight chapels and a long list of schools, guilds, hospitals, and other philanthropic institutions. The contributions taken up in the nine churches amounted last year to \$70,000; but none of this is used for current expenses. It is all given to various charities. In six of the nine churches the pews are free, and no new pews are sold in any of them. But there are few patents of nobility in America that rank with possession of a family pew in Trinity or any of its chapels. Ownership of the pews dates from a very remote time, and there is not within the memory of the oldest inhabitant an instance of a pew having been sold by the vestrymen. In fact, whenever it is possible, by purchase from the descendants of the original possessors or by sale on forfeiture, the vestry buy the pews in.

The church has been the scene of very impressive ceremonies during the week. In addition to its architectural grace and the beauty of the reredos of white marble, Caen stone, and alabaster which completely fills the chancel back of the altar, and was given to the church by John Jacob and William Astor in memory of their father, William B. Astor, at a cost of one hundred thousand dollars, the interior had been decorated in a remarkably artistic manner on a scheme formulated by Mr. Frederick Wilson and approved by the church committee. No flowers are used except in the chancel, but about the walls and on the pillars were bandsome palls and heraldic banners, emblematic in color and design of the principal fasts and feasts of the church year. The richness of these banners, which were in real satin, worked with real gold embroidery, and the iron shields, bearing the coats of arms of famous people who had been identified with the history of Trinity Parish, which bang on the columns of the nave, gave a rich effect which harmonized thoroughly with the pure Gothic beauty of the edifice. The great day was Wednesday, when the leading city officials and many distinguished visiting clergymen were present, the latter in their robes of office, which included many doctor's red robes, adding a brilliant note of color to the scene.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, May 7, 1897.

MRS. JOHN HAYS HAMMOND'S BOOK.

"A Woman's Part in a Revolution"—What the Jameson Raid Meant to Her—A Wife's Interview with "Oom Paul"—Hammond's Life in Prison.

It is rare that humor and pathos are so happily blended as in the personal experiences of Mrs. John Hays Hammond that she calls "A Woman's Part in a Revolution." Her humor is pithy and crisp, and her pathos is of the genuine kind rarely permitted to appear in hooks purporting to be autobiographical. Mrs. Hammond dedicates her work "To the American public, whose sympathy was my chief support through days of bitter trial," and refrains from commenting upon the political side of the revolt at Johannesburg, "in deference to the silence enforced upon my husband as one of the terms of his liberation by the Boer Government."

After graphically describing the mental tension of the Uitlanders at Johannesburg at the time that Dr. Jameson made his first impetuous false step, she continues with a flashing of satire and womanly scorn of the coward:

Many brave little men who have remained in the shade to comfort their wives, now step boldly to the front and tell us what they would have done if it had really come to a question of fighting. There is so much talk of moral courage from these heroes, I fear it is the only kind of courage which they possess.

One gentleman, not conspicuous for his bravery during the preceding days, bravely said to me: "If there had been war, I wonder if I should have had the moral courage to keep out of the fight?" I looked into his face, and, seeing there his character, answered with dryness: "Oh, I suspect you would." He was too complaisant to appreciate the sarcasm. God made little as well as great things!

On the night of January 9th, 1896, twenty-five members of the Reform Committee were arrested and thrown into jail on the charge of rebellion and high treason. The leaders refused safe conduct over the border, declining to forsake their comrades and the cause; but even in the midst of her anxiety Mrs. Hammond can not help seeing the humorous incidents connected with their arrest:

Colonel Rhodes was taken from his own home; roused from his bed, he stood brushing his hair with martial precision and expressing to the officer his regret at putting him to the trouble of waiting while he dressed. Mr. Seymour Fort meanwhile packing his valise.

"Fort, old man, put in some books," said the colonel, who is a great reader; "all the books you can find," and Mr. Fort threw in book after book—big ones and little ones; and for this lavish provision the poor colonel paid dearly some hours later, in company with several husbands, whose wives, in excess of tenderness, had provided them with every known toilet luxury fitted into silver-topped cut-crystal bottles. The sight of these afflicted men carrying their heavy burdens from the station to the prison at Pretoria was both amusing and dramatic. At times their speech reached the epic.

While being conducted to the jail, it soon became apparent that they were under inadequate escort. Mrs. Hammond continues:

The prisoners were set upon by the mob, reviled, stoned, and spat upon, the officers in charge trampling them under their horses' hoofs in their vain and exciting endeavors to protect them. The poor prisoners reached the jail in a full run, bruised and breathless, but thankful for the asylum the prison-door afforded them from their merciless pursuers.

The four men were put into a cell eleven by eleven feet, which was closed in by an inner court. There was no window, only a narrow grille over the door. The floor was of earth and overrun by vermin. Of the four canvas cots, two were blood-stained and all hideously dirty.

Here is a little sketch of the prison life of the revolutionists:

In the prison court the prisoners were sitting about in great diversity of costume, pyjamas predominating. The weather was suffocatingly hot. To while away the tedious time, some were playing marbles, others reading, and a few of the most active brains on the Rand were caught dozing at mid-day, in a strip of shadow the width of one's hand, the sole shade in the whole inclosure. Colonel Bettington sat on a bench near the entrance in a peculiar and striking costume, which proved to be, to those who had courage to linger and analyze, pyjama-drawers rolled to the knees, a crash-towel draped with happy blending of coolness and perfect propriety around his neck, noble Bedouin arrangement of wet crash-towel on head, single eye-glass in eye, merry smile. Mr. Lacey was the only one of the company who could suddenly have been set down in Piccadilly without confusion to himself and beholders. He wore a neat brown suit, pale pink shirt, and a stylish straw sailor-hat. The prisoners showed a touching interest, Betty says, in the distribution of their gifts. One husband asked his wife almost before she was within arm's length what she had brought him. She had brought him a box of Pasta Mack tabloids, and unfortunately there was not at that time a bath in the whole prison. Another gentleman was presented with a Cologne spray. He was the envy of the jail; within twenty-four hours every Cologne spray in Pretoria was bought up and in the possession of the Reform Committee.

Here is a little etching of Pretoria, where the prisoners were incarcerated:

Pretoria lies in a shallow basin in the heart of the hills—a fitting home for the Sleeping Princess. It is hushed and drowsy and overrun by a tangle of roses. Weeping-willows edge the streets, which are wide and as neglected as a country road. Every month or couple of months the town is full of stir and life. The Boers trek in from neighboring farms with their long span of oxen, as many as eighteen and twenty being yoked to a wagon. They buy and sell and partake of the Nacht Maal, or sacrament, laagered around the Dopper Church.

The account of the smuggling practiced by the wives of the prisoners is happily phrased. Note these examples of wifely devotion:

The world has never seen such wholesale smuggling as was practiced by these devoted women. Mrs. Solly Joel, as she passed daily through the prison gate, was a complete butterfly. The crown of her hat was laced with cigars; suspended from her waist, under her dainty summer silk skirt, hung a bottle of cream. Tied to her back by way of a bustle, as a brace of duck, or a roasted fowl wrapped neatly in linen. She said this gave her a slightly out-of-date appearance, but she did not mind that. Under her cape, Mrs. Clement wore a good-sized Bologna sausage around her waist as a belt; this was in time adroitly removed by Mr. Clement. Another lady supplied the prisoners with tins of sardines and beef essence, which she carried concealed in her stockings. Occasional vagaries on the part of these affectionate wives were subsequently explained to the complete satisfaction of their captive lords. Mrs. Butters's coyness and refusal to be embraced because of the flask of coffee in her bosom is an instance of this. All this sounds very funny now, but it was desperately earnest work then.

Mrs. Hammond writes, in her diary, the following record of her interview with President Krüger of the South African Republic:

The home of the President of the South African Republic is an unretentive dwelling, built of wood and on one floor. There is a little piazza running across the front, upon which he is frequently seen sitting, smoking his pipe of strong Boro tobacco, with a couple of his trusted urghers beside him. Two armed sentinels stood at the latch-gate. I hurried through the entrance. A negro nurse was scurrying across the hall with a plump baby in her arms. A young man, with a pleasant face, met me at the sitting-room door and invited me to enter. It was an old-fashioned parlor, furnished with black horsehair, glass globes,

and artificial flowers; a marble-topped centre-table, supporting bulky volumes, bound in pressed leather, with large gilt titles. There were several men already in the room—Boers. Those nearest the door I saw regarded me with a scowl. I was a woman from the enemy's camp. At the further end of the long room sat a large, saw-toothed man, with long, grizzled hair swept abruptly up from his forehead. His eyes, which were keen, were partly obscured by heavy, swollen lids. The nose was massive, but not handsome. The thin-lipped mouth was large and flexible, and showed both sweetness and firmness. A fine mouth! He wore a beard. It was President Krüger. He was filling his pipe from a mola-skin pouch, and I noticed that his broad, stooping shoulders ended in arms abnormally long. Standing, he faintly recalled an orang-outang. We shook hands, and he continued to fill and light his pipe. Mr. Grobler, the pleasant-faced young man—grandson and secretary to the president—observing that I was trembling with fatigue and suppressed excitement, offered me a chair. We sat opposite each other, the president in the middle. I spoke slowly, Mr. Grobler interpreting. This was hardly necessary, President Krüger answering much that I said before it was interpreted. I could understand him perfectly from my familiarity with German, and especially Platt Deutsch.

I explained that I had not come to talk politics. "No, no politics," interrupted the president, in a thick, loud voice. Nor had I come to ask favors for my husband, as I felt assured that the honesty of his motives would speak for themselves at the day of his trial, but I had come as a woman and daughter of a republic to ask him to continue the clemency which he had thus far shown, and to thank Mrs. Krüger for the tears which she had shed when Johannesburg was in peril. President Krüger relaxed a little. "That is true; she did weep." He fixed me with his shrewd glance.

"Where were you?" he asked, abruptly. "I was in Johannesburg with my husband." "Were you not afraid?" "Yes; those days robbed me of my youth." "What did you think I was going to do?" "I hoped that you would come to an understanding with the reformers."

His face darkened. "I was disappointed that the Americans went against me," he said. Mr. Sammy Marx rose and left the room. I was seized with one of those sudden and unaccountable panics, and from sheer embarrassment—my mood was far too tragic to admit of flippancy—blurted out: "You must come to America, Mr. President, as soon as all this trouble is settled, and see how we manage matters."

Krüger's face lighted up with interest. "I am too old to go so far." "No man is older than his brain, Mr. President," and Krüger, who knew that in all the trouble he had shown the mental vigor of a man in his prime, accepted my praise with a hearty laugh. This was joined in by the Boers from the other end of the room.

Mrs. Krüger refused to see me, and I liked her none the less for her honest prejudice. I stood to go. President Krüger rose, removed the pipe from between his teeth, and, coughing violently, gave me his hand.

Mr. Grobler escorted me to the gate. "Mrs. Hammond, I shall be glad to serve you in any way possible to me," he said with courtesy. "Then, will you say to Mrs. Krüger that I am praying to the same God that peace may come?"

Hammond became very ill and was allowed to return to his home under surveillance:

One guard sat at our bedroom door, gun in hand, and two others on the veranda, just outside the low window. I could hear them breathing throughout the night. My husband and I could never exchange a private word. Sometimes I would write a message, which was burningly burned in the bedroom candle. The day we moved into the cottage, I saw a rose in the garden, which I thought would please and refresh my patient. I stepped over the threshold to find my nose in conjunction with the highly polished barrel of an unfriendly rifle.

Even these uncomfortable conditions failed to repress her spirits. She writes in her diary:

Under these petty irritations my husband showed an angelic patience and fortitude that alarmed me. It was so unlike his normal self. I longed to hear him cuss a cozy swear; it would have braced us both. But he was gentle, and appreciative of little kindnesses; so, to keep from weakening tears, I took to swearing myself.

In the midst of her sorrows, Mrs. Hammond fell ill of a fever, while her overwrought mind steeped itself in restful memories of her far-off Californian home. From her diary she quotes:

The fragrance of thick beds of violets would seem to float to me over the long waste of sea, and I could see the tall roses nodding in the white summer fog. My temples beat like the winter rain on the roof, and the light before my eyes was the library fire, picking out, in its old familiar way, the gilt lettering on the books ranged about. It was sweet to go back to all this, even down the scorching path of fever.

Finally, Hammond was ordered to Pretoria for trial. At this time Mrs. Hammond firmly believed that to allow her husband to return to Pretoria was equivalent to exposing him to certain death. He, however, was determined to go. "He says his honor takes him back," she writes. "He is the father of my sons, and I'd rather see him dead than dishonored." But she feels difficulty in keeping her feelings on this stoical plane. She appeals to a friend, "What is my duty? I can appeal to my husband—for my sake, to save the life of our child—and perhaps dissuade him. *My God, it is a temptation!*" He goes, however, is tried and sentenced to be hanged. Every one knows the outcome. He escaped the gallows, but was compelled to pay a fine of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, and forced, upon his oath, to refrain from interference with the politics of the Transvaal.

So ends a delightful book, a vivid and entertaining account of a picturesque episode in recent history and a charming revelation of what a good wife can be—the best friend and comfort a man can have in good or evil fortune.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., London; price, 2s. 6d.

A curious question has come up before a Montana court. A man who was killed in that State at eleven A. M., on November 22d, was the possessor of an accident policy issued at Davenport one year before. The policy expired at noon of the day on which the accident occurred. The company holds that the time is measured from the place where the policy was issued, and that therefore it had expired before the accident occurred, the difference in time between the two places being two hours.

A remarkable account of the flight of a homing pigeon is communicated by the Premier of New Zealand to a colonial paper. He states that one bird flew from Victoria to New Zealand in three days. The distance is about a thousand miles, and the bird must have flown without a rest at a speed of about fifteen miles an hour.

A new method of testing the hardness of steel balls has been devised. The balls are dropped from a fixed height on a glass plate set at an angle; if properly tempered, they rebound into one receptacle, and if they are too soft, they drop into another.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Nansen has received from the British Government a complete set of the reports of the *Challenger* expedition in fifty large quarto volumes. It is asserted that he is the first private individual to whom a set has been presented.

An apple or two is all the luncheon that Vice-President Hohart eats. Unless he is called out of the chamber to see some visitor in his own office, he sits in the chair from the blind chaplain's prayer at noon until adjournment comes.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is described as having looked lovely at her first ball, which occurred recently. She wore a white silk dress, its only ornament being two roses fastened on the left shoulder. Hundreds crowded up to the throne to have the honor of an introduction.

One of the goat-carts in which children drive in the Champs-Élysées is now labeled "Gift of the President." The owner's goat was killed some months ago by one of M. Faure's dogs, and to make up for the loss Mme. Faure gave the woman her little grandson's goat and cart.

Miss Edith Dingley, the only daughter of the father of the tariff bill, has not been in Washington this winter with the family, as has been her custom, but has taken up her residence in New York, where she is devoting all her time to the study of vocal music. Miss Dingley has a fine soprano voice.

Mlle. Clemence Royer, who first translated Darwin's works into French and who has written several metaphysical books, was taken from the Galignani Home for Destitute Authors on her seventieth birthday and treated to a dinner at the Grand Hotel by a number of French and foreign scientific men.

Victorien Sardou was to have been a doctor, and his means were so restricted that he gave lessons in Greek and Latin at twenty cents a ticket. Sardou was also a book-seller's hack, and made translations. It is stated that for one job over which he labored for three weeks, he was paid thirty-two francs—that is, less than six and one-half dollars.

It is said that a young woman once asked Chief Joseph if he had ever scalped any one. When the question was translated to him, Joseph looked at the fair questioner intently, then walked around behind her and viewed the knot of hair only half hidden by her bonnet. "Tell her," he said to the interpreter, "that I have nothing in my collection as fine as that."

M. Goran, the famous French detective, who recently retired from the police, is one of the most accomplished men in his profession. It was he who was entrusted with all the arrangements for insuring the safety of the Czar of Russia during his visit to Paris. The emperor, accompanied by the detective, made a tour of the lowest quarters of Paris in disguise, and visited some dens of the worst repute.

Silvia du Maurier, a daughter of the late Du Maurier, apprenticed herself to Mrs. Nettleship, a prominent London dressmaker, and learned all the tiresome details of the trade from start to finish. Since then she has married a brilliant but struggling barrister, and now she not only designs, but makes her own gowns, and has the distinction of being one of the best-dressed women in London.

During the pending tariff discussions in the Senate, little has been heard of late from Senator Burrows, of Michigan. Not long ago, Mr. Burrows, in an absent-minded moment, actually introduced a tariff bill in the Senate in total forgetfulness of the constitutional provision which requires revenue bills to originate in the House of Representatives. The other senators are still joking Mr. Burrows about his tariff bill.

Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Hayes, Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. Harrison, and Mrs. Cleveland were total abstainers during their reign in the White House. Mrs. Garfield, Mrs. Harrison, and Mrs. Cleveland never furnished wine to their guests, except at state dinners, when their husbands wished wines to be served. It is said that Mrs. Grant was the first woman to move against having wine in the White House. Mrs. McKinley is a total abstainer.

Thomas N. Rooker, who has been connected with the New York *Tribune* ever since it was founded, fifty-six years ago, has retired from service to enjoy the leisure which he has well earned at the age of eighty-one, and, as well, half his salary so long as he lives. He began as a compositor, and was foreman for thirty-three years. Since 1877 he has been supervisor of the composing-room. He holds one share of the original stock, issued in 1849.

Izzet Bey, for the last two or three years the Sultan's confidential adviser and "practical ruler of the empire," has been disgraced and dismissed from the imperial presence. He has long been the evil genius of the Sultan. Originally a lawyer, then a judge, and then a palace spy, he rose to counselor, and ingratiated himself with the Sultan, finally casting the other familiars of Abdul Hamid aside and actually leading the ruler himself. He made enemies on all sides, and kept his position in the Sultan's favor only by persuading him that he was constantly beset by would-be assassins and revolutionists.

Next to "Carmen Sylva," the Queen of Roumania, Queen Olga of Greece is considered one of the most unconventional of reigning queens. She walks about a great deal alone and has climbed to the top of Mt. Lycabettos without a companion. One of her most intimate friends is an American, Mme. Bakmaetier, wife of the first secretary of the Russian legation, formerly Miss Beale, of Washington. For several years after her coronation she frequently appeared in Greek costume, and it is said that she lately been considering the possibility of making the Greek dress the court costume.

LITERARY NOTES.

Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon."

The third volume of the sumptuous and lavishly illustrated "Life of Napoleon," by Professor William N. Sloane, has just been published. It reviews the momentous events of Napoleon's life when his marvelous career was at its zenith, during the period that most of his world-famed battles were fought—the war with Austria, the ravaging of Prussia, and the Spanish campaign. This epoch witnessed as well his endeavor to found a dynasty and his marriage with Marie Louise, and also the beginning of those disasters that found their most tragic expression in the terrible retreat from Moscow.

The publishers have been enabled to present reproductions of many of the most notable battle-pictures in existence in this volume, as some of the finest painters of modern times have been inspired by the tragedies of these exciting campaigns. There are reproductions in color of famous pictures by Royer, Detaille, Delarocbe, Prod'hon, Chartier, and Flameng, and of the excellent aquarelles made specially for this work by Myrbach. There are, besides, rare portraits and notable pictures printed in black-and-white and, also, in tints of blue, green, red, and sepia.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$10.00.

Another Story by Gertrude Atherton.

New York society has again attracted Mrs. Atherton's caustic pen. "His Fortunate Grace" is a composite picture in which one may discern fleeting likenesses; but so many and so varied are the portraits introduced that no character or event can be fully identified with its original. The story hinges upon an international match. The ambitions of a designing mother, the impecuniosity of an impoverished duke, and the Americanism of a multi-millionaire of Wall Street form the essential elements of the story. The opera, stocks, the New Woman, the society butterfly, and the faddist make up the minor characters of this novel of American manners as Mrs. Atherton sees them.

Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Love and Money.

Among the last novels written by "The Duchess" is "Lovice." It is based upon the important part that money plays in affairs of the heart. At the opening of the story, Lovice Devereux is engaged to Captain Lambert, the heir of a rich uncle. The uncle decides to marry, and the captain, not to be left in the lurch by Dame Fortune, turns his attention to a lady of wealth. The uncle's death prevents his marriage, and he leaves his money to his nephew; but, Lovice, piqued by his desertion, has engaged herself to another man. At this point of entanglement in the plot we leave the interested reader to seek the book for light on its unraveling.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

Lippincott's Select Novels.

"A Bachelor's Bridal," by Mrs. Lovett Cameron, is the title of a successful story with a well-told, interesting plot. It relates the mystery surrounding a beautiful young heiress, the designs of her guardian, and the manner in which she ultimately attains security and happiness.

"Wilt Thou Have This Woman?" by J. MacLaren Cobban, is a tale of English life. The plot centres around the career of Sir William Pierrepont, an English banker, and recounts the sorrows and embarrassments brought into his life by a designing woman. The story is interspersed with fine descriptions of English scenery, and is interesting reading.

Mrs. Stannard—better known as "John Strange Winter"—in her new novel, "Into an Unknown World," departs from her military themes and enters trade. Her hero is connected with "Austin's Stores," and, although he runs away with a girl of seventeen and introduces her into the "unknown world" of provincial society, he nevertheless proves a decent fellow and worthy of the reader's sympathy. The dialogue is clever and the interest sustained throughout.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00 each.

A Husband's Sacrifice.

Elizabeth Phipps Train, the author of "A Social Highwayman," has written a new novelette called "A Marital Liability." She has employed criminality as a motive in this tale also, but from an entirely different standpoint. A man of position and refinement is condemned for a crime which his wife had committed. The story begins on the last day of his imprisonment. His daughter, a young girl—charmingly depicted by Miss Train—gains the reader's sympathy by her loyalty to her father, and one follows with interest the process of rehabilitation by which his reputation is cleansed from every blot.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 75 cents.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The best-selling books of the moment in London are Nansen's "Farthest North" and Marie Corelli's "Ziska." Fifty thousand copies of "Ziska" have been issued. It has not yet reached this side of the

Atlantic. Nansen's work has been in such demand that the booksellers have been unable to obtain sufficient copies for their orders.

Stephen Crane's new novel is announced by the Appletons. It is entitled "The Third Violet" and is a study of artist life in city and country. It is said to be a radical departure from his earlier style.

An American committee, consisting of college presidents and other prominent educators, has been formed to assist in raising funds for the late Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's School-Days." The purpose is to erect a statue and to endow the Rugby School Missions in Birmingham and London. Subscriptions may be sent to Morton, Bliss & Co., the New York bankers.

Queen Victoria has had a memoir of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg written for private circulation among the members of the royal family. It is possible that the volume may later be given to the public.

A new volume in Appletons' Home-Reading Series is "The Story of Oliver Twist," condensed by Ella Boyce Keith.

Mrs. Oliphant has gone to Italy to gather materials for a volume on Siena, which is to form one of a series on historic towns of the mediæval period. Miss Symonds, the daughter of John Addington Symonds, is to write one of the volumes in the same series.

Edward Eggleston's "Life in the United States During the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries" is to be published in London simultaneously with the American edition.

Frank M. Chapman, assistant curator in the American Museum of Natural History, has published through D. Appleton and Company a new guide to the study of our common birds. It is entitled "Bird-Life," and is fully illustrated.

Anthony Hope is writing a new story which is said to have a less fantastic plot than his recent books. It will probably be called "Born in the Purple."

James Lane Allen has finished his new novel, "The Choir Invisible," and it is now in press. It is the most rapid piece of writing that Mr. Allen has done, being more than twice as long as any of his other books, and written from beginning to end in some six months. The first edition will consist of ten thousand copies.

"The Beautiful White Devil" is the striking title of Guy Boothby's latest novel, which has just appeared in the Appletons' Town and Country Library. It is a romance of the China Seas.

A book of extracts from Miss Marie Corelli's novels is announced under the title, "The Beauties of Marie Corelli."

Interest in William Morris has evidently not lessened since his death. Aymor Vallance's "Art of William Morris," limited to two hundred and twenty copies at eight guineas net, has been sold out in London before the day of publication.

Poe was able in his poor days to furnish his cottage at Fordham by curious means. He took up book reviewing. He gave his satire full play on the authors. He criticised American writers with so much bitterness that some of them retaliated, among them Thomas Dunn English. For the publication of English's screed Poe began a suit for libel against the publisher, and his lawyer realized a few hundred dollars for him. And it was with this money, probably the largest sum he ever possessed in his independent career, that Poe furnished the famous cottage at Fordham.

THE MARTIAL MUSE.

A Ballad of the Ranks.

Who carries the gun?

A lad from over the Tweed.
Then let him go, for well we know
He comes of a soldier breed!
So drink together to rock and heather
Out where the red deer run,
And stand aside for Scotland's pride,
The lad that carries the gun!

For the colonel rides before,
The major's on the flank,
The captains and the adjutants
Are in the foremost rank.
But when it's "Action front!"
And fighting's to be done,
Come one, come all, you stand or fall
By the man who holds the gun.

Who carries the gun?

A lad from Yorkshire Dale.
Then let him go, for well we know
The heart that never will fail.
Here's to the fire of Lancashire,
And here's to her soldier son;
For the hard-bit north has sent him forth,
The lad that carries the gun.
For the colonel rides before, etc.

Who carries the gun?

A lad from a Midland shire.
Then let him go, for well we know
He comes of an English sire.
Here's a glass to a Midland lass,
And each can choose the one,
But east and west we claim the best
For the lad who carries the gun.
For the colonel rides before, etc.

Who carries the gun?

A lad from the hills of Wales.
Then let him go, for well we know
That Taffy is hard as nails.
There are several // 's in the place he dwells,
And of // 's more than one,
With a "Llan" and "Pen," but it breeds good
men.
And it's they who carry the gun.
For the colonel rides before, etc.

Who carries the gun?

A lad from the windy west.
We'll let him go, for well we know
That he is one of the best.
There's Bristol rough and Gloucester tough,
And Devon yields to none,
Or you may get in Somerset
A lad to carry the gun.
For the colonel rides before, etc.

Who carries the gun?

A lad from London town.
We'll let him go, for well we know
The stuff that never backs down.
He has learned to joke at the powder smoke,
For he is the fog-smoke's son,
And his heart is light and his pluck is right,
The lad who carries the gun.
For the colonel rides before, etc.

Who carries the gun?

A lad from the Emerald Isle.
We'll let him go, for well we know
We've tried him many a while.
We've tried him east, we've tried him west,
We've tried him sea and land,
But the man to beat old Erin's best
Has never yet been planned.
For the colonel rides before, etc.

Who carries the gun?

It's me and you and you!
So let us go, and we won't say no
If they give us a job to do.
Here we stand, with a cross-linked hand,
Comrades every one!
So one last cup, and drink it up,
To the lad who carries the gun.
For the colonel rides before, etc.
—A. Conan Doyle in the Speaker.

The Recruit.

Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"Bedad, yer a bad 'un!
Now turn out your toes!
Yer belt is unhookit,
Yer cap is on crookit,
Ye may not be thrunk,
But, be jabbers, ye look it!
Wan—two!
Wan—two!
Ye monkey-faced divil, I'll jolly ye through!
Wan—two!
Time! Mark!
Ye march like the eagle in Cintheral Park!"
Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"A saint it ud sadden
To drill such a mug!
Eyes front!—ye baboon, ye!
Chin up!—ye gossoon, ye!
Ye've jaws like a goat—
Halt! ye leather-lipped loon, ye!
Wan—two!
Wan—two!
Ye whiskered orang-outang, I'll fix you!
Wan—two!
Time! Mark!
Ye've eyes like a bat!—can ye see in the dark?"
Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"Yer figger wants padd'n—
Sure, man, ye've no shape!
Behind ye yer shoulders
Stick out like two bowlders!
Yer shins is as thin
As a pair of pen-holders!
Wan—two!
Wan—two!
Yer belly belongs on yer back, ye Jew!
Wan—two!
Time! Mark!
I'm dhry as a dog—I can't shpake, but I bark!"
Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"Me heart it ud gladden
To blacken yer eye.
Ye're gettin' too bold, ye
Compel me to scold ye
'Tis halt! that I say—
Will ye heed what I told ye?
Wan—two!
Wan—two!
Be jabbers, I'm dhryer than Brian Boru!
Wan—two!
Time! Mark!
What's wur-ruk for chickens is sport for the lark!"
Sez Corporal Madden to Private McFadden:
"I'll not stay a gadd'n'
Wid Dagooes like you!
I'll travel no farther,
I'm dyin' for—wather—
Come on, if ye like—
Can ye loan me a quarther?
Ya-as, you,
What, two!
And ye'll pay the potheen?
Ye're a daisy! Whurroo!
You'll do—
Whist! Mark!
The Rigiment's flattered to own ye, me spark!"
—Robert W. Chambers in "With the Band."

Sir Richard Temple, being now out of politics, has occupied his time in writing a series of sketches soon to be published under the title, "Sixty Years of the Queen's Reign."

IVORY SOAP

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LITERARY NOTES.

"Ik Marvel" on Early American Literature.

No other writer, perhaps, than Donald K. Mitchell could have invested the almost arid wastes of early American literature with so much freshness as shines through the pages of "American Lands and Letters." It is wonderful that at his advanced age he could still preserve in such bountiful measure the vivacious and beautiful style that has immortalized the "Reviews of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life."

The book embraces the literary history of this country from the *Mayflower* to Rip Van Winkle. As he writes in his preface, in order to restrict the bounds of the volume, "no writer is dwelt upon whose birth-date belongs in the present century." This limitation, however, allows him to consider many whose names are still so well-known as to be almost contemporaneous—for example, William Cullen Bryant, Washington Irving, William H. Prescott, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Joseph Rodman Drake, and James Fenimore Cooper. Among the earlier writers to whom interesting pages are devoted—writers whom few of us would have the patience to read for ourselves—may be mentioned America's first novelist, Brockden Brown; the famous naturalist, Audubon; and Cotton Mather.

The illustrations and portraits, with fac-similes of title-pages, are a feature of these causeries of a critic of rare geniality.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.50.

The Northern Lights.

An interesting volume just issued in the International Scientific Series is "The Aurora Borealis," by Alfred Angot, an expansion of ten articles originally contributed to a French journal fifteen years ago, but now brought well up to date.

It begins with an historical consideration of the various observations of the phenomenon, and follows with chapters on its various forms, its physical characteristics, its extent, position, and frequency, its periodicity, its relations with meteorological phenomena, and its relations with terrestrial magnetism and telluric currents, and concludes with the four theories offered in explanation of it. In an appendix are catalogued the auroras observed in Europe below the fifty-fifth parallel from 1700 to 1890. The illustrations comprise some very remarkable plates.

Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, \$1.75.

A Book for Book-Lovers.

Among the latest specimens of sumptuous book-making, "Some Masters of Lithography," by Atherton Curtis, may claim, with justice, a high place. It is illustrated with twenty-two photographic plates representative of the different masters. Mr. Curtis treats his subject with the justice and appreciative discrimination that come from full knowledge. The collection has been selected with great care, and includes examples of caricature by Chabert, Bonington's delicate work, and other masterpieces of lithographic art.

The copies are numbered and limited to seven hundred and fifty. The volume is quarto, printed in large type on heavy paper, and the binding is unusually artistic.

Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, \$12.00.

Wine-Making and Wine-Drinking.

That accomplished *bon vivant*, Major Ben C. Truman, has embodied some of the results of his gastronomic experience in a little brochure to which he has given the title "See How It Sparkles." It is an epitomized history of wine-making and wine-drinking, from the earliest times to the present day and from the Valley of Lebanon to the hill-sides of California. It is written with a very full knowledge of the subject; indeed, there seems to be scarcely a brand, or even a vintage, of wine with which Major Truman is not familiar, and his pages are constantly enlivened with anecdotes and personal reminiscences. In the last pages, Major Truman describes lovingly some of the most dainty and best chosen feasts at which he has had the good fortune to be present, in Paris, Vienna, London, Rome, New York, and other cities; from them one can draw inspiration for the preparation of a number of admirable menus.

A New Era for Women Journalists.

[Under the above caption, an article is contributed to *Leslie's Weekly* by Hargot Holt Cahoon—whom we take to be a woman—from which we extract the following passages.—Eds.]:

Woman's day in active journalism has been a brief one. There has been no proclamation of the fact that woman's day in the field of daily journalism is past, but among editors and women-workers there is an unspoken conviction that such is the case. The newspaper changes its standard now and then. One of the changes occurred about eight years ago, when it took women-workers into its pages. In black-listing the women writers because they are women, not because they are writers, there is evidence that the standard has changed again.

Women in journalism were a great surprise. Few of them who went into it had any specially defined knowledge. They were seldom college graduates. The woman surrendered herself with alacrity to the bousekeeper's column, because it paid. She was wise enough to know that she must supply her mar-

ket. If the public wanted potatoes, she knew better than to raise *Maréchal Niel* roses. So she got on fairly well in that department of journalism.

Then the city department of the daily papers saw possibilities within her. She was sent hither and yon to write about things as she saw them. This is because she saw them differently from the way in which a man saw them. "Through a Woman's Eyes"—the paper entitled her work—"From a Woman's Point of View," "The Woman about Town," "What One Woman Thinks," etc. There was a smoothness and a polish to her work, or there was a tender bit of sentiment, or there was a satirical touch, or a feline tendency to scratch, that gave the work value. She set the fashion in newspaper style. The perfunctory style of reporting went out and the story-telling style came in. The men changed their pens and borrowed her ink-bottle. So well they did the work that the city department found it could dispense with the petticoat service. Men were more desirable because they could go out at all times and in all weathers. There are now very few women employed in the city departments of the daily newspapers. The woman's page, with its domestic suggestions, has been narrowed to a column. Woman's news has taken its place. Clubs and dinings, philanthropies and personals, now comprise what is known as the woman's page.

It was the rejection of her work, on account of the men having learned so well how to do it, that pushed her into sensational lines. Here she could still attract attention on account of her freakish propensities. She could crawl through the sewers, or be swallowed by a whale, or go to a hanging. This last was a very recent assignment by a New York newspaper. It was new. No woman had yet been brutal enough to wish to witness an execution. So she went, and wrote a hanging from a woman's point of view. The maw of the daily paper must be fed.

The woman journalist at last finds herself on an exact level with her male colleague. He can write a fashion article as well as she can, and she must be able to report a political meeting or a food-show as well as he can. In the former case he is a welcome contributor, because he is a versatile, all-around worker, and in the latter case she is permitted to do the meeting and the food-show on sufferance, or because the staff is for some reason temporarily crippled. The woman journalist who succeeds in the large cities to-day succeeds not because her work is a woman's work, but because it is good work—because it is, perhaps, better than a man's work. She has always been relative. She must be absolute in the future if she would win. There is no longer a gentle sex in journalism.

Oliver Goldsmith and Others.

When Mr. Frankfort Moore deserted the present times to depict historic scenes and personages of the last century, he may have, figuratively, taken a step backward, but many of his readers will be glad to have resurrected for them in such a sprightly manner the literary celebrities of those days of wit and repartee, when the elephantine Dr. Johnson dictated to the famous coterie at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand.

Goldsmith, Garrick, Burke, and Boswell discourse in the quaint manner of the time, and the symposiums of these worthies are reproduced in a skillful and humorous way that refreshes our recollection of them. There is a very pretty love-story woven into the tale, and also many semi-classical episodes, written in such a way as to make them worthy of keen appreciation.

Published by H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents.

Literary Men in Diplomacy.

An article in *Godey's Magazine* gives a formidable list of literary men of this country who have had places in its foreign service, and brings to mind the fact that the list was begun by Thomas Paine and Benjamin Franklin, and it might well have included Thomas Jefferson in the number. It continues by citing Washington Irving, who identified himself most of all with the country to which he was sent; Nathaniel Hawthorne in his English consularship; Bayard Taylor at St. Petersburg; Lew Wallace at Constantinople; George Bancroft, John Lothrop Motley, James Russell Lowell, and John Hay at London; William D. Howells at Venice, Bret Harte at Glasgow, John Bigelow in France, and Charles DeKay in Germany.

These are the more eminent examples, and the list might be further extended. There was Theodore S. Fay, who had a considerable reputation as a novelist in his day, serving as minister to Switzerland. At home, Martin Van Buren had a novelist in his Cabinet in James K. Paulding, and George Bancroft was Secretary of the Navy under President Polk. Andrew D. White, just appointed minister to Germany, is one of the most eminent of American scholars and authors.

New Publications.

"Arden of Feversham" is the latest issue in Dent's well-chosen and daintily printed Temple Dramatists. It is edited and provided with a preface, notes, and a glossary by Rev. Ronald Bayne. Imported by the Macmillan Company, New York.

"Phyllis of Philistia," by F. Frankfort Moore, author of "I Forbid the Banns"; and "Ruth Farmer," by Agnes Marchbank, are the latest English novels reprinted in the Union Square Library.

Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents each.

"The Mutable Many," by Robert Barr, is based upon a strike in an English factory. The serious purpose of the novel is relieved by a pleasing love-story and sketches of amusing characters. It is in Mr. Barr's best vein, and is fully up to the standard of his other novels. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Seven of the clever sea-stories of Frederick W. Wendt have been bound in a neat little sea-green volume, entitled "Ocean Sketches," with a gull and distant steamer on the cover. They all savor of the sea, and the little comedies of life on an ocean steamer are reproduced in a felicitous way. Published by the Colonial Book Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

The leading idea of "The Incendiary, a Story of Mystery," by W. F. Healy, is, as its name suggests, the enigma which surrounds the cause of a fire. There is considerable opportunity for guess-work as the plot develops, and the reader can form his own theory as to who the incendiary was, but he is not likely to hit on the solution. The style is smooth and bright, but slangy. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25.

The latest issues in the International Education Series, the fortieth and forty-first volumes, are "School Management and School Methods," by Dr. Joseph Baldwin, professor of pedagogy in the University of Texas; and "Froebel's Educational Laws for all Teachers," by James L. Hughes, inspector of schools in Toronto. Both books will be found of great value to all interested in the art of teaching. Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, \$1.50 each.

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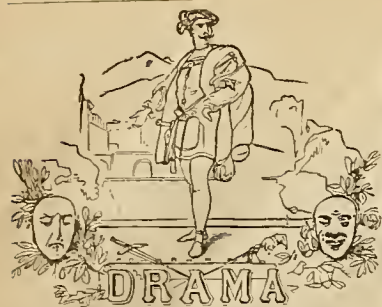
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**The Emporium
The Argonaut
Clubbing List for 1897**

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Independent.....	6.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.00
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Magazine of Art.....	6.30
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.50
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazar.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Round Table.....	5.00
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
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Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Outing.....	5.75
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	6.30
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Demorest's Family Magazine.....	5.00
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.90
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	5.75
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.50
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
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Argonaut and Vogue.....	7.25
Argonaut and Little's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	5.50
Argonaut and Illustrated.....	6.75
Argonaut and International.....	4.00



What is the matter with Sadie Martinot, that she goes into such a show as "Excelsior, Jr."? The firmament is not so thick with comedy stars that we can afford to lose one of the best. And Miss Martinot is a star. Whoever saw her in "The Passport" can testify to that. Something happened to "The Passport" which made it fall by the wayside and reduced Miss Martinot to a lawsuit and the sad admission that she had no diamonds wherewith to pay angry creditors. But there must have been dozens of managers ready to give the brilliant creature a fine engagement.

Vaudeville and extravaganzas come from the East. We shall soon begin to agree with Mr. William Greer Harrison about the condition of the drama on that side of the country if they continue besieging us in such quantities. What a human being with the smallest modicum of intelligence can see in "Excelsior, Jr." is a mystery. It seems to have been created to appeal to the interest and intelligence of children of six. If there had been a good ballet, we would have realized that it also could appeal to the interest and intelligence of children of sixty. But the ballet could not fool anybody. It was surely made up half an hour before the curtain rose, and the elderly lady who led it with all the blandishments of a fixed smile and unconfining ringlets, could not deceive us into taking it as a reality.

There were a good many elderly ladies in the cast. The older they were, the shorter grew their skirts, the more golden their hair, the more artless their manners. These divided the honors with the feminine stars who wore men's clothes. Excelsior, Jr., a sharp-faced lady with the most wiggy wig we have seen in a year, wore a dress-suit and high hat. Her four valets—feminine, too—wore a sort of Beau Brummell-incroyable combination. There were girls in the corduroy knickerbockers of tourists, and girls in bicycle bloomers. It was all like a nightmare a person might have had after going to see for six consecutive nights "Aladdin," "Ali Baba," "The Passing Show," "1492," Della Fox, and Pauline Hall.

It lay with Miss Martinot to redeem the evening and make the audience forget the elderly ladies, with their faces obscured in flour, the trousered heroines, and the puns that Flinders Petrie has found on the oldest Egyptian monuments. Miss Martinot struggled with the task in her graceful, fascinating way, and did a great deal toward keeping the spectators seated. Why does she waste her talents in such a performance? She is as clever, as daintily French, as exquisitely chic as ever. She has one of the lightest and surest touches in farcical comedy. She has the *diablerie* of a Judic and the fresh, strawberries-and-cream prettiness of the *ingénue* of stage-land. Strange as it may seem, the atmosphere of a Chicagoish extravaganza has not yet impaired the delicacy of her style. She is still completely and harmoniously choice and fine. If there is any truth in that adage about the evil communications and the good manners, we may expect next time we see her to find her fallen to the high-kicking, eye-winking level of a Cissy Fitzgerald.

The Yvette Guilbert bit of the programme was the best. Miss Martinot was a rather plump Yvette, and one might suggest to her—just softly, in her ear—that she ought to get a new pair of black gloves. Old age or a forgetful haste in pulling them up over thickly powdered arms had turned the fingers of them into a sallow-gray color, and when Yvette gesticulated in the wild French fashion, the whitish fingers looked too economical for so gorgeous a person. The imitation of Mlle. Guilbert was amusing and very chic. Few Americans have this extreme delicacy of expression. They are either too coarse or too wooden. Miss Martinot is charmingly deft in her subtle changes of facial language—her sparkling variety of look, the revelation of the inward thought in the coquettish gleam of an eye glancing through the lashes, the arrested smile that tightens back into demure unconsciousness.

She was as welcome in "Excelsior, Jr." as the shadow of a rock in a weary land. What strange people there are in the world! One only truly realizes this when one goes to the theatre and sees people amused by "Excelsior, Jr.," and Della Foxes, and Vernona Jarbeaus. George Eliot once wrote that a difference in the sense of humor was one of the most serious menaces to happy companionship. Fancy if a member of your family or a loved and respected friend developed a taste for this sort of show and expected you to go and laugh! Where married people are concerned, it ought to be ground for divorce.

The dramatic barrenness of the week was such that one perpetrated a visit to the Orpheum on Tues-

day evening. The ideal of the variety performance is excellent, the real is generally marred by vulgarity. Managers have it on their minds that the patrons of the vaudeville type of show like their amusements coarsely flavored. It would be an interesting experiment to try a really refined variety performance wherein the performers were competent and clever. With the present rage for vaudeville this might be made a great go. To the average mind the continual change of programme and the half-dollar seat is the true attraction. A constantly varying performance is undoubtedly very restful. Its vogue has arisen in part from the scarcity of good plays. The strain of following the four acts of a tedious and amateurish drama is much more exhausting than we realize. So, having had so many of these, we turn to the vaudeville for recreation. One dull number may be succeeded by a bright one. Hope springs eternal in the human breast.

The Woman's Congress ought to go to the Orpheum in a body and legislate afterward about what they saw. The male performers are so much superior to the women that it should be a crushing spectacle to those who believe in the mental supremacy of the human female. The women were rather dreadful, excepting, perhaps, the mulatto, who was the inspirer of that extremely humorous negro's jokes and stories. The rest were ordinary, unoriginal, and common to a degree. The dancer Fleurette rose a point above the dead level of mediocrity which distinguished the rest. She is a long, thin little woman, with an extraordinary length of limb. She kicked the back of her head more emphatically and easily than any one we ever remember to have seen. There are people who do not think the capacity to kick the back of your own skull comes under the head of dancing, but this is an antique way of looking at things. Dancing like Fleurette's is just now on the summit of the wave of popularity, and all it consists in are draperies and kicks.

On the other band, almost all the men in the show are good—some of them are astonishingly good. It is only in the highest ranks of the dramatic world that the women exhibit the same artistic conscience as the men. In all great companies and in most good ones the actress shows a sense of conscientious pride, a feeling of artistic responsibility, similar to that of the actor. Drop below this high level, and—while the man continues to take himself seriously as an artist or a player and to do his work earnestly and carefully—the woman loses pride in her work and responsibility in her share of the entertainment, and relies upon her sex to protect her from the severe criticism that her careless indifference deserves.

Latell, the man who played upon the different musical instruments, the comic acrobats, the Midgeley man, were all excellent. The mulatto Anderson is very nearly an artist. His humor is true humor, albeit it deals freely with mothers-in-law and hash and boarding-houses. It is amazingly spontaneous, rich and true. After fun like that contributed by Cawthorn and O'Neil to "Excelsior, Jr.," the fresh, natural gaiety of this mulatto's unpremeditated speech is irresistibly attractive. In fact, we rarely find true humor in extravaganza or farce, and it is probable that Anderson himself, transplanted from the detached extempore independence of his "act" in a variety show to the formal setting of a place in a play, would lose his great charm of bubbling, sparkling spontaneity.

It was a pleasure to find the Chevalier Albert Guille upon the programme. Only a long stage acquaintance with the chevalier has accustomed us to be prepared for him in all places and upon all occasions. He pops up in grand opera one year and *opéra-comique* the next. He is the star of a concert company here, he is the tenor of an opera company there. He is with Patti. He is with Taviy. He is with himself. He can not surprise us any more with these jack-in-the-box re-appearances, and we are always glad to see him and hear the high notes with which he is so lavishly generous. It was odd, in the smoky atmosphere of the Orpheum, to hear what was once a noble voice rolling out the tender strains of "Celeste Aida"; then there was applause, and the encore came, "La Donna e Mobile," and that was stranger still, with all its grand-opera memories and the great names and the great voices that have made it one of the songs of the world.

Pope Leo has thrown open the Borgia rooms in the Vatican, after spending one hundred thousand dollars having them put in repair. The whitewash has been removed from the frescoes and the pavements restored according to the original designs, in majolica tiles. The decorations of the great hall were destroyed at the time of the sack of Rome by the Constable of Bourbon, and were replaced by paintings by Raphael's pupils. The work of repair was done in four years and was hurried as much as possible, as Pope Leo was very anxious that the restoration should be completed before he died.

The Drill Corps of Golden Gate Commandery, No. 16, Knights Templar, gave its annual banquet last Saturday evening at the California Hotel. Covers were laid for sixty. Another pleasant affair at the California was the annual banquet of the Alumni Association of the University of California, which took place on Wednesday evening. Eighty-two gentlemen were present.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

By the will of the late William B. Carr, the following testamentary provisions were made:

The estate is valued at about \$500,000, and consists of real estate in this county and San Mateo, Alameda, Solano, Yolo, and Kings Counties. Testator bequeathed to his widow \$100,000 absolutely, and \$5,000 in trust to be used for the education and care of Ralph M. Carr. The children, George Carr, Mary Carr Lieb, and Ralph M. Carr are each bequeathed \$10,000 to be paid when they attain their majority. The residue of the estate is to be distributed one-third to the widow and the remainder between the children. Mrs. Carr was appointed executrix without bonds but, at her request, Judge Coffey appointed George G. Carr to serve as special administrator.

An Idea for the Board of Education.

The school census recently taken in San Francisco shows that there are 98,946 children under seventeen years of age in the city. Of these the number of school age—that is, between the ages of five and seventeen—is 74,840, a gain over last year of 3,018. The figures of the census marshal show that the white children who attended the public schools numbered 46,553. The white children attending parochial, convent, church, or private schools numbered 8,047. The number of negro and Chinese children is insignificant, being barely in the hundreds. But what is the most striking feature of the report is that more than one-fourth of the children between the ages of five and seventeen are not attending any school at all. It is gratifying that so small a percentage is attending parochial Roman Catholic schools and other private schools. This number is much less than has been generally supposed. But the fact remains that nearly 20,000 children of school age in the city of San Francisco attend no school at all. We think that the board of education might find here an admirable outlet for their surplus energy, to wit, in rounding up these 20,000 children and placing them in the public schools. While the city has been increasing in population, the number of children in the schools has practically been standing still. There are many school-rooms vacant in many of the school buildings of the city. The city pays a large portion of the taxes for supporting the public schools of the State, a certain portion of which is returned to the city, based upon the number of children of school age. Since last year there has been a gain of 3,018 in the children of school age, which means an increase of \$27,000 in the quota of the public-school money which the State returns to the city. Even utterly ignoring the danger of allowing 20,000 children to run wild in the streets of a great city without the education which the municipality owes to them, there is a financial side to this question which may appeal more strongly to the board of education. If that board should succeed in getting all or nearly all of the children of school age into the public schools, they would receive nearly \$200,000 more from the State to add to the sum which they now disburse.

One painting, designed for the Salon des Champs Elysees this year, has already made more talk than all the others. Jean Vibert is the artist. The subject is an ordinary Paris butcher's shop, with the usual display of carcasses hanging upon hooks and the butcher himself standing at the door. The drawing is good and the coloring true to life. When regarded closer, the carcasses are seen to be those of human animals, the painter by a subtle transition concealing the human figure in that of the beast. And the butcher bears a striking, undeniable resemblance to Prince Bismarck. None of the accessories or characteristics of costume indicate the nationality of the butcher, and it is said in behalf of M. Vibert himself that he merely desired to paint a general protest against human butchery in general. But his use of Bismarck's characteristic countenance to typify it raises a diplomatic question and is likely to cause trouble.

Mr. J. W. Hendrie, formerly a resident of this city and an old member of the Mercantile Library, has presented that institution with twenty-five thousand dollars. This generous gift is in property located in San Francisco, and it may easily be appraised at five thousand dollars more than the amount named. Mr. Hendrie is now residing in New Haven, but, aware of the difficulties under which the library is laboring, he has taken this means to help it pay off its debt. If the remaining fifty thousand dollars can not be raised, the property must be sacrificed to the bank which holds the mortgage. The officers have determined to make an heroic effort to save the library, and make a strong appeal to those who are interested to help to keep it afloat.

The Pacific Coast Jockey Club will give two extra days at the Ingleside Track on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week for the benefit of the Balboa Boulevard, the Woman's Exchange, and the Veterinary Department of the University of California. There will be five races run each day, for each of which handsome purses have been offered, and the entries so far made indicate that the days will be full of interest for all lovers of horses.

The Pacific Yacht Club will have its opening day celebration this afternoon and evening in the clubhouse at Sausalito. Special tug-boats will leave Mission Street Wharf, No. 1, at seven o'clock this evening, returning at midnight. On Sunday there will be a cruise in squadron.

The Weather and the Crops.

Six weeks ago it looked as if California farmers were going to have a record-breaking year. The rains had been so prolonged, so widely diffused, and had fallen so gently, instead of torrentially, that the hopes of the agriculturists rose to the highest point. It looked as if we were going to have a good year for wheat, barley, oats, hay, and fruits. Then followed a dry spell of a couple of weeks, but it was confidently hoped that the usual late spring rains would come. They have not come. On the contrary, there has been a dry spell of many weeks, accompanied during much of its duration by hot northerly winds. The effect has been disastrous upon the grain crops. Much that was sown for grain will be cut for hay, while much that was sown for hay will not be worth cutting. It is too late now for rain to do any good. The fruit crop also will suffer, and it is now believed that there will not be a full crop this year of grain, hay, or fruit.

The board of administration of the California Home and Child-Study Association will meet in the parlors of Golden Gate Hall this (Saturday) morning at ten o'clock. Members of Mrs. E. G. Greene's child-study classes and the persons interested in educational work will be welcome.

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—GOODWIN—
First Week. Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday Evenings and Saturday Matinee, DAVID GARRICK.
Thursday, Friday, and Saturday Evenings, THE RIVALS.

Second Week.....An American Citizen

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

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Monday, May 17th. Second and Last Week. Rice's Gorgeous Extravaganza,

—EXCELSIOR, JR.—

Note—During the week of May 24th the theatre will be closed for renovations, etc.

Monday, May 31st.....The Frawley Company

ORPHEUM.

Week Commencing Monday, May 17th.
George Ostrani and His Burlesque Pantomime Company in Their Humorous Creation, "Yvette." Also the Eccentric Musical Specialty, "Do-Mi-Sol-Do." The Baggesens, "The Juggling Waitress and The Twisting Water." Return for One Week Only of the Kneemann Bros., Burlesque Acrobats. In conjunction with Fleurette and Her Four Fleurs-de-Lis, Ed. Latell, Taciano, The Andersons, and Mlle. Ani. The Venetian Ladies' Orchestra in the Annex after the Performance. Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

MECHANICS' PAVILION.

May 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d.

DOG SHOW

There will be about

500 Blue-Ribbon Dogs on Exhibition.

Under the Auspices of San Francisco Kennel Club.
A. B. SPRECKELS, Pres. H. J. CROCKER, Vice-Pres.
Admission, 50 cents. Children, 25 cents.

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The Popular Bay Resort. Now Open Every Sunday during the Season. Music, Dancing, Bowling, Boating, Fishing, and Other Amusements.

REFRESHMENTS AT CITY PRICES.
Fare, Round Trip, 25c.; Children, 15c., including Admission to Grounds.

The Steamer *Ukiah* will leave Tiburon Ferry 10:30 A.M., 12:10, 2:00, and 4:00 P.M. Returning, leave El Campo, 11:15 A.M., 1:00, 3:00, and 5:00 P.M.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Nat Goodwin in Legitimate Comedy.

The engagement of the Hoppers at the Baldwin Theatre, which comes to an end with the performance of this (Saturday) evening, has been one of the most successful that the theatre has known. The principals are highly popular with San Francisco audiences, the opera is tuneful and entertaining, and it has been handsomely put on the stage, and local theatre-goers will look forward with pleasant anticipation to the Hoppers' next visit.

Nat Goodwin—or rather Mr. N. C. Goodwin, for he is emerging from the depths of low comedy—will begin a two weeks' engagement at this theatre on Monday next. The first week will be devoted to old English comedy. "David Garrick" will be given on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings and at the Saturday matinee, affording Mr. Goodwin, in the title-role, opportunity to show his ability in pathetic as well as in humorous scenes. The performance will be followed each evening by a comedieta entitled "The Silent System," in which Mr. Goodwin will appear for the first time here in a pantomime part. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings "The Rivals" will be given, with Mr. Goodwin in the rôle of Bob Acres. The second week will be devoted to "An American Citizen," a decidedly modern comedy.

Miss Maxine Elliot maintains her place at the head of the company supporting Mr. Goodwin. She is as beautiful as she was when she left us to visit the Anti-podes, and it is said that she has some very handsome gowns to show in "David Garrick" and "The Rivals." Her little sister, Miss Gertrude, is also a member of the company.

A New Tivoli Opera.

This (Saturday) and to-morrow evening will be the last opportunities to hear Denis O'Sullivan in "Shamus O'Brien." The young singer and the opera as well have met with a large measure of success, but three weeks is a long run for the Tivoli, and its regular patrons might be beginning to tire of the monotony.

"Captain Fracassa," the opera which is to be produced next Monday, was composed by Dellinger, one of the most prominent of the younger school of composers. The book was written by Gené and Zell, the authors of "Nanon," "The Royal Middy," and other kindred works, and the adaptation into English is the work of Harry B. Smith, the author of "Robin Hood." In its original form, the opera ran in Vienna and Berlin for more than two years. It is a romantic story of Venice in the early part of the eighteenth century, and is full of amusing and picturesque situations. The cast will include all the old members of the Tivoli company. Rhys Thomas will play the rôle of the braggart, Captain Fracassa; Rafael and Hartman, who have been enjoying a vacation during the run of "Shamus O'Brien," will appear as Oberto, the goldsmith, and Momo, his assistant; Laura Millard will be the Princess Blanche de Coligny; Elvia Crox-Seabrooke will appear as a haughty English lady; Myra Morella will have a soubrette part; Josie Intropidi, that of a comic old woman; and the remaining characters will be taken by W. H. West, Maurice Darcy, Jennie Stockmeyer, and others.

At the Columbia.

"Excelsior, Jr." is to be continued for another week at the Columbia Theatre, with a number of new songs and specialties substituted for those given this week, and Miss Martinot will be seen in another installment of handsome new gowns. The end of the engagement will occur on Sunday night, May 23d, after which the theatre will be closed for a week. Before it re-opens it will be re-painted and generally renovated.

The regular summer season will commence on Monday evening, May 31st, with the Frawley Company in "The Fatal Card." This is a strong melodrama by Chambers and Stephenson, and was first given in this country at Palmer's Theatre in New York. To the list of the new Frawley Company, which we printed last week, but one addition has been reported. This is Eleanor Morgetti, who will be remembered here for her strong impersonation of Roxey in "Pudd'nhead Wilson." Before that, she had been here with young Salvini as his leading lady.

The sale of seats for subscribers for the Frawley season will begin on Tuesday morning, May 25th, and the regular sale of tickets for single nights will begin on Thursday.

New Faces at the Orpheum.

There will be a number of new-comers at the Orpheum next week. Among those who will be retained from the present programme are Fleurette and her four fleurs-de-lis; Latell, the musical jack-of-all-trades; Tacianu, the male soprano; the Andersons, who crack negro jokes and do buck-dancing; and Mlle. Ani.

The leading feature of the new portion of the programme will be George Osrani and his burlesque pantomime company in a humorous skit entitled "Yvette"; two other new-comers are the Baggesens, who appear as "the juggling waitress and the twisting waiter"; finally, the return for one week only is announced of the Kronemann Brothers, the burlesque acrobats.

The annex to the Orpheum is enjoying a much

larger measure of popularity since the Venetian Ladies' Orchestra is giving concerts there after the performance.

Notes.

Mrs. Leslie Carter will be seen at the Baldwin in the fall in Belasco's play, "The Heart of Maryland."

It is announced that the Kendalls are meditating another descent upon the United States next winter.

The Lilliputians will follow Nat Goodwin at the Baldwin in their new spectacle, "The Merry Tramps."

Nat Goodwin will not present his new play, "Treadway of Yale," by Augustus Thomas, until next season.

Frank Daniels has completed his engagement at the Broadway Theatre after presenting "The Wizard of the Nile" at that theatre more than five hundred times during his two engagements there.

During Eleonora Duse's approaching season in Paris, she will for the first time act in another tongue than Italian. This will be at only one performance, that to be given in aid of the monument to Alexander Dumas, when she will act in French.

Eugene Cowles, the well-known basso of the Bostonians, whose singing of the armorer's song created a furore all over the country, has been sued for divorce. He is one of the original members of the Bostonian company. The *Chronicle* told a long story last Wednesday of how the singer some years ago had trouble with his wife in which a kidnapping episode and other sensational features were a prominent part. Our contemporary is evidently confusing his identity with that of another Cowles, his cousin Edwin, who may be distinguished from the singer by the fact that he died five years ago in Texas.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Saturday Morning Orchestra.

Golden Gate Hall will be the scene this afternoon of a concert to be given by the Saturday Morning Orchestra for the benefit of the Episcopal Old Ladies' Home. The excellent work done heretofore by this musical organization is too well known for present comment, and it will strive to-day to excel any of its former efforts in an interesting programme. Mr. Denis O'Sullivan is to sing a serenade from "Faust" and a number of Irish ballads, in which he appears at his best. The Misses Ames and Miss Marie Wilson will play Mendelssohn's D-minor trio, and the Colonial Quartet will sing. There will be an auction of new and artistic posters after the concert.

The Stanford and Apollo Chorals.

The Stanford Choral Society and the Apollo Choral Society gave a concert last Saturday evening in the Encina Gymnasium at the Stanford University. Mr. H. B. Pasmore was the musical director. The concert was a success artistically and in point of attendance. The entire programme will be repeated this evening at Metropolitan Hall. There are two hundred voices in the chorus. The programme presented was as follows:

Chorus, "Hail, Bright Abode," "Tannhäuser," Wagner; suite for violin and piano, Eduard Schuett, Mr. Nathan Landsberger and Mr. Otto Bendix; choruses, "For Unto Us a Child is Born" and "Behold the Lamb of God," from the "Messiah," Handel; large and finale from the sonata, op. 58, Chopin, Mr. Otto Bendix; selections from "Elijah," Mendelssohn; chorus, "Faith to the Meadows," Schubert, quartet by Miss Little, Miss Farel, Mr. Campbell, and Dr. Little; air from "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni, Mrs. Basford; part songs, (a) "The Linden-Tree," Moritz Hauptmann, (b) "A Summer Song," H. B. Pasmore; violin solo, "Hungarian Rhapsody," Miska Hauser, Mr. Nathan Landsberger; chorus, "He, Watching Over Israel," from "Elijah," Mendelssohn; songs, (a) "Where Blooms the Rose," Clayton Johns, (b) "Thy Blue Eyes," Bohm, Mrs. Wratten; chorus, "Hallelujah," from the "Messiah," Handel.

Art Association Concert.

An interesting concert was given at the San Francisco Art Association last Thursday evening under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman. A fashionable audience enjoyed the following excellent programme:

Organ overture, "Raymond," Thomas, Mr. Emilio Cruells; song, "For All Eternity," Mascheroni, Mr. Arthur Cohnreich; songs, (a) "In June," De Koven, (b) "Ah, 'tis a Dream," Hawley, Mrs. W. G. Fonda (accompanied by Mr. Harry S. Fonda); violoncello, "Romance," Max Bruch, Mr. Lovell Langstroth; scena and aria, "Softly Sighs," ("Der Freischütz"), Weber, Miss Amanda Corcoran; organ, Welsh air with variations, Layland, Mr. Emilio Cruells; song, "Let Me Love Thee," Ardit, Mr. Arthur Cohnreich; songs, (a) "Le Chant de l'Arabe," Bemberg, (b) "Thou'rt Like a Lovely Flower," Smith, Mrs. W. G. Fonda; violoncello, "Caprice Hongroise," Dunkler, Mr. Lovell Langstroth; songs, (a) "Si tu m'Aimais," Denza, (b) "Sing, Sweet Bird," Ganz, Miss Amanda Corcoran; organ, "Nihelungen March," Wagner, Mr. Emilio Cruells.

The Manilloy Concert.

The friends of Mr. David Manilloy, the tenor, tendered him a testimonial concert, which took place last Monday evening. A large audience enjoyed the following programme:

Organ solo, overture, "Stradella," Flotow, Mr. H. Brethrick; opening remarks, Mr. James R. Kelly; song, "Land of the Harp," Hervey, Mr. David Manilloy; cantata, "Gallia," Gounod, soloist, Miss A. Rooney, St. Ignatius Male Choir; song, selected, Dr. J. G. Morrissey; song, "The Mighty Deep," Jude, Mr. G. W. Wood; organ solo, grand chorus in F, Grison, Mr. H. Brethrick; "The Laughing Trio," Martini, Miss Rooney, Mr. Manilloy, and Mr. Wood; song, "Old, Old Story,"

Blumenthal, Miss E. V. McCloskey (accompanied by Dr. H. J. Stewart); song, "Lend Me Your Aid" (from "Queen of Sheba"), Gounod, Mr. David Manilloy; song, selected, Miss A. Rooney; quartet, "Autumn Comes with Silent Finger," Weber, Miss Alvina Heuer Willson, Miss Miriam Coney, Mr. David Manilloy, and Mr. J. F. Fleming.

The Biggerstaff Concert.

Mr. Frederick M. Biggerstaff, the pianist, gave a concert last Thursday evening. The following interesting programme was presented:

Sonata, op. 31, No. 3, E-flat major, allegro, allegretto, vivace, minuetto, presto con fuoco, Beethoven, Mr. F. M. Biggerstaff; "Russian Fantaisie," Popper, Mr. Arthur F. Weiss; "My Dreams," Tosti, Dr. Gilbert F. Graham; (a) novelette, op. 21, No. 2, D-major, Schumann, (b) ballade, op. 47, No. 3, A-flat major, Chopin, Mr. F. M. Biggerstaff; (a) barcarolle G. Rubinstein, (b) "Memories of an Artist," op. 13, No. 4, Seeling, (c) "Luetzow's Wilde Jagd," op. 111, Weber-Kullak, Mr. F. M. Biggerstaff; "O, Don Fatale," Verdi, Mrs. Sedgley Reynolds; (a) "Berceuse," Weiss, (b) "Spinning Song," Popper, Mr. Arthur F. Weiss; waltz caprice, No. 2, "Man Leht nur Einmal," Strauss-Tausig, Mr. F. M. Biggerstaff.

The next "Musical Evening" at Byron Mauzy's Hall will be on Thursday evening, May 27th. It will be under the direction of Signor Piccirilli, who will be assisted by his mandolin club and by Signor S. Martinez, pianist, Mrs. Letitia Bonfoy-Repperdan, the reader, and several well-known vocalists. The admission is by invitation only.

Mr. Denis O'Sullivan and Mr. Daniel O'Connell are preparing to give an entertainment on Saturday evening, May 29th, at which the music, ballads, legends, and fairy lore of the Emerald Isle will be portrayed. A most interesting programme is promised. Mr. H. J. Stewart will act as pianist and accompanist.

Mrs. C. M. Meyer, formerly Miss Lena Devine, of this city, gave a delightful musicale on May 1st, at her home, 138 Fifth Avenue, New York city.

Mr. William T. Andrews will leave for London early in June to pursue his musical studies.

The Proposed Park and the Hospital.

The recent agitation to purchase a park for the Mission has met with a comparatively frigid response from the rest of the city. Inasmuch as the dwellers at North Beach, at Pacific Heights, at Presidio Heights, and throughout the Western Addition generally have to go all the way from a mile to four miles to get to San Francisco's only park, they do not quite see why they should be taxed to pay their share for purchasing a park for one district in the city. Supervisor Smith, however, seems to have succeeded in solving this problem. He has introduced a resolution before the board of supervisors setting aside the four blocks now occupied by the City and County Hospital, in the southern portion of the Mission, for a park, and he further recommends that the new City and County Hospital be erected on the Alms-House tract, adjoining the new Affiliated Colleges building, thereby making it available for students for clinical purposes.

We think Supervisor Smith's scheme an excellent one. While the prejudice which exists against the proximity of hospitals is a petty and provincial one, and one that does not exist in any other large city with which we are familiar, none the less it does exist. The proximity of the City and County Hospital has made its neighborhood undesirable in the Mission. If it be removed and its site changed into a park, it would add largely to the desirability of that section as a residence and building site. Further than that, the erection of the hospital on the Alms-House tract would make it remote from any residence quarter, would place it on high ground where the air is purer than in the present location, and would make it a desirable neighbor for the Affiliated Colleges and a neighbor to which the wards of the city in the Alms-House could not object. We hope that Supervisor Smith's motion will prevail.

El Campo is once more open for the season. It is one of the most popular resorts about the bay, and the steamer *Ukiah* carries large excursions there every Sunday.

The commencement exercises of the Class of '97 of Irving Institute will be held at Golden Gate Hall next Thursday evening.

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VANITY FAIR.

An interesting contribution to the discussion started by Marie Corelli's statement that the London season is a slave-market where girls are sold "like any unhappy Armenian girl," is made by Mrs. Fenwick Miller. She thinks that the pretense that marriage is a mere matter of sentiment, that money matters ought not to be taken into account, is to be traced in large measure to the influence of Thackeray. In the same novel in which he orates so often about the wickedness of a handsome girl being desired by her grandmother to marry a rich young peer—a very good fellow, with nothing to be said against him—instead of a penniless artist, he applauds as the noblest of mankind the foolish old Colonel Newcome, who in his vain self-conceit has not only given all his own money to an adventurer, but also induced his son's wife and her mother to follow his lead. There is nothing but abuse for the poor mother, who, when the means of comfortable existence for herself and her daughter are thus swept away, "takes off her coat," so to speak, and though her temper fails her, as well it may, works with her own hands in preparing food for the whole lot of them, and uses her little pension to help keep them; and yet, when a stray fifty pounds comes to hand, and the old Colonel, regardless of domestic claims, grandly sends it off to a pensioner of his, credit is claimed for him for this "generosity" at the expense of his household victims, the deluded daughter-in-law and her mother! In the same vein of false sentiment is the scorn expressed by the novelists for the reasonably prudent consideration of the business aspect of the life-long partnership of marriage. There is no excuse for a mother who deliberately ties her young daughter to the chagrins of being the wife of a man of three times her years, or of a younger man of bad character, because the prospective bridegroom has rank or money; but if other things are equal, or nearly so, would anybody who knows the world desire to see a probably shallow and passing attraction permitted to tie a girl down for all her life to poverty, with all its discomforts, including her removal from the society to which she is used and the habits of refinement and luxury that are ingrained in her by daily use from childhood?

A college for training in the art of love-making is suggested by Miss Lillian Bell, the author of "The Love Affairs of an Old Maid." She claims to speak with authority of the necessity of such an institution, for she has been the recipient of more confidences from maids and bachelors than falls to the lot of most persons. Aside from the tales poured into her sympathetic ear by those who have met her personally, she has had hundreds of letters from persons who read her book and were moved to unbosom themselves to her. "I suggested once a kindergarten for the training of husbands," she says. "Now I want to change that and have a college for lovers, with a post-graduate course for husbands. As it is now—well, almost any girl can do almost anything with a man. You know how easily one girl can rob another girl of her lover. He, poor, blind being, never suspects it. A girl would know in a minute if another man was trying to win her from her lover. She has intuitions like antennae which tell her the very nature of every approach. But with a man it is different. He sees only 'a sympathetic soul' in the girl who leads him away by all the deliberate arts of which she is mistress."

The doctrine of the middle-aged, which is now being preached in the new plays in London, as we announced in this department last week, is the subject of interesting speculations by L. F. Austin. "Are middle-aged men ever sensitive on the subject of their years?" he asks in the *Sketch*. "I see it is stoutly denied that any man of forty-five could feel or talk like Sir George Lamorant, the Butterfly of Mr. Pinero's brilliant comedy. That some women should exclaim against the Princess Pannonia, who is forty or thereabouts, for taking her age so bitterly to heart, is quite in the natural order. Behind me on the first night of the St. James's play sat several ladies, not in their first youth, who openly declared that no woman ever approached her fortieth year with such acute distress. These censors had nothing to say against the lamentations of the baronet over his four decades and a half. Possibly they regarded his grief as natural to the horrid vanity of man when he has passed his meridian. But the other spectacle seemed to strike them as treason to the cause of womanhood, though the traitress in this instance was the arbitrary creation of a masculine dramatist. The circumstance that, faithful to the equality of the sexes in this particular, he had put the Princess and her Butterfly into the same predicament, did not appease them at all. But how is it with our Forty-fivers? Are they in revolt against Mr. Pinero's thesis? Some of the wrathful incredulity exhibited on their account is, I suspect, the sentiment of Sixty. The authority of Sixty on this point is irrelevant, because it is fifteen years out of date. At that age a man has settled down to a useful or ornamental maturity; the skeleton of his youth is not clutching at his coat-tails; he has forgotten that painful interval when he was neither young nor old, or, rather, when he still flattered himself with the susceptibilities of youth, and hesitated to put the real year of his birth in a biographical dictionary. It was the time

when he wondered whether an inconsiderate host would have the indecency to allot to him some well-preserved woman as a partner at dinner, while the still youthful craving of his eye lingered fondly on the tresses of Amariyllis. Sixty has forgotten all about that and ought to be hustled out of the witness-box."

An extraordinary sign of the times is the following advertisement, which recently appeared in a London paper:

GENTLEMAN WISHING TO ADD TO AN INADEQUATE income offers his services to ladies desiring an escort for theatres, amusements, social functions, or extensive traveling. For terms and interview, address "Confidential," 1921, M. P. Office, Strand.

Here is a man, presumably young, who will hire himself out to unattached womankind promiscuously, attend her to tea-parties, allow her to pay his super-bills when on duty after the play, and enact the rôle of tame cat, in fact, generally, "for a consideration."

The New York *Sun* makes a very proper protest against the improper use of the word dress: "There are still a number of women in this world who need to be enlightened as to the true significance of the word 'dress.' At a woman's meeting, the other afternoon, convened for the express purpose of considering the clothes question and nothing else, the abuse of the word was flagrant, striking, and general. Instead of 'gowns' or 'frocks,' speaker after speaker talked of 'dresses.' 'Dress' means attire, habiliments, clothes in general, and never clothes in particular. You may speak of a woman's dress when you mean her entire costume, but not when you refer to one particular part of it. You might just as well call her head-gear her 'dress' as her frock. It is quite as much a part of it. A 'man's dress' is as permissible an expression as a 'woman's dress,' implying, as it does, not skirts alone, but the complete attire."

"Gracchus," in a letter printed in the London *Times*, suggests that Englishmen commemorate the Diamond Jubilee by "a national petition" to the Prince of Wales urging him to decree the abolition of the chimney-pot hat. "Gracchus" is worthy of his name, for a more revolutionary proposal has not been made since Caius and Tiberius Gracchus scandalized the respectable citizens of Rome. Like all anarchists, the correspondent of the *Times* does not tell what is to take the place of the venerable institution he seeks to destroy. What would succeed the silk hat? Are we to wear the derby or the soft felt, or go hatless?

AN ARMY POST QUARREL.

The Social Tempest Raised by Bicycle Rides—A Captain's Daughter's Jealousy and a Lieutenant's Wife's Flirtations.

The innocent bicycle has precipitated one of the biggest scandals that have convulsed army circles in many years. The scene of action has been Fort McPherson, near Atlanta, Ga., where Captain Romeyn, of the Fifth Infantry, has been undergoing court-martial for "conduct unbecoming a soldier and a gentleman." The immediate act which precipitated the court-martial was the knocking down of Lieutenant O'Brien, of the same regiment, just after the dress-parade on February 17th. But the real point at issue was the social status of Mrs. O'Brien, wife of Lieutenant O'Brien.

It seems that Captain Romeyn, who enlisted during the war and has a high reputation for bravery and efficiency, has a daughter who was the belle of the post. She became engaged to Lieutenant Bamford, but the latter's attentions to Mrs. O'Brien caused Miss Romeyn to give him his *congé* and her father to forbid him the house. Mrs. O'Brien is a handsome and dashing young woman and an accomplished bicyclist, and Lieutenant Bamford often rode with her—at first as one of a party, but later as her sole escort. Their jaunts *à deux* into the country about the post were frequent and prolonged. O'Brien used to put up luncheon for them and see them off, but the various ladies of the post looked askance at the excursions after a while, and left Mrs. O'Brien to ride alone with the lieutenant. One of the officers at the post testified during the trial that he had heard the wife of the commandant of the post say to his wife that she "was tired of being made a convenience for Mrs. O'Brien to meet Lieutenant Bamford in the woods." Miss Romeyn remonstrated unsuccessfully with Bamford on his conduct, and the engagement—which, by the way, he was cad enough to deny in a printed interview, in spite of convincing evidence to the contrary—was broken off. Soon after this Mrs. O'Brien sent out invitations for a dinner, and she was much surprised to find that four of those whom she had asked declined to be present—two of the men on plausible excuses, but two women in a manner that was certainly very pointed. At a hop that followed, Miss Romeyn deliberately cut Mrs. O'Brien, and the latter was ostracized by several of the other ladies of the post. Lieutenant Bamford's marked attentions on that occasion and the fact that Mrs. O'Brien danced almost exclusively with him, were generally regarded as highly improper.

The culmination came when Mrs. O'Brien wished to go to Washington to witness the inauguration of President McKinley. She arranged to go under the escort of Mr. Stephen Bennett, a civilian who was

engaged to one of the ladies of the garrison. Captain Romeyn took it upon himself to warn Mr. Bennett against accompanying Mrs. O'Brien, saying that she was not in favor with the ladies of the post. Mr. Bennett told his *fiancée* of this, and so the mess-room talk and the gossip of the officers' wives were found to be at one on the subject of Mrs. O'Brien. O'Brien demanded a retraction of Romeyn's imputations; Romeyn refused to give this, and, after the parade on February 17th, O'Brien publicly accused Romeyn of grievously injuring him and declining to make reparation. Romeyn promptly knocked O'Brien down and was put under arrest, but he was released twenty minutes later, and on the twentieth his trial by court-martial began. The trial attracted such attention in Atlanta that, on the second day, three thousand persons went to the post to stare at the principals during dress parade, and so crowded the parade-ground that they practically prevented that function.

The post itself is divided, but the testimony showed that the women were mostly against Mrs. O'Brien, while those who had noticed nothing detrimental to her reputation were men who had not gone to the social functions of the post for six or eight months past. A number of ladies testified before the court, among whom was Miss Romeyn. Twice Captain Romeyn has had to apologize, once for calling Lieutenant Bamford a liar—an epithet which Bamford's commanding officer, Captain Carter, testified that he had himself applied to Lieutenant Bamford to his face—and again for declaring that O'Brien "shamefully neglected his wife and allowed another man to take his place"; also putting the same statement in very concise Anglo-Saxon. This is "fighting talk" in the South, and thereafter, at the commandant's order, Captain Romeyn was escorted to and from the scene of trial by a body-guard. On the same day he was presented with a handsome silver loving-cup by members of his company "in recognition of his worth as a soldier and as a gentleman." But the only testimony which pointed to anything more than imprudence on the part of Mrs. O'Brien was in the evidence of Miss Romeyn, who said:

"I have frequently seen him leave the O'Brien house late in the evening, when all the lights in the residence were out. I remonstrated with him for both his neglect of me and the entanglement into which he was leading himself and Mrs. O'Brien. I knew that Mrs. O'Brien was an unfit person for any young man or woman to associate with, for in the preceding summer she had told me that she considered a young man had a perfect right to fall in love with a married woman, and she with a man not her husband, if the latter had disappointed her."

There has been no verdict in the trial as yet, and the court-martial has been ordered by the War Department to continue its sitting indefinitely. This means that the department will investigate the testimony in this case, and probably also that in two others which will soon be tried, one against Lieutenant O'Brien and the other against Lieutenant Bamford on charges which are already lodged. Meanwhile, it is rumored that the Fifth Infantry is to be removed from Fort McPherson, one of the pleasant posts in the country, to Vancouver, Wash., exchanging with the Fifteenth Infantry.

The question of what is and what is not proper chaperonage for a bicycling excursion will thus come up for review before the Secretary of War, and perhaps before the President himself. It may be that those august functionaries will be assisted in determining the matter by the citation of authorities on the subject. Some of these have been collated by one of the New York papers, which has interviewed a number of prominent women in New York society on the subject.

An important outcome of this scandal is predicted by the *Army and Navy Journal*. This is nothing less than the abolition of the system of enforced residence at army posts of the families of officers. "So long as the army was stationed in the 'Wild West,'" the *Journal* says, "it was of course necessary for the government to provide facilities in the way of residence, etc.; but wherever, as is now generally the case, the vicinity of a post affords such facilities, officers and their families ought to be permitted to dwell wherever it suits their means or convenience, as is done in all civilized European countries. The enforced residence, in close juxtaposition, of families who might find themselves placed in an uncongenial position, can only tend to discord and make trouble. Another disagreeable feature, that of frequently shifting quarters by the arrival of an officer claiming assignment according to his rank, could also be done away with if there were no quarters to be assigned. There would seem to be no more necessity for an officer's family living at a military post than for a policeman's family living in the station-house. The women and children are not needed there, and their absence would be in many respects a benefit to the service."

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Professor Sellar once remarked to Matthew Arnold that Walrand was a good man. "Ah," returned Arnold, "we were all so good at Rugby." "Yes," retorted Sellar, "but he kept it up."

Dr. Elisha Kane, the Arctic explorer, on being asked what he thought of a certain after-dinner speech, replied that it was like an Arctic sunset. "What do you mean by that?" asked his friend. "It was bright and interesting," replied the doctor, "but provokingly long in operation."

When Sir Walter Scott repeated "Hohenlinden" to Leyden, the latter commented: "Dash it, man, tell the fellow that I hate him, but, dash him, he has written the finest verses that have been published these fifty years." Sir Walter faithfully carried out his errand, and had for answer: "Tell Leyden that I detest him, but I know the value of his critical approbation."

As a performer, Brahms, the late musician, had an extremely hard touch. This once led a musician, who was accompanying him on the 'cello, to exclaim, "I can't hear myself." "Ah," replied Brahms, blandly, "you are a lucky fellow." When he left the room, after a lively evening with his friends, he used to remark: "If there is any one present whose feelings I have not hurt, I trust he will receive my humble apology."

A stenographer once proposed to Henry Ward Beecher that he be allowed extra pay for reporting Mr. Beecher's sermon, in consideration of correcting the errors in grammar. "How many errors," asked the great preacher, "did you find in this discourse of mine?" "There were two hundred and sixteen," was the reply. "Young man," said Mr. Beecher, solemnly, "when the English language gets in my way, it doesn't stand half a chance."

Sidney Smith said of the great Dr. Whewell, master of Trinity College, that "science was his forte and omniscience his foible." On one occasion, two fellows of the college, thinking to get beyond his range, read up the subject of Chinese metaphysics and then disputed about it in the doctor's presence. He listened in silence for a time, and then observed: "Ah, I see you have been reading a paper which I wrote for an encyclopedia of science."

During Mr. Tyler's incumbency of the Presidency he arranged to make an excursion in some direction, and sent his son to arrange for a special train. The railroad superintendent happened to be a strong Whig, and as such, not wishing to bestow any favors on Tyler, he informed young Tyler that his road did not run any special trains for the President. "What!" said young Tyler, "did you not furnish a special train for the funeral of President Harrison?" "Yes," said the superintendent, "and if you'll bring your father here in the same condition, you shall have the best train on the road."

A writer in *St. Nicholas* says that he once spent a week on Scotland lightship, near the entrance to New York harbor. The assistant keeper, who was nearly stone deaf, had not been ashore for three months, and even a newspaper came to him only by chance from time to time. From sunrise until nine o'clock at night he did little else but sit on a hatchway, smoking an old pipe and gazing reflectively at the vessels moving to and fro in the harbor. One day he asked the writer to get him transferred to Cape Cod. "Why should you wish to change?" he was asked. "Well," said he, "I want a quieter station; it's too lively here; I want to be where there is less going on."

At a dinner given by the Author's Club of New York city to Richard Henry Stoddard, ex-Judge Henry E. Howland, president of the Century Club, told this story of the guest of honor: "Stoddard was opening a can of tomatoes one night. Sounds that came from the kitchen convinced Mrs. Stoddard that her husband was not accomplishing his task without a struggle. Finally she called to him: 'What are you doing, dear?' 'Opening this can of tomatoes,' came the rather gruff answer. 'What are you opening it with?' 'With a knife. Did you think I was using my teeth?' 'Not at all, dear,' came the answer; 'I thought from your language you were opening it with prayer.'"

When Squire Balkoom called the court to order this morning in the spacious umbrage of the trees that shadow his yard (says the Jones County, Ga., *News*), he noticed a dusky son of Ham and his wife standing among the spectators with an anxious look upon their faces. "What can I do for you?" asked his honor. "Ise come to get you to 'vorce us, judge." "Don't you know that such an act is beyond the pale of this court?" "Yes, sah, shore; she 'tacted me wid de pail, an' hit waz full of watah, and busted hit over mah head, and I ain't gvine lib wid her no mob—she shore did, judge." "I say, you woolly-headed imp of Ethiopia, don't you know that the Constitution of the United States, embodied in its laws, denies to a justice court the power of annulling

the marital vows; that it belongs to a higher tribunal? Is that any plainer?" "Yes, sah, boss, she shore did null my constitution; why—" "Oh, go to Gehenna. I say I can't and won't separate you. Do you understand now?" "Say, judge, Ise go 'de money to pay you, boss, for God's sake—" "How much you got?" asked his honor. "Six dollars and a half, boss." "Then I fine you one dollar and fifty cents for taking up the time of the court and five dollars for attempting to sully its judicial ermine by a bribe."

General Horace Porter, in his article on "Campaigning with Grant" in the May *Century*, tells an amusing story of the explosion of the Petersburg mine. It seems that a prisoner who had been dug out of the crater was carried to one of the field-hospitals. Although his eyes were bunged and his face covered with bruises, he was in a very amiable frame of mind. "After this," he said, "I will be the most unpopular man in my regiment. You see, I appeared to get started a little earlier than the other boys that had taken passage with me aboard that volcano; and as I was comin' down, I met the rest of 'em a-goin' up, and they looked as if they had kind o' soured on me, and yelled after me, 'Strag-gler!'"

THE SALES-GENTLEMAN SPEAKS.

A Character Sketch by James L. Ford.

REGINALD GROSGRAIN—"My, but this is cold weather for April, Miss Fluting, and I really don't know whether the Lord remembers there's such a thing as spring trade on earth when He sends us such cold winds as these.

"Well, really, Miss Fluting, I have been so depressed and disgusted of late that I don't care what I say or do. I am a changed man entirely, and I don't take half the interest in life that I used to when I was up among the linens and never got the chance that I do now to look through the door and see the carriages drive up to the kerb and the folks getting out and coming in. That does give a sort of zest to life now, don't it, Miss Mamie?"

"You know, Miss Mamie, my instincts always was high-toned, and somehow I feel more at home and in my natural element when I'm talking to a charge customer than I do any other time. I do think I was born for something better than this. The other day, it was nothing but carriage trade all the afternoon—it was charge this, charge that, and really I don't think I see any cash passed over the counter more than half a dozen times, and that day I was just as happy as a humming-bird, really I was. This morning, when I came down on the car, I got interested in a novel that's just come out called 'Wedded at the Silk Counter.' I don't know whether you've read it or not? No? Well, I'll lend you mine as soon as I'm done with it. It comes in one of them twenty-cents lib'rals, and it's one of the best that was ever written. I have read it over twice in the last three days. It tells how a gentleman, engaged in very much the same line of business as me, only not so far along, meets a widow whose out matching silks for to go into half-mourning—

"Boy, how often have I told you it's against the rules to read in the store? Just you put that half-dime lib'ry back in your pocket and don't let me see it again, or you'll find something in your envelope that you won't be able to spend for lollypops."

"I jest wish I was in a business that didn't have no use for boys. I have took away two 'Shorty' books already this morning. What's this I was sayin'? Oh! this widow is very high-toned and has all her things charged, of course; in fact, all her folks have been charge customers from 'way back, but she comes to the silk-counter to match silks, and this sales-gentleman takes down everything to show her, and is so attentive that the first thing he knows she says she'll pay cash, and gives him a ten-dollar bill to change. Do you know, Miss Mamie, I'll bet the author of that book has been behind the counter some time or other, because that's a sure sign that a customer's beginnin' to take notice of a sales-gentleman. If they pick out the goods, they want to jest say 'Charge it,' and then go off, that doesn't give a chance for no chatting, but when they pulls out a bill and waits for the change, that gives time for a few pleasant words about the weather and one thing and another, and that's the way the sales-gentleman in this story caught on. You see, he knew what he was up to, and when she'd done this two or three times, he offered to match a piece of silk for her himself in a store kept by a friend of his down-town, and fetch it to the house himself in the evening. She said she'd be very much pleased and gratified if he'd do it, and when he called in the evening, she asked him into the parlor and told him about how lonely it was being a widow, and, of course, he was all sympathy—

"No, madam, we don't keep stationery. I believe there's a store about two blocks above where they sell such things."

"Well, the cur'ousest thing about this novel is that the author might have made his hero right out me, for that sales-gentleman is jest me all over, except, of course, that he's not so well up in the business as me. But you'll say, when you read it, Miss Mamie, that it's jest me all over, the same as if the author had me in mind all the time. It's my temperament, my way of using language, my style of dressing, and, would you believe it, the picture on

the cover of the book might have been taken for my photograph. Prince Albert coat, hair, ears, whiskers, and all, except the ones in the picture—the hair and whiskers I mean—looks to be two or three shades darker than mine."

"Who's that whistlin'? Twenty-three, don't you let me speak to you again, or you'll have the whole street to whistle in."

"Well, as I started to tell you, Miss Mamie, there's a blonde party that's come here half a dozen times in the last two weeks, and always comes right straight up to me and asks for what she wants, even when I've told her before where the counter is. You may have noticed her—quite tall, and wears one of them drab jackets that was all the go last spring. I think hers has been made over, but that don't matter; she comes in her own carriage, and there's parties that has had their names on our books for twenty years that never goes out of a house on foot that wears made-over things. It's no disgrace these days, I can tell you. Well, when I was reading this novel this morning, all at once I thought of this blonde party and her comin' here so many times, and always coming right up to speak to me. She's not a charge customer, so I can't find out her name off the books; but if I had my way, I'd let her charge anything she wanted, jest so's to get her name and be able to talk to her more sociable like. Well, I don't know that anything'll ever come of it, but I want you to watch out the next time she comes in and tell me whether you see anything in the way she looks at me. A lady can always tell them things a great deal quicker than a gentleman."

"Now, you recollect, Miss Mamie, when that blonde party comes in the next time— Oh, my! Here she comes now."

"Dress goods, madam? Certainly—yes—this way, I should say—down this way. Fine weather, indeed! A lovely grenadine sky—I mean, a nice April day—"

(Exit in state of embarrassment and confusion.)—*New York Journal.*

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

To a Street-Sprinkler.

Sprinkle, sprinkle, great big cart,
Up and down the sloppy mart,
Sprinkle, be it cold or hot,
Wet or dry, it matters not.

What though wheelmen wail and weep,
Keep the mud two inches deep,
Let 'er flicker in a flood;
Streets were made for mixing mud.

Ere the golden sun has set,
Make the streets so limpid wet,
Those who, in the gloaming dim,
Try to ride will have to swim.

Let 'er sizzle day by day;
What are streets for, anyway?
Your job is to keep 'em wet,
And you get there, too, you het!

Soak 'em to your heart's content,
'Till some genius shall invent
Some new wheel to sail the street,
With fins and flippers and web feet.

—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Excelsior.

The shades of night had fallen not,
When the stocking of the hike girl caught
And tore. Though out of sight she got,
"Excelsior!"

The world must have its fling. Ah! well,
It saw what from her stocking fell,
Nor did it do a thing but yell:
"Excelsior!"—Puck.

At the White House Pie-Counter.

FIRST CALLER—

He came to pay his respects, he said,
To pay his respects was all,
And Porter, polite as a Prince of Peace,
Permitted the man to call—
Whereupon he struck the Major for a job.

SECOND CALLER—

He called to pay his respects, he said,
To pay his respects was all,
And Porter, polite as a Prince of Peace,
Permitted the man to call—
Whereupon the man struck the Major for a job.

THIRD TO THREE-THOUSANDTH CALLER—

He called to pay his respects, he said,
To pay his respects was all,
And Porter, polite as a Prince of Peace,
Permitted each man to call—
Whereupon each man struck the Major for a job.

And the Major mildly answered

To each and every call:
"Just tell them that you saw me,
And that was mostly all."

—W. J. Lampton in *Life*.

Rocked on the Crest of the Waves,

The landsman, tourist, or commercial traveler, speedily begins, and not only begins, but continues, to feel the extreme of human misery during the transit across the tempestuous Atlantic. But if, with wise prescience, he has provided himself with a supply of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, his pangs are promptly mitigated, and then ease ere the good ship again drops her anchor. This is worth knowing, and thousands of our yachtsmen, summer voyagers, tourists, and business men do know it.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

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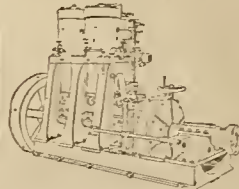
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No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong. 1897.

Belgie. (Via Honolulu).....Saturday, May 29

Coptic.....at 1 P. M. for

Thursday, June 17

Gaelic. (Via Honolulu).....Wednesday, July 7

Doric. (Via Honolulu).....Tuesday, July 27

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D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

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every fifth day thereafter.

For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, at 9 A. M., May 1, 6, 11,

16, 21, 26, 31, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka,

Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M. May 4, 8, 12,

16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day thereafter. For New

Port, Los Angeles, and way ports, at 9 A. M. May 2, 6, 10,

14, 18, 22, 26, 30, and every fourth day thereafter. For San

Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port

Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, at 11

A. M. May 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, 24, 28, and every fourth day

thereafter. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan,

La Paz, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Orizaba*, 10 A. M.,

June 2d and second of each month thereafter. The com-

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SOCIETY.

The Otis-Bours Wedding.

St. John's Church, in Stockton, was the scene of a pretty wedding last Wednesday afternoon, when Miss Mary Louisa Bours was married to Mr. Charles Lowell Otis. The bride is the daughter of the late B. W. Bours, formerly a banker of Stockton. The groom is the son of the late James Otis, at one time mayor of this city.

The church was beautifully decorated with flowers, and was filled with friends of the happy couple at half-past one o'clock, when the Episcopal marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Bours, brother of the bride, assisted by the rector of the church. Miss Bours, the bride's sister, was the maid of honor, and Mr. Atherton Macdonay acted as best man. The ushers were Mr. Edward Pringle, Mr. Harry B. Pringle, Mr. Harvey, and Mr. Russell. After the ceremony a reception and breakfast were held at the old homestead of the Bours family in Stockton. Later in the day the newly wedded couple left on a trip to Del Monte and Southern California. Among those at the reception were:

Mrs. B. W. Bours, mother of the bride, Mrs. Lucy Otis, mother of the groom, Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, Mr. and Mrs. M. Hall McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hillings Lake, Mr. and Mrs. Percival W. Selby, Mrs. Austin Sperry, Mrs. George Sperry, Miss Mary B. West, Misses Moore, Miss Harvey, Rev. Dr. Bours, Mr. Atherton Macdonay, Mr. Edward Pringle, Mr. Harry Pringle, Mr. Simpson, and Mr. Harvey.

The Rosenfeld-Smedberg Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Agnes Adams Smedberg and Mr. Max L. Rosenfeld took place last Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's mother, 851 Pine Street. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. James R. Smedberg and a niece of Colonel W. R. Smedberg, U. S. A., retired. The groom is a son of Mr. John Rosenfeld, the Park Commissioner.

Only relatives and a few intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed at nine o'clock by Judge Seawell, while the young couple stood beneath a bower of roses, lilies, chrysanthemums, and ferns. The bride's uncle, Mr. B. F. Le Warne, gave her into the keeping of the groom. She looked very pretty in a robe of white noiré antique, trimmed with rare old point lace and natural orange-blossoms. Holding the flowing veil of white tulle to her coiffure was a diamond fleur-de-lis, a present from the groom.

Miss Hallie Smedberg was the maid of honor, and Miss Annie White the bridesmaid. They wore becoming gowns of white organdie, trimmed with ribbons, and carried shower bouquets of sweet peas. Mr. A. W. Follansbee, Jr., was the best man, and the ushers were Mr. Henry Esberg and Mr. Louis Rosenfeld. After the ceremony and congratulations a supper was enjoyed. The wedding-gifts were numerous and elegant. Among them was a check for a large amount from the father of the groom, who will also furnish the future home of the happy couple. Mr. and Mrs. Rosenfeld left on Thursday to make a tour of the southern part of the State.

Sharon Matinée Reception.

Miss Florence Sharon entertained about three hundred of her friends recently at a matinée reception given at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Sharon, on Alice Street, in Oakland. The presentation of some entertaining musical selections and the service of light refreshments were pleasant features of the afternoon. In the evening dancing was enjoyed.

Miss Sharon was assisted in receiving by Miss Jean Marie Hush, Miss Florence Hush, Miss Marietta Havens, Miss Chrissy Taft, Miss Clara Converse, Miss Bessie Palmer, Miss Pauline Fore, Miss Grace Gorill, Miss Hattie Kittredge, Miss Beatrice Vrooman, Miss Jean Howard, Miss Florence Walker, Miss Kate Chabot, Miss Pauline Lohse, Miss Sarah Whitney, Miss Anita Lohse, Miss Grace Baldwin, Miss Gertrude Allen, Miss Jennie Crellin, Miss Abbie Clift, Miss Blanche Sharon, and Miss May Sharon, of San Francisco.

Notes from Los Angeles.

Miss Mollie Phelan, who has been passing the winter in Los Angeles, gave a luncheon at her residence

there recently in honor of Miss Dillon, of this city. Covers were laid for ten, and the color tone was pink. The place-cards were of rough paper, graced with dainty water-colors.

Miss Froelich, who returned to this city from Los Angeles last Monday, was the recipient of many social courtesies during her stay in the southern metropolis.

It is rumored, upon excellent authority, that a prominent society belle of Los Angeles has become engaged to a wealthy young New Yorker. The young lady is pretty, accomplished, rich, and of an aristocratic family. None of the members of her family either deny or affirm the rumor.

Mr. Callaghan Byrne so distinguished himself as chairman of the floral committee of La Fiesta that he is being strongly urged to act as the President of the festa for 1898.

Miss Fruman gave a delightful luncheon recently at the home of her parents, Major and Mrs. Ben. C. Triuman, in honor of Miss Lucy Jackson, of San Francisco, and Miss Ruth Adams, of Oakland. The table was dotted with a fleet of birch-bark canavases, freighted with ferns, Australian pea-blossoms, bon-bons, and hors d'oeuvres. At each cover was a miniature scull of orange-wood, tied with a blue taffeta bow, and bearing on the blade a bit of nautical advice. From the stern of the "cheemaun" at each place floated a silken pennant, inscribed with the name of the little craft. Miss Jackson's was the "Bonnie Lucy," Miss Adams's the "Maid Ruth," Miss Elliott's the "Mary Belle," Miss Overton's the "Gwendolin," Miss Cole's the "Grace C.," and Miss Scott's the "Ysidora." An elaborate menu was served.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire gave a theatre-party last Monday evening at the Los Angeles Theatre, in honor of Miss Fanny Danforth, of this city. A supper was enjoyed afterward at the home of the host and hostess. The others present were Mr. and Mrs. John P. Jackson, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Miss Lucy Jackson, Miss Ruth Adams, Mr. Teale, Mr. Arnold, and Mr. Dickinson.

Mrs. J. F. Conroy gave a luncheon last Saturday at her home in Los Angeles in honor of Miss Marie Dillon, of this city. The others present were Mrs. O. W. Childs, Mrs. John Mossin, Mrs. T. A. Lewis, Miss Phelan, Miss Small, and Miss Gertrude Goewey.

The Dog Show.

The Dog Show, which opens at the Mechanics' Pavilion next Wednesday evening, promises to be very interesting from a canine point of view, as the entries are one hundred per cent. more than those of last year. The first night will be a particularly fashionable one. So far it is known that dinner-parties will be given by Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Tallant, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Hobart, Mrs. Hager, Mrs. C. W. Crocker, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Mollie Thomas, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. Robert Bolton, Mr. Thomas C. Grant, and others, after which all will attend the show.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Anna Grube to Mr. Harry Durbrow. Miss Grube is a highly accomplished young lady who is well known in society circles here, having resided with the family of Mr. Henry Williams for a number of years. Mr. Durbrow is a son of the late Joseph Durbrow. He has long been prominent in society, and is a member of the Bohemian Club.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Mrs. Dolly Brown to Mr. Charles H. Wood. The bride-elect is the daughter of Mr. W. E. Brown. Mr. Wood is the son of Mr. Charles S. Wood. The wedding will take place during the summer.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Laura Leigh Gashwiler and Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge. Miss Gashwiler is the daughter of the late John H. Gashwiler, who was, prior to his death some ten years ago, a prominent mining operator here. She is a handsome and highly educated young lady, and has passed much of her life in the East and Europe. Mr. Shortridge, though a native of Iowa, has made this State his home since early manhood. He is a son of the late Rev. Elias W. Shortridge, and a brother of Mr. Charles M. Shortridge, proprietor of the San Francisco Morning Call.

The wedding of Miss Macleay, of Portland, Or., and Mr. Joseph D. Grant, of this city, will take place on Wednesday, June 23d, in Portland. They will go to Europe on their wedding trip.

The wedding of Miss Jessie Coleman and Mr. Harry J. Knowles will take place on Wednesday afternoon, June 23d, at the home of the bride's mother in Oakland. Miss Coleman is the daughter of the late John W. Coleman, of Oakland. Mr. Knowles is the son of the late Captain J. N. Knowles, of Oakland. Miss Donaldson, of Philadelphia, will be the maid of honor, and the bride's two cousins, Miss Dickens and Miss Smith, will act as bridesmaids. Mr. Thomas Knowles will be best man. It will be a quiet wedding, as only relatives and a few intimate friends will be present.

The wedding of Miss Malice Estee and Mr. Leonard Everett will take place at half-past eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, June 9th, at St.

Luke's Church. Miss Estee is the second daughter of Hon. and Mrs. M. M. Estee and sister of Mrs. Charles Deering. Mr. Everett is the son of Mrs. E. M. Everett, of Boston, Mass., and is related to Senator Edward Everett, of Boston. He has resided here about ten years. There will be six bridesmaids, Miss May Lowell, Miss Wanda Brastow, and Miss May Ayres, of this city, Miss Grace Bradford, of San Rafael, and Miss Louise Churchill and Miss Gertrude Thompson, of Napa. Mr. James M. Hobbs will act as best man, and the ushers will comprise Mr. W. F. Wood, Mr. S. A. Wood, Jr., Mr. R. H. Hoyt, Mr. Morton Gibbons, Mr. Henry Nichols, and Mr. Lucien Knight. After the wedding there will be a reception, for relatives and very intimate friends, at the residence of the bride's parents, 2291 Sacramento Street. They will reside at 1908 Baker Street when they return from their wedding trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Payson Haff have issued cards announcing the wedding of their daughter, Miss Florence Haff, and Mr. C. Rollin Manville, which took place on Wednesday, April 28th, at Montclair, N. Y. They will reside at the home of the groom in Carbondale, Pa. The bride is well known in society circles here, having made two visits to this city, at one time being the guest of Mrs. George Crocker—then Mrs. Rutherford. Her beauty and her charming manners made her a general favorite. Her mother was a second cousin of the late Charles Crocker.

Mr. George B. de Long has chartered the tug-boat *Rescue* for to-day, and has invited a number of his friends to enjoy an excursion around the bay. The party will leave Mission Street Wharf at eleven o'clock and sail to McNear's Landing, where luncheon will be served. Afterward various places of interest around the bay will be visited. Mrs. William M. Gwin, Jr., will chaperon the party.

Dr. Charlotte Brown will give a matinée tea to-day at her residence, 1212 Sutter Street. About two hundred invitations have been issued.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington gave a dinner-party last Wednesday evening at their residence on California Street, and hospitably entertained a number of their younger friends.

Mrs. Hager gave an enjoyable lunch-party at her home on Gough Street, recently, as a compliment to Mrs. Gale, a sister of Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, who is here from the East on a visit. Those invited to meet Mrs. Gale were Mrs. S. W. Rosenstock, Mrs. Fisher Ames, Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. W. P. Morgan, Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mrs. R. C. Foute, Mrs. William M. Gwin, Jr., Mrs. B. B. Cutter, and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Kruttschnitt gave an elaborate dinner-party at their residence recently in honor of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington. Those invited to meet them were Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Regua, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Miss Rodgers, of New Orleans, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Kate Clement, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. George Almer Newhall, and Mr. Redington. Miss Rodgers is here on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Kruttschnitt.

Under the chaperonage of Mr. and Mrs. G. Chauncey Boardman a theatre-party was given at the Baldwin last Wednesday evening. After witnessing "El Capitan" a supper was enjoyed. The others in the party were Miss Kate Thornton Salisbury, Miss Estelle Kane, Miss Stone, Miss Sprague, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Mr. Sanborn, Mr. Albert Russell, Mr. Horace Veeder, and Lieutenant D. E. Nolan, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Regua entertained Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington at luncheon last Sunday at their home in Piedmont. Among the others present were Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Frazer, and Captain and Mrs. O. F. Long, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard entertained sixteen of their friends at dinner last Sunday at their villa in Redwood City, in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding.

Mrs. J. B. Crockett gave an informal tea last Wednesday afternoon, at her residence on California Street, in honor of Mrs. Harold Sewall.

The bachelor members of the Thursday Night Club gave a small dancing-party at Lunt's Hall last Thursday evening.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Underwood Hall, *née* Spencer, gave a musicale last Wednesday evening at their home, 216 Autumn Street, in San José, and pleasantly entertained a number of their friends. Among those who contributed to the programme were Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Loring G. Nesmith, Miss Beatrice Hall, Miss Mildred Spencer, and Mr. Clarence Urmey.

Mrs. Asa R. Wells gave a progressive euchre-party last Thursday afternoon at her residence, 2118 Pacific Avenue, and entertained about forty ladies.

Champagne in Europe.

For some time past the large demand for vintage wines has created a scarcity and increased the value of good brands of celebrated years to such an extent that now only the connoisseur indulges in a selection of the superior vintage years of 1874, 1880, 1884, and 1889, paying fancy prices for same. Preeminent amongst these are the wines shipped by the famous house of Moët & Chandon, the largest shippers of champagne in the world. Their brand is highly appreciated in all the prominent cities of Europe, especially in London, where it is the leader and in great favor at court; their White Seal, Grand Cuvée, of late years has largely increased in sales and popularity.

— EYE-GLASSES WHICH WILL STAY ON ANY NOSE without discomfort. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.



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The Society Resort Winter and Summer of the Pacific Coast.

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Average winter temperature 64 degrees. The State Statistics prove the climate to be the healthiest on the Pacific Coast.

IT WILL GIVE IMMEDIATE RELIEF TO THE WORST CASE OF ASTHMA.

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R. H. WARFIELD & CO., Proprietors.

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NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

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San Francisco, Cal.

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First-class family hotel; single rooms and elegant suites, each provided with private baths. Superior table.
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614 SUTTER STREET.

First-class Family Hotel.

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A Delightful Place in which to Take Luncheon.

Direct Entrance from Market St.

THE LENOX

628 SUTTER STREET.

First-class quiet Family Hotel.

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BELVEDERE.

Inquire at 2121 Buchanan Street, or at "Castle Crest," Belvedere.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 18, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the first day of June, 1897, at the hour of one o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

F. I. VASSAULT, Secretary.
Office—Room 20, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

HEALD'S Business College

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Full Business Course includes everything pertaining to a Commercial education. Department of SHORTHAND and TYPEWRITING employs five teachers. A department of Electrical Engineering has been added to the College's educational facilities. Students can enter for any course at any time. 178 graduates placed in positions in 1896. Write for Catalogue, College Journal, or other information.

The Royal—White and Pure as the Driven Snow.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Laura McKinstry returned home from the East last week. Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Tessie Fair, now in New York, are about to return to San Francisco for an indefinite stay. Mr. Hermann Oelrichs is here, making the necessary preparations for their home-coming.

Mr. William H. Crocker, Mr. W. N. Cowles, Prince Poniatowski, and party sailed from New York on Wednesday for London.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins came up from Menlo Park on Monday, and went to her apartment at the Palace Hotel. Mrs. G. W. McNear, of Oakland, and her daughter, Mrs. P. E. Bowles, have returned from their visit to New York and the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson arrived in New York on May 14th.

Mrs. George H. Howard, accompanied by her son and maid, has gone to Paris to join her husband, who has been making a tour of the world. Mr. and Mrs. Howard expect to return to this city early in the autumn.

Mr. John W. Mackay will spend part of the summer at the Allison Ranch Mine in Grass Valley.

Mrs. Jerome Lincoln and Miss Lincoln are among the Californians lately reported in New York city.

Mrs. Maurice Casey, Miss Kate Dillon, Miss Cosgrove, and Mr. Harold Casey are in New York city.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant has returned from his trip to Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills and family sailed from New York on the White Star Liner *Majestic*.

Mr. Thomas H. Breeze is a guest at the Hotel Rafael. Hon. Charlemagne Tower, accompanied by Mrs. Tower and their children, sailed for Europe on May 5th on the *Majestic*. He is going to Vienna as our envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Austria-Hungary.

Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard, of Oakland, has returned from her travels, and will be at home on Fridays during May and June.

Mr. E. D. Beylard was at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mrs. Gale, who has for a few weeks been visiting her sister, Mrs. H. L. Dodge, will leave for her home in New York on Monday.

Mr. A. C. Bassett, of Menlo Park, went down to Santa Cruz last week.

Mrs. John Skae and Miss Skae left for New York on Monday.

Miss Alice Owen is visiting in Los Angeles. Mr. G. W. Grayson is in New York city.

Baron J. H. von Schröder, Mr. Henri von Schröder, and Miss Jeanette von Schröder are at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. Henry L. Tatum is registered at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. John D. Spreckels left Washington, May 12th, for New York.

Mr. A. S. Baldwin is in New York city.

Mr. W. J. Duval was among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Pasmore will start for London on May 24th.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Borden, of Los Angeles, are in New York city.

Mr. James V. Coleman has arrived in New York city, en route home from abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Baker, Miss Irene Baker, and Mr. E. C. Leffingwell, of Oakland, returned Wednesday morning from their visit to the Hawaiian Islands.

Miss Gertrude Goewey is the guest of Mrs. Emma McMillan and Miss Jennie McMillan at Pasadena.

Dr. Franklin Shields, Miss Shields, and Mr. Charles H. Shields registered at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Raum were reported in New York on May 8th.

Mr. Thomas Watson, accompanied by Mrs. Watson, will leave on Tuesday on a business tour through Oregon and Washington. They will sail from Tacoma on June 8th on a pleasure trip to Alaska. They will be back about June 27th.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Baldwin and Miss Blanche Baldwin are domiciled for the summer at "Edgewood," their country home in Mill Valley.

Mr. A. B. McCreery and Mr. Laurence McCreery are at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. George T. Marye, Jr., is in New York city.

Mr. J. Atherton Folger, of Oakland, is at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. John Dolbeer and Miss Bertha M. Dolbeer sailed for Europe on May 5th on the *Majestic*, of the White Star line.

Mr. T. I. Bergin is at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Carpenter, Miss Carpenter, Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, and Mrs. Charles Monroe, of Los Angeles, will go on a visit to Wawona and Yosemite Valley late in this month.

Mrs. W. E. Sharon and family, of Oakland, will spend the summer at Santa Cruz.

Among the past week's arrivals at the California Hotel were: Professors A. W. Smith, Mr. Charles B. Wing, Mr. Charles D. Marx, Mr. Willard Beahan, of Stanford University, Mr. Judson Brulise, of Sacramento, and Mr. and Mrs. James Wadhams, of San Diego.

Among the late arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were: Mr. N. H. Easton, Mr. Charles Jansen, Mr. H. A. Borini, Mr. W. Beresford, Mr. C. H. Buck, Mr. W. J. de Bruhe, Mr. C. L. Hopkins, Mr. Charles K. Harley, Dr. E. K. Johnstone, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kentfield, Mr. and Mrs. J. Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Lyon, Mr. E. F. Kendall, Mr. J. Frank Mooney, Mr. William R. Hewitt, and Misses Minnie and Addie Lewis, of San Francisco.

Among the week's arrivals at the Occidental Hotel were: Mr. John A. Gill, of Sacramento, Mrs. C. W. Waldron, of Santa Cruz, Mr. G. McM. Ross, of Coulterville, Mr. C. R. Scott, of Portland, Dr. Joaquin Yela, of Guatemala, Senator A. J. McCone, of Virginia City.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., accompanied by Mrs. Miles, sailed for Europe on the American liner *St. Paul*. He arrived in Southampton May 12th, and started immediately for Constantinople. Mrs. Miles will visit her sister in Paris while her husband is attending to his official duties.

Major-General Frank Wheaton, U. S. A., commanding the Department of the Colorado, retired from the army on May 8th. He is sixty-three years old. General Wheaton will leave for Europe in August on a two-years' tour abroad.

James W. Forsyth, U. S. A., late brigadier-general, commanding the Department of California, has been promoted by the President to be a major-general. His nomination was confirmed by the Senate on May 13th.

Brigadier-General William R. Shafter, U. S. A., arrived

home on Tuesday, and is preparing for his departure to his new command in the Department of the Columbia. General Shafter expects to leave the Presidio for Vancouver Barracks in about two weeks.

Captain Marion P. Maus, First Infantry, U. S. A., of General Miles's staff, is in Europe with his superior officer.

Captain Oscar F. Long, U. S. A., and Mrs. Long registered at the Palace Hotel during the week.

Colonel William M. Graham, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant William J. Littell, U. S. N., passed assistant-paymaster of the *Alert*, is registered at the Occidental Hotel.

Captain C. M. Chester, U. S. N., who was assigned to the command of the *Monadnock*, has had his orders revoked. He has been given command of the *Minneapolis* on the European Station.

Lieutenant James Hamilton, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted leave for one month.

Captain Charles Morris, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., and Lieutenant George O. Squier, Third Artillery, U. S. A., are in Washington city on leave of absence.

Lieutenant C. J. Bailey, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been detailed as instructor of military tactics at the University of Vermont.

Lieutenant Milton F. Davis, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been enjoying his six-week's leave in Southern California and Mexico.

Lieutenant Frank M. Bostwick, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bostwick will spend the summer in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Ensign Assistant-Engineer Robert E. Carney, U. S. N., will spend the summer in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Lieutenant J. D. C. Hoskins, Third Artillery, U. S. A., is enjoying a fortnight's leave.

Captain F. de L. Carrington, U. S. A., is at the Hotel Rafael.

Lieutenant Chief-Engineer Julien S. Ogden, U. S. N., of the *Bennington*, was among the week's arrivals at the Occidental Hotel.

Captain Alexander Rodgers, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., with Troop K, is on the march to his post in Yosemite Park.

Captain George H. G. Gale, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., with Troop C, has gone to patrol Sequoia Park.

Lieutenant Walter S. Hughes, U. S. N., has taken up his permanent residence at the California Hotel.

Ensign Edward H. Campbell, U. S. N., of the *Alert*, is registered at the Occidental Hotel.

The revenue cutters *Rush* and *Corwin* touched at Seattle on their way north.

The head-quarters of the Behring Sea cutter fleet is Unalak, Alaska.

The *Albatross* is cruising in Puget Sound.

Colonel Evan Miles, First Infantry, U. S. A., lately promoted from the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the same regiment, will shortly assume command at the Presidio.

The new gunboat *Marietta* was successfully tried on Thursday. She made a speed of fifteen and one-half knots.

The new revenue cutter *Golden Gate* arrived from Seattle Thursday.

Captain James Erwin, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., at Fort Walla Walla, has received orders to March on May 20th for Fort Yellowstone. He will command Troops D and H. They will arrive on June 21st.

The Gingerbread Fête.

This will be the last afternoon and evening of the "Gingerbread Fête" at the residence of Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, corner of Octavia and Sutter Streets, and it behooves every one who has not seen it not to miss this final opportunity. It is rich, novel, pleasing, and entertaining, and well worthy of a visit, aside from the fact that every dollar of revenue is to benefit the Children's Hospital and Training School for Nurses. The attendance so far has been large and the receipts gratifying. The attractions for to-day and to-night are many, and none should miss the chance to see them.

Maria Kip Orphanage Benefit.

For the benefit of the new Maria Kip Orphanage, corner of Seventh Avenue and Lake Street, a promenade concert will be given there next Saturday afternoon from two until seven o'clock. It will be a fashionable affair and a notable musical success, judging from those who are to take part in the programme. Among them are Herr Anton Schott, Signor Giulio Minetti, Miss Alice Bacon, Mrs. Richard Bayne, Mr. S. Homer Henley, Mr. Frank Coffin, the Holt Choral, and Grace Church Choir.

The friends of Mrs. Kinahan, wife of Admiral Kinahan, of the royal navy—she was formerly well known in San Francisco society as Mrs. William Sillem—will be glad to hear that her son by her first marriage, now a lad of fifteen, who entered the royal navy something over a year ago, has just been made chief cadet captain on the *Britannia*, there being only two such offices in the service. This gives him his dirk and belt, choice of ship when he leaves next August, and pocket-money from the Admiralty during his last term.

The *Argonaut* is in receipt of a letter from Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, under date of "Merryhill Cottage, Bushey, Hert's, April 28th," in which she says: "Sibyl Sanderson was decorated by the Czar."

Monograms and Coats-of-Arms.

The beautiful effects produced in stamping notepapers by Cooper & Co. are without exception the cleverest work seen here.

— WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS. Magnificent assortment to choose from at Art Store of S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary Street.

— BEST CALIFORNIA WINES FOR FAMILY USE at Napa and Sonoma Wine Co., 314 Post Street. Celebrated "Eagle Brands."

— FOR HIGH-GRADE DIAMOND-JEWELRY, GO TO Hirschman's, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

— GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRRESS SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

Major-General Forsyth.

Brigadier-General James W. Forsyth has been nominated by the President for major-general. It is probable that the Senate will at once confirm the nomination.

General Forsyth is now in command of the Department of California. He was graduated from the West Point Military Academy in 1856, and during his long military career he has repeatedly been brevetted for gallant conduct. During the war, he was in many battles. He fought in the peninsular campaign on General McClellan's staff. He was General Sheridan's chief of staff in the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, and was a bearer of messages during the parleys preceding General Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House. General Forsyth fought in the Battles of Gaines Mill, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, South Mountain, Hoozers Gap, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Cedar Creek, Five Forks, Sailor's Creek, Fishers Hill, Petersburg, Winchester, and Appomattox.

In 1870 he accompanied General Sheridan to Europe, and with his chief was attached to the general staff of the Prussian army as it was invading France. In that capacity he viewed the Battles of Gravelotte and Sedan, was at Bordeaux when the treaty was signed, and was in Paris when the insurrection of the Commune broke out. General Forsyth's long and honorable career deservedly entitled him to the promotion which he has just received. He has made many friends in San Francisco during his stay here as department commander, and, while his promotion is most cordially received, it brings with it a tinge of regret, as it will take the general away from the Department of the Pacific Coast.

The inaugural bench show of the San Francisco Kennel Club will take place at the Mechanics' Pavilion next week, commencing on Wednesday and continuing through Saturday evening. A splendid list of entries has been made, including nearly five hundred blue ribbon dogs, and a number of handsome cups and other premiums will be awarded.

Artistic Furnishings.

It is like visiting an art-gallery or a museum of antiques to call and inspect the establishment of the P. Rossi Company, decorators, at 117 Sutter Street. Their magnificent collection of antique furniture, French and Italian tapestry, wood-carving, and bric-à-brac has no peer or rival upon this coast.

The P. Rossi Company is agent for the celebrated house of G. Rossi et Fils, whose great stores in Paris and Venice and depot in New York are known wherever fine art is truly appreciated. The beauty of dealing with this company is that the buyer is sure the goods are honest. The name guarantees that. Everything that is sold as real and genuine is real and genuine; and if the article desired is imitation work, the purchaser is so informed beforehand.

There are to be found in these sales-rooms striking examples of real Louis XV. and Louis XVI. and *renaissance* carved furniture, and genuine antique *marqueterie* work.

There is a rarity also in a dainty cabinet with richly painted panels that are real French Vernis Martin. One of the most notable exhibits is a splendid Gobelin tapestry, "The Frigidol Son," which no art-lover should fail to look at.

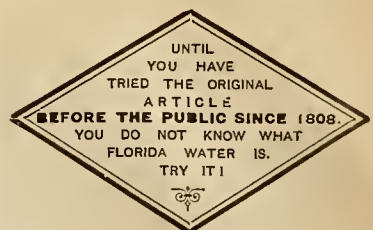
The welcome shopper can inspect at leisure the graceful furniture and the rare tapestries and laces kept in stock; also the Venetian-glass gas-fixtures, wrought-iron lanterns, and a miscellaneous assortment of carvings.

The company has furnished several of our best houses in the past, and is daily in receipt of large orders from lovers of the beautiful. It is quite the fashion now to make, for wedding and anniversary presents, some handsome piece of furniture, or decorative parlor piece, and the P. Rossi Company are getting the cream of that demand. They loaned to the Gingerbread Fête the furniture for the room at the Crocker mansion in which are exhibited the Toby Rosenthal pictures. The hangings there, and the French Gothic candelabra, are six hundred years old. Go down and look over this beautiful stock of antiques.

— RACE GLASSES, OPERA-GLASSES, BAROMETERS, mining and scientific instruments. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

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REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

SALE OF THE HAWAIIAN HOTEL PREMISES HONOLULU, H. I.

ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1897, AT 12 O'CLOCK noon, at the front entrance of the Executive Building, Honolulu, will be sold, at public auction, the Hawaiian Hotel premises in Honolulu.

These premises are centrally located in the city, in the centre of the block bounded by and with entrance drives from hotel, Richards, Eretania, and Alakea Streets, and the grounds contain an area of 1.7-10th acres.

The buildings consist of the hotel proper, of two stories and basement; built of brick and concrete, with broad verandas at front and rear of each story.

The main building covers an area of 10,800 square feet, with Lania or wing addition on one side 40x24 feet, and wooden addition on opposite wing, for kitchen, 60x18 feet.

There are also four cottages on the premises, with ample provision for bathrooms and closets. The main building contains a spacious parlor, public and private dining-rooms, large billiard-hall and bar-room, and forty sleeping-rooms—the cottages contain about twenty additional sleeping-rooms. The main building cost a little over \$100,000 in 1874.

A water-tank, with capacity of 10,000 gallons, is placed on a tower at an elevation sufficient to give a good water pressure in second story of the main building. This tank is supplied from an artesian well on adjoining premises, owned by Dr. J. S. McGrew.

The buildings and grounds are thoroughly lighted with electric light.

Plans of the buildings and grounds can be seen at Hawaiian Consulate General, 265 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

Terms of sale are cash—in United States gold coin. Upset price, \$60,000.

In case there is no bidder to purchase the property at the above upset price, a lease of the same will immediately be offered for sale at an upset price of \$3,000 a year for a period of thirty years under the conditions set out in Act 7, Laws of 1896, and more particularly of Section 2 and 4 of said act, which reads as follows:

"Section 2. Every such lease shall contain a covenant on the part of the lessee that he shall, during the first four years of the term of the lease, cause to be erected upon the leased premises a fire-proof building of brick, stone, or metal, in a workmanlike manner, satisfactory to the Minister of the Interior, at a cost of not less than fifty thousand dollars; and keep the same suitably insured at not less than two-thirds of its value for the benefit of the lessor; and shall keep the building in good repair during the remainder of the term of lease, reasonable use and wear thereof only excepted; and in case of damage or destruction of such building by fire, shall make good such loss or damage by the necessary repairs or reconstruction, or else surrender the insurance to the lessor."

"Section 4. Every such lease shall also contain a covenant on the part of the lessor, that upon the request in writing by the lessee or his representatives, before the expiration thereof, the premises, with the improvements, shall, if all of the conditions to be performed by the lessee have been satisfactorily performed, be put up at auction for a lease for a term of not over twenty years; unless said premises shall be required for public uses, of which the lessee shall receive at least one year's notice. Such auction sale shall be held not more than six months nor less than one month before the expiration of said term."

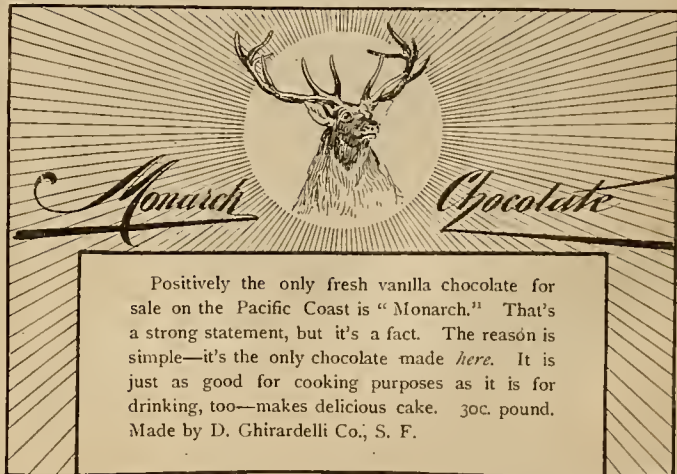
JAMES A. KING, Minister of Interior.

"In Dr. Partsch's book we have for the first time reasonable explanations of dyspepsias and the nervous ills depending thereon, and 'the first' appearance of a simple system of instruction that CURES."

— Santa Rosa Democrat, Jan. 21, 1897.

Price \$5.00. Sold in San Francisco by WM. DOXEY, 631 Market Street, and THE EMPORIUM, Book Department.

Subscribers leaving the city for the summer may have the *Argonaut* forwarded to them by mailing us a postal with their new address.



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GET OUT into the Mountains!

SCENERY—Charming, picturesque, captivating, inspiring, majestic, sublime.

LIMATE—Genial, bracing, invigorating, rejuvenating, unbuilding.

RECREATION—Rusticating, picnicking, camping, hunting, fishing, horseback-riding, boating, mountain-climbing excursions. Or run down to the

SEASHORE.

Magnificent hotels, tonic and life-giving salt sea air, surf-bathing, boating, fishing, driving, wheeling, shell-gathering, and all sorts of pastimes.

The season for this sort of thought and action is upon us. All the world, and particularly that portion of it described by California, takes an outing once a year,—if it doesn't, it ought to.

While making up your mind where you will go, and concocting your itinerary, keep as many as possible of these places before your mind's eye:

Up Shasta Way—Tavern of Castle Crag, Sweet Briar Camp, Upper Soda Springs, Shasta Retreat, Shasta Springs, Sissons, Mt. Shasta Camp, Klamath Hot Springs.

Lake County and Vicinity—Geysers, Etna Springs, Harbin, Anderson, Adams, Howard, Siegler, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Glenbrook, Soda Bay.

On Sierra Summits—Lake Tahoe, Independence, Webber and Donner Lakes, Tallac, Deer Park Inn, Sunnyside, McKinney's, Rubicon Springs, Campbell Hot Springs, and a score more.

Yosemite and the Big Trees—

Santa Cruz Mountains—Los Gatos, Pacific Congress Springs, Glenwood, Felton, Ben Lomond, Boulder Creek.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Robert—"Is Harry fond of female society?" Richard—"Immoderately. I've known him to play whist with three women."—*Boston Transcript.*

Nouvelle richesse: Hostess—"I want to give a large party. What would you advise, gentlemen, a *thé d'ausant* or a *café chantant*?"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Kerrigan—"Phat's good for a cowl?" Casey—"Hov yez got th' prouise uv two hot whiskies about yez?" Kerrigan—"O: hov not." Casey—"Will, thin, Kerrigan, ut wud he a mercy not r' tell yez."—*Puck.*

Walker Farr—"I thought your next tour was to have been through South Africa." Count d'Tres—"It was, but the company struck. One of them had read that an ostrich egg often weighs a dozen pounds."—*Puck.*

Amanda (alighting from her wheel at the roadside, where Mortimer awaits her)—"Have I kept you waiting long, dear?" Mortimer—"Long? Many cycles have passed since the hour appointed for our meeting."—*Judge.*

"You see, it was this way: They were all three so dead in love with her and all so eligible that to settle the matter she agreed to marry the one who should guess the nearest to her age." "And did she?" "I don't know. I know she married the one who guessed the lowest."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

A hereditary liar: Mrs. Jackson—"Dat's seben-teen lies yo's tole me toe-day, all diifurunt. Yo' am a reglar rapskillion." "Rastus Jackson—"W-whad am a rapskillion, mammy?" Mrs. Jackson—"A rapskillion am a young 'un dat's got his fadder's blood in him—dat's whad a rapskillion am."—*Judge.*

A vindication: "I don't understand why you dislike Herbert so," said Mabel to her father. "I don't think he has any ideas of nmance." "I am sure you wrong him. He is devoted to it. He stopped right in the middle of his proposal to me to ask how your business was getting along."—*Washington Star.*

Mrs. Commonstalk (soberly)—"Are you sure your fiancée will make a good home-body, Eli? Do you think she knows anything about mending, for instance?" Cholly Commonstalk—"About mending, mother? Why, that is her very strongest point. I saw her mend a hustled tire once in just fourteen minutes by the watch."—*Bazar.*

Publisher (impatiently)—"Well, sir, what is it?" Poet (timidly)—"O—er—are you Mr. Johnson?" Publisher (irritably)—"Yes." Poet (more timidly)—"Mr. George Johnson?" Publisher (excitedly)—"Yes, sir, that's my name." Poet (more timidly still)—"Of the firm of Messrs. Johnson & Doodle?" Publisher (angrily)—"Yes. What do you want?" Poet—"Oh—I want to see Mr. Doodle!"—*Punch.*

"The fact that I was a good musician," said the lady from Johnstown, "was the means of saving my life during the flood in our town a few years ago." "How was that?" asked the young lady who sang. "When the water struck our house my husband got on the folding-bed and floated down the stream until he was rescued." "And what did you do?" "Well, I accompanied him upon the piano."—*New York Journal.*

She was reading in a low, thrilling voice: "When the packing begins in earnest, it seems as though there could be no spot on the earth's surface unshaken." He roused himself from a somnolent attitude in an easy-chair. "Who wrote that, Maria? He's been through it, whoever he is. I wonder whom he married?" "Why, you great stupid," said she, "it's Nansen writing about the ice."—*Household Words.*

Young Mrs. Torkins had been carefully studying a picture which showed the costumes of the Greek and Turkish soldiers. Laying the paper aside she exclaimed, with a sigh: "There's nothing new under the sun, is there, Charley, dear?" "To what do you refer?" "The European situation. It seems to be the same old question of which it's to be, skirts or bloomers."—*Washington Star.*



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Mr. James Creelman, the correspondent of the *Examiner-Journal*, has been transferred from Athens to Washington, probably because at the latter place there is greater scope at present for his peculiar powers. In his new field Mr. Creelman is reveling in his favorite style of "news" correspondence, to-wit: deliberate distortion, elaborate exaggeration, and studied inaccuracy. In describing the proceedings in the Senate and House when President McKinley's Cuban message was read, Mr. Creelman remarks: "Senator Wellington announced that the American people were more interested in the passage of the protective tariff than in the Cuban question. The senator's friends were amazed by his words."

Why were the senator's friends "amazed by his words"? Does not Mr. Creelman believe that the American people are more interested in the passage of a tariff bill than they are in the Cuban question? Does not every sensible man

know that they are? President McKinley says that Consul-General Lee has succeeded in finding "from six to eight hundred Americans in Cuba without means of support." How many Americans does Mr. Creelman think there are in the United States without means of support? There are more than six or eight hundred; there are more than six or eight thousand; there are more than sixty or eighty thousand; their numbers are up in the hundreds of thousands. In every large city, in every town, in every village, along every country road throughout the length and breadth of this vast land, there may be seen idle, hungry men tramping wearily along roads, village lanes, and city streets seeking for work—work they do not find; work they will not find; work they can not find until the Congress of the United States shall have so regulated the business affairs of this country that it may again be placed on the plane of prosperity which it occupied before the Democratic party came into power. Millions of people are waiting for Congress to pass the tariff bill, to pass a tariff bill, to pass any tariff bill, and end the uncertainty which now exists and paralyzes business.

Yet Mr. Creelman and sensation-mongers of his ilk say that the American people are "not interested in the passage of a tariff bill," but are "more interested in the Cuban question." We beg to assure Mr. Creelman that, however much the American people may be interested in the sufferings of the peoples of foreign countries, and however disposed they may be to succor those unfortunate fellow-citizens of their own who have been rendered penniless by the vicissitudes of war in foreign countries, that they are infinitely more interested in the adjustment of their own disordered business affairs and in the succor of those unfortunate American citizens who have remained at home.

Senator Wellington is the newly elected Republican senator from Maryland. The speech which incurred Mr. Creelman's criticism was his maiden speech. We congratulate him upon it. It was a ringing American speech, and we say to Senator Wellington that when he devotes his energies to the business of the American Senate, to the business of the American people, and to the settlement of the grave business problems which now vex that people, he is doing what every patriotic citizen, what every honest man, and what every conscientious senator should do. When any senator fritters away his time and the time of the Senate with attempts at regulating the domestic politics of foreign countries, and thus neglects our own, he is recreant to his duty as an American citizen and he is violating his oath of office as an American senator.

We hope that Senator Wellington and the other newly elected senators will not allow their ideas of right and wrong to be unsettled and disturbed by the ravings of sensational newspapers or the adverse criticisms of such discredited penny-a-liners as Mr. James Creelman.

The proposal of Senator Morgan to appropriate fifty thousand dollars for the improvement of the harbor of Pearl River, on the Island of Oahu, raises the question as to how much would be required for the defense of the Hawaiian Islands should they be annexed to the United States. The proposed appropriation was for the purpose of improving the harbor, and was to cover only a part of that expense. It did not contemplate the construction of any fortifications, but it is clear, from Congressman Hitt's remarks in the House, that if the harbor be improved, fortifications will follow. In the same way, in case of annexation, far more extensive fortifications would have to be built, for each of the islands would then become an integral part of the United States, and even the smallest—Kahului—would become as much entitled to defense as is California or any other part of the United States.

The inhabited islands, which would have to be defended in case of annexation, are eight in number, extending north-west and south-east for a distance of three hundred and sixty-five miles. Hawaii, the most south-easterly of the group, is about as large as the State of Ohio and has a coast line of two hundred and twenty-five miles that would have to be

defended. North-west of this island are Maui and Molokai, separated from each other by nine miles, and the former twenty-five miles distant from Hawaii. Kahului and Lanai, two small islands, are six and nine miles west of Maui. Oahu, on which Honolulu is situated, is twenty-three miles distant from Molokai, and Kauai is sixty-seven miles north-west from Oahu. Niihau is fifteen miles west of Kauai. The defense of these islands in case of war would present a problem to the engineers of the War Department far more difficult than that involved in the coast defense of this country, since they are situated so far distant from any parts of this country that effective assistance could not be rendered in case of attack.

Since land forces could not be depended upon for assistance as they could on the main-land, the fortifications would have to be more complete than otherwise, and powerful forts, that could withstand any ordinary attack, supplemented by batteries, would be required. The cost of the forts would amount to millions of dollars, but this may be ignored for the present. For the defense of the island of Hawaii at least twenty batteries would be required, and as these would be so far apart as to render little mutual assistance, an armament equal to that of an ordinary attacking fleet would be needed. The construction of each of these batteries, with their earth-works, masonry, and magazines, would cost at least forty thousand dollars before the guns had been mounted. An effective armament would require twenty-nine guns of various sizes, besides the rapid-fire guns of small calibre for repelling attacking parties. These guns would be built in the government works, but they would represent a value of at least two hundred thousand dollars. Thus the fortifications of this one island would involve an outlay of nearly five millions of dollars.

The four islands north-west of Hawaii lie so closely together that their defenses could render mutual assistance. Maui, the largest of this group, with an area of seven hundred and sixty square miles, would require four batteries. Molokai would need three, Lanai and Kahului one each. Oahu, where the greater part of the wealth of the islands is located, would probably be the principal point of attack. Molokai, twenty-three miles to the south, and Kauai, sixty-seven miles to the north, could render little assistance. Two batteries would be required to defend Honolulu, and four more for the other parts of the island. Kauai, from its exposed location, would require five batteries for its protection, and Niihau, with an area of only ninety-seven square miles, could be protected by two. Thus a total of forty-four batteries would be required to protect the eight islands, at an expense for construction and armament of more than ten millions of dollars.

The expense would not cease here, however. The communication with these fortifications, located two thousand miles away, would be so difficult that efficient garrisons would have to be maintained there continually. A force of five thousand troops, including officers and the necessary artisans and attachés, would allow one hundred men to each battery. This would involve an annual expense of nearly one million dollars. This would probably serve to protect the land, but, in order that communication among the islands might be kept open, it would be necessary to patrol the seas. The channels between Kauai and Niihau and Oahu could not be protected by the land batteries, and that between Hawaii and Maui would also require naval protection. For this purpose a fleet, involving an expense for vessels, for coal, officers, sailors, and marines, would have to be kept at the islands. This would require a force of fully two thousand officers and men and an expense of one million dollars more annually. The cost of feeding and clothing these seven thousand men in the land and naval forces would amount to one million five hundred thousand dollars annually, at the very low estimate of two hundred and fifteen dollars apiece for officers and men. To transport the guns from this country to the islands would cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and there would be an annual expense of about as much more for transporting the ammunition, and the quarter of a million for transporting other supplies. How

much it would cost to land and mount the guns on the precipitous shores of the islands is difficult to estimate, but, when it is considered that it will require seven weeks' work of a large force of men to raise one of the large guns to an elevation five hundred and thirteen feet above the water at Lime Point, in San Francisco harbor, it will readily be seen that this expense alone would amount to fully one million dollars for the twelve hundred and seventy-six guns. The total expense of defending the islands would, therefore, represent a permanent investment of eleven millions of dollars—besides the cost of permanent forts, which would be thirty or forty millions of dollars—and an annual outlay of four millions of dollars more.

If this large sum is to be expended for fortifications, it would be far better to use it for the much needed defense of the coast of this country. There is an antiquated fort at the entrance to San Francisco harbor and some uncompleted modern batteries. The modern ships of war of any foreign country might lie outside to the north or south, out of the range of these batteries, and shell the city at their leisure. Beyond this the coast of California is defenseless. Opposite the Golden Gate are the Farallone Islands, mere rocks, it is true, but capable of being converted into practically impregnable fortresses. Armed with modern long-range guns they would offer an absolute defense to San Francisco from any attack. At less than one-half the expense of defending the one island of Oahu, these islands could be thoroughly fortified.

Along the coast of Southern California—where property of far greater value than can be found in all of the Hawaiian Islands now lies absolutely undefended—there are islands that could be so fortified as to offer an absolute defense to the main-land. San Clemente, about thirty miles from San Diego, and Santa Catalina, twenty-five miles from Los Angeles, with three batteries apiece, would render it extremely dangerous for any hostile vessels to enter the channel. Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa, and San Miguel Islands are about twenty miles from Santa Barbara, and five batteries on these islands would absolutely protect the Santa Barbara Channel. Thus the whole coast of Southern California could be defended at about one-third the expense that would be required to fortify the single island of Hawaii. Batteries on these islands would be more effective than massive forts on the Hawaiian Islands, since they would co-operate with the vessels detailed for coast defense and would be supported from the main-land. The expense of construction and armament would be less, for the expense of transportation over two thousand miles of ocean would be eliminated. Four millions of dollars would build and arm the necessary batteries, as against eleven millions of dollars for the Hawaiian Islands. Instead of four millions of dollars a year for maintenance, the expense would be less than half a million dollars.

The coast defenses of the United States are as yet very incomplete. There is not a city in the country that would not be at the mercy of a foreign fleet. The navy is not yet strong enough to compete with that of any first-class foreign power. It is difficult to secure appropriations to make even the most necessary and pressing improvements. This is no time to indulge in this jingo talk of territorial acquisition and the fortification of far-distant islands. The people of the United States, and more particularly the people of California, should frown down any proposition to spend the nation's money on fortifying remote islands in the middle of the ocean while our own seaports are almost defenseless.

The Democratic organs are felicitating themselves upon the action of the Democratic minority in the House of Representatives on President McKinley's Cuban message. The President has sent a brief message to Congress stating that the reports of Consul-General Lee estimate that there are from six to eight hundred Americans in Cuba without means of support. He recommends that Congress make an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars for their relief, and that the Secretary of State be authorized to expend a portion of it in paying for the transportation of such Americans as desire to return.

This message can not but meet the approval of all American citizens. President McKinley has not interfered in any way between the belligerents, but has merely offered to provide food and clothing for those unfortunate American citizens who find themselves rendered destitute by the vicissitudes of war. There is no doubt that the Spanish Government will earnestly second the efforts of the agents of the United States in conveying succor to our distressed citizens.

At such a time, when American citizens are starving to death, it is characteristic of the Democratic minority in Congress that they should "hold up" this humane measure in order to attempt to gain a partisan advantage. Congressman Bailey, who is the leader of the Democratic side of the House, refused to consent to its passage—for it required

unanimous consent—unless an amendment were offered to the effect that the United States Government should indorse Senator Morgan's resolution recognizing the Cuban belligerents. This is a political question, the other is a charitable one. They have nothing whatever in common. The action of Congressman Bailey and the Democrats who have ranged themselves behind him is purely for the purpose of "putting the President in a hole." They have already succeeded, as we write, in postponing this measure for four days, and during those four days many American citizens, men and women, may perish for want of food. If so, their deaths must be laid at the doors of Congressman Bailey, the Democratic minority in Congress, and the Democratic party in the United States.

The assertion has been frequently made of late by those papers that oppose the abrogation of the reciprocity treaty, that the three beet-sugar factories in this State paid dividends last year ranging from thirty to eighty per cent. The *Argonaut* has no means of knowing how much truth there may be in this statement, but it is probably incorrect. There were few industries that showed any favorable balance at the end of last year, and it is improbable that an industry which has until recently been struggling for existence should have attained such prosperity so suddenly. More than this, nobody who has any means of acquiring accurate information would be likely to publish it. The managements of the three factories are wholly distinct, and the limited number of owners would be as disinclined to expose their private affairs as would any other business men.

But if these figures are even approximately correct, they indicate how profitable the industry would be to others were not the establishment of more factories prevented by the unnatural competition from Hawaiian sugar. It is certainly true that the three localities in which these factories are situated were the only agricultural sections of the State that were prosperous last year, and that this prosperity was largely the result of the money distributed by the factories to farmers and laborers. It would seem to be wise to strive to extend this prosperity among us rather than to try to curtail it.

The industry has grown slowly, and it has grown in the face of artificial difficulties that should not have existed. The Alvarado factory was established nearly thirty years ago, and maintained an uncertain existence until 1876, when it was obliged to close its doors. The Watsonville factory was established in 1873, and continued until 1876, when it also ceased operations. It is a significant fact that these two pioneer enterprises failed during the very year when the reciprocity treaty went into effect. At the very time when a large and prosperous industry might have been built up in this State, the farmers were exposed by their own government to the competition of the Hawaiian planters who were practically all foreigners.

For ten years, then, Claus Spreckels had been investigating the possibilities of beet-sugar culture in this State; he had gone to Germany to study the methods of manufacture in use there; he had taken employment in a German factory in order to gain a practical knowledge of the business. He owned the only refinery, then as now, uncontrolled by the Sugar Trust, and he was fighting that combination fiercely. The reciprocity treaty gave the trust, who had contracts with the Hawaiian planters, an advantage over him, and he was forced to purchase plantations in Hawaii in order to compete with them. He could not afford to experiment with California beet sugar when he was contending against so powerful an opponent. Later, when he had forced them to terms, he was free to turn his attention to California sugar, but, in the meantime, the industry had suffered.

The bounty provisions of the McKinley tariff law made it possible to re-open the factories in this State. In 1890 the production of beet sugar in California amounted to 7,150,000 pounds; in 1892 it was 8,175,438 pounds. This was the first year of the bounty, the effect of which was seen in the product of 21,801,228 pounds the next year, and 35,088,969 pounds in 1894. In three years the output had been increased to four times what it was before the bounty went into effect. The bounty enabled the California beet sugar to compete successfully with the cane sugar from the Hawaiian Islands. Without it the factories would probably have been compelled to remain closed. The impetus thus given has enabled these three factories to gain a footing and to increase their output; but there is no encouragement to others to build factories, since they have no guarantee that they will be able to displace enough of the Hawaiian sugar to secure a market for their increased output.

In spite of the disadvantages under which they are working, the three factories made an excellent showing last year. The Alvarado factory turned out 5,000 tons of sugar, purchasing the beets from 228 farmers who cultivated 3,500 acres of land. This is the smallest factory of the three.

The Chino factory turned out about 15,000 tons, and 10,000 acres of land were planted, representing about 700 farmers. The Watsonville factory turned out 20,000 tons. Thus the three factories have turned out 40,000 tons of sugar, employing about 2,000 farmers and 27,500 acres of land. How much of this land would have remained uncultivated can not be determined, but certainly, had any other crop been cultivated upon it, the farmers would not have received so much money.

With such an industry growing up in our State, and with the possibilities for indefinite extension owing to the favorable conditions of soil and climate, it seems strange that the most active antagonism should come from those whose interests are bound up in this State. The reciprocity treaty permits Hawaiian sugar to come here and compete on even terms with the product of this State. The island planters have an advantage from the fact that their industry has been fostered for twenty years by this government, and from the further fact that the Chinese and Japanese labor, which is used there almost exclusively, costs from forty to fifty cents a day, while the labor here costs more than twice as much. Why, then, should this government continue to foster an industry in a foreign country at the expense of the people of this State?

The membership of the United States Senate is slowly being completed. The last year has witnessed a remarkable number of protracted legislative contests in Washington, Oregon, South Dakota, Kentucky, Florida, and Idaho, over the election of senators. These contests have been marked with unusual violence, charges of bribery, partisan rancor, and factional bitterness. With the exception of Oregon, these contests have all been concluded. The latest results are the election of William J. Deboe, Republican, of Kentucky, to succeed Senator Blackburn, and Stephen R. Mallory, silver Democrat, of Florida, to succeed Senator Call. This brings the membership of the Senate up to eighty-nine, with the remaining seat—that of Oregon—vacant, pending the decision of the Senate as to the legality of the appointment of Mr. Corbett by the governor of that State.

The struggle in Kentucky has been one of the most bitter. The legislature in regular session last winter failed to elect, and a special session was called for the purpose. The Blackburn and Carlisle factions hopelessly divided the Democrats on the silver issue, and the personal enmity between Governor Bradley and Dr. Hunter proved equally fatal to Republican success until Hunter withdrew his name as a candidate. The legislative deadlock covered a period of nearly a year, cost the State one hundred thousand dollars of unnecessary expense, and for months deprived the country of the vote of a senator. The State is now Republican, the governor, legislature, and one senator being Republican, but the electoral vote of last fall was cast for McKinley by an infinitesimal majority. The Florida contest was also bitterly factional. The election of a Democrat from Florida is neither surprising nor unexpected.

As at present constituted, party lines in the Senate are a maze of hopeless contradictions. Democratic States are represented by Republicans and *vice versa*. Among the anomalies is Kentucky with a Republican senator, which State was impregnable Democratic until the late Presidential election. Maryland, heretofore steadily Democratic, has one Republican senator. New Jersey, hitherto Democratic, furnishes one Republican senator and the presiding officer. Democratic North Carolina is represented by a Republican and a Populist. Delaware, carried by McKinley, has two Democratic senators. But the main confusion in party lines is a Western product. New England remains solidly Republican; in none of the great States north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi has a Populist senator been chosen; not one of the Gulf and South-Western States has found any use for a Republican. But turn to the west of the Mississippi, and we find Republican Nebraska sending a Populist, the Bryanized State of Wyoming represented by two Republicans, the old Republican stronghold of Nevada in the hands of Populists, Colorado and Montana with silver Republicans, and California, Idaho, Kansas, South Dakota, and Washington with each delegation divided between a Republican on one side and a Democrat or a Populist on the other, while Utah, Republican as a Territory, has one Democratic and one silverite senator.

There is no party whose policies can count on a majority in the Senate. Of the eighty-nine members, forty-one may be classed as loyal Republicans, thirty-three as Democrats of the old school, fourteen as Populists and silverites, and one as an Independent. A fusion between any two of these elements to form a working majority is as impossible as a mixture of oil and water that will stay mixed. Even a fusion of Populists and Democrats in the Senate would be as fruitful of discord and as barren of results as the Popocratic fusion of 1896. But considering the passage of a tariff bill—the only important measure now before the Senate—there is some ground for hope that the senators

DEMOCRATS LET-
TING AMERICANS
STARVE.

may align themselves favorably on that question. To illustrate, to the forty-one Republicans we have mentioned may possibly be added Senators Wolcott, Carter, and Mantle, who, though pronounced silverites, are favorable to tariff legislation; Senators Pritchard and Jones, of Nevada, Populists with tariff proclivities; Senator McEnery, a Southern Democrat who has proclaimed his belief in the beneficence of protection; and, lastly, Senator Kyle, of South Dakota, who was elected as a Populist, but avers he is an Independent, and who has shown decided Republican leanings. If these nondescripts can be offered a tariff adjustment consonant with their various ideas of the needs of their respective constituents, there can be fairly counted forty-seven tariff votes—a clear majority—without including the casting vote of the Republican Vice-President. This consummation depends on so many contingencies that predictions would be utterly nugatory. Can tariff rates be adjusted to the satisfaction of a majority without impairing their effectiveness for revenue and protection? Will the Republicans consent to sacrifice control of the Senate organization in order to pass the bill? Can any measure survive the ordeal of unlimited debate? If these are all answered in the affirmative, the question still remains: Will the House concur?

To those who have anxiously watched the growing incompetence of a degenerate Senate will occur the still deeper question whether any public business can properly be transacted until the Senate is so chosen that it will be representative of the people, as other branches of the government are.

There is a clash between Collector Wise and Naval-Officer Irish over a question of official prerogative, and also, it may be remarked, over a question of what is right and what is honest, whatever may be the law. A concern called "The San Francisco Manufacturing Bonded Warehouse Company" bought eighty-five barrels of raw corn spirits, one hundred and eighty-nine degrees proof, from the Willow Springs Distillery of Nebraska. With this they mixed fifteen barrels of one-year-old Vina brandy, one hundred and four degrees proof, with burnt sugar, syrup, and water, thereby making one hundred and five large barrels of over seventy gallons each, which, with all its water, will still be one hundred and fourteen degrees proof. This stuff was about to be shipped to London, stamped as "pure California grape brandy." Collector Wise agreed to permit these gentry to ship their stomach-destroying mixture under this name. Naval-Officer Irish, however, from whom permits must be obtained to ship goods out of this port, absolutely refused to allow it to pass his office. Wise says that "The San Francisco Manufacturing Bonded Warehouse Company" is not violating the law." Irish says that "it is a shame and a fraud to let such stuff as this raw corn-spirit mixture go out to the world as pure California brandy under the seal of the United States bonded warehouse."

The Manufacturers' and Producers' Association of California had better look into this matter, and not let the grass grow under their feet. California has been getting rather a black eye lately in regard to the purity of its jams, jellies, preserved fruits, etc. Inasmuch as California brandy took the first prize at Paris at the Exposition of 1889, it would be infamous to destroy the reputation of all California brandies by allowing this "Manufacturing Bonded Warehouse Company" to export such stuff as this under that name. We hope that Naval Officer Irish will succeed in maintaining his stand, but he needs, in his invocations against evil spirits, some one to uphold his hands, as Aaron did those of Moses. Let all honest wine-growers, honest brandy distillers, honest manufacturers and producers, and honest "rectifiers and distillers," if any such there be, assist Naval Officer Irish in his efforts, and see if there can not be found some legal means of punishing the "San Francisco Manufacturing Bonded Warehouse Company."

An article in last week's *Argonaut* commented on the curious "reform" methods of President Cleveland, by which he first filled many thousands of offices with Democrats, and then extended to these offices the classified civil service rules, by which Democrats were practically put in these positions for life. Concerning this article a correspondent writes us as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, May 19, 1897.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have read with interest your article in last week's *Argonaut* approving the proposed revocation of the orders of President Cleveland, by which some forty thousand public offices were placed under the classified service. You reason that these orders should be revoked because, before making them, Mr. Cleveland removed the Republican incumbents and filled the offices with Democrats of his own selection. Therefore it is the duty of the Republican party "to clear the befouled stream and let it flow again, clear and pure from its source." I agree with you that if the stream of reform has been "polluted at its source for the benefit of a clique," it should be cleared. But is there not a better way to do this than the drastic measure you commend? Cleveland's partisan appointments may be gotten rid of

without making this apparent attack upon the merit system, and seemingly belying that section of the Republican platform of 1896 which you quoted. Under the civil-service rules, any incompetent or dishonest or otherwise objectionable person in the public employ may be removed at any time. Therefore these partisan appointees have not, as you say, "life positions under the protectingegis of the reform law." To be sure, the positions made vacant by such removals could be filled only after competitive examinations; but surely it can not be that these examinations are the pollution and the defilement you would have removed. Their removal would indeed "restore the conditions which prevailed" and "let the stream (of public offices) flow again from its source." Whether it would flow "clear and pure," as you say, is a question which I am perhaps too much of a partisan to answer.

Very truly yours, A. DEMOCRAT.

Our correspondent asks "if there is not a better way to clear the polluted stream of reform than the drastic measure the *Argonaut* commends." We do not quite understand what he means. The *Argonaut* by no means advocated the abolition of the civil-service law, but it believes that the law was abused by President Cleveland. During the four years of his second term the changes made in public offices already classified under the civil-service law were not more than two per cent., while in the unclassified service over fifty per cent. of the employees were displaced, and all of those displaced were Republicans removed to make room for Democrats. Such a violent upheaval does not strike us as calculated to do good to the public service. The extension of the civil-service law to so large a number as forty thousand offices should, it strikes us, have been made more gradually. This is also shown by the complaints of the heads of departments. As it is now, the cabinet secretaries can not appoint their own chief clerks and private secretaries, and the Secretary of the Interior can not appoint the mineral, land, and other commissioners, who are trusted officials who should have the confidence of the secretary. These conditions are absurd. The immediate subordinates, the chief clerks, and the private secretaries of cabinet officers should certainly be appointed by their chiefs.

As to the details of the "extension of the civil-service law" by President Cleveland, they are being brought out by Senator Pritchard's sub-committee of inquiry into the workings of the civil-service law. We give only a few instances:

Thomas Robinson was a clerk in the Treasury Department until 1893; dismissed by Logan Carlisle, son of the Secretary; charge against him, offensive (Republican) partisanship.

William W. Hill, formerly Assistant-Superintendent of the Free-Delivery Service; dismissed under Cleveland; only charge against him that he had called the attention of the First-Assistant Postmaster-General to the practice of appointing special agents or post-office spies in order that their salaries might be drawn upon to contribute to the campaign funds. The chief of these agents received a salary of seventeen dollars per day. They were paid from the post-offices to which they were assigned. Their salaries were sent in currency to the department, the envelopes were opened, and their "campaign contributions" were then taken out. First-Assistant Postmaster-General Jones told Hill to "mind his own business" and "keep his mouth shut." But he was, nevertheless, immediately afterward dismissed.

These are two sample cases of dismissals of Republicans under Mr. Cleveland. We can give many similar cases. These "removals for cause" in order to make room for good dyed-in-the-wool Democrats to remain in office for life do not commend themselves to us. We hope the Senate Sub-Committee will go on and make a merciless investigation, sparing no man. Then, other things being equal, we would prefer that the Cleveland appointees who have been put in office under such star-chamber circumstances should be replaced by good Republicans.

The exclusion of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's recent novel, "Patience Sparhawk and Her Times," from the Mechanics' Institute Library, has excited the *Examiner*, which is printing comments thereanent from various persons of more or less note. The *Examiner* has also been impelled to cable to Mrs. Gertrude Atherton at her English residence, and has received in reply a dispatch, in the course of which she says: "Knowing nothing of the character of the Mechanics' Institute Library, it is impossible for me to guess in what manner they find my book wanting. It may be too long. . . . It may be too analytical, too exciting, too carefully written, too severe on the Women's Christian Temperance Union. The number of characters may be confusing. . . . Of course they might think it improper, for it is more than possible that they have neither Shakespeare nor Balzac on their shelves."

It is, of course, difficult for Mrs. Atherton, writing at such a distance, to understand why the Mechanics' Institute Library should exclude her novel. It is irresistibly reminiscent of a similar exchange of cables which took place when Alphonse Daudet wrote his novel of "Sappho" some years ago. The firm of Funk & Wagnalls heard that Daudet was about to issue a new novel, and at once wrote to him, offering a round sum for advance sheets, which Daudet accepted. The firm of Funk & Wagnalls, be it parenthetically remarked, devote themselves largely to theological publications and matters of a kindred nature, being publishers of, among other things, the Prohibition newspaper, the *Voice*. One of the firm is a clergyman. To those who are familiar with "Sappho," it is therefore needless to say that when the advance sheets of that very pecu-

liar novel reached them, the hair rose upon the head of Wagnalls and the cheek of Funk was blanched with fear. They made haste at once to cable to Daudet: "*Sappho will not do.*"

This cryptogrammatic cablegram baffled Daudet. It was so long since he had had anything rejected that he did not know what it meant. He consulted with numbers of friends, and this was the conclusion at which they eventually arrived: "Sappho" in French is spelled with one *p*—"Sapho," after the Greek fashion. In English it is spelled with two. An unusually acute friend pointed this out to Daudet, which much relieved the novelist, and he cabled back to Funk & Wagnalls: "*Spell it with two p's.*" It is needless to state that the theological firm of publishers were more astonished at Daudet's reply than he had been at their cablegram.

About a month ago, the *Argonaut* noted the conflict which had broken out between the Federal and State quarantine officials in San Francisco harbor. At the time, we printed a synopsis of the national quarantine law of April 29, 1878, and pointed out the fact that enforcing quarantine regulations was a Federal function, and one which the States would do well to let alone. We stated then that quarantine is a regulation of commerce, either with foreign countries or between the States, and as such belonged to the Federal Government. We further remarked that the present division of authority between State and Federal authorities was an attempt to perpetuate an impossible situation, and that, in our opinion, the Federal authorities would soon cease to pay any attention to the claims of the State of California.

These facts were all brought to the attention of the Federal quarantine authorities, and on May 18th President McKinley signed an order placing quarantine at San Francisco entirely under Federal control. The Federal quarantine officials will entirely ignore Dr. Chalmers, the State quarantine official, and the collector of the port will recognize the Federal certificate only. If the State officials refuse to permit ships to dock or passengers to land, the Federal authorities will at once take the matter into the Federal courts.

The State quarantine authorities might as well yield gracefully, because at present they are a fifth wheel to a coach. When the State quarantine officials board vessels and order the passengers into quarantine, they occupy a somewhat ludicrous position, because the State has no quarantine station into which to order them. The only one is the Federal quarantine station, whose officials are not subject to the orders of the State. If the matter is carried into the Federal courts, it is inevitable that the decision will be against the State. Quarantine is a regulation of commerce, and a function which under the constitution belongs exclusively to the Federal Government.

Though it is nearly ten years since the material of the eleventh census was collected, and though the preliminary steps are being taken for collecting that of the twelfth census, the facts ascertained in 1890 are only now becoming available for study. Mr. Michael G. Mulhall, the well-known English statistician, has been conducting such a study, and the first fruits of it are seen in an article discussing the progress of New England during the forty years from 1850 to 1890, published in a recent review. In population, New England has increased more slowly than any other part of the country. But the industrial phenomena are most interesting. The cultivated acreage has decreased nearly half a million acres during the forty years, and the output of grain, potatoes, and meat has declined. Nevertheless, the value of products has increased, owing to the amount of butter and milk sent to the market.

The key to the industrial and many of the social changes in New England is found in the development of manufactures. The rural population in 1890 was almost the same as it was in 1850; the urban population has more than doubled. The people have crowded into the cities to work in the factories, and the result is amazing. The per capita value of New England's output of manufactured goods is \$319. In Great Britain it is \$115; in Belgium, \$88; in France, \$74. The rate of increase is also strongly in favor of New England, where it was \$215; in Great Britain it was only \$4. The result of this increase in manufacturing activity is felt throughout the whole section of the country. The average annual wages of operatives rose from \$246 to \$469—an increase of ninety-one per cent.—showing that the increased use of machinery has resulted in a greater proportion of skilled workmen. At the same time the absolute number of wage-earners has increased from 313,000 to 885,000. From these two causes the total amount distributed in wages has increased many times, and this has given greater prosperity to all classes. In spite of the relative shrinkage of the rural population and the absolute shrinkage of the agricultural acreage, the capital in

SAUCE FOR THE
DEMOCRATIC
GOOSE.

PATIENCE SPAR-
HAWK AND HER
PROHIBITION.

POSSIBILITIES OF
ELECTRIC POWER
IN CALIFORNIA.

farms has increased \$150,000,000 and the value of land risen from \$34 to \$46 an acre.

These facts contain a suggestion for the people of this State. The manufactures of California have always been backward, owing to the lack of coal and the absence of water available for power. In 1890 the value of manufactured products was \$213,403,996, and the number employed was only 83,642 in a total population of a million and a quarter. The development of the transmission of electrical power has made the force of the rivers, that formerly went to waste, available for manufacturing purposes, and with abundance of raw material, California should take its place among the manufacturing States. Advantage has already been taken of a part of the great force of the American River at Folsom, and the power generated is now used in Sacramento for lighting and power purposes. The plant now has a capacity of 4,000 horse-power, but it can be increased to nearly 20,000. The Clear Lake plant has available a daily supply of 327,000,000 gallons, with a fall of 425 feet. This will develop nearly 30,000 horse-power, for transmission to San Francisco, Oakland, and the intermediate cities, besides running an electric railway from Rumsey, the nearest railway station, to Clear Lake. The Bakersfield plant is to generate 1,500 horse-power from the Kern River, and Fresno will derive about as much power from the Kern River Cañon.

These are the plants that already approach more or less nearly to completion. They form but a small part of what may be done if the power stored in the various rivers of the State is made use of. The Sacramento and Feather Rivers, in the northern part of the central valley, and the San Joaquin River in the southern part, could furnish considerable power that is now wasted. The Folsom plant does not begin to exhaust the possibilities of the American River. The Yuba and Bear Rivers could be utilized, as could the Pitt and McCloud. The Stanislaus and Tuolumne, rushing down the slopes of the Sierras, are now wasted, so far as power is concerned. Along the northern coast are the Klamath and the Eel Rivers. The power of the Santa Clara, the Salinas, and the Russian Rivers might be profitably utilized. The water used in generating power would not be consumed, but would be turned back into the channels to be used again. The factories need not be located at the source of power, but could be so placed that the product could be most easily and most economically placed upon the market.

With three million horse-power, which could be generated by utilizing the flow of these rivers, California could furnish employment for thousands of workmen. The raw materials that are now sent East to be manufactured and then brought back here, at a double expense for transportation, could be transformed into the finished product in this State, and the surplus over what was needed for consumption would be a source of revenue. The electric power can be furnished for less than half of what any fuel would cost, and thus California would be at an advantage as compared with those communities who must depend on coal to generate their power. The factory operatives would become consumers of California flour, and fruits, and dairy products. Prosperity depends upon a diversity of profitable industries, and a proper development of the manufacturing possibilities of this State would result in general prosperity. What water-power has done for New England, electric power can do for California.

The former Hawaiian minister at Washington, Mr. William R. Castle, is out in an open letter advocating the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States. He urges that unless the islands are annexed, American ideas and European enlightenment must succumb to orientalisms, to the great and enduring injury of the United States. The islands have prospered under the reciprocity treaty, he says, but Americans have received the greatest benefit. He urges that under the treaty between Hawaii and Japan the little brown men may go there in numbers until they overrun the islands, secure the electoral franchise, gain control of the government, ask for annexation to Japan, and then nothing can prevent Hawaii becoming a Japanese colony. He closes with an eloquent description of the resistless colonial ambition that has taken possession of Japan since its successful war with China.

The letter is more rhetorical than logical. Hawaii is as yet a sovereign nation, and may exercise its sovereignty as any other nation can. The treaty-making power necessarily involves the power to abrogate treaties, and, if the dangers involved in the Japanese treaty are so clearly seen, there is nothing to prevent an abrogation or modification of that treaty. An attempt by Japan to continue it by force would be met by intervention as surely as was the interference of Greece in Crete. The islands have attained their present degree of enlightenment without the advantages of annexation, and if it is not sufficient to enable them to protect themselves against orientalisms it is hardly worth preserving.

If they are in danger of being overrun by Japanese and Chinese they can modify their immigration laws, as did the United States, and avert the disaster.

Mr. Castle's contention that the United States has not remitted millions of dollars in duties on Hawaiian sugars because the increase of importations over the twenty-six million pounds of 1876 has resulted from the operation of the treaty, is ingenious but not convincing. The sugar industry would probably have grown as much without the treaty as with it, and, if it did not, it is not the duty of the United States to legislate to secure prosperity for other countries. One of Mr. Castle's remarks is significant, however. He says that reciprocity will not be sufficient to maintain American influence in Hawaii, nothing short of annexation will accomplish it, and in this he unmasks the true aims of those who favor reciprocity. It is looked upon as a stepping-stone to annexation.

The official figures of the recent Los Angeles census are announced as being 103,079. We notice with interest that the clerks have "carefully gone over the lists," so that there is no "possibility of error." In the same dispatch, which evidently comes from an official source, there is the following statement: "The charge made in the *Argonaut* and other northern papers that 'the census was taken during the fiesta, when there were twenty to thirty thousand strangers in town,' is untrue in every particular. The work of the census-takers was begun before La Fiesta, and only residents were counted." The *Argonaut* apologizes for its injurious suspicions. If the census-takers duly announced that their work was to close, let us say, at a quarter-past six on the day before the fiesta began—if all the visitors to the fiesta carefully abstained from coming until, let us say, at a quarter to eight o'clock the following morning—if the census-takers were careful to count "no one but inhabitants"—then, if all these hypotheses be true, it is quite evident that the *Argonaut* was wrong. But there are many cantankerous individuals in Central California who will persist in believing that the late census was taken at about the time of the fiesta in order that the Angelenos might avail themselves of the temporary increase in the population and also with the distinct desire to pass the hundred-thousand mark. In fact, the *Argonaut's* comments were based upon the extremely naïve remarks of the Los Angeles journals, which seemed to imply that such was the intention. Los Angeles has passed the hundred-thousand mark, however she may have done it. But we fear that with the Federal census of 1900 many of the Boom City's hundred thousand will melt away.

By the signature of Governor Black, of New York, a bill granting a bounty to sugar-beet growers has just become a law. This is most significant. The great State of New York, with a population of over six millions and with manufactures aggregating hundreds of millions yearly, yet recognizes the value of a sugar-beet industry. Rich as the Empire State is, she still wishes to add to her riches when the material thus lies ready to her hand. How different is the attitude of California. Geographically an enormous State, but with a population of less than a million and a half, with manufactures representing almost nothing, and with agricultural and horticultural industries languishing, this State not only does not consider the granting of a bounty to sugar-beet growers, it does not encourage the United States to grant a bounty to sugar-beet growers, but it actually encourages the giving of a bounty to cane-sugar growers, on a group of islands in the Pacific Ocean, whose product comes into competition with the output of the men who are trying to create a beet-sugar industry within its own borders.

THE PARIS HORROR.

Personal Details about the Victims of the Holocaust in the Rue Jean Goujon—The Duchesse d'Alençon and Other Noted Parisiennes.

Tuesday the Bazaar de Charité, in the Rue Jean Goujon, was filled with many hundreds of exquisitely gowned, vivacious, and beautiful women from the Faubourg Saint Germain; to-day, some of the greatest families in France mourn for loved ones, lost forever amid the ruins of the bazaar or lying with other victims in the improvised morgue hastily constructed in the vast Palais de l'Industrie.

A dense mass of people had assembled, in the afternoon, in the temporary structure of varnished pine, to aid by their presence the cause of charity. The favorites of fortune, representatives of *la haute noblesse*, presided at the different booths to aid the orphan, the aged, and the infirm. Suddenly this gay crowd found themselves menaced by a danger so swift and so terrible that all Paris still shudders at the thought of it.

The Papal envoy had blessed the opening of the bazaar. He had just left the building when the fire broke out. One half-hour later the bazaar was a mass of ashes in which lay the charred remains of some of the best blood in

France. The flames spread with incredible rapidity. It is believed that the fire originated in the cinematograph room. The flames caught the flimsy decorations, enveloped the roof, and a terrible scene of panic and confusion ensued. Most of the men saved themselves, but many women perished. During the first frightful rush they jostled each other or threw each other down, and many were trampled under foot. But it is not necessary to dwell upon these poignant and heart-rending scenes, about which you have doubtless received full details by cable.

None the less, some personal details about the victims may be new to your readers. The Duchesse d'Uzès, in whose booth the fire started and who almost miraculously escaped serious injury, is one of the most famous women in Paris. Not only does she stand at the head of one of the greatest ducal families in France, which traces its ancestry back to the Crusades, but she embodies, in her own personality, a typical *grande dame* of the Faubourg St. Germain. She is also known as the finest sportswoman in France. During the rocket-like career of General Boulanger she became an influential figure in the political world by her staunch support of the Comte de Paris. To aid the cause of the royalists, she countenanced Boulanger, presented him to the old nobility, and poured into his strong-box nearly three millions of francs. Although plain and short of stature, and well advanced toward middle age, her wit and tactful geniality have gained her friends in all classes of society. Her splendid mansion in the Avenue des Champs-Élysées has been, contrary to the custom of the old aristocracy in recent years, the scene of many lavish entertainments. Her country-place, the "Forest of Rambouillet," is a typical estate of the old régime. It consists of over three thousand acres, in the Department of the Seine and Oise, on which, in addition to the grand old woods, there exist parks and lakes and lordly pleasure-grounds. She has organized a hunting club of which she is the head, taking a fence with the best of her male competitors, or clearing a ditch with the *sang-froid* of an ardent sportswoman.

One of the most exalted in rank of the many victims claimed by the flames was the Duchesse d'Alençon. Her tragic death recalls a romance well known to all Parisians. By her frivolous flirtation with a young officer, she forfeited a kingdom and lost a crown. During her youth the late duchess was one of the most beautiful women at the Bavarian court. King Ludwig at that time gave no indication that he was likely to become mentally unbalanced; he was merely a young man of romantic disposition, ambitious of display, and a great lover of art and music. He became deeply attached to the Princess Sophie, as she was then called, and she seemed to reciprocate his affection. Elaborate preparations for their nuptials were commenced; the crowned heads of Europe were to be present, and the king determined to make his wedding the occasion of exceptional prodigality. All at once, without warning, he left Munich and retired to the solitude of his castle in the Bavarian Alps. Since his death it has been proved indisputably that, while feigning affection for the king, the duchess continued a reckless flirtation with the handsome young officer, Hanfstaengl. She afterward married the Duc d'Alençon, and King Ludwig became a confirmed woman-hater. His mental infirmities developed, and in 1886 he committed suicide in Starenberg Lake.

One of the stately *grandes dames* at the ill-fated bazaar who escaped death but was severely burned, is the Duchesse de la Torre. Witty, beautiful, and enormously wealthy, a great lady of Madrid as well as of Paris, she is, despite her lack of aristocratic birth, one of the most prominent figures in Europe. Her husband, the famous Marshal Serrano, was both regent of Spain and president of the Spanish Republic. Her nephew, at the present time, is credited with the power to overturn the Spanish dynasty if he so willed. The duchess herself is a dominating political figure, and, while she is often bitterly assailed at Madrid for her almost queenly assumptions, her social importance is so great that as soon as she returns to her magnificent Madrilenian palace in the Alcala quarter, her salons fill with the flower of the realm. She is fond of both the card-table and the stock exchange, but even the heaviest losses can scarcely affect her enormous wealth. A typical Spaniard, she is proud and ambitious, and could not resign herself to play a secondary rôle in any country.

The Marquise de Galliffet, who perished in the flames, was one of the most beautiful women of the court of the Tuileries during the reign of Napoleon the Third. She is a prominent figure in the famous picture of the Empress Eugénie surrounded by the ladies of her court.

Many American, English, and other foreign ladies were among those having booths, but, at this writing, it is impossible to state, with any accuracy, the names of the victims. Their number is constantly increasing and the roll of the wounded is already well up into the hundreds. Among the wounded is the name of the Vicomtesse d'Avenel, a daughter of the late James Meinel, of New York, a well-known leather merchant. Each of his three daughters married titles. Laura, the one injured, has always been conspicuous in Parisian society. She is an accomplished linguist, a fine musician, and has always taken an especial interest in philanthropy.

Preparations have been completed to hold a solemn requiem mass for the repose of the souls of the victims of the fire. It will take place on the eighth.

The interior of the building is to be heavily draped in black, relieved by silver embroidery, and the main doorway will be hung with an immense pall spangled in silver and edged with ermine. This pall will be caught up by silver loops, and an escutcheon, with the initials R. F. (*République Française*) will surmount the door. President Faure will be present, escorted by a detachment of cuirassiers. Behind him will be placed the families of the victims, the members of the government, the diplomatic corps, and other notables. The Emperor and Empress of Germany, England, and the Czar will send representatives.

ST. MARTIN.
PARIS, May 7, 1897.

THE RED ROOM.

From "Thirty Strange Stories" by H. G. Wells.

"I can assure you," said I, "that it will take a very tangible ghost to frighten me." And I stood up before the fire with my glass in my hand.

"It is your own choosing," said the man with the withered arm, and glanced at me askance.

"Eight-and-twenty years," said I, "I have lived, and never a ghost have I seen as yet."

The old woman sat staring hard into the fire, her pale eyes wide open. "Aye," she broke in; "and eight-and-twenty years you have lived and never seen the likes of this house, I reckon. There's a many things to see, when one's still but eight-and-twenty." She swayed her head slowly from side to side. "A many things to see and sorrow for."

I half-suspected the old people were trying to enhance the spiritual terrors of their house by their droning insistence. I put down my empty glass on the table and looked about the room, and caught a glimpse of myself, abbreviated and broadened to an impossible sturdiness, in the queer old mirror at the end of the room. "Well," I said, "if I see anything to-night, I shall be so much the wiser."

"It's your own choosing," said the man with the withered arm once more.

I heard the sound of a stick and a shambling step on the flags in the passage outside, and the door creaked on its hinges as a second old man entered. He supported himself by a single crutch, his eyes were covered by a shade, and his lower lip, half-averted, hung pale and pink from his decaying yellow teeth. He made straight for an arm-chair on the opposite side of the table, sat down clumsily, and began to cough. The man with the withered arm gave this new-comer a short glance of positive dislike; the old woman took no notice of his arrival, but remained with her eyes fixed steadily on the fire.

"I said—it's your own choosing," said the man with the withered arm, when the coughing had ceased for awhile.

"It's my own choosing," I answered.

The man with the shade became aware of my presence for the first time, and threw his head back for a moment and sideways to see me. I caught a momentary glimpse of his eyes, small and bright and inflamed. Then he began to cough and splutter again.

"Why don't you drink?" said the man with the withered arm, pushing the beer toward him. The man with the shade poured out a glassful with a shaky arm that splashed half as much again on the deal table. I had scarce expected these grotesque custodians. There is to my mind something inhuman in senility, something crouching and atavistic; the human qualities seem to drop from old people insensibly day by day. The three of them made me feel uncomfortable.

"If," said I, "you will show me to this haunted room of yours, I will make myself comfortable there."

The old man with the cough jerked his head back so suddenly that it startled me, and shot another glance of his red eyes at me from under the shade.

"There's a candle on the slab outside the door," said the man with the withered arm, looking at my feet as he addressed me. "But if you go to the red room to-night—"

("This night of all nights!" said the old woman.)

"You go alone."

"Very well," I answered. "And which way do I go?"

"You go along the passage for a bit," said he, "until you come to a door, and through that is a spiral staircase, and half-way up that is a landing and another door covered with baize. Go through that and down the long corridor to the end, and the red room is on your left up the steps."

"Have I got that right?" I said, and moved toward the door. As I did so, the old man with the shade rose and staggered round the table, so as to be closer to the others and to the fire. At the door I turned and looked at them, and saw they were all close together, dark against the fire-light, staring at me over their shoulders, with an intent expression on their ancient faces.

"Good-night," I said, setting the door open.

"It's your own choosing," said the man with the withered arm.

I left the door wide open until the candle was well alight, and then I shut them in and walked down the chilly, echoing passage.

I must confess that the oddness of these three old pensioners in whose charge her ladyship had left the castle, and the deep-toned, old-fashioned furniture of the housekeeper's room in which they foregathered, affected me in spite of my efforts to keep myself at a matter-of-fact phase. They seemed to belong to another age, an older age, an age when things spiritual were different from this of ours, less certain; an age when omens and witches were credible, and ghosts beyond denying. Their very existence was spectral; the cut of their clothing, fashions born in dead brains. But, with an effort, I sent such thoughts to the right-about. The long, draughty subterranean passage was chilly and dusty, and my candle flared and made the shadows cower and quiver. The echoes rang up and down the spiral staircase, and a shadow came sweeping up after me, and one fled before me into the darkness overhead. I came to the landing and stopped there for a moment, listening to a rustling that I fancied I heard; then, satisfied of the absolute silence, I pushed open the baize-covered door and stood in the corridor.

The effect was scarcely what I expected, for the moonlight, coming in by the great window on the grand staircase, picked out everything in vivid black shadow or silvery illumination. Everything was in its place; the house might have been deserted on the yesterday instead of eighteen months ago. There were candles in the sockets of the sconces, and whatever dust had gathered on the carpets or upon the polished flooring was distributed so evenly as to be invisible in the moonlight. I was about to advance, and stopped abruptly. A bronze group stood upon the landing, hidden from me by the corner of the wall, but its shadow

fell with marvelous distinctness upon the white paneling, and gave me the impression of some one crouching to waylay me. I stood rigid for half a minute, perhaps. Then, with my hand in the pocket that held my revolver, I advanced, only to discover a Ganymede and Eagle glistening in the moonlight.

The door to the red room and the steps up to it were in a shadowy corner. I moved my candle from side to side, in order to see clearly the nature of the recess in which I stood before opening the door. Here it was, thought I, that my predecessor was found, and the memory of that story gave me a sudden twinge of apprehension. I glanced over my shoulder at the Ganymede in the moonlight, and opened the door of the red room rather hastily, with my face half turned to the pallid silence of the landing.

I entered, closed the door behind me at once, turned the key I found in the lock within, and stood with the candle held aloft, surveying the scene of my vigil, the great red room of Lorraine Castle, in which the young duke had died. Or, rather, in which he had begun his dying, for he had opened the door and fallen headlong down the steps I had just ascended. That had been the end of his vigil, of his gallant attempt to conquer the ghostly tradition of the place, and never, I thought, had apoplexy better served the ends of superstition. And there were other and older stories that clung to the room, back to the half-credible beginning of it all—the tale of a timid wife and the tragic end that came to her husband's jest of frightening her. And, looking around that large, shadowy room, with its shadowy window-bays, its recesses and alcoves, one could well understand the legends that had sprouted in its black corners, its germinating darkness.

I resolved to make a systematic examination of the place at once and dispel the fanciful suggestions of its obscurity before they obtained a hold upon me. After satisfying myself of the fastening of the door, I began to walk about the room, peering round each article of furniture, tucking up the valances of the bed, and opening its curtains wide. I pulled up the blinds and examined the fastenings of the several windows before closing the shutters, leaned forward and looked up the blackness of the wide chimney, and tapped the dark oak paneling for any secret opening. There were two big mirrors in the room, each with a pair of sconces bearing candles, and on the mantel-shelf, too, were more candles in china candlesticks. All these I lit, one after the other. The fire was laid—an unexpected consideration from the old housekeeper—and I lit it to keep down any disposition to shiver, and when it was burning well, I stood round with my back to it and regarded the room again. I had pulled up a chintz-covered arm-chair and a table, to form a kind of barricade before me, and on this lay my revolver ready to hand. My precise examination had done me good, but I still found the remoter darkness of the place, and its perfect stillness, too stimulating for the imagination. The echoing of the stir and crackling of the fire was no sort of comfort to me. The shadow in the alcove, at the end in particular, had that undefinable quality of a presence, that odd suggestion of a lurking living thing, that comes so easily in silence and solitude. At last, to reassure myself, I walked with a candle into it and satisfied myself that there was nothing tangible there. I stood that candle upon the floor of the alcove, and left it in that position.

By this time I was in a state of considerable nervous tension, although to my reason there was no adequate cause for the condition. My mind, however, was perfectly clear. I postulated quite unreservedly that nothing supernatural could happen, and to pass the time I began to string some rhymes together, Ingoldsby fashion, of the original legend of the place. A few I spoke aloud, but the echoes were not pleasant. For the same reason I also abandoned, after a time, a conversation with myself upon the impossibility of ghosts and haunting. My mind reverted to the three old and distorted people downstairs, and I tried to keep it upon that topic. The sombre reds and blacks of the room troubled me; even with seven candles the place was merely dim. The one in the alcove flared in a draught, and the fire-flickering kept the shadows and penumbra perpetually shifting and stirring. Casting about for a remedy, I recalled the candles I had seen in the passage, and, with a slight effort, walked out into the moonlight, carrying a candle and leaving the door open, and presently returned with as many as ten. These I put in various knick-knacks of china with which the room was sparsely adorned, lit and placed where the shadows had lain deepest, some on the floor, some in the window recesses, until at last my seventeen candles were so arranged that not an inch of the room but had the direct light of at least one of them. It occurred to me that when the ghost came, I could warn him not to trip over them. The room was now quite brightly illuminated.

Even with that, however, the brooding expectation of the vigil weighed heavily upon me. It was after midnight that the candle in the alcove suddenly went out, and the black shadow sprang back to its place there. I did not see the candle go out; I simply turned and saw that the darkness was there, as one might start and see the unexpected presence of a stranger. "By Jove!" said I aloud; "that draught's a strong one!" and, taking the matches from the table, I walked across the room in a leisurely manner to relight the corner again. My first match would not strike, and as I succeeded with the second, something seemed to blink on the wall before me. I turned my head involuntarily, and saw that the two candles on the little table by the fireplace were extinguished. I rose at once to my feet.

"Odd!" I said. "Did I do that myself in a flash of absent-mindedness?"

I walked back, relit one, and as I did so, I saw the candle in the right sconce of one of the mirrors wink and go right out, and almost immediately its companion followed it. There was no mistake about it. The flame vanished, as if the wicks had been suddenly nipped between a finger and a thumb, leaving the wick neither glowing nor smoking, but black. While I stood gaping, the candle at the foot of the

bed went out, and the shadows seemed to take another step toward me.

"This won't do!" said I, and first one and then another candle on the mantel-shelf followed.

"What's up?" I cried, with a queer high note getting into my voice somehow. At that the candle on the wardrobe went out, and the one I had relit in the alcove followed.

"Steady on!" I said. "These candles are wanted," speaking with a half-hysterical facetiousness, and scratching away at a match the while for the mantel candlesticks. My hands trembled so much that twice I missed the rough paper of the match-box. As the mantel emerged from darkness again, two candles in the remoter end of the window were eclipsed. But with the same match I also relit the larger mirror candles, and those on the floor near the doorway, so that for the moment I seemed to gain on the extinctions. But, then, in a volley there vanished four lights at once in different corners of the room, and I struck another match in quivering haste, and stood hesitating whither to take it.

As I stood undecided, an invisible hand seemed to sweep out the two candles on the table. With a cry of terror, I dashed at the alcove, then into the corner, and then into the window, relighting three, as two more vanished by the fireplace; then, perceiving a better way, I dropped the matches on the iron-bound deed-box in the corner, and caught up the bedroom candlestick. With this I avoided the delay of striking matches; but for all that, the steady process of extinction went on. It was like a ragged storm-cloud sweeping out the stars. Now and then one returned for a minute, and was lost again. I was now almost frantic with the horror of the coming darkness, and my self-possession deserted me. I leaped, panting and disheveled, from candle to candle, in a vain struggle against that remorseless advance.

I bruised myself on the thigh against the table, I sent a chair headlong, I stumbled and fell and whisked the cloth from the table in my fall. My candle rolled away from me, and I snatched another as I rose. Abruptly this was blown out, as I swung it off the table, by the wind of my sudden movement, and immediately the two remaining candles followed. But there was light still in the room, a red light that staved off the shadows from me. The fire! Of course I could still thrust my candle between the bars and relight it!

I turned to where the flames were still dancing between the glowing coals and splashing red reflections upon the furniture, made two steps toward the grate, and incontinently the flames dwindled and vanished, the glow vanished, the reflections rushed together and vanished, and as I thrust the candle between the bars, darkness closed upon me like the shutting of an eye, and crushed the last vestiges of reason from my brain. The candle fell from my hand. I flung out my arms in a vain effort to thrust that ponderous blackness away from me, and, lifting up my voice, screamed with all my might—once, twice, thrice. Then I think I must have staggered to my feet. I know I thought suddenly of the moonlit corridor, and, with my head bowed and my arms over my face, made a run for the door.

But I had forgotten the exact position of the door, and struck myself heavily against the corner of the bed. I staggered back, turned, and was either struck or struck myself against some other bulky furniture. I have a vague memory of battering myself thus, to and fro in the darkness, of a cramped struggle, and of my own wild crying as I darted to and fro, of a heavy blow at last upon my forehead, a horrible sensation of falling that lasted an age, of my last frantic effort to keep my footing, and then I remember no more.

I opened my eyes in daylight. My head was roughly bandaged, and the man with the withered arm was watching my face. I looked about me, trying to remember what had happened, and for a space I could not recollect. I rolled my eyes into the corner, and saw the old woman, no longer abstracted, pouring out some drops of medicine from a little blue phial into a glass. "Where am I?" I asked. "I seem to remember you, and yet I can not remember who you are."

They told me then, and I heard of the haunted red room as one who hears a tale. "We found you at dawn," said he, "and there was blood on your forehead and lips."

It was very slowly I recovered my memory of my experience. "You believe now," said the old man, "that the room is haunted?" He spoke no longer as one who greets an intruder, but as one who grieves for a broken friend.

"Yes," said I; "the room is haunted."

"And you have seen it. And we, who have lived here all our lives, have never set eyes upon it. Because we have never dared. Tell us, is it truly the old earl who—"

"No," said I; "it is not."

"I told you so," said the old lady, with the glass in her hand. "It is his poor young countess who was frightened—"

"It is not," I said. "There is neither ghost of earl nor ghost of countess in that room; there is no ghost there at all; but worse, far worse—"

"Well?" they said.

"The worst of all the things that haunt poor mortal man," said I; "and that is, in all its nakedness—*Fear*! Fear that will not have light nor sound, that will not bear with reason, that deafens, and darkens, and overwhelms. It followed me through the corridor, it fought against me in the room—"

I stopped abruptly. There was an interval of silence. My hand went up to my bandages.

Then the man with the shade sighed and spoke. "That is it," said he. "I knew that was it. A Power of Darkness. To put such a curse upon a woman! It lurks there always. You can feel it even in the day-time—even of a bright summer's day—in the hangings, in the curtains, keeping behind you however you face about. In the dusk it creeps along the corridor and follows you, so that you dare not turn. There is Fear in that room of bers—Mark! Fear and there will be—so long as this house of sin er

A SLIP OF THE PEN.

How it Affected the Lives of Two Men and a Black-Eyed Girl.

John Thomas saddled up old Hornet, put on his "chaps," and rode out across the range to get the mail. The nearest post-office was at Antelope Station, eighteen miles over the hills, and twenty-five by the road. The last of the beef-gathers was over and the ranchmen had little to do but ride the pastures and wait for spring. That is, most of them. John had a lot to do, as he would have told you himself, for he was to be married on Christmas Day, and that is why he was so regularly riding twice a week to the post-office.

Over at Antelope, the telegraph-operator, who acted also as station-agent and postmaster, was sitting alone in his little office—except the section-house, the only house in sight—thinking of home and Mary Brand. Home was away down East, and Mary Brand was just a black-eyed girl who did not care for him one bit, as he well knew, for he had asked her about it before he started West. But there is no law against thinking of a girl even if you can not get her, so the operator thought of Mary Brand and believed himself to be very miserable, and piled more coals on the fire, though the little stove was already red-hot. And he smoked, and swore softly that it was a horrible country and the superintendent had given him the worst station on the whole line. He was a good boy, but he had not been West long enough to get his head hard. As he smoked, he noticed that his meerschaum was coloring up first rate, and he was much comforted.

Just when darkness succeeded the dull daylight, snow began to fall, and with the first flakes came John Thomas. He got his letters and sat down by the operator's fire to read them. He was a big, comfortable fellow, in marked contrast to the discontented-looking telegrapher, and so the latter thought, for he broke the silence with:

"I say, you seem pretty well satisfied with yourself. How do you manage it in a hole like this?"

"Young fellow," said John, "the plains is the finest place on earth, and the only place left where a man can get a start. Look at me; came out nine years ago without a cent, worked four years on the trail and three for old Baxter, learned to carry a branding-iron in my 'chaps' and to rope anything my horse could catch, and now I've got a place of my own and an interest in a trail-herd. What's the matter with me?"

"You're all right," admitted the boy, "but you couldn't do it again, now Tom Adams has got his maverick bill through the legislature."

"Don't fool yourself," said John, "any maverick my horse can catch is going to get my brand on. Do you know how many mavericks were sold for the benefit of the school fund on the fall round-up in this district? I'll tell you. One. He fetched seventy-five cents. Oh, the law is all right."

The operator was interrupted in his smoking by the click of the instrument, and when he had taken a train order, the pipe was out. Picking up an envelope John had thrown down, he thrust it into the coals; and as it flared up, he noticed the postmark.

"Hullo!" said he; "Bangor is my town; do you know anybody in Bangor?"

"You bet I do," said the cowboy. "I'm going to marry the nicest girl in that whole town, and her name is Mary Brand."

If old Hornet outside the door had not got tired of standing there, eighteen miles from his supper, so that John at that moment made a rush to catch him, the operator's dismay would not have escaped notice. His jaw dropped, and the beautiful pipe fell to the floor.

John caught his horse and headed away toward the ranch through the falling snow. The operator went to the key and telegraphed for a pipe to be sent up on the first train. Then he went to bed. He had a bad night.

John hummed a tune as his horse ambled along through the dark. Not an operatic air, but one of those hymn-tunes all cowboys use on dark nights. He was certainly bappy, for he didn't hurry his horse, nor spur him when he stumbled. One of those letters was from Mary Brand. She wrote she was leaving Bangor for her uncle's home in Denver on that day, and that John was not to come down until Christmas Eve, because there was much to do and he "would be in the way." The other letter was from a broker in Denver, and said: "Think we have a customer for your trail cows, and have engaged for you to meet him here some day next week. Will advise further soon." Snow was still falling when John reached home and turned in, reflecting upon the futility of all maverick laws.

Snow was still falling next day. The railroad was blockaded and he could not get to Denver on the day appointed. The wires were down, so there was no telegraphing. Christmas was spent in the telegrapher's office, and for once John looked as discontented as the operator. The latter took no interest in coloring the new pipe and wrote out his resignation ready to dispatch as soon as the line should be open, announcing that he was going back to Maine by the first train.

One of the first things sent when the line was open was John's message to Mary Brand, at Denver, to the effect that if the railroad wasn't shoveled out very soon, he should start down on foot.

That operator was a good boy, and he sent the message straight, and when an hour later he was called up by the Denver office to receive the following message to John Thomas about his trail cows: "You need not come down. Engagement off. Culver Bros." he was still without guile. But his heart was full of Mary Brand. All day the wires had been singing Mary Brand; the key had been clicking Mary Brand. Small wonder when he took the pad of yellow paper and wrote out the message, he made one small slip—he really didn't do it, it did itself.

"You need not come down. Engagement off. MARY BRAND," is the way it read when John received it.

If this were not a true story, it might be written that John went in person and demanded an explanation. What he really did was to write a note suggesting the return of his letters. And, Mary being a black-eyed girl, he got them by return mail.

Mary Brand went home. The ranchman returned to the winter vocation of riding the pastures and waiting for spring. The operator took an early train for down East. If he ever knew what he had done he kept his own counsel and renewed his suit.

So Mary married the operator, and being a black-eyed girl she makes him a good wife. G. B. DUNHAM.

THE SUMMER HEGIRA.

The recent sharp rise in the prices of ocean travel has been far from satisfactory to the large class of New Yorkers to whom a run across the pond is an essential part of every summer. The change from the winter rate to that charged for spring and summer travel went into effect on the first of April this year, and it will obtain until the first of November. Moreover, by a general combination of all the first-class transatlantic lines, the minimum first-cabin passage, which was \$75 during the winter months—an advance of \$15 over last winter's minimum rate—is increased to \$100, instead of the \$85 charged last summer. Round trips are now made, in most cases, \$100 more expensive than they previously were. Anything except a single berth in the plainest cabin is now only securable at a very much greater cost. For a full cabin containing a port-hole, the purchaser must pay from \$260 upward, where he once paid \$150 at the highest. And the companies allow no commission or discount to tour managers for parties of less than twenty-five.

The result would, doubtless, be a severe loss to the companies, owing to the number of cheaper-class travelers who will now be deterred from spending their summer vacation in Europe. But the Queen's Diamond Jubilee celebration exerts an enormous attraction for the hundreds who have social aspirations and the money to gratify them. The White Star steamer *Teutonic* carried more than one hundred and fifty saloon passengers when she steamed away from her dock, Wednesday before last, and a still larger number sailed on the *Germanic*, on the 5th of May. The American Liner *St. Louis* carried even a larger band of pilgrims than this, last Wednesday, for her first-class cabin list contained more than two hundred names, and there were one hundred and sixty passengers in the second cabin.

On a railroad in Pennsylvania stand thirty-two Pullman palace-cars, closely guarded day and night by watchmen whose only duty it is to see that no one interferes with the process of decay and despoliation which the elements have inaugurated. The cars are the property of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and represent an outlay of about four hundred thousand dollars. These handsome coaches have been dragged through the slow and tortuous processes of litigation for over five years. Both the railroad and the Pullman Company have claims on the cars, and until a final decision is rendered in the courts, these magnificent vehicles of travel by rail are left to rot and crumble in the open air. They will soon be unfit for any use except kindling-wood and old scrap-iron.

The use of a graphophone as evidence in a court of law was tried recently in the supreme court of New York. A citizen was suing the New York and Harlem Railroad Company to recover damages to his building caused by the maintenance of a new viaduct. His lawyers, seeking to prove that the railroad had made his property almost uninhabitable, brought into court three graphophone cylinders and offered to show the court by them the exact extent of the noise. The evidence was thrown out, however, not because of incompetence, but because nothing had been introduced to show how the cylinders were made or exactly what noises might come from them.

French army pensioners living in the Hôtel des Invalides, who have all received medals for bravery on the field, occasionally drink more than is good for them. To prevent such veterans making exhibitions of themselves in public, a reward of fifteen cents is paid to any one who returns an inebriated *invalidé* to the barracks. Recently, intoxication among the pensioners having increased greatly, it was discovered that a trade in rescuing had arisen, a knock-out drink costing five cents and warranted to act at once having been devised, which left a clean profit of ten cents per drunk.

Shooting for bats is a novel industry pursued by the negroes of Pass Christian, Miss. A railroad bridge spans the bay near that place, and when the train is crossing the bridge, the negroes in boats below shoot off their pistols, the men in the cars stick out their heads to see what is the matter, and the wind carries a plentiful harvest of hats to the watchers below. Seven bats a day is considered a good average for one man.

A recent invention, appreciated by people who like to get their letters promptly, is an electric attachment to street-door boxes whereby a letter dropped into the box immediately causes a bell to ring in the kitchen, or any desired place in the house. A similar device has been applied in the special-delivery boxes at some post-offices, calling instant attention to a letter just mailed.

London is suffering from a brick famine on account of the building boom in the suburbs. In the last few weeks, bricks have gone from two to three dollars a thousand above the normal price.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Speaker Reed is said to have abandoned the use of his bicycle in Washington on account of the attention he attracts on the streets.

Buluwayo is to set up a great brazen image of Cecil Rhodes in one of its squares. The order has been sent to a British sculptor named Tweed.

Charles Lecocq, the celebrated musician and author of the "Fille de Madame Angot," is trying to get a divorce after many years of matrimonial experience.

An English periodical paper recently printed a biographical sketch of Chauncey d'Epew, of New York, in which it laid special stress on his well-known Gallic wit.

Queen Margherita of Italy recently stood godmother for a grandson of the great Italian actress, Mme. Ristori. The boy is a son of the Marchese Capranica del Grillo.

The Natal sculptor who is busy with a bust of President Krüger grumbles very much about "Oom Paul's" back hair, which sticks out in such a way that it is difficult to get an accurate mold.

The Duchess of Fife—nick-named "Her Royal Shyness"—never attends the queen's drawing-rooms, and the Princess Louise of Lorne lives as far as she can the life of a quiet, country gentlewoman.

Dr. Nansen, while in London, astonished all who heard him by the idiomatic purity of his English; and now it is said that the quality of his French was an equal delight and surprise to his Gallic hosts.

Prince Bismarck was able the other day to go out of doors for the first time since January 2d. He drove for an hour and a quarter and experienced little difficulty in entering and leaving his carriage. On his return he took a short walk in his garden before reëntering the house.

Sir Isaac Pitman, the short-hand man and vegetarian, who died a short time ago, arose every morning at four o'clock and went to his desk, where he worked with short pauses only for his simple meals until ten at night. On Sundays he preached in the Swedenborgian church.

Lord Playfair was never a physician, his title of "Doctor" coming from a German Ph. D., so that the distinction of being the first medical man raised to the peerage goes unquestionably to Lord Lister. He is gazetted as "Lord Lister, of Lyme Regis, in the County of Dorset"; but he will be addressed as Lord Lister.

Captain Henry Romeyn, who was tried by court-martial at Atlanta, Ga., is one of the few army officers who possess a medal of honor awarded by Congress. Captain Romeyn's medal was awarded for "most distinguished gallantry in action against hostile Nez Perce Indians at Bear Paw Mountain, Mont., September 30, 1877."

The *Debats* reports that a royalist epidemic has broken out among the members of the Académie Française, which will take the form of admitting ten crowned heads to the Immortals. Among the august persons nominated are the Prince of Wales, the Emperors of Russia and Austria, and perhaps of Germany, the Kings of Italy, Sweden, and Denmark, the Kbedive, and the Pope.

On Verdi's recent birthday—his eighty-third—the veteran composer was seen at five o'clock in the morning at the weekly market at Piacenza with several sheep, which he had brought to sell. He also wished to buy a cow and some vegetables, and so spent the entire day surrounded by farmers and tradesmen. At six o'clock in the evening he invited the whole assemblage into the inn and gave them a fine supper.

Mrs. W. M. Marsh, of Groton, N. Y., is the only woman whose signature appears on bank-bills. She is the president of the First National Bank of Groton, doing a very large business with corporations and private individuals. In addition to performing the duties of bank president, Mrs. Marsh is the head of the Groton Typewriting Machine Company, treasurer and director of the Groton Carriage Company, and a happy, loving wife.

Tommaso Salvini, lately touring in Hungary, proposed to honor the town of Kecskemet with a one-night performance. But Kecskemet has a town council and a hucolic population, who did not see the need of the thing at all. Signor Salvini applied for the necessary authorization, and was informed by the secretary of the aldermen that, after the long winter season, the townspeople were tired of dramatic displays, and in any case the local art was sufficient for the needs of Kecskemet.

Mark Twain recently wrote the last lines of his new book, which embodies his experiences made in a recent trip around the world. There are some two hundred thousand words in this work, and it has cost him many months of hard work. He is in good health, living in retirement in a modest Chelsea house fronting upon a little green square. "There is no happier family picture," writes a correspondent, "than that of Mark Twain to-day consulting with his wife over the suitability of some anecdote for publication, or adjusting a difficult part of the bicycles in which his daughters delight."

Since New York's truant law went into effect, at least one of the new officers has secured the respect of a very tough locality. She is a modishly dressed young woman, Mrs. Alger, who has been detailed to look up truants in the classic district known as "Hell's Kitchen." The youngsters baul and kick. Mrs. Alger has a grip like steel. She shakes them vigorously first and then talks to them gently about the error of their way. She is the "woman cop," the "holy terror," and "the lady with a grip" at first, and then these youngsters begin to think that Mrs. Alger is a wonderful woman.

ANECDOTES OF CELEBRITIES.

Max Müller's Reminiscences of the Notable Men he has Known—
Liszt, Schumann, and Mendelssohn—Froude,
Kingsley, and Tennyson.

The "Recollections" of Max Müller, that have been appearing from time to time in recent numbers of *Cosmopolis*, are announced for publication. During his life-time, Professor Müller sought the society of people distinguished in literature and music, and his memories of famous personages are those of a man of wide culture and knowledge.

Liszt was among the musical celebrities whom Müller knew in his youth in Leipzig. Of the famous pianist's entry into Germany, he says:

He was young, theatrical, and terribly attractive, as ladies, young and old, used to say. His style of playing was then something quite new—now every player lets off the same fireworks. The musical critics who then ruled supreme at Leipzig were somewhat coy and reserved, and I remember taking a criticism to the editor of the *Leipziger Tageblatt* which the writer did not wish to sign with his name. Mendelssohn only, with his well-tempered heart, received him with open arms. He gave a *matinée musicale* at his house, all the best-known musicians of the place being present. I remember, though vaguely, David, Kalliwoda, Hiller; I doubt whether Schumann and Clara Wieck were present. Well, Liszt appeared in his Hungarian costume, wild and magnificent. He told Mendelssohn that he had written something special for him. He sat down, and swaying right and left on his music-stool, played first a Hungarian melody, and then three or four variations, one more incredible than the other.

We stood amazed, and after everybody had paid his compliments to the hero of the day, some of Mendelssohn's friends gathered round him, and said: "Ah, Felix, now we can pack ('*jetzt können wir einpacken*'). No one can do that; it is over with us!" Mendelssohn smiled; and when Liszt came up to him, asking him to play something, he laughed and said that he never played now; and this, to a certain extent, was true. He did not give much time to practicing then, but worked chiefly at composing and directing his concerts. However, Liszt would take no refusal, and so at last little Mendelssohn, with his own charming playfulness, said: "Well, I'll play, but you must promise me not to be angry." And what did he play? He sat down and played first of all Liszt's Hungarian melody, and then one variation after another, so that no one but Liszt himself could have told the difference. We all trembled lest Liszt should be offended, for Mendelssohn could not keep himself from imitating Liszt's movements and raptures. However, Mendelssohn managed never to offend man, woman, or child. Liszt laughed and applauded, and admitted that no one, not he himself, could have performed such a *bravura*.

A quaint little note on the father of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy is the following:

His father, a rich hanker in Berlin, had done all he could for the education of his children. He was the son of Mendelssohn, the philosopher, and when his son Felix had become known to fame, he used to say, with his slightly Jewish accent: "When I was young, I was called the son of the great Mendelssohn; now that I am old, I am called the father of the great Mendelssohn; then, what am I?"

Of Mendelssohn's marriage and of his friendship for his sister, Fanny Mendelssohn, Dr. Müller says:

He was at first unmarried, and many were the rumors as to who should be his bride. News had reached his friends that his heart had been won by a young lady at Frankfurt; but nobody, not even his most intimate friends, knew for certain. However, one evening he had just returned from Frankfurt, and had to conduct one of the Gewandhaus concerts. The last piece was Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. I had sung in the chorus, and found myself on the orchestra when the concert was over, the room nearly empty, except his personal friends, who surrounded him and teased him about his approaching engagement. His beaming face betrayed him, but he would say nothing to anybody, till at last he sat down and extemporized on the pianoforte. And what was the theme of his fantasy? It was the passage of the chorus, "Wer ein schönes Weib errungen, mische seinen Jubel ein." That was his confession to his friends, and then we all knew. And she was indeed "ein schönes Weib" when she arrived at Leipzig. One thing only she lacked—she could not express all she felt. She was soon called the "Goddess of Silence" by the side of her devoted husband, who never could be silent, but was always bubbling over like champagne in a small glass. They were a devoted couple; not a whisper was ever heard about either of them, though Mendelssohn had many friends, the greatest of all being his sister Fanny. With her he could speak and exchange whatever was uppermost or deepest in his heart. I have heard them extemporize together on the pianoforte, one holding with his little finger the little finger of the other. Her death was the heaviest loss he ever suffered in life. He was so unaccustomed to suffering and distress that he could never recover from this unexpected blow. Nor did he survive her long. She died the fourteenth of May, 1847; he followed her on the fourth of November of the same year.

Schumann was another famous musician of whom Müller saw much in his earlier years. He gives this account of Schumann's romance and tragedy:

Schumann was conscious of his own strength, but he was still struggling for recognition, and he was also struggling against that adversity of fortune which seems to decree poverty to be the lot of genius. There was another struggle going on, a struggle which is generally fought out in private, but which in his case was carried on before the eyes of the world, at least the musical world of Leipzig. He was devoted to a young pianoforte player, Clara Wieck. But her father, a great teacher of music, would not allow the marriage. He had devoted years of his life to the musical education of his daughter, and then, as she was just beginning to earn applause for herself and her master, as well as the pecuniary reward for their combined labors, a young musician, poor, and not yet recognized, wished to carry her off. Parents have flinty hearts, and the father said "No."

Many a time have I watched young Schumann walking alone in the neighborhood of Leipzig, being unexpectedly met by a young lady, both looking not so happy as I thought under the circumstances they ought. This went on for some time, till at last, as usual, the severe or flinty-hearted father had to give way, and allow a marriage which certainly for many years was the realization of the most perfect happiness, till it ended in a terrible tragedy. There was the seed of madness in the genius of Schumann as in that of so many really great men, and in an access of mania he sought and found rest where Ophelia sought and found it.

Froude, the English historian, gains many words of sympathy for his struggles and persecutions. That the historian wrote novels would surprise many; that one of these productions was condemned by the Oxford authorities is still more astonishing. Of his "Nemesis of Faith," Müller tells the following story:

One of the tutors, Dr. Sewell, at the end of one of his college lectures, warned the young men against the book, and asked whether anybody had read it. One of the under-graduates produced a copy which belonged to him. Dr. Sewell continued his sermonette, and, warming with his subject, he finished by throwing the book, which did not belong to him, into the fire. Dr. Sewell, when he had finished, asked his class, "Now, what have I done?" "You have burned my copy," the owner of the book said, in a sad voice, "and I shall have to buy a new one."

In view of the controversy over Froude's treatment of Carlyle's literary remains, it is interesting to read Müller's estimate of Froude:

Froude was not only the most fascinating lecturer, but the most charming companion and friend. His conversation was like his writings.

It never tired one, it never made one feel his superiority. His store of anecdotes was inexhaustible, and though in his old age they were sometimes repeated, they were always pleasant to listen to. He enjoyed them so thoroughly himself, he chuckled over them, he covered his eyes as if half ashamed of telling them. They are all gone now, and a pity it is, for most of them referred to what he had actually seen, not only to what he had heard, and be had seen a good deal, both in church and state. He knew the little failings of great men, he knew even the peccadilloes of saints, better than anybody. He was never ill-natured in his judgments, he knew the world too well for that, and it is well, perhaps, that many things which he knew should be forgotten. He himself insisted on all letters being destroyed that had been addressed to him; and, though he left an unfinished autograph, extremely interesting to the few friends who were allowed to read it, those who decided that it should not be published have acted, no doubt, wisely and in his spirit.

Müller has only the kindest words for Charles Kingsley, —the author of "Westward Ho!"—of whom he tells this little anecdote:

Kingsley was a great martyr to stammering; it often was torture to him in a lively conversation to keep up all waiting till his thoughts could break through again. In church, however, whether he was reading or speaking extempore, there was no sign of stammering; apparently there was no effort to overcome it. But when we walked home from church, he would say: "Oh, let me stammer now, you won't mind it."

In discussing the difference between the social life of London and that of Oxford, Professor Müller unhesitatingly gives himself of his opinions of society functions in this wise:

It requires not only mental, but considerable physical strength to stand the wear and tear of London life, and I confess I never could understand how some of my friends—Browning, Tyndall, Huxley, M. Arnold, and others—could manage to do any serious work, and at the same time serve the Moloch of Society, to whom so many men and women in London offer themselves and their children as willing sacrifices. They had not only to dine out and lose their evenings, but wherever they went they had to shine; they had often to make speeches, long speeches, at public dinners; they came home tired and slept badly, and in the morning they were interrupted again by letters, by newspapers, by calls, then by meetings and committees, by the inevitable leaving of cards, and, lastly, there was with many of them their official work. Society is a voracious animal, and has deprived the world of much that can only be the outcome of quiet hours, of continuous thought, and of uninterrupted labor. These men must have had not only the brain, but the physical constitution also of giants, to survive this constant social worry.

A quiet dinner with a few friends is pleasant enough, and a certain amount of social friction may even be useful in keeping us from rusting; nay, a casual collision with a kindred spirit may sometimes call forth sparks which can be turned into light and heat. But to dress, to drive a few miles, then to be set down, possibly, between two strangers who have little to say and much to ask, and who, if ill-luck will have it, may not even be beautiful or charming, is a torture to which men like Browning and M. Arnold ought never to have submitted. An afternoon tea is a far more rational amusement, because people are not kept chained for two hours to one chair and two neighbors, but can move about and can pick out some of the people whom they really wish to talk to. Even a luncheon is more bearable, for it does not last so long, and one may find a chance of talking to one's friends. But dinners are tortures, survivals of the dark ages for which there is no longer any excuse, and I believe that more people, and good people, too, have fallen victims to dinners, public or private, than have broken their necks in the hunting-field.

I had hoped at one time that the æsthetic stage through which English society passed would have put an end to, or would at least have modified, these social gohhlings. Surely it is a most unbecoming sight to see a number of people, young and old, with or without teeth, filling their mouths with mutton or beef, chewing, denticating, masticating their morsels, and then washing them down with wine or water. No doubt it can be done inoffensively, or even daintily. Eastern ladies know how to throw small morsels of food into their open mouths with their fingers, and Eastern poets describe this performance with rapture. Chinese poets become eloquent even over chop-sticks as handled by their fair ones. But for all that, the Hindus seem to me to show their good taste by retiring while they feed, and re-appearing only after they have washed their hands and face. Why should we be so anxious to perform this no doubt necessary function before the eyes of our friends? Could not at least the grosser part of feeding be performed in private, and the social gathering begin at the dessert, or, with meo, at the wine?

Of Matthew Arnold, whom he knew as an under-graduate at Oxford, and whom he watched and admired to the end of his life, Professor Müller says:

He was beautiful as a young man, strong and manly, yet full of dreams and schemes. His Olympian manners began even at Oxford; there was no harm in them, they were natural, not put on. The very sound of his voice and the wave of his arm were love-ly. He grappled with the same problems as Clough, but they never got the better of him, or, rather, he never got the worse of them. Goethe helped him to soar where others toiled and sighed and were sinking under their self-imposed burdens. Even though his later life was enough to dishearten a poet, he laughed at his being *Pegasus im Joch*. Sometimes, at public dinners, when he saw himself surrounded by his contemporaries, most of them judges, bishops, and ministers, he would groan over the drudgery he had to go through every day of his life in examining dirty school-boys and school-girls. But he saw the fun of it, and laughed. What a pity it was that his friends, and he had many, could find no better place for him. Most of his contemporaries rose to high positions in church and state, he remained to the end an examiner of elementary schools. Of course it may be said that, like so many of his literary friends, he might have written novels and thus eked out a living by pot-boilers of various kinds. But there was something noble and refined in him which restrained his pen from such work. Whatever he gave to the world was to be perfect, as perfect as he could make it, and he did not think that he possessed a talent for novels. His saying, "No Arnold can ever write a novel," is well known, but it has been splendidly falsified of late by his own niece. He had to go to America on a lecturing tour to earn some money he stood in need of, though he felt it as a *dira necessitas*, nay, as a dire indignity. It is true he had good precedents, but evidently his showman was not the best he could have chosen, nor was Arnold himself very strong as a lecturer.

An amusing trait of Arnold's is thus recorded:

Arnold was a delightful man to argue with, not that he could easily be convinced that he was wrong, but he never lost his temper, and, in the most patronizing way, he would generally say, "Yes, yes, my good fellow, you are quite right, but you see, my view of the matter is different, and I have little doubt it is the true one!" This went so far that even the simplest facts failed to produce any impression on him. He had fallen in love with Emile Burnouf's attractive, but not very scholarly and trustworthy, "Science de la Religion." I believe that at first he had mistaken Emile for Eugène Burnouf, a mistake which has been committed by other people besides him. But, afterward, when he had perceived the difference between the two, he was not at all abashed. Nay, he was betrayed into a new mistake, and spoke of Emile as the son of Eugène. I told him that Eugène, the great Oriental scholar—one of the greatest that France has ever produced, and that is saying a great deal—had no son at all, and that he ought to correct his misstatement. "Yes, yes," he said, in his most good-humored way, "but you know how they manage these things in France. Emile was really a natural son of the great scholar, and they call that a nephew." This I stoutly denied, for never was there a more irreproachable *père de famille* than my friend and master, Eugène Burnouf. But, in spite of all remonstrances, Emile remained with Arnold the son of Eugène, "for, you see, my good fellow, I know the French, and that is my view of the matter!"

Professor Müller gives this pleasant picture of John Ruskin as a friend:

Uncompromising and severe as he could be when he wielded his pen, he was always most charming in conversation. He never, when he was with his friends, claimed the right of speaking with authority, even on his own special subjects, as he might well have done. It seemed to be

his pen that made him say hither things. He must have been sorry himself for the severe censure he passed in his earlier years on men whose honest labor, if nothing else, ought to have protected them against such cruel onslaughts.

He was really the most tolerant and agreeable man in society. He could discover beauty where no one else saw it, and make allowance where others saw no excuse. I remember him as diffident as a young girl, full of questions, and grateful for any information. Even on art topics I have watched him listening almost diffidently to others who laid down the law in his presence. His voice was always most winning, and his language simply perfect. He was one of the few Englishmen I knew who, instead of tumbling out their sentences like so many portmanteaus, bags, rugs, and hat-boxes from an open railway van, seemed to take a real delight in building up his sentences, even in familiar conversation, so as to make each deliverance a work of art. Later in life that even temperament may have become somewhat changed. He had suffered much, and one saw that his wounds had not quite healed. His public lectures as professor of fine art were most attractive and extremely popular at first. But they were evidently too much for him, and on the advice of his medical friends, he had at last to cease from lecturing altogether. Several times his brain had been a very serious trouble to him.

Another great man who visited Oxford at this time was Tennyson, of whom Professor Müller writes:

His first visit to our house was rather alarming. We lived in a small house in High Street, nearly opposite Magdalen College, and our establishment was not calculated to receive sudden guests, particularly a poet laureate. He stepped in one day during the long vacation, when Oxford was almost empty. Wishing to show the great man all civility, we asked him to dinner that night and breakfast the next morning. At that time almost all the shops were in the market, which closed at one o'clock. My wife, a young housekeeper, did her best for our unexpected guest. He was known to be a gourmand, and at dinner he was evidently put out by finding the sauce with the salmon was not the one he preferred. He was pleased, however, with the wing of a chicken, and said it was the only advantage he got from being poet laureate, that he generally received the liver-wing of a chicken. The next morning, at breakfast, we had rather plumed ourselves on having been able to get a dish of cutlets, and were not a little surprised, when our guest arrived, to see him whip off the cover of the hot dish, and to hear the exclamation, "Mutton chops! the staple of every bad inn in England." However, these were but minor matters, though not without importance in the eyes of a young wife to whom Tennyson had been like one of the Immortals. He was full of interest and full of inquiries about the East, more particularly about Indian poetry, and I believe it was then that I told him there was no rhyme in Sanskrit poetry, and ventured to ask him why there should be in English. He was not so offended as Samuel Johnson seems to have been, who would probably have answered my question by "You are a great fool, sir; use your own judgment," while Tennyson gave the very sensible answer that rhyme assisted the memory.

Another amusing glimpse of the late poet laureate is afforded in the following passage:

His pipe was almost indispensable to him, and I remember one time, when I and several friends were staying at his house, the question of tobacco turned up. I confessed that for years I had been a perfect slave to tobacco, so that I could neither read nor write a line without smoking, but that at last I had rebelled against this slavery, and had entirely given up tobacco. Some of his friends taunted Tennyson that he could never give up tobacco. "Anybody can do that," he said, "if he chooses to do it." When his friends still continued to doubt and to tease him, "Well," he said, "I shall give up smoking from to-night." The very same evening I was told that he threw his pipes and his tobacco out of the window of his bedroom. The next day he was most charming, though somewhat self-righteous. The second day he became very moody and capacious; the third day no one knew what to do with him. But after a disturbed night I was told that he got out of bed in the morning, went quietly into the garden, picked up one of his broken pipes, stuffed it with the remains of the tobacco scattered about, and then, having had a few puffs, came to breakfast, all right again. Nothing was said any more about giving up tobacco.

And of Tennyson's well-known antipathy to the curious, he writes:

He once very kindly offered to lend me his house in the Isle of Wight; "but mind," he said, "you will be watched from morning till evening." This was, in fact, his great grievance, that he could not go out without being stared at. Once, taking a walk with me and my wife on the downs behind his house, he suddenly started, left us, and ran home, simply because he had descried two strangers coming toward us.

I was told that he once complained to the queen, and said that he could no longer stay in the Isle of Wight, on account of the tourists who came to stare at him. The queen, with a kindly irony, remarked that she did not suffer much from that grievance, but Tennyson, not seeing what she meant, replied, "No, nadam, and if I could clap a sentinel wherever I liked, I should not be troubled either."

It must be confessed that people were very inconsiderate. Rows of tourists sat, like sparrows, on the paling of his garden, waiting for his appearance. The guides were actually paid by sight-seers, particularly by those from America, for showing them the great poet. Nay, they went so far as to dress up a sailor to look like Tennyson, and the result was that, after their trick had been found out, the tourists would walk up to Tennyson and ask him: "Now, are you the real Tennyson?" This, no doubt, was very annoying, and later on Lord Tennyson was driven to pay a large sum for some useless downs near his house, simply in order to escape from the attentions of admiring travelers.

With this we shall take leave of a delightful work. We have quoted enough to show how wide has been the range of Professor Müller's friendships and how pleasantly and entertainingly he writes of them.

Curiously enough, the United States Government has its bank-notes printed on paper made by a private firm, the pulp being a mixture of linen, cotton, and silk, the silk threads coming into prominence after passing through the printing-machine. There are some nine kinds of Bank of England notes, all of them printed on somewhat similar paper, but they are now always in two or three colors in Scotland. French notes are of paper that has hair in its pulp, the hairs coming out so strongly when photographed as to render any attempt at forgery on that line impossible. While some nations use colored inks, the only ink used by the United States is black, characterized as a wonderfully hard and dry preparation, and said to be manufactured in a special manner from naphtha smoke.

Judge Wilkes, of the supreme court of Tennessee, recently decided that weeping before a jury is an admissible argument. "Tears," he says, "have always been considered legitimate arguments before a jury, and, while the question has never arisen out of any such behavior in this court, we know of no rule or jurisdiction in the court below to check them. It would appear to be one of the natural rights of counsel which no court or constitution could take away."

Mrs. Storer, wife of the new minister to Belgium, established the Rookwood Pottery in Cincinnati, and has for years been experimenting on her own account with ceramic art. She recently discovered another wonderful glaze, and it is said to be copper.

LITERARY NOTES.

A Tragic Idyl.

"In the Tideway" is a brief but tragic tale by Mrs. Steele, the author of "On the Face of the Waters," which made a notable hit. The story is more of an episode than an elaborate narrative; but it is, nevertheless, an example of brilliant writing, and toward the end contains passages of thrilling interest.

The first development of the plot is thoroughly conventional. The essential situation is the conflict in a woman's heart between constancy to the man she has married and does not love and longing for the man she has loved but did not marry. The drama has as a setting a summer place in the Hebrides where the wind and tide meet in raging anger; but it is not the struggling of the elements that gives a name to this tragic idyl, but the fierce striving of a woman's soul against the conflicting currents of passion. Her own folly drives her toward the tideway where it is dangerous to drift; but the elemental forces carry her onward and the story closes with a scene of tragic power.

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

A Twice Forbidden Love.

"McLeod of the Camerons," by M. Hamilton, is a novel of British life at Malta. The plot centres about the marriage of a cultured woman with a social inferior. Immediately after her marriage, her husband, who is an engineer in the English navy, is separated from her for three years. At the opening of the story she is about to rejoin him at Malta. Naturally, there is but little love on her side. In time she meets and finds her affinity in Captain McLeod, the idol of the Cameron Highlanders, in whose blood flows the taint of insanity. From this point onward there are several well-written passages and episodes, notably the thrilling ride of the heroine with Captain McLeod while the latter is temporarily insane, and the terrible collision that saves her life.

Avoiding a complete synopsis of the story, it is perhaps sufficient to say that the narrative is often spirited, and the plot, developing in an atmosphere fresh to novel readers, gains on this account an unusual interest.

Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

McCart's Statistician.

The edition of "The Statistician and Economist" for 1897-98 has just been issued by its compiler and publisher, Louis P. McCarty. It contains six hundred and seventy-two pages, more than five hundred of which are new and corrected. It is the nineteenth issue of the publication, which will henceforth be issued biennially between April and June in each odd-numbered year.

It is scarcely necessary to describe again the scope of a work so widely known and so highly valued. Its aim is to bring together in small compass and orderly arrangement all the past of the world's history that must be preserved for daily use, together with a complete statistical review of its present condition—political, financial, industrial, sociological, and otherwise—down to the latest sporting records. Its scope may be inferred from the fact that to the double-column index of a score of pages a supplemental index of four pages has been added, and each department has been brought up to date, giving the latest news and the results of the latest government reports of all countries of the civilized world.

There is scarcely another year-book or almanac whose field it does not cover, while much of its information is obtainable nowhere else.

Published by Louis P. McCarty, San Francisco; price, \$3.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Appropos of the acquisition of the Los Angeles Express by Charles Dwight Willard, the Fourth Estate says: "Mr. Willard is well known to the readers of the San Francisco Argonaut (that is, he is nationally known) through the admirable short stories which he has contributed to that paper in past years."

Hamlin Garland's new book, "Wayside Courtships," soon to be published by the Appletons, is made up of short stories dealing with the influence of women, exerted often by chance, upon men's careers.

The English lecture tour of Paul Dunbar, the colored poet, has proved a failure.

"New York City: The Place and the People," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, is announced as in preparation by the Macmillan Company.

In the prize competition for short stories offered by Black Cat, there being six competitors whose tales were adjudged equally worthy of receiving the fifth prize (\$100), that sum was awarded to each of them. Among them was John M. Ellicott, U. S. N., of Mare Island, Cal.

"The Fault of One," by Effie Adelaide Rowlands, is a novel that teaches the folly of not providing for those who come after us and failing to protect them in a testamentary way.

"Woman and the Republic," by Helen Kendrick Johnson, now in the press of the Appletons, considers woman's suffrage from every point of view—historically, legally, morally, and socially—traversing

all the arguments of the suffrage leaders, setting forth some considerations that are entirely new, and incidentally giving a complete account of the progress thus far made by the suffrage movement in various parts of the world.

The Macmillan Company has nearly ready "Life Histories of American Insects" and Mrs. Wright's "Citizen Bird."

Mr. Benson, of "Dodo" fame, is writing a novel of Greek life, dealing with Greece's struggle with the Turks seventy years ago. The story will appear in serial form before it comes out as a book.

The Macmillan Company is about to publish a volume of "The Boston Browning Society Papers," selected to represent the work of the society from 1885 to 1897. A few only of the papers contained in it are as follows:

"The Biography of Browning's Fame," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson; "Browning's Theism," by Josiah Royce; "Browning's Art in Monologue," by Percy Stickney Grant; "Calliban Upon Setebos," by Charles Gordon Ames; "Browning's Theory of Romantic Love," by George Willis Cooke; "Browning's Philosophy of Art," by Daniel Dorchester, Jr.; "The Uncalculating Soul," by Jenkin Lloyd Jones; "Browning's Mastery of Rhyme," by William J. Rolfe, etc.

A. E. Keet, who has been the editor of the Forum since August, 1895, has resigned the editorship of that periodical.

The literary monument of the late Archbishop of Canterbury is his important work, "Cyprian, his Life, his Times, his Work," which is to be published immediately by D. Appleton and Company, with an introduction by Bishop Potter.

A new historical novel by Mrs. Burton Harrison, "A Son of the Old Dominion," deals with the pre-revolutionary period, and describes dramatically the early border warfare between the Indians and the colonists. Many incidents in the life of Washington have been gathered from private papers and documents. The book is to appear during the latter part of May.

A most interesting little volume is to be published by the Macmillan Company under the title "Burns and His Times as Gathered from His Poems," by J. O. Mitchell, LL. D.

Miss Isabel F. Hapgood has completed a prayer-book for the Russo-Greek Church, and has submitted the manuscript to the Holy Synod of Russia for criticism. The subject is vast and complicated, as no complete service, even of the customary mass, matins, and vespers, exists in Russia. Miss Hapgood has, however, constructed a series of services, which any one can follow.

Of Edward Bellamy, whose new book, "Equality," is announced by the Appletons, the Critic says:

"No novel of modern times, not even 'Trilby,' has had the great success of Edward Bellamy's 'Looking Backward.' Over four hundred thousand copies have been sold in this country alone, while nearly as many were sold in England, and translations of the book have been made into nearly every civilized language. These foreign editions, however, were made before the days of international copyright. Mr. Bellamy's success did not come out of a clear sky, for he was a well-known writer before 'Looking Backward' was published. He has not written a great deal, however, and it is to his credit that he has rested on his laurels for the past nine years and published nothing since his great success of 1888. Mr. Bellamy will not celebrate his semi-centennial for three years to come. He still lives at Chicopee Falls, Mass., where he was born."

"Ouida" has another novel in the press, although "Le Selve" has been out but a few weeks. The new story deals with the difficulties attendant upon an attempt to put into practice ideas of social equality, and is named "The Altruist."

Another volume is announced by the Macmillan Company in the uniform series of the works of Friedrich Nietzsche. Two volumes have been published, as follows: Volume XI., containing "The Case of Wagner," "The Twilight Idols," "Nietzsche contra Wagner," and Volume IX., "Thus Spake Zarathustra." The new volume is entitled the "Genealogy of Morals."

That peculiar form of humorous comparison used by Dickens in his "Pickwick Papers," and for a while wondrously popular under the title of "Wellerisms," can claim a very respectable antiquity. Writes a correspondent of the Nation:

"In the 'Satiricon' of Petronius (a work written in the first century), one of the guests at a supper is complaining of the hardness of the times and general miserableness of things, and another offers consolation: 'Don't talk in that way; such is life. What we have not to-day, we may have to-morrow.' 'Now it is so, and now it is so,' as the countryman said who had lost a spotted pig. ('Modo sic, modo sic, inquit rusticus: varium porcum perdidit.')

"The Outgoing Turk: Impressions of a Journey Through the Western Balkans" is the title of an important book by H. C. Thomson, author of "The Chitral Campaign," which is to be published shortly by D. Appleton and Company. Mr. Thomson has traveled over eight hundred miles through Bosnia and Herzegovina, and he presents a graphic picture of the effect of twenty years of Christian control.

Professor Max Müller's recent work, "Contributions to the Science of Mythology," has evoked a reply from Andrew Lang, under the title of "Modern Mythology."

The Macmillan Company announces the publication at an early day of a supplementary volume to the Oxford Chaucer, in all respects uniform with that

edition of Chaucer's works in six volumes, 1894. Its title is "Chaucerian and Other Pieces," edited from numerous manuscripts by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, Litt. D. C. L., etc.

Le Journal of Paris is publishing serially the "Memoirs of M. Goron," who was for some years head of the criminal investigation department of the Paris police.

Some new announcements of D. Appleton and Company are:

"The Outgoing Turk," by H. C. Thomson, author of "The Chitral Campaign," with many illustrations; "Woman and the Republic," by Helen Kendrick Johnson; "Beauty and Art," by Adam Heaton; "The Story of Germ Life," a new volume in the Useful Story Series, by Professor H. W. Conn; "Some Unrecognized Laws of Nature," by I. Singer and L. H. Berens; "England," by Frances E. Cooke, and "Germany," by Kate F. Krock—two volumes in a new series called History for Young Readers; "Tierceheart, the Soldier," an historical romance, by J. C. Snaith, author of "Miss Dorothy Marvin"; "Nölma," an Australian romance, by Mrs. Campbell-Praed; and "The Folly of Pen Harrington," a novel by Julian Sturgis.

Maeterlinck's latest volume, "The Treasure of the Humble," is an apology for his theatre. It contains his present ideas on a variety of subjects—"Mystic Morality," "Women," the "Inner Beauty," the "Deeper Life," the "Awakening of the Soul"—all approached from the view-point of a supersensuous, mystical child of the last half of the nineteenth century.

RECENT VERSE.

In the Orchard.

The breeze amid the blossoms playing,
By sweets enchanted, falls asleep,
While downy clouds go softly straying,
Like drifting isles, the upper deep;
And, lying in the grass, I think
How morbid fears and fancies shrink
Before the breath of May;
And how 'twixt walls three times accurst
Full half our cares are born and nursed
To fret our lives away.

The morning winds with viewless fingers
Remove vexation from my brain,
And when they go a fragrance lingers
Behind them like a sweet refrain.
The golden light sinks in my heart,
And straightway with a gush upstart
The tides of love and joy.
God never meant this world below
For sorrow—blue skies, flowers—no!—
Nor any base annoy.

As noonday glow conceals the planet
That beams the while on outer space,
So with God's love, no eye may scan it,
Because His blessings hide His face;
And that is why He sends us woe:
That in the darkness we may know,
Undazzled by His smile,
The tender guidance of His hand,
And feel the love no faith hath spanned,
That loves us all the while.
—Samuel Maturin Peck in The Outlook.

The Vampire.

(Written for the picture by Philip Burne-Jones in the New Gallery.)

A fool there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I!)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care),
But the fool he called her his lady fair
(Even as you or I!)

Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste
And the work of our head and hand,
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent,
(Even as you and I!)
Honor and faith and a sure intent,
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant)
But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost
And the excellent things we planned,
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know that she never knew why)
And did not understand.
—Rudyard Kipling.

Evolution.

The dull brute reveled in primeval slime;
Then to a naked soul the Lord said, "Go,
Dwell yonder in that groveling flesh till time
O'er the sloped forehead make love's whiteness flow."

So to the beast went down the unclothed soul,
Abode in twilight, wallowed in the mire,
Withed in the serpent, burrowed with the mole,
Till the dim eons waked it to aspire.

Then up through tortuous shapes it rudely grew,
Saw the long night expand into the day,
Found its own self, and round it slowly drew
A human vestment from the sullen clay.

And still it grows past what the eye can see;
Climbs austere peaks of hope to breathe Heaven's air
Above the refuse of mortality,
Nor frets to know what form it yet shall wear.

—James B. Kenyon in the Independent.

The list of thirty-seven persons who have subscribed to the opera season in London this year includes twelve Hebrews, five Americans, and five directors of the Chartered Company of South Africa. Truth finds this list "curious as showing the composition of society to-day."

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The Sun of Saratoga.

By J. A. ALTSHELER. No. 216, Town and Country Library. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Stories, Short and Varied.

"Thirty Strange Stories" is the title of a book of tales by H. G. Wells which has just been published. Mr. Wells is one of the most prolific of the younger English writers of fiction. His "Time Machine" and "The Wheels of Chance"—the latter a bicycling romance—have made him known to the novel-reading public, but he has long been a favorite author with those who read short stories.

The statement has been made that Mr. Wells writes often ten thousand words a day, and one can well believe it when the great number of his productions in the last few months is remembered. But more strange than his facility is the richness of his imagination and the perfection he has attained in so many different lines. The thirty tales in the present book include almost every kind of short story. "The Strange Orchid" narrates a naturalist's thrilling adventure with a carnivorous plant of monstrous size. "In Epyornis Island" the hero is cast away on a South Sea island and "assists," as the French put it, at the hatching out of an antediluvian bird of gigantic proportions, which is at first a charming pet, but in the end is almost the death of him. "The Red Room," a striking example of the ghost-story, is reproduced elsewhere in this issue. "A Deal in Ostriches," which was printed in the *Argonaut* a few weeks ago, is a very humorous conception, and is narrated with infinite skill. In a similar vein, though put in a different milieu, is "The Rajah's Treasure." "The Apple" is almost an allegory, and yet is told about a fledgling tutor. "The Jilting of Jane" is a romance of the backstairs, with a delicious cockney flavor. And so the tales run on, ringing the changes from the weird to the broadly comic and from the pseudo-scientific to pure romance. Few living writers have carried the art of telling short stories to such a high degree of perfection as Mr. Wells, and this collection shows him at his best.

Published by Edward Arnold, New York; price, \$1.50.

Musings of a Rural Philosopher.

Like a breath of wholesome air laden with the perfume of the fields comes "Upland Pastures," by Adeline Knapp. To the lover of nature the thoughts inclosed in this book are things of beauty. The trees, the soft April rains, the woody depths, the stream-side, the fascinations of nature's upland pastures, and the provident partnership between insect and flower, are her themes. Even the blumbeest birds and flowers are gossiped about with a loving intimacy.

The book is choicely printed and daintily bound, the initial letters of paragraphs are illuminated like old missals, and delicate hand-painted field blossoms decorate some of the pages.

Published by the Roycroft Printing Shop, East Aurora, N. Y.

A New Honor for Kipling.

An incident that had the approving attention of literary London was the election of Rudyard Kipling and H. D. Traill to membership in the Athenæum Club, a few days ago. Though it is by no means the oldest (having been established in 1824), the Athenæum is in several respects the most distinguished club in London. Membership is limited to twelve hundred, and within that number are embraced the chief spirits of the literary, artistic, and scientific world. Like all the great clubs of limited membership, the Athenæum has a formidable list of applications that are acted upon in their order as vacancies occur; and applicants are sometimes ushered in as old men who knocked at the door in a cheery prime.

When the club had gained its enviable eminence, a very sagacious mind proposed that an extra-judicial provision be made that would enable the club to magnify its glory by choosing here and there a man singularly distinguished in literature, art, or science, without hindrance by the rule of rotation. Such an act of especial discrimination was incorporated with the constitution, and this permits the club to elect nine men annually—three from literature, three from science, and three from art. The honor, particularly in literature, is the London equivalent to the crowning of a *littérateur* by the French Academy. Elwyn A. Barron, writing to the *Chicago Times-Herald*, declares that there are writers in London who enjoy an international celebrity who would gratefully give their eye-teeth, in addition to the initiatory thirty guineas, could they be elected "out of order" under this rule.

Messrs. Traill and Kipling are the first in many years whom the club has thus signalized in the world of letters. Mr. Kipling was preferred as a story-teller, Mr. Traill as an essayist. Their *confères* heartily indorse the distinction conferred upon them. All are acquainted with the stories and poems of Kipling. Mr. Traill's style combines the polished precision of Addison with the verbal luxuriance of Macaulay, and he unites with a keen mentality a singularly felicitous humor, so that he is as entertaining when he deals with a subject from the popular standpoint as he is impressive when he discusses a proposition in a gravely intellectual way. Withal, he is of a modesty that is near akin to diffidence, and there is a boyish candor in his face that is in interesting contrast to his white hair and beard. A new

magazine, handsomely endowed, is presently to make its appearance with Mr. Traill as its controlling editor.

A Book about Siam.

Professor Sommerville's series of sketches upon his visit to Bangkok, in Siam, and his trip up the Meinam to Ayuthia, have the novel charm which pertains to descriptions of the life and customs of a strange people.

After describing the sights from Singapore to Bangkok, the "Venice of the East," and dwelling entertainingly upon its bazaars and shrines, he continues to portray the famous river life on the Meinam. Here is an evening scene:

"The floating theatres add their glare and glitter; the supernumeraries stand well out on the platform, beckoning with their forebards; others guard the lights of the many-colored paper lanterns; and here is a show where some of the actors stand without, giving tempting exhibitions of the entertainment to be enjoyed within."

"Near at hand is a broth and curry-and-ice shop. Two or three fellows on a float are striving with strident instruments to tempt some of the pleasure-seekers to enter there and amuse their stomachs. Fruit-shops and toddy-boats, all with gay lanterns; and beyond, on a floating platform in the subdued light, stands a screen, on which a light from within and behind casts a series of silhouettes. The performers' bands and arms are posed in such a manner as to produce representations of birds, animals, and human beings; many amusing contests between the characters and ludicrous predicaments of mirthsome Judds are thrown on the screen. The object of this amusing entertainment is not so innocent as it appears to be."

"The artistic performance of the silhouette-maker is interrupted at intervals by a company of quasi-musicians who, by a terrific blast of horns and ringing of gongs, call on the innocents to try Dame Fortune. These are floating gambling-shops, where, at games similar to roulette, so much coin changes hands on an evening that an implement resembling a coal-scoop is used to shovel in the money, the bankers at the same time paying the winning players with their hands, which should give all level heads an idea of the chances in the game."

The descriptions are agreeable reading, the author has included three romances of Siamese life and customs, and the book is well bound and illustrated with excellent reproductions of interesting photographs.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$3.00.

The Success of "Cosmopolis."

We are glad to see that *Cosmopolis*, the tri-lingual review, is meeting with hearty support from the reading public that the publisher (T. Fisher Unwin, of London) is not only to add a Russian supplement to the present English-French-German magazine, but even contemplates similar supplements in Dutch, Scandinavian, and Italian, all of them to be procurable separately. From the first issue the contributors have been the leading novelists, critics, and publicists of England, France, and Germany, and the editor has accomplished wonders in keeping them all so well within bounds and issuing such evenly balanced numbers. Each issue contains about twenty articles, filling about three hundred pages.

The latest issue, that for May, contains, among other features, the second part of Kipling's novelette, "Slaves of the Lamp," and the conclusion of Max Müller's reminiscences, from which we quote a number of passages of literary and musical interest elsewhere in this issue.

The Masons in California.

A handsome work in which the Masons and other citizens of this State will be interested is "Fifty Years of Masonry in California," which is now being issued under the editorial charge of Edwin A. Sherman, Venerable Grand Secretary of the Masonic Veteran Association of the Pacific Coast. Besides an historical review of the order, it will contain histories of the California lodges and biographies of eminent local members of the order. The entire work, to be issued in twenty monthly parts, will contain eight hundred pages, with about two hundred portraits and other illustrations, full and half-page, and twenty steel-plate engravings. The paper is heavily coated, and the typography is very handsome.

Published by George Spaulding & Co., San Francisco; for sale only by subscription; price, \$1.00 a part.

A Modern Siren.

"A Spotless Reputation," by Dorothea Gerard, recounts the career of a beautiful and heartless woman, who, herself incapable of sinning, from mere vanity leads others on to their destruction while she preserves the coldness of an iceberg. It is impossible to sympathize with the heroine of this story or feel regret at her untimely end. The story is worth reading, nevertheless, for its cleverness, its lively dialogue, and its bright sketches of life in Europe.

Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

New Publications.

"Delilah of Harlem," the latest production of Richard Henry Savage, has been published in paper covers by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents.

"The Jessamy Bride," a story of Dr. Samuel Johnson and his times, by F. Frankfort Moore, has been published by H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50.

"Arrested," by Esme Stuart, is another exemplification of the proverbial difficulties encountered in the course of true love. There is plenty of action, and all the exciting passions of mankind, both good and

bad, contribute to form a tale adapted for popularity. Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

A new and enlarged edition of "Nursery Problems," edited by Dr. Leroy M. Yale, has been issued. The problems are those young mothers find in the care of children and include feeding, teething, colic, the bath, dress, and so on. Published by the Contemporary Publishing Company, New York.

"Asia," by Frank G. Carpenter, is the first issue in Carpenter's Geographical Readers. It is a result of the well-known newspaper correspondent's two years in the Orient, and is intended as a supplement to the school text-book, providing the flesh and blood for which the school geography is the mere skeleton. It is illustrated and contains several maps. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Missionary Sheriff," by Octave Thanet, is a collection of six short stories, each independent, yet bound together by the presence in every one of the same dominating character, Amos Wickliff. He is a sheriff in a Western town, and in each story shows some new and interesting trait of character. Of course he eventually falls in love, and the reader closes the book with admiration for its blending of homely romance with realism. The stories will appeal to lovers of wholesome sketches of unconventional American life. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

"The Evolution of the Constitution of the United States," by Sydney George Fisher, is a study with the intent to show that the constitution is a development of progressive history, and not an isolated document struck off at a given time or an imitation of English or Dutch forms of government. The author traces back every material clause of it through previous American documents—including twenty-nine colonial charters and constitutions, seventeen revolutionary constitutions, and twenty-three plans of union, covering a period of about two hundred years, from 1584 to 1787. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

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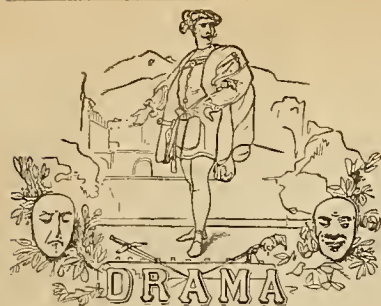
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To see the performance of "The First Born" at the Alcazar is to have an experience. San Francisco has produced a piece of drama that is as remarkable in its way as the librettos of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci." And the Alcazar has had the sense and the enterprise and the public spirit to produce it. It is the worst ventilated theatre, the hardest to get into, and the slowest to get out of in the city, but henceforward it has our respect and admiration, for it knows a good thing when it sees one, and it has had the discrimination and the daring to play a local piece by a local author.

Francis Powers, the author of "The First Born," is an actor. He plays a small part in the piece with the same forthright sincerity that he used in making the play. As an actor, he has got a good working knowledge of stagecraft and technique. As a dramatist, he has the great gift of seeing things as they exist and putting them on the stage as they exist—not as stage tradition tells him they exist, not as the star actor insists to him they ought to exist, not as a thousand other playwrights have found them to exist—but as he, looking with a simple, deep-divining eye, has seen them to exist. If he has the power to sustain a longer effort with the same fierce sincerity, the same brusque simplicity, the same truth and poetry and passion that inspire "The First Born," he should become a great dramatist. But the hand that paints with such cunning on a small canvas does not always succeed on a larger one. That, however, is for the future to prove. For the present, Mr. Powers has done a piece of work that is good, fine, strong, and it fills us with pleasure to have seen it and to tell him so.

The use of local color is dextrous and skillful, and though it seems at the first glance to be the main part of the picture, we soon see it is merely the frame. Inside this frame there is a scene full of the darkness of tragedy, and sin, and blood. It seems at first a sort of comedy—a joke to make the audience laugh. The squealing and squeaking of the Chinese music in the orchestra, the lugubrious tum-tumming, the monkey-chatter and yell of the nasal voices, seems a good, humorous opening to a humorous Chinese skit. Then the curtain rolls up, and a smell—the smell of the East, part prayer-sticks, with a dash of sandal-wood and a whiff of sewer—floats out from the stage, and we are in Chinatown. There is a butcher's stall on one side, with yellow-green heaps of lettuce rounding up from long, conical baskets. Strange meats hang down in rows from the ends of strings. The soft-footed Mongolians pass and repass, stop for a word, with a whiff of pipe-smoke following it. A brace of children go trotting by, like parrots in their gaudy plumage, and Hop Kee, the mender of pipes, squatting at his stand, passes the time of day with other yellow-faced men in battered black hats.

With the entrance of the slave girl, Looyee Tsing, the color of the story begins to grow deeper and richer. We realize with a sudden focusing of our scattered and lightly amused attention, that the author is going to strike a deeper note than that of grotesqueness and folly. The sordid alley becomes suddenly the background for a tale where something else than the humors of monkey-faced men and slayed women are to be enacted. Human nature is here, too—a savage human nature, a human nature fierce in its self-contained isolation in the midst of a stranger race, in the heart of an alien land. In some subtle way Mr. Powers has entirely eliminated the sense of difference between the Mongolian and the Caucasian. He has broken the barriers of separation and made his play from the inside of the pale. Herein lies much of its power. He is not depicting a people vulgarly despised, patronizingly laughed at. He paints the inner drama of creatures that are men and women first, Chinese men and women second.

The dramatic touches in the piece, the climaxes, the telling moments, are finely handled. An absence of that passion to make "strong scenes" marks the little drama from end to end, and gives it a concentrated, vivid force. There is no fuss, no effect, made when the first-born, the "beautiful Chaw Toy," is stolen. The child—an astonishingly natural stage-child—frisks about as the mender of pipe-bowls and his friend gossip together. Suddenly, at an upper window, there is a glimpse of a pretty, scared face, frightened under all its paint, and a voice, soft and hurried, calls whisperingly, "Chaw Toy!" The child stops, arrested by the tone—perhaps some memory of its lost mother struggling back to its consciousness. There is a step on the stairs—the flash of silk robes, the painted face full of terror at its own daring and its own fears, and Chaw Toy is clasped tightly in his mother's arms and vanishes, hidden in that silent embrace, up the narrow stairway.

In the second scene the colors deepen a shade.

By this time we know that we are looking on at one of those dramas of primitive passions, of the loves and hates, jealousies and vengeance of men and women, be they black or brown, yellow or white. Here the author shows even more plainly his sympathetic insight into the mysticism, the melancholy, the poetry of these exiles that are within our gates. For years they have sat there, strangers in a strange land, unknown to us, the dramas of their lives—fierce, wild, bizarre dramas—passing unnoticed under our indifferent eyes. Till one day an unknown actor lifts the curtain, and shows them to us, and says: "This has been going on at your elbow for a half-century and you never turned your head to see."

The tragedy of the finale is softened with touches of light humor. The hawkers passing through the gloom of the alley stop to interchange words of greeting and loitering queries on the topics of the day, the Two Companies, the death of Chaw Toy, the stealing of Chan Wang's wife. The tourists who buy the scarlet prayer-sticks and dive down into the odoriferous darkness of a narrow passageway are a relieving touch in the concentrating gloom. Then comes the scene between Looyee Tsing and Chan Wang—a scene impregnated with a rich, oriental poetry and the melancholy of a people who hold life lightly and have no fears of death.

There is a pensive lyric beauty in this interview, something almost musical in the slave-girl's plaints and the agonized father's cry on his dead first-born. It is the cry of an animal, but an animal that has learned submission to the just but fearful gods. Then the woman that the street-peddler address as "The Unfortunate One," leans from her window, and offers solace to the man whose child is dead, and together they mourn for their beloved country, where both were once young and happy, where the flowers and sunshine have been left forever.

And then the great moment in Chan Wang's life comes—the moment of fate. From an adjacent alley, stalking gloomily, enters a tall, spare figure—the figure of the man who wrecked Chan Wang's happiness and sold the girl at the window above to her slavery. The solution of it all, the untying of the knot, comes to Chan Wang with a great, calm conviction. He tells Looyee to close her window and begone. The drawn curtain extinguishes her light, and the man of many misdeeds walks forward in the darkness to his doom. It comes upon him with a rush and frenzied blow out of the blackness of a doorway. Two thrusts in the back with a long-bladed knife, two muscular arms round his limp body, and Chan Wang staggers back and throws the carcass roughly inside the door. There is no one in the alley, all is dark, and cool, and quiet. Inside, the body lies limp in some black corner. Chan Wang leans on his door-post and lights his pipe. The smoke drifts out in a stream and the eyes of the smoker, looking out on the shadowed length of the alley, are narrowed in the placid contentment of the first fragrant whiffs. They rest on the audience, those half-shut, brooding eyes, and then the curtain falls over their quiet satisfaction.

Historical accuracy did not bother the author of "David Garrick." No pent-up Utica confined his imagination, and, though he took a real personage for his hero, he did not trammel his muse with many of the true incidents of that personage's career. The romance of Little Davy and La Violette is wiped out, and Ada Ingot, daughter of a city merchant, romantic and love-lorn, takes the place of the beautiful dancer at whose twinkling feet all London worshipped for a season and David Garrick for a lifetime.

But where romance and sentiment are concerned, nobody bothers about history. After all, most of it is lies, and they may as well be pretty lies as ugly ones. Robertson's play is a very pretty lie, and it gives a comedian a first-rate part, and so it keeps the stage, and Mr. This and Mr. That give us their ideas of the sort of fellow Garrick was, and we are glad to see them.

The Old-World touch about it, the grand air that went with the ruffles and the sword and the powdered wig prevents it from being particularly suitable to Mr. Goodwin. Mr. Goodwin is improving all the time. He is rising from farce-comedy. He has dropped the little, pert, familiar Christian name we once knew him by and adopted two distant and dignified initials. But he is modern—modern and American all through. He is an actor of remarkable humorous ability and a most dominant personality. The personality made him as a farce-comedy player, but unless he conquers it and puts it out of sight, it will prevent him from ever becoming a great comedian. A personality and a funny face are all the requirements necessary for the conquest of farce-comedy. When it comes to real comedy these are serious disadvantages.

Beside humor Mr. Goodwin has a fine touch in sentiment. He really can be sentimental without being mawkish. It is a gift that few possess. How awful most actors are when they grow sentimental! Almost as bad as a mere every-day man when he gets on to the same sort of subject in the ordinary converse of every-day life. The sentiment in "David Garrick" is of the most unreal and didactic order. In the first scenes it is very much what one might expect from a play-actor. In the last, the play-actor looks into the liquid, adoring eyes of the incomparable creature who has just confessed her love for

him, and preaches her a sermon about the pleasures of duty and how lovely it is always to do right.

As one looked at Mr. Goodwin lecturing Miss Elliot as sincerely as the occasion would permit, and then looked at Miss Elliot, her hood fallen back from the vivid, shell-tinted beauty of her listening face, one felt that this was probably just what David Garrick would have done. Here for once the play-wright got back to history, and history was not as pretty or as natural as fiction had been. Little Davy had a great sense of duty, and there must have been many Ada Ingots whom he took by the hand, and spoke to like a father, and led back to their frightened parents quite cured of their infatuations. Peg Woffington and La Violette were the two women he loved in the course of a whole life-time. The Ida Ingots who offered their girlish worship at his shrine had no power to touch a heart that had only capitulated to the most brilliant actress and the loveliest dancer of a day when the greatest beauty and talent in England were found on the stage.

While the humorous and sentimental sides of his performance are as excellent as ever, the failure to render the ceremoniousness of an elaborate age is a serious fault in Mr. Goodwin's Garrick. Garrick was a prince among the players, and he held his head high. A *degagé* modernness mars Mr. Goodwin's manner in several important scenes. He is at times insolent, with a latter-day, American roughness. His manner to old Ingot has none of the exquisite imperference of a spark of the Lord Toppington order. His rudeness to Smith and Brown is altogether too far-fetched. Little Davy was a man of the world, and if he knew how to show the horny-handed city man that a play-actor had his pride, he knew how to show it with the air of one of the princes he could act so grandly.

Traceable Results from Advertising.

It is so rarely that business men are willing to give the results which they can trace to advertising, or that they have the time to do so, even if they have the inclination, that the following will be read with interest. It is a detailed statement of the results of advertising in the European edition of the New York Herald, and, on reading it, it will be seen that the advertiser was able to trace exactly what the results of his advertising were, and that his advertising cost him three and three-fourths per cent. of the business done as the direct result of that advertising:

"PARIS, April 27, 1897.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD: In your issues of the sixteenth and twenty-third instant, you give comparative figures of the circulation of the European edition of the Herald, and point out the ever-increasing importance of its advertising columns. But you are unable to ascertain yourself the enormous amount of business that the publicity of the Herald insures its patrons.

"I therefore take this opportunity to enlighten you in this particular by sending you an exact statement of the number of customers and the amount of business I have secured by the help of a few advertisements in the European edition.

"I hope this information will interest you, for I guarantee its absolute truth, and offer to submit proof by allowing you to look over my books.

"On April 14, 1895, I opened a small dressmaking establishment, No. 1, Place de la —, and when I began I did not have a single American customer or any connections in the American colony. My apartment being situated on the third floor, it was easier for me to ascertain how my customers came to patronize me than it would be for a shop-keeper to do. My first advertisement appeared in the Easter number, on the same day that I began business, that is to say, April 14, 1895. The last advertisement was inserted on April 18, 1897.

"The total amount of the money I spent on advertising from April 14, 1895, to April 18, 1897, was 1,813f. 25c.

"The number of customers obtained in the same period is 172.

"The business done with American ladies amounts to 48,000f. The total sum of my advertising represents, therefore, three and three-fourths per cent. of that figure, if I compare the total amount spent on advertising with the amount of business already done. But if I take into consideration the added value given to my establishment by the 172 new customers, and the amount of future business I can legitimately expect, the percentage becomes so small as to be insignificant.

"These figures are more eloquent than all I could add to thank the New York Herald. However, I can add, that if on my part I have naturally acted in all cases with the most perfect good faith, I have always been treated with the same consideration, and have never had a single unpleasantness of any kind with any of my customers.

"I consider American patronage most desirable from every point of view. The ladies are very kind, and show appreciation of their trades-people's loyalty by patronizing them and recommending them to their friends and relatives. I am convinced that an American patronage, if full satisfaction is given, will be doubled each year. I want to prove it, and will let you know next year the exact result.

G. MIRECOUR."

— EYE-GLASSES WHICH WILL STAY ON ANY NOSE without discomfort. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

Don't expect Schilling's Best

tea coffee soda baking powder flavoring extracts and spices to turn the world upside down.

They won't; but they do take some of the wrinkles out of living.

"PROCRASTINATION IS THE THIEF OF TIME; YEAR AFTER YEAR IT STEALS, TILL ALL ARE FLED."

Sozodont

ARRESTS DECAY OF THE TEETH

and prevents their loss. It also cleans them without injury, strengthens the gums, perfumes the breath and imparts a most refreshing sensation.

HALL & RUCKEL
NEW YORK Proprietors LONDON
A sample of Sozodont and Sozoderma Soap for the postage, three cents.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.

MRS. ERNESTINE KRRLING, PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER
One Week Only. Commencing Monday, May 24th.
Von Flotow's Favorite Opera, in Five Acts, Entitled,

-- MATHA --

Splendid Cast. Grand Ballet. Correct Costumes. An Opera Filled with Favorite Gems.

Look Out For.....MISS FRISCO
Our First Annual Review.

Popular Prices.....25 and 50 cents

BALDWIN THEATRE.

AL. HAYMAN & CO., (INCORPORATED)... PROPRIETORS

Next Week, Monday, May 24th. Second and Last Week of Mr. N. C.

-- GOODWIN --

Supported by Miss Maxine Elliot and Company. Presenting for the Entire Seven Performances

-- AN AMERICAN CITIZEN --

Next Attraction.....The Lilliputians

ORPHEUM.

Week Commencing Monday, May 24th.

Omeu, the World's Only Female Prestidigitateur. Assisted by La Belle Nadin; Jules and Ella Garrison, talented Travesty Artists; Little Anna Laughlin, Character Artist; Mitchell and Lowe, Singing and Talking Comedians; Elclair Bros., "The Demon and The Crocodile." In conjunction with the Baggesens and the Ostrani Pantomime Company. Positively last week of Mlle. Ani and Tacianu. Regular Matinees Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday.

EL CAMPO!

The Popular Bay Resort. Now Open Every Sunday during the Season. Music, Dancing, Bowling, Boating, Fishing, and Other Amusements.

REFRESHMENTS AT CITY PRICES.
Fare, Round Trip, 25c.; Children, 15c., including Admission to Grounds.

The Steamer Ukiah will leave Tiburon Ferry 10:30 A.M., 12:10, 2:00, and 4:00 P.M. Returning, leave El Campo, 11:15 A.M., 1:00, 3:00, and 5:00 P.M.

ROSNER'S HUNGARIAN ORCHESTRA.

E. M. ROSNER & B. JAULUS,
MANAGERS.

Address care of Sherman, Clay & Co., or 529 Golden Gate Avenue.

TELEPHONE, SUTTER 1031.

ANNA MILLER WOOD,

CONTRALTO OF FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH, BOSTON.

Will be in San Francisco after the fifth of July and will give lessons in singing and accept concert and other musical engagements. Miss Wood refers to Mme. Julie Rosewald, whose assistant she was for four years before leaving San Francisco.

Address care of Sherman, Clay & Co., San Francisco.

THE LATEST STYLES IN

Choice Woolens

H. S. BRIDGE & CO.

MERCHANT TAILORS,

622 MARKET STREET (Upstairs),
Bicycle and Golf Suits. Opposite the Palace Hotel.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 18, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the first day of June, 1897, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

F. I. VASSAULT, Secretary.
Office—Room 20, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California.

WE NEVER HAVE

stenciled an order of galvanized iron false to its gauge. Such orders go to cheap makers, generally, of course.

Apollo Iron and Steel Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Goodwin's Second Week.

Nat Goodwin will repeat "David Garrick" at the matinee this afternoon at the Baldwin and "The Rivals" this evening. All of next week will be devoted to "An American Citizen," Madeline Lucette Ryley's play, which was given its first American production last November in this city. It has been considerably revised since then. Mr. Goodwin will be seen as Beresford Cruger, and Maxine Elliot will be the young English orphan, Beatrice Carew.

The next attraction at the Baldwin will be the Lilliputians. In their previous visit to this city these droll little comedians have made many friends here, and their engagement is awaited with much interest. Franz Ebert, Adolph Zink, Ida Mahr, Bertha Jaeger, and the other favorite members of the company are still with the organization. They will be seen this time in a new piece, entitled "The Merry Tramps," which has had even a greater success in the East than its predecessors. Like them, it combines the comedy, in which the little German actors and actresses are so clever, with the spectacular element.

A New Playwright.

Henry A. Du Souchet, the author of "My Friend from India," and "The Man from Mexico," is another example of the unexpected manner in which lightning strikes. He is forty-five years old, and since the time he was twenty has been associated with theatres as both actor and author. Yet it was not until this present season that he achieved a real success. He began life as a train-dispatcher, and then led a migratory life as a telegraph-operator, as Thomas A. Edison had done. While in Arizona he joined a local theatrical company and acquired a certain knowledge of playwriting by adapting the stock of old plays on hand to the capacities of the company. Thirteen years ago he went to New York, and he has since been busy there as a newspaper man and telegrapher. He will now, however, devote himself to playwriting. The success of his second farce indicates that he has struck the right vein at last. So competent a judge as May Irwin thinks so, too, for she has commissioned him to write a new farce for her, and if it comes up to her expectations, she will open her next season with it.

The Frawley Season.

The last performances of "Excelsior, Jr.," at the Columbia will take place to-night and to-morrow night, and next week the theatre will remain closed for alteration and improvement.

On Monday evening, May 31st, the Frawley Company will open their season. Of the former members of the company, there still remain in the organization T. Daniel Frawley, Frank Worthing, Harry Corson Clark, Wilson Enos, H. S. Duffield, George Bosworth, Blanche L. Bates, Phosha McAllister, and Madge Carr Cook. The new members are Eleanor Moretti, who made quite a hit here as Roxy in "Pudd'nhead Wilson," Georgia Busby, Gladys Wallis, who was here with John Drew's company in "The Squire of Dames," J. M. Colville, Theodore Hamilton, Thomas Ross, and William Lemers.

Most of them arrived here last Thursday, and are already hard at work rehearsing "The Fatal Card," which will be the company's opening play. Other plays in their repertoire are "Two Little Vagrants," which has been running for nearly two years in Paris under the name of "Les Deux Gosses," and has had similar successes in London and New York; "A Social Highwayman," which was one of the best things in the Holland Brothers' season in the East; Bret Harte's play, "Sue"; "The Henrietta," in which Stuart Robson was seen at the Baldwin a few years ago; two war plays, "Held by the Enemy" and "Shenandoah"; and "The Case of Reluctant Susan" and "Aristocracy." They will also produce a new play by Lorimer Stoddard, who has accompanied Mr. Frawley to this city and will personally superintend the production. Mr. Stoddard is the son of the well-known poet, Richard Henry Stoddard, and is himself the author of the dramatic version of Thomas Hardy's novel, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," which Minnie Madden Fiske is still playing to crowded houses in New York. During his stay here Mr. Stoddard will finish two new plays which he now has in hand for Julia Marlowe and Olga Nethersole.

The Orpheum's Attractions.

Almost everything will be new at the Orpheum next week. The first of the novelties is Omene, the female prestidigitateur, who is assisted by La Belle Nadini. Jules and Ella Garrison are a travesty team, and Mitchell and Love are comedians of the singing and patter type. Little Anna Laughlin is a clever delineator of character, and the remaining new-comers are the Eclair Brothers, "the demon and the crocodile."

The Bagessens and the Osrani pantomimists are retained from this week's bill, and so also are Mlle. Ani and Tacianu, the female impersonator, who are to go East after next Sunday's performances.

There are matinees at the Orpheum on Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday afternoons.

A Revival of "Martha."

The new Viennese opera, "Captain Fracassa," by Dellinger, was produced at the Tivoli Opera House

last Monday evening, the occasion being further marked by the re-appearance of Ferris Hartman and John J. Raffael. They had been absent from the Tivoli cast during the three weeks' run of "Shamus O'Brien," and were heartily welcomed back. "Captain Fracassa" will be given for the last time this (Saturday) and to-morrow nights.

On Monday night Flotow's "Martha" will be revived for a week. Laura Millard will play the leading rôle of Lady Harriet; Myra Morella will be her maid, Nancy; Rlys Thomas will be the young farmer who becomes the Earl of Derby; John J. Raffael will be the Plunkett; and W. H. West and Maurice Darcy will fill out the cast. In the fair scenes in the second and last acts, specialties and ballets will be introduced.

Notes.

Hope Ross, late of the Frawley Company, is now appearing in Boston, in McNally's latest farce "The Good Mr. Best."

Four companies are to present "My Friend from India" next season, and the best of them will be that which comes to the Baldwin.

"Under the Red Rohe" closed a remarkably successful run at the Empire Theatre, New York, last Saturday night. It is still being played in London.

Isabelle Irving, who has made another hit in the new comedy, "Never Again," is to be John Drew's leading lady next season, which will begin at the Baldwin Theatre in this city.

Louis James is to include this city in his next tour, reaching here in the fall. His repertoire will include "The Robbers," "The Fool's Revenge," "Rinaldo," "Spartacus," and "Virgilius."

Josephine Gassmann, who made her start here at the Tivoli Opera House, has made quite a hit at Hammestein's Olympia, in New York, in her "tough-girl" specialty and coon songs.

"Old Hoss" Hoey has been very busy in New York recently denying the rumor that he is on his death-bed. He and Charles E. Evans will resume their tour in "A Parlor Match" next fall.

Max Maretzek, the operatic manager, died at his home on Staten Island, a few days ago, in his seventy-sixth year. He came to the United States in 1848, and for thirty years was a prominent manager of Italian opera.

The New York *Mirror* credits Nat Goodwin with the intention of reviving Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew." Maxine Elliot will make a magnificent-looking Katharine, but she will hardly dispel our recollections of Ada Rehan.

The Lyceum Theatre Company's first play during their forthcoming engagement at the Baldwin will be "The First Gentleman of Europe." It will be followed later by "The Mayflower," "The Prisoner of Zenda," and "The Late Mr. Costello."

M. Charley, the manager of the French opera troupe, has got back to New Orleans after his tour of Mexico, and is now on his way to New York. It is said that he has been invited by a number of musical people in that city to discuss the project of a French opera season there next winter.

Mrs. Langtry's divorce has been granted by Judge R. W. Crump, of Lakeport, and the Lily thinks she is as free as air once more. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Langtry does not agree with her. He seems to be determined to play the rôle of dog in the manger, and the English courts may sustain his decision by refusing to recognize the California court's decree.

Yvette Guilbert was married for the first time last week in Paris. Her husband, Dr. Max Schiller, is a brother of Theodore Rosenfeld, who, with his brother Carl, brought the Lilliputians to this country. Dr. Schiller acted as their manager until 1895, and then opened a theatrical agency in New York. He met Guilbert in Chicago, and it was in consequence of his persuasions that it was announced several months ago that she would abandon the vaudeville stage for the legitimate and make her début in Paris as Camille. Dr. Schiller is thirty-six years old, he was a practicing physician in Berlin before he came to this country, he is an accomplished musician, and he is very popular with his acquaintances.

The San Francisco Boys' Club Association announces a concert that will be given to aid its work, through the kindness of Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Miss Hulda Anderson, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. Donald Cameron, and Mr. Arthur Weiss. It will take place in Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Hall, 223 Sutter Street, near Grant Avenue, on Friday evening, May 28th, at eight o'clock. Tickets will cost fifty cents each.

Mr. Frederick R. Webster is receiving congratulations from his friends on the arrival here of the Purdy shotgun which was the prize won by him at the London International Gun Club on June 27th, 1896. The gun is suitably inscribed, and is considered one of the best on this coast.

The closing exercises of Trinity School will be held next Tuesday evening in the school building, 3300 Washington Street. The prizes, medals, and diplomas will then be awarded.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Musicians' Club Concert.

The Musicians' Club of San Francisco gave a concert last night on the occasion of the opening of the Music Hall in Central Block. A large and appreciative audience enjoyed the following programme:

Male Chorus, "Bedouin Song," Arthur Foote, the Loring Club; piano solo, (a) "Tempo di Mazurka," (b) piece fantasique, "Burlaque," John W. Metcalf, Mr. John W. Metcalf; song, "A Nocturne," H. J. Stewart, Mr. Donald de V. Graham; romance for violin and piano, Alois F. Lejeal, Messrs. Nathan Landsberger and Alois F. Lejeal; songs, (a) "I Love Thee," (b) "Forest Wanderings," Edward Grieg, Mrs. Millie Flynn-Wratten; part-songs, (a) "Treasures of the Deep," (b) "A Summer Song," H. B. Pasmore, the Apollo Choral Society; sonata, op. 13, G-minor, for violin and piano, (a) lento doloroso, (b) allegro vivace, Edward Grieg, Miss Alice Bacon and Mr. Giulio Minetti; song, "Plaisir d'Amour," Giovanni Martini (1741-1816), Mr. L. Verry Crépau; harp solo, "Chimes of Sydney," valse caprice, John Marquardt, Mrs. John Marquardt; romance, violin and piano, Theodor Vogt, Messrs. John Marquardt and Theodor Vogt; piano solo, rondo fantasia, S. G. Fleishman, Mr. S. G. Fleishman; male part-song, "The Gondolier," F. Schubert, the Loring Club.

Art Association Concert.

An enjoyable concert was given at the Art Association last Thursday evening under the able direction of Mr. Henry Heyman. A fashionable audience was present and enjoyed the following excellent programme:

Organ overture, "Dinorah," Meyerbeer, Mr. Emilio Cruells; song, "Le Conquistador," Adolphe Locher, Dr. T. A. Rottazzi; trio, (a) cavatina, Raff, (b) "La Caccia," Calace, Professors Piccirilli, Castagnetto, and Santisteban; songs, (a) reverie, (b) "The Death of the Lovers" (dedicated to I. J. Paderevski), Adolphe Locher (English version by Mrs. C. Pechin), Miss Emma A. Haas; organ, church scene, "Faust," Gounod, Mr. Emilio Cruells; aria, "Die Gossente," "Faust," Gounod, Dr. T. A. Rottazzi; trio, "Sous le Balcon," Savioni, Professors Piccirilli, Castagnetto, and Santisteban; song, "Two Loves," De Koven, Miss Emma A. Haas; organ, marche du synode, "Henri VII.," Saint-Saëns, Mr. Emilio Cruells.

The next and final concert of this series will take place on Thursday evening, May 27th.

The Curtis Musicales.

Mrs. James Marvin Curtis invited sixty ladies to meet Mr. and Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan last Tuesday at her residence, 2518 Union Street, and to hear Mr. O'Sullivan sing. Mrs. Curtis was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Paul Cowles, Miss Carrigan, and Miss Curtis. The following was the programme, in which Mr. O'Sullivan was ably accompanied by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr:

(1) "Deh, Vieni alla Finestra!" Mozart, (2) "In Questa Tomba Oscura," Beethoven, (3) prologo, "Pagliacci," Leoncavallo; two Bible songs, Dvorak; (1) "The White Blossom's Off the Bog," Mary Carmichael, (2) "Mourning in the Village Dwells," Korbay, (3) "El dorado," Walthew, (4) "Young Herchard," Old Somersetshire; (1) "An den Traum," (2) "Veilchen," Cornelius, (3) "Waldesgespräch," Schumann, (4) "Als die Alte Mutter," Dvorak; Irish airs, (1) "When She Answered Me Her Voice was Low," (2) "Chieftain of Tyrconnell," arranged by Stanford, (3) "Nora Creina," arranged by Stanford, (4) "The Donovans," Needham.

The Dickman Concert.

Mrs. Charles J. Dickman, who is going to Europe to continue her musical studies, gave a farewell concert last Monday evening, which was attended by many of her friends. The following programme was presented in excellent style:

"Sans Toi," Guy de Hardelot, Mrs. Charles J. Dickman; "Where'er You Walk," Handel, Mr. Donald de V. Graham; "Concert Stück," H. Vieuxtemps, Mr. Bernhard Mollenhauer; (a) "Margherita," Gounod, (b) "Serenade," Tosti, Mrs. Charles J. Dickman; (a) "Love's Season," (b) "To Love, to Suffer," Tiredelli, Mrs. C. A. Keesing; "Pensée d'Automne," Massenet, Mr. Donald de V. Graham; "O Jugend Wie Bist Du Schoen," Franz Abt, Mrs. Charles J. Dickman, (violin obligato, Mr. Bernhard Mollenhauer); "Rigoletto" quartet, Verdi, Mrs. C. A. Keesing, Mrs. Charles J. Dickman, Mr. Willard Wood, Mr. C. J. Dickman; accompanists, Mr. H. J. Stewart, Mrs. Willard Batchelder.

"An Irish Evening."

Daniel O'Connell and Denis O'Sullivan have combined forces to give, on Tuesday, May 25th, an entertainment at Sberman's Hall, 223 Sutter Street, which will consist of the songs and legends of the Green Isle. Mr. O'Sullivan will be heard in those rare ballads which he has not sung before in this city, and Mr. O'Connell will exploit the folk-lore of the old sod, dealing with fairies, banshees, etc. The seats are selling at Sherman & Clay's. No doubt the Bohemian Club will be well represented.

The Loring Club will give a concert at Odd Fellows' Hall on Thursday evening, May 27th.

Mr. Andrew Younger Wood will give a concert next Wednesday evening.

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— THE —
Argonaut
Clubbing List for 1897

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office. Subscribers in renewing subscriptions to Eastern periodicals will please mention the date of expiration in order to avoid mistakes.

Argonaut and Century.....	\$7.00
Argonaut and Independent.....	6.00
Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine.....	6.00
Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
Argonaut and Magazine of Art.....	6.30
Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.50
Argonaut and Harper's Weekly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Bazar.....	6.70
Argonaut and Harper's Round Table.....	5.00
Argonaut and Weekly New York Tribune (Republican).....	4.50
Argonaut and Thrice - a - Week New York World (Democratic).....	4.25
Argonaut, Weekly Tribune, and Weekly World.....	5.25
Argonaut and Political Science Quarterly.....	5.90
Argonaut and English Illustrated Magazine.....	4.70
Argonaut and Atlantic Monthly.....	6.70
Argonaut and Orling.....	5.75
Argonaut and Judge.....	7.50
Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine.....	6.20
Argonaut and Critic.....	6.30
Argonaut and Life.....	7.75
Argonaut and Puck.....	7.50
Argonaut and Demorest's Family Magazine.....	5.00
Argonaut and Current Literature.....	5.00
Argonaut and Nineteenth Century.....	7.25
Argonaut and Argosy.....	4.35
Argonaut and Overland Monthly.....	5.75
Argonaut and Review of Reviews.....	5.75
Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine.....	5.50
Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	7.25
Argonaut and Little's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	7.50
Argonaut and Illustrated American.....	7.75
Argonaut and International Magazine.....	6.00

VANITY FAIR.

"The Geisha" issued cards formally to an "at home" in London, in celebration of her first anniversary at Daly's, midnight, April 26th. Mr. Edwards, who was too ill to be present, and John Farrington, Mr. Daly's representative, had prepared a royal banquet on the stage, to which some two or three hundred guests were bidden. Of course every one was in evening-dress. London is fastidious in this particular. No man will confess himself so little the gentleman as to lounge into a social assemblage after nightfall wearing a frock or morning coat. But the thing that made the occasion worthy (according to Elwyn A. Barron, writing to the Chicago *Times-Herald*) of a special chronicle was the surprising array of pretty women. Notwithstanding the enthusiasm of novelists, female beauty is a rarity in English gatherings. Fine-looking women, yes, in plenty; but real beauty of face and figure, set off by tastefully chosen and artistically fitted toilets, is so very much the exception that a truly pretty, charmingly dressed woman produces almost as great a sensation in an assembly of society and fashion as would the sweep of a comet through the heavenly constellations. Therefore, it was something bewildering to see in this gathering to celebrate the birth-night of "The Geisha" so much genuine feminine loveliness. It was the first time in Mr. Barron's experience of English receptions of every kind when feminine charms paled into comparative insignificance the persons of celebrity present. It was not, to be sure, a swagger crowd, nor was there a formidable array of oppressively distinguished men in solemn posture, but it was an exceptional union of cleverness and beauty, of good looks and talent, there being just the background of notables needed to emphasize and dignify the grace of the purely feminine. After the supper the stage was cleared and the dance held sway.

A novel piece of jewelry is the puzzle-lock bracelet, the chain of which is secured by a lock formed of three revolving pieces engraved with figures or letters. Only by arranging these in some particular combination forming a private code, can the lock be opened, and as the figures may make an immense number of combinations, the "open sesame" is well nigh impossible of attainment except by the owner. The idea of this device is that the bracelet can be taken off and used to chain a bicycle to the railings while the rider is in a house or store, as a fastening to a traveling-bag, and for many other purposes of the sort. Most people would be apt to suffer qualms of anxiety in leaving it as a lock to a bicycle but for the maker's assurance that these bracelets, which are made in a variety of designs, are so strong as to render the length of time required for filing them through a risk which the bicycle thief would not venture to incur, while it is impossible to break the lock or to open it in any other way than by the mysterious code.

What seems to some a curious phase of English hospitality is explained by George W. Smailey in the current *Harper's*. In the course of a delightful article on "Country-House Life in England," he says: "Complaints used to be heard in times past that Englishmen—some few of them—who had been well received in America had treated their American hosts coldly in England. There may have been such cases. The best society is not perfect, nor always entirely free from black sheep. But my conjecture would be that in most cases there had been a misunderstanding or misapprehension, and that this misapprehension was on the part of the American. One of these complaints was made to me, the maker an American of such a position that it seemed most unlikely he should incur a slight. 'When A. was in America, he stayed with me on the Hudson. I gave him dinners in New York and letters to friends who did everything for him. I called on him here by his request. He has not offered me so much as a cup of tea, nor sent me an invitation of any kind.' I suggested that it was already the end of the London season, that I knew that A. was leaving town and his town house closed, and I asked my irate friend whether he had not been asked to visit A. in Scotland. 'Asked? No, not asked. He just said, casually, he hoped I would let him know when I was coming to Scotland. You don't call that an invitation?' Nevertheless, that is precisely what it was meant to be, and was. It is the English way. The Englishman, I explained, as delicately as I knew how, never says a thing he does not mean, never emphasizes, often says less than he means, is never elaborate, not often ceremonious. 'He said to you exactly what he would have said to an intimate friend. He does not make allowance for your unacquaintance with English customs. He wants you to come, and if you do not, he will not understand why. Country-house life in Scotland is on easier terms than in England. You do not shoot, and therefore you are not asked to make one of a shooting-party for a fixed date. You are treated not as a gun, but as a friend. Propose yourself whenever it is convenient, and you will be welcomed.' I had used an unlucky phrase. 'Propose myself? Do you think I am going to ask A. to receive me as a guest?' Again I had to explain. 'The phrase, though not perhaps very elegant, is conventional. If you say you are going to Scotland, the rejoinder is, 'Will you propose yourself to us?' For the convenience of both parties a fixed date is

avoided, and for the convenience of both a date is named by the arriving guest a little later, and not long before his visit. If it prove inconvenient, the answer is, 'We are full on that date. Can you come a week later?' In this way visits are dove tailed into each other; the host keeps his house full, and the guest arranges his route, or, as the phrase is, his round of visits, to suit himself."

His Excellency Chang Yen Huan, the Chinese ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to Great Britain in connection with the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the accession of Queen Victoria, inaugurated his mission by threatening England with war in consequence of the attempt made by the Canadian health authorities at Vancouver to fumigate him and to subject him to the indignity of a sulphur bath by reason of his having reached that port on board a steamship freighted with a number of small-pox-stricken steerage passengers. He is known throughout the European settlement of Asia as the "dandy of the Orient." Rich and radiant as is the Orient in color and magnificence of costume, Chang Yen Huan when among his fellow-mandarins at Peking stands out like a peacock in a yard of poultry. His milliner's bill would make an American society woman gasp. Satin is his fancy material, and as far as possible he sticks to satin richly trimmed in winter with the finest sable. He has satin robes in all the bright colors of the rainbow, and when he takes a walk in the vast grounds of his grand palace at Peking it is asserted that the populace knows of the circumstance by the reflection in the sky. His diamonds are sufficient in number and size to make even Otero turn green with envy, and for each gown—he never wears the same one twice in the same season—he has a special set of jewels to match. But it is not his diamonds, nor yet his rubies, nor even his emeralds, that are his chief glory. Jade is of all precious stones the one which is most highly prized in China, and his collection of jade is the most expensive and valuable in the empire. He has one necklace of the rarest and most beautiful green jade, which is valued at over fifty thousand dollars, and he never wears this except with a special costume which exactly matches it in color. He has never done any soldiering, and does not possess the yellow jacket, but he wears the red button of the first rank, with a peacock's feather. However, to Chinese eyes, these marks of dignity are nothing compared to the girdle of carved jade that encircles his capacious waist, the historic carved jade flower that gleams from the front of his cap, and the wonderful jade ring which, on occasions of ceremony, he wears upon his thumb.

So great an authority as the London *World* declares that London society has become Americanized in tone in the course of the last quarter of the century. The restful and domesticated Englishwomen, who were content to sit at home and work embroidery by the square mile, survive now only in the country, if they are to be found even there. To them has succeeded a new generation, which loves not rest and adores action. The fair ones of the present time love to be up and doing. Like their American sisters, they are endowed with a high proportion of nervous energy, which has to be worked off once in the twenty-four hours. They have an infinite capacity for "getting through things." They will do as much in a morning as would have satisfied their grandmothers for a week, and then are prepared to skate or pay visits all the afternoon, drive out, and go to a succession of parties in the evening. To women of this calibre what would have seemed to the ladies of a preceding generation a whirl of dissipation is merely a common round which serves just to occupy the day. With less they would be dull. They are prepared to do twice or thrice as much in "the season."

In India, clubwomen do not aim at realizing lofty ideals. The typical club-house there, according to a writer in the *Sun*, is a large, roomy bungalow, the most attractive thing about it being the broad gallery which extends all the way around and is inclosed with lattice-work. The bungalow includes four or five rooms, by far the most important being a bar where refreshments, principally liquid, are served. The largest room is devoted in the main to dancing. It has a parquet floor, and at least once a week a dance is given by the club members. This room is also let to people wishing to give balls, and here bachelors and grass-widowers are permitted to give their women friends little dinners or theatre suppers. Another room, much smaller, is furnished with tables covered with the latest magazines and newspapers, and a couple of book-shelves filled with novels of the day and such works of light-weight science and philosophy as have made a stir in the reading world. A drawing-room and dressing-room complete the house, for such a thing as a residential club for women is still unheard of in India. Attached to every club-house is a large hall with an earthen floor. This is covered with matting, and here badminton is played in the cool of the morning and afternoon. Sometimes tournaments are held. On dance nights this court is utilized as a promenade, when it is lighted with Chinese lanterns and decorated with potted plants. Tennis courts are also frequently attached to the building, and a regiment of small boys

in uniform is on hand to get the balls. The clubhouse is invariably located where the regimental band plays on certain evenings. On such occasions, every one sits at small tables on the lawn, eating ices, drinking cooling beverages, and discussing the coming races or the prospects for the next season at Simla. Children are admitted on these days, though ordinarily a placard tells them plainly that they are not wanted.

Winter is the season for balls in Athens, and, with the exception of carnival time, when rich and poor visit their friends, masked, and thus thoroughly enjoy themselves, this part of the year may be considered the exclusive property of the wealthy. Many of the wealthier Athenians go away in summer, but since the rate of exchange has become so high, the more thrifty folks give up the coasts of Normandy and Brittany for Kephissia or Phaleron. With the balmy summer evenings come the outdoor theatres and dinners at Phaleron. This is a fashionable sea-side resort, midway between Athens and Piræus, where several Athenians spend the hot summer months, either at the large hotels, which face the sea, or in their own villas, but the greater number go to New or Old Phaleron for their sea-baths in the morning, and for the purpose of showing their pretty gowns in the afternoon and evening; for Greek ladies are very fond of dress, and that may account for the excellence of their dressmakers and shoemakers. It is hardly possible to see a woman in an ill-fitting gown, though it must be confessed that they make up for this daintiness out-of-doors by sadly neglecting their appearance at home. There, the charming lady who will appear later on in neat little shoes over open-work stockings and in carefully buttoned gloves, may frequently be seen in trodden-down slippers, with hair tightly screwed up in crimping pins, and often, too, in a dressing-gown which, though most scrupulously clean, does not display its wearer to the best advantage. It is perhaps owing to this custom of neglecting themselves at home that Athenians are so reluctant to invite any but relatives to stay at their houses. This want of hospitality is strictly confined to the capital, for everywhere else the stranger is warmly invited to stay at the houses of the richest residents, and in the islands, where tourists are rare, the women will go down to the shore at sight of a stranger, and almost quarrel for the honor of receiving him as their guest.

It is a great deal more difficult for women to get employment in newspaper work in London than it is in American cities. There are, to begin with, an enormous number of men in London journalism, men who are graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, and who have culture oozing out at their finger ends. Women have not much chance in such an overcrowded market. Then London newspapers do not pay very well, and what is worse, it is hard to get your money even when they promise to pay it. Then, too, unless you have a grand name, it is almost impossible to get into print. All the titled ladies, from the Princess Christian down, are writing nowadays. The Princess of Pless and the Duchess of Leeds are among the foremost of those possessed with the literary fever. Nobody with an ordinary name—except a few women like Marie Corelli and "John Strange Winter," who have already established themselves in the popular heart—stands a chance against the titled dames. But, although writing has become the fashion among Englishwomen, they have not established themselves in journalism as women have in America. A few of the papers have women reporters, to be sure, but instead of working on the great papers Englishwomen are more often editing journals of their own. These have not a philanthropic idea or great cause as an excuse for being, either, but are simply devoted to telling women how to keep their nails in order and how to preserve their complexions.

Up to 1870 there was not a single café worthy the name in Berlin. Now the cafés in Berlin (writes Wolf von Schierbrand) far outvie those of Vienna and rival those of Paris. One which was started a year ago in Friedrichstrasse, the Kaiser Café, swallowed up over one million marks in its equipment, and yet it is a regular gold mine. The office of head-waiter in any one of them is worth more than the office of imperial chancellor. One of the recent head-waiters of the Café Bauer has just leased the Linden Café at an annual rental of seventy thousand marks. Nearly all of them are open day and night. Coffee is the principal dish, but imported beers, ices, liquors, etc., may also be had, and from fifty to two hundred newspapers and periodicals are on file.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Huxley and Matthew Arnold were once walking in Arnold's garden with Dean Farrar, and fell to talking of social duties. Arnold admitted to being fond of dining out. "I rather like it," he said; "it is rather nice to meet people." "Oh, yes," replied Huxley, laughing, "but we are not all such everlasting Cupids as you!"

An ambitious youth once sent his first manuscript to Dumas, asking the distinguished novelist to become his collaborator. The latter, angrily seizing his pen, wrote: "How dare you, sir, yoke together a horse and an ass?" He received the following reply: "How dare you, sir, call me a horse?" His anger vanished, and he laughingly penned the following: "Send on your manuscript, my friend, I gladly accept your proposition."

A characteristic story is told of a New England man and his wife, who live very methodically. One evening, at exactly nine o'clock, they went to the kitchen to make the final preparations for the night. "Marthy," said the husband, after a few moments, "hev ye wiped the sink dry yet?" "Yes, Josiah," she replied; "why do you ask?" "Well," he answered, "I did want a drink, but I guess I'll get along till the morning."

The other day a man was witness to a collision between a man and woman, both cyclists, ahead of him. The former got the worst of it, and, indeed, was knocked over, while the other wheeled away as though nothing had happened. The witness came up and assisted the lady to rise and remount. "Now I am off after that fellow," he said, "to get his name and address." "It's not a bit of good," she quietly replied, "be's my husband!"

Herbert Spencer plays billiards. Once, at the Athenaeum Club, he played fifty up with an antagonist, who ran out without giving the author of "The Synthetic System" a chance of handling his cue. It was very provoking, and Mr. Spencer felt constrained to speak. "Sir," he said, "a certain ability at games of skill is an indication of a well-balanced mind; but adroitness such as you have just displayed is, I must inform you, strong presumptive evidence of a misspent youth."

James Payn tells of seeing an old gentleman in the lavatory at a club putting soap into his mouth, after which he murmured, "Thank heaven, it's all right!" Mr. Payn inquired very delicately why on earth he did it. "Well," he said, "I've had such an infernal cold for the last week that it has taken away my taste; every day I've tried whether I can taste the soap. To-day I can, so I shall not go home, but dine at the club." And after that he did so, expensively and with great gusto.

Jones, a professed religionist, had for years taunted Brown with his unorthodox doubtings. At a certain dinner, given by Jones, the host became obstreperously tipsy. Ladies were present, and after they had withdrawn, Jones flung himself, with a lighted cigar, into a chair beside his friend. "Before I die, old chap," he announced, rather thick of tongue, "I'm determined to convert you." "As to the truth of one dogma," said Brown, "you've certainly done so." "Which is that?" murmured Jones, with an almost bacchanal flourish of his cigar. "The elevation of the host."

A Southern bishop arranged to spend three days during his annual visitation at the home of one of the faithful, whose wife was a famous housekeeper. A negro boy was brought over from the plantation to be the bishop's body-servant during his stay. The morning after his arrival, the bishop having failed to make his appearance, Jake was sent to summon him to breakfast, and found him shaving. In a few moments Jake returned, looking much alarmed. "Where is the bishop?" "He say he'll be heath directly," "What was he doing?" "A-sharpenin' ob his teef."

The late Catholic bishop of Newfoundland had a piano of which he desired to dispose, and which a friend, a Protestant doctor, desired to purchase. Considerable chaff ensued before the bargain was struck at a price which the bishop declared ruinously low. The only vehicle in the town which would accommodate the piano was the hearse, and in this it was driven to the doctor's door, who came to the bishop in high dudgeon. "Why on earth," he asked, "did you send my piano home in a hearse?" The bishop's eyes twinkled as he answered: "Why? Oh, because it was such a dead bargain."

A few years ago the celebrated Potter family, of which Bishop Potter is a member, held a reunion. During the banquet that followed, the various heads of the different families arose and gave a short account of the pedigrees and deeds of their ancestors. After all the speakers had finished, Hon. William M. Everts, who was present as the legal adviser of the New York branch, was called upon for a speech, and responded by saying that he felt there was little left for him to say, but after listening to the ancestry and history of the family, he felt he

could cast his eyes toward heaven and cry, "Oh, Lord! thou art the clay and we are the Potters."

President McCosh, of Princeton, was accustomed to lead the morning exercises in the chapel every day, and during the exercises he gave out the notices to the students. One morning, after he had read the notices, a student came up with a notice that Professor Kargé's French class would be at nine o'clock that day instead of half-past nine as usual. Dr. McCosh said it was too late, but the student insisted that Professor Kargé would be much disappointed if the notice was not read. The exercises went on and the doctor forgot all about the notice. He started to make the final prayer. He prayed for the President of the United States, the members of the Cabinet, the senators and representatives, the governor of New Jersey, the mayor, and other officials of Princeton, and then came to the professors and instructors in the college. Then Professor Kargé's notice came into his mind, and the assembled students were astonished to hear the venerable president say: "And, Lord, bless Professor Kargé, whose French class will be held this morning at nine o'clock instead of at half-past nine as usual."

COLONEL INNOCENCE.

How the Colored Gentleman Picked a Winner.

"Say, boss, how does yuh lak ma front?" "I looked up from the paper I was reading in the shadow of the stall and beheld Innocence; not the Innocence of the old life in any visible part, but an Innocence resplendent in the finest finery; an Innocence who might have been a college student in color. His cutaway suit fitted him to a line; his shirt was gorgeous in stripe and hue; his tie correct in texture and construction; his gloves, tan and smooth; his derby in the best form; his patent leathers long, pointed, and brilliant. The cigar smelled like a good one. Innocence stood still while I took him in from head to toe. Then he cocked his bat on one side, flicked his cigar, and said:

"I kinda swep' yuh off, didn't I?" "You are all right, Innocence; you are all right. You couldn't do that myself; but I want to tell you that you'd have a hard time explaining it all to the police." "Don't con me, boss; don't con. Dis is easy, easy. Dey des happen tuh be comin' tub me, das all. Din' none uv de boys tell you 'bout it? Oh, I had tuh bes' thing 'at evah happened."

"Las' week I see thinkin' tub masef 'at thu grass wuz sho' shortnin' an' I mus' be goin' 'long wiv thu bunch 'r git frost-bit. So I gwine 'long down thah by thu bettin'-ring, an' I see uh race wiv three hosses in it, an' evahbody bettin' on two uv 'em. By an' by I see uh gemman lookin' 'at thu odds, an' I know he's makin' up 'is min' 'whut he gwine bet on. I side up an' whisper sumpin' in his year 'bout Pelham. I give 'im thu good ole strong talk 'bout me ridin' 'im in 'nother race thu week befo', an' he wuz easy. He skinned off uh twenty an' got uh Pelham ticket. While he's standin' thah, I take uh little piece uv chalk an' make uh mark on thu tail uv 'is coat so I know him. 'Cose ef Pelham win, I'm wantin' tuh fin' 'at man mighty bad."

"It wuz my day tuh shine. In uh minit I see 'nother man wanderin' 'round kindah lak he's lookin' faw uh legal advisah, an' I git nex' tub 'im. He's got tuh Pelham notion in he bead, too, but I don't lak Pelham no mo', an' done tuk uh suddin love uv Moss Rose, thu ota good un in thu race. He take uh lot uv good con talk, but I land 'im an' git 'im down twenty-five strong on Rose. Den I knows it's gwine tuh be chikken faw me an' I puts ma little mark on he coat-tail, two little marks, an' 'at means ef Moss Rose beat Pelham I'm lookin' faw thu second man. I got ma game all laid out, so I go down faw uh glass uv beer, an' soothe ma heart."

"I'm standin' out on thu lawn not thinkin' 'bout nothin' 'tall, and smilin' tub masef, w'en uh good thing come 'long an' fell ovah me. I des couldn't git outen 'is way. I hadn't said a word 'bout thu ole sixty-tub-one shot in thu race, an' didn't wan' tuh, but thu good thing forced me. He come smilin' up tuh me an' say: 'Boy, is yuh one uv these jockeys?' Yuh oughter see me dodge. It was too easy. Cose I tole him I see one uv thu bes' 'at evah come ovah. Den yuh know whut happen tuh him. I didn't know whut tuh th'ow 'im faw uh minit, an' den I give 'im thu ole long-shot an' let 'im go. I sot 'im down sof' wiv uh ten on at sixty-tub-one. Des cause I got nothin' else tuh do I put ma mark on 'im, three little chalk spots on he coat. Ain't no tellin' 'bout hosses, yuh know, an' I might be lookin' faw 'im an' not know 'im ag'in."

"I digs up one uv them nasty dimes an' goes down tuh thu stable-boys' bar an' glorifies masef wiv 'nother schooner, an' den takes ma seat in thu gran' stan'. 'At race ain't got no charms faw me 'tall. One man bettin' on Pelham; 'nother man bettin' on Moss Rose; 'nother man pikin' on uh long-shot; Innocence settin' in thu gran' stan', wiv two beers inside an' sappah an' bre'kfus' right in sight; how kin yuh beat it. I see singin' uh little sof' tuh masef while thu hosses is runnin'. Ain't even lookin' 'at 'em. Whut's thu use; it's too easy."

"All 'twonced somebody settin' close tuh me commence cussin'. I look up tuh see whut tuh trouble, an' thah come that ole sixty-tub-one shot gallopin' 'long by hissef. He wuz so faw ahead 'at thu ota hosses didn't know which way he went. Say, I

wuz black in thu face. Ain't no use tellin' yuh which man I see lookin' faw. It tuk me fifteen minits tuh see 'im, but I saw him good wiv thu three little marks on 'is coat-tail. He saw me comin', an' he commence smilin' an' reachin' faw 'is bank-roll. He pulled out a wad as big as yo' leg an' say, 'Niggah, youse mah frien'. Whut'll we bet on nex' time?' I say, 'Bettab talk 'bout how much we win dis time, an' my min' will wuk free.'

"He don't do nothin' but skin three hundud off 'at bank-roll an' shove it at me. 'Hyah, niggah, we win six hundud; take yo' ha'f. Say, boss, I come putty nigh smashin' 'im, it wuz so suddin. I all 'twonced took uh big love faw 'im an' I put 'im right. I tole 'im my stable didn't stah no mo' hosses 'at day, an' he bettah wait uh day 'r two faw 'nother chanc'. I see 'fraid he'd make me too rich an' I git spiled wiv money. I wanted 'im tuh last all wintah and come good an' strong in thu spring; so I saved 'im."

Innocence took off his derby with a graceful swing and bowed a low adieu to an imaginary good thing and smiled complacently. "Den I got ma min' tuh wukin' an' I say tuh masef, 'Innocence, you're too good. Yuh does don't fit yuh an' yuh ain't polished 'nough faw yo' own bus'nis'. An' I go intuh town an' give ma little ordah tuh my tailor, an' now yuh see me wivout fiel'-glasses. Nex' time I goes travlin' thu Pullman kyah is waitin' faw me."

"How about the two men who bet on Pelham and Moss Rose?"

"Well, dey don't finis. I'm des lettin' 'em fawgit ma face." He smiled again and drew out a roll of bills, looking at them sideways, as if he'd get cross-eyed from overwork. Putting his money back he scratched a match on the sole of his patent leather, adjusted his hat, shrugged his shoulders, shook out his trousers, and said: "I see gwine down tuh thu bettin'-ring an' lay a few wagahs on uh hoss. Kin I put uh little bet down faw yuh, boss? Oh, an' I mos' fawgit sumpin'. Nex' time yuh see me yuh'll know me." He handed me a printed card. It said:

COLONEL INNOCENCE,
OF KENTUCKY,
LEGAL ADVISER.

Then he grinned and sauntered off.—Charles E. Trevathan in New York Journal.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Victoria Hall Disaster.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 16, 1897. EDITORS ARGONAUT: For the first time in my acquaintance with your valuable journal, I have detected a blunder in your columns, and editorial columns at that, and, strange to say, it has given me pleasure rather than pain as a further proof of the soundness of the time-honored maxim to the effect that nothing mortal is infallible.

The disaster in the Victoria Hall, Sunderland, England, was not owing to fire, nor even panic, but simply to the amazing idiocy of the, by extreme courtesy, architect who designed the building. This particular hall was in the style of the Orpheum of this city, having a gallery running the whole way round and supported on pillars. There were a great many children of all ages in the gallery, and when the entertainment was over, like most children, they were not content to go out quietly, but must needs romp. Those in front were thrown down by the fearful pressure of hundreds on the stairs and in the hall coming rushing behind. Had the doors been open, all would have been well, but, alas! for many a bereaved parent, they were not, and what was worse, they opened inward, and there was no time to open them forcibly from without. After steps had been taken to relieve the congestion, a sickening heap of poor little humanity had to be unburdened, segregated, and laid out in woolen rows in the body of the hall. "And the voice of Rachel was heard and would not be comforted because they were not."

EDWARD H. HALEY.

[We were under the impression that the Victoria Hall disaster, in 1882, was due to a panic caused by an alarm of fire—such is the statement given by some of the journals of the time. None the less, our remarks hold good—had the building been equipped with proper exits in case of fire, the terrible loss of life would not have occurred.—Eos.]

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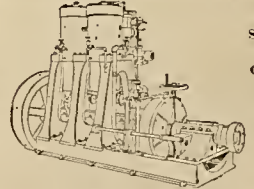
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SOCIETY.

The Forsyth-Shafter Banquet.

Major-General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A., who was recently retired from the command of the Department of California, and his successor, Brigadier-General William R. Shafter, U. S. A., were the specially honored guests at a banquet given by a number of their friends last night at the Pacific-Union Club.

The spacious dining-hall was appropriately and handsomely decorated, the national colors being a prominent feature. An elaborate menu was served. Mr. Charles Page, vice-president of the club, presided. Several toasts of a felicitous nature were given and responded to, and the affair was enjoyable throughout. Among those present to meet the honored guests of the evening were:

Mr. Charles Page, Mr. Charles Webb Howard, Mr. S. C. Bigelow, Mr. Claus Spreckels, Mr. William Alvord, Mr. J. B. Crockett, Mr. A. Chesbrough, Major A. E. Bates, U. S. A., Mr. C. F. Fargo, Mr. S. G. Murphy, Dr. H. W. Harkness, Colonel O. D. Greene, U. S. A., Mr. Henry L. Dodge, Mr. William E. Brown, Mr. Louis Janin, Mr. Alfred Bouvier, Mr. John I. Sabin, Mr. Joseph C. Clark, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. James T. Boyd, Mr. Herman Schussler, Mr. Bernard Faymonville, Mr. George F. Bowman, Major Charles P. Eagan, U. S. A., Mr. G. D. Fahnestock, Mr. Joseph M. Quay, Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, Mr. William H. McKittrick, Consul Vladimir d'Artsimovitch, Mr. Martin J. Burke, Mr. W. F. Goad, Mr. George W. Prescott, Mr. Robert R. Grayson, Mr. Thomas B. Bishop, Mr. C. S. Giveus, Mr. Christian Froelich, Mr. D. W. Earl, Mr. Oliver Eldridge, Dr. H. B. de Marville, and General J. F. Houghton.

The Phelan Dinner-Party.

Mayor James D. Phelan gave an elaborate dinner-party Thursday at the Cliff House in honor of Hon. Arthur Sewall, United States Minister to Hawaii, and Mrs. Sewall, formerly Miss Ashe, of this city. The party met at the University Club and then took carriages for their destination. The dining-room was beautifully decorated with flowers, and music enlivened the scene while the menu was being enjoyed. After a delightful evening the party returned to their homes by moonlight. Mr. Phelan's guests were:

Hon. and Mrs. Arthur Sewall, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. C. Osgood Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. Henry McLean Martin, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Kate Clement, Miss Hager, Miss Murphy, Miss Isabel McKenna, Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. Peter Donahue Martin, Mr. Oscar Sewall, and Mr. E. M. Greenway.

The West Dancing-Party.

Miss Mary B. West gave a pleasant dancing-party at her school recently in honor of the young ladies there. Excellent music was provided and dancing was enjoyed until midnight. Those present were:

Miss Gertrude Van Wyck, Miss Bertie Bruce, Miss Kate Powers, Miss Sarah Collier, Miss Margaret Collier, Miss Maud Mullins, Miss May Budd, Miss Jessie Simpson, Miss Florence de Long, Miss Jessie Cheever, Miss George Smith, Miss Marquitta Collier, Mr. Percy King, Mr. Joseph King, Mr. Henry Dutton, Mr. Albert Russell, Mr. George Lewis, Mr. Herman Powers, Mr. William Smith, Mr. George Gibbs, Mr. A. Lewis, Mr. Temple Smith, Mr. Franklin Brooks, Mr. A. Macondray, Mr. Frederick Poett, Mr. Charles Trippler, and Mr. John Hamilton.

The De Long Tug-Boat Party.

Mr. George B. de Long was the host last Saturday at a tug-boat party and entertained many of his friends very pleasantly. Mrs. William M. Gwin, Jr., was the chaperon for the party. The *Rescue* left Mission Street Wharf at eleven o'clock in the morning, and proceeded to McNear's Landing, where luncheon was served. A general cruise around the bay followed, and homes were reached at a seasonable hour. Mr. de Long's guests comprised:

Mrs. William M. Gwin, Jr., Miss Daisy Van Ness, Miss Bertha Smith, Miss Frances Curry, Miss Florence Jesselyn, Miss Mary Bell Gwin, Miss Helen Wagner, Miss Florence de Long, Miss Wright, Miss Adams, Miss Ethel Tompkins, Miss May Hoffman, Miss Alice Cobden Hoffman, Miss Mollie Thomas, Miss Jouett, Miss Gertrude Forman, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Lulu Burton, Miss Frances Jolliffe, Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Rose Hooper, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Eva Moody, Miss Ida Gibbons, Miss Emelie Ethel Cohen, Miss Helen Thomas, Miss Jennie Blair, Misses Newell, Mr. Southard

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The Dog Show.

The second annual exhibition of the San Francisco Kennel Club was opened last Wednesday at the Mechanics' Pavilion and will close this evening. From a technical point the exhibit is vastly superior to that of last year. A much larger number of dogs is shown and careful discrimination has been made in their selection. To all who take an interest in or are fond of dogs the exhibition is well worthy of a visit. Wednesday evening witnessed a large and fashionable gathering of prominent society people at the Pavilion, many of whom in parties had attended dinners prior to the show. This, however, will be the gala night of the week, and the attendance will undoubtedly be very large.

The Gingerbread Fête.

The Gingerbread Fête, held at the residence of Mrs. Clark W. Crocker last week, came to a most successful end last Saturday evening. A feature of the closing night was the receipt of a check for five thousand dollars from Mrs. Claus Spreckels. It is estimated that the amount that will go to the Children's Hospital and Training School for Nurses is in the neighborhood of eight thousand dollars.

MRS. ATHERTON AGAIN.

She Follows "Patience Sparhawk" with Another Society Novel, "His Fortunate Grace" — What It is About and What is Said of It.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has again impaled the women of New York society on the point of her pen. In addition, she has poured the vials of her wrath over the British peer and his toadying American parasite. While love, as Mrs. Atherton saw it, was the ruling passion in "Patience Sparhawk," social ambition and greed for money struggle for supremacy in "His Fortunate Grace."

Mrs. Atherton draws a clever picture of a fashionable night at the opera, where the Duke of Bosworth is taken for exhibition and sale:

The two tiers of boxes at the Metropolitan Opera House, reserved for the beauty and fashion of New York, flashed with the plumage of women and a thousand thousand gems. Women of superb style, with little of artifice but much of art, gowned so smartly that only their intense vitality saved them from confusion with the fashion-plate, carrying themselves with a royal, albeit somewhat self-conscious air, many of them crowned liked empresses, others starred like night, producing the effect en masse of resplendent beauty and individually of deficiency in all upon which the centuries have set their seal, hung, two or three in a frame, against the curving walls and red background of the great house, suspended in air, these goddesses of a new civilization, as if with insolent challenge to all that had come to stare. To the music they paid no attention. They had come to decorate, not to listen; without them there would be no opera. The music-lovers were stuffed on high, where they seemed to cling to the roof like flies. The people in the parquet and orchestra-chairs, in the dress-circle and balconies, came to see the hundreds of millions represented in the grand tier. Two rows of *blat* club faces studied the long omnibus box. Behind the huge sleeves and voluminous skirts that beathed their proudest possessions were the men who had coined or inherited the wealth which made this triumphant exhibition possible.

The Duke of Bosworth discusses his impressions and states his wants as he scans the daughters of Mammon in their glory:

"I thought that all American women were beautiful. So far, I see only one."

"These are the New York fashionettes, my dear boy. Their pedigree is too short for aristocratic outline. You will observe that the pug is yet unmitigated. Not that blood always tells, by any means; some of your old duchesses look like cooks. Our orchids travel on their style, grooming, and health, and you must admit that the general effect is stunning. Who is your beauty?"

"Directly in the middle of the house. Gad! she's a ripper."

"You are right. That is the prettiest woman in New York. And her pedigree is probably as good as yours."

"Who is she?"

"Mrs. Edward R. Forbes, the wife of one of the wealthiest and most powerful men in the United States."

"Really!"

"That is her daughter beside her."

"Her what!"

"I always enjoy making that shot. It throws a flash-light on the pitiful lack of originality in man every time. But it is nothing for the petted wife of an American millionaire to look thirty when she is forty. It's the millionaire who looks sixty when he is fifty. I'm not including Forbes, by the way. That tall man of fine physique that has just left the box is he."

"Poor thing!"

"Oh, don't waste any pity on Forbes. He's the envy of half New York. She is devoted to him, and with good reason: there are few men who can touch him at any point. I shall take you over presently. The first thing a distinguished stranger who has had the tip does when he comes to New York is to pay his court at that shrine. What a pity you are booked. That girl will come in for forty millions."

The other set his face more stolidly: "Pounds?"

"Oh, no—dollars. But they'll do."

"I have not spoken as yet, although I don't mind saying that that is what I came over for."

"I suppose you are in pretty deep—too deep to draw out?"

"I don't know that I want to. I can be frank with

you, Fletcher. Is her father solid? American fortunes are so deucedly rickety. I am perfectly willing to state brutally that I wouldn't—couldn't—marry Venus unless I got a half million (pounds) with her and something of an income to boot."

Mrs. Atherton paints the bargaining in the American marriage market with a realism that would put the mercenary creations of Marie Corelli to the blush. That diplomatic go-between and arbitrator of social destinies, Fletcher Cuyler, performs his flunky-like functions with evident enjoyment, while he braces the anæmic duke with frequent concoctions of brandy and soda.

The duke is almost committed to a Miss Creighton, when he hears that her father's financial position is unsteady. He thereupon has this interview with her:

"I have seen your father," he said.

"Oh—have you? What—what did he say?"

"When I asked you to marry me, I explained how I was situated."

"I know—won't papa?—He's very generous."

"He can't. He is very seriously embarrassed."

The girl's breath shortened painfully. She turned white. Unconsciously she twisted her hands together.

"Then we can not marry?"

"How can we? Do you want to spend your life hounded by lawyers, money-lenders, and financial syndicates, and unable to keep up your position? You would die of misery, poor child. I am not a man to make a woman happy on three hundred thousand pounds a year. Poor! It would be hell."

She did not look up, but sat twirling her rings.

"You know best," she said. "I don't know the conditions of life in England. If you say that we should be miserable, you must know, I suppose you did not love me very much."

"Not much, Mabel. I have only the skeleton of a heart in me. I wonder it does duty at all. You are well rid of me."

"You certainly did not make any very violent protestations. I can not accuse you of hypocrisy."

"One thing—I was not half good enough for you. As far as I can remember, this is the first time I have ever humbled myself. You are a jolly little thing and deserve better luck."

She made no reply.

"I shall cross almost immediately—shall give it out that you have refused me."

"You need not. I have told no one but Augusta. People will think that we were merely good friends. We will treat each other in a frank, off-hand manner when we meet out."

"You are a game little thing! You'd make a good wife—a good fellow to chum with. I wish it could have come round our way."

So the duke transfers his affections from Miss Creighton to Miss Forbes, and a new element is brought into the story. We are introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Forbes. Strange as it may appear, Mrs. Atherton has pictured Forbes as a gentleman, although he is a millionaire and a New Yorker. He naturally objects with a sane man's repugnance to seeing his daughter wedded to a degenerate without a saving grace and with his ancestral castles badly in need of repair. By a series of episodes that are not marked by refinement of treatment, Forbes is "brought to terms" by his wife, and his daughter allies herself to the decadent duke.

The critics are not kind to Mrs. Atherton's latest effort. The New York *Sun* says:

"Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's pictures of New York 'society' appear to have been accepted by certain solemn gentlemen of the English press as representative and reliable, and, having read 'Patience Sparhawk,' or her latest effort, 'His Fortunate Grace,' we can well understand those wise and worthy persons when they hold up their hands in pious horror and come to the conclusion that the manners and morals of the wealthier New Yorkers are past praying for. . . . This simple tale may possibly be accepted as a true picture of New York society by those young men and women who get their ideas on the subject from the 'fashionable news' collected on the great key-hole and back-stairs principle, and published in the illustrated Sunday 'specials' of the rubbish disseminators of this city. For here Mrs. Atherton has apparently collected her material."

Nor are the Chicago papers more lenient. The *Times-Herald* says:

"There is one crumb of comfort in the bitter intellectual feast Mrs. Gertrude Atherton sets before her readers and labels 'His Fortunate Grace,' and that is contained in the fact that her 'true type' of English nobility is as bad as her correct imitation of New York society women. . . . There are too many personal digs in the book to make its tenor seem high. . . . The argument about Americans' love or hatred of England, too, is shallow and trite. Spleen appears to be the motive power of the whole story. The English reviews treat Mrs. Atherton's New York 'true pictures' as solemnly as if they were indeed so. Their own duke they are not so anxious to recognize. As for us, we see exaggeration in both, and such verisimilitude as there is clouded by spite. And there is such a vast, such an unfortunate, distance between spite and satire! And some of our novelists do not see an inch."

Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

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Of the numerous papers that have been produced in recent years, for fashionable correspondence, none have met with the same popular favor as the "White Velvet." Its superior stock and delicate surface have won for it a very high place in polite society. Cooper & Co., sole agents, 746 Market Street.

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—ERNST H. LUDWIG, THE WELL-KNOWN CARTER, has sold out to his partner, Charles S. Wheeler, who will continue the business at 1206 Sutter Street.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Annie Jackson Wooster to Mr. Arthur H. Small. The bride-elect is the daughter of Colonel and Mrs. John P. Jackson, and is, like her fiancé, well known and prominent in society circles. Mr. Small is having a residence erected on Washington Street, near Gough, for his new home. No definite time has been set for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Miss Myra Noyes, of Washington, D. C., and Ensign Yates Stirling, U. S. N. Miss Noyes is a sister of Mrs. Frederick W. Hall, of Oakland, and has made several visits to this coast. Mr. Stirling is attached to the *Albatross*.

The wedding of Miss Anna Grube and Mr. Harry Durhrow will take place on Wednesday evening, June 2d, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams, 1925 Octavia Street. Only relatives and a few very intimate friends will be present.

Mrs. E. G. Cohen has issued invitations for the wedding of her daughter, Miss Emelie Ethel Cohen, and Lieutenant Charles Lyman Bent, U. S. A., which will take place at nine o'clock on Wednesday evening, June 2d, at the First Unitarian Church.

Invitations have been issued by Captain and Mrs. William Bell Collier for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Mary McPherson Collier, and Mr. Faxon Atherton Macondray, which will take place at half-past eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, June 2d, at their home, "Villa Ka Bel," in Lakeport, Lake County, Cal.

A promenade concert will be given from two until seven o'clock this afternoon at the new Maria Kip Orphanage, corner of Seventh Avenue and Lake Street. The managers are striving to make it a fashionable, financial, and artistic success, and it is to be hoped that their desires will be realized. Among the musicians to appear are Herr Anton Schott, Signor Giulio Minetti, Miss Alice Bacon, Mrs. Richard Bayne, Mr. S. Homer Henley, Mr. Frank Coffin, the Holt Choral, and Grace Church Choir.

The class of '97 of the Ziska Institute will give an "at home" next Friday evening at Mme. Ziska's residence, 1718 Sacramento Street.

Mrs. Lucy Hayes gave a dinner-party last night at her home, in Oakland, in honor of Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge and his fiancée, Miss Laura Leigh Gashwiler.

Mrs. Charles Page gave a lunch-party recently at her home, 2518 Pacific Avenue, and entertained eleven of her friends.

Mrs. Charles Josselyn gave a lunch-party yesterday at her residence, corner of Eddy and Franklin Streets.

Miss Mae Tucker gave a pleasant tug-boat party to a small number of her friends last Saturday. Various points of interest around the bay were visited, and the outing was greatly enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. James Otis entertained a few friends at dinner last Thursday evening at their residence, 1727 Broadway.

Mrs. Peter McG. McBean gave a lunch-party last Thursday, at her residence, 1935 Pacific Avenue. Covers were laid for fourteen ladies.

Mrs. Wilbur Parker gave a breakfast at her home in Los Angeles recently, as a farewell compliment to Mrs. John P. Jones, of Santa Monica, who has gone to Bryn Mawr, Pa., to be present at the graduation of her daughter, Miss Alice Jones, on June 5th. Those invited to meet Mrs. Jones were Mrs. M. A. Wilcox, Mrs. George C. Gorham, Jr., Mrs. M. W. Longstreet, and Mrs. Miner. Mrs. Jones and Miss Jones will pass the autumn in Washington, D. C., with Senator Jones.

Mrs. J. G. Mossin gave a luncheon last Monday, at her home in Los Angeles, in honor of Miss Phelan, of this city. The others present were: Mrs. J. F. Conroy, Mrs. J. C. Kays, and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks, of Los Angeles, and Miss Small, of this city.

Miss Floride Green, who left San Francisco a year ago and has been so successful as an amateur photographer in New York city, gave a little studio dinner last week to a few friends. She was assisted by her sister, Mrs. C. G. Noble. The guests of honor were Mrs. Eugene Field and Miss Mary French Field, who left the following day for their home in Chicago.

Opening day at the Pacific Yacht Club was celebrated very pleasantly last Saturday at the clubhouse in Sausalito. Many of the members and their friends were present, and passed the time in visiting the yachts and dancing until about midnight.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Colonel C. F. Crocker left for the East last week in his private car, with a party consisting of Mr. Robert McMurphy, Mr. A. H. Boomer, and Mr. W. H. Martin.

Mr. Edgar Mills, Miss Adeline Mills, and Miss Florence Mills sailed for Europe last week.

Mr. W. H. Crocker, Mr. W. N. Cowles, and Prince Poniatowski are in London.

Mr. John D. Spreckels returned to Washington from New York, and is now en route for home.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst is in Washington city.

Mrs. George Crocker will return to New York from Europe on May 25th. Mr. and Mrs. Crocker will go to Newport in June.

Judge Ward McAllister is a visitor at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. Eugene S. Ives, of New York, is at the California Hotel.

Mrs. J. A. Folger and her sister, Mrs. William Cook,

of Oakland, are spending the month of May in Paso Robles.

Mr. J. Huhert Mee and Mr. John Elliott sailed for Europe on May 12th on the American liner *St. Louis*.

Miss Grace Maynard, who has been spending the past two years in the Eastern States and abroad, has returned to San Francisco.

Mr. Paul K. Jarboe registered at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Orestes Pierce, of Oakland, left during last week on a trip through the East.

Miss Maud Howard, of Oakland, who is now in Germany, is expected home in June.

Mrs. Margaret E. Crocker, Mrs. F. T. Laughton, Mrs. D. A. Bender, and Miss Bender are guests of Mrs. M. E. Crouch in Sacramento.

Mr. Livingston Gilson, the mining expert, is in New York.

Mr. C. P. Huntington and Mr. H. E. Huntington left for New York last Monday evening on their special train. They will go via Portland.

Mr. A. C. Bassett and Mr. Timothy Hopkins, of Menlo Park, are enjoying an outing among the Santa Cruz Mountain resorts.

Mr. J. C. Stubbs is in New York city.

Miss Fanny Danforth is in Los Angeles visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Miss Huntington, Misses Eva and Marie Withrow, Miss Daisy Hartson of Napa, and Mr. William T. Andrews, will leave during the first week of June for London.

Mrs. Maurice Casey accompanied by her children, and by Miss Patricia H. Cosgrove and Miss Katherine M. Dillon, sailed on May 12th on the American liner *St. Louis* for Europe.

Miss Marie Dillon is among the San Franciscans visiting in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Rounseville Wildman are visiting in Washington city, where they are the guests of Mrs. Wildman's aunt, Mrs. William M. Stewart.

Señora Algeria Reyna de Barrios, wife of the President of Guatemala, will spend the summer with her family and party, at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. Julie Rosewald is recuperating after her recent illness, and will soon leave for Europe for the summer.

Among the recently arrived guests at the Hotel Rafael were Mrs. Maria Vallejo de Cutter and Miss Alma Cutter, Miss Williams, Mrs. Garrison Gerst, Mr. James P. Sweeney, Mr. George H. Matten, Dr. E. K. Johnstone, and Mr. W. S. Hughes, of San Francisco, and Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Downing, of Boston.

Among the late arrivals at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. McIver, of San José, Mr. J. A. de Haven, of Paris, Mr. W. R. Boote and Miss Boote, of New Orleans, Mr. W. R. Ray and family, of Worcester, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. F. Haradon, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wright, of Santa Clara, and Mr. E. T. Blackmer, of San Diego.

Mrs. Isaac Hecht, Misses Helen and Elsie Hecht, and Mr. Bert R. Hecht are spending the month of May in Paris. In June they will go to London to remain there until after the jubilee celebration.

Judge John H. Boalt and Mrs. Boalt have gone to their summer cottage, near Cloverdale, for the season.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe and Mr. and Mrs. Paul R. Jarboe are at their new home in San Mateo for the summer.

Mr. A. S. Baldwin has returned from a three weeks' Eastern trip.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Brigadier-General William R. Shafter, U. S. A., pursuant to telegraphic orders from the President, assumed command over the Department of California on May 14th, succeeding Major-General Forsyth, U. S. A., retired. General Shafter was preparing to go to Vancouver to take command of the Department of the Columbia when his new orders were received.

Major-General James W. Forsyth, U. S. A., at his own request, after more than forty years' continued service as a commissioned officer, was retired on May 14th.

Colonel Evan Miles, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Benicia Barracks and assigned to command of the Presidio of San Francisco.

Lieutenant Robert H. Noble, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been appointed aid-de-camp on General Shafter's staff. He has been announced as inspector of small-arms practice in this department.

Lieutenant John D. Miley, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been appointed aid-de-camp on General Shafter's staff.

Major S. W. Groesbeck, Judge Advocate, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence for one month, with permission to apply for an extension of one month.

Lieutenant J. Franklin Bell, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., was, at his own request, relieved from duty as aid-de-camp to Major-General Forsyth before that officer's retirement, and was granted a month's leave. At the expiration of his leave he will report for duty with his troop at Fort Apache, Ariz.

Lieutenant J. F. Reynolds Landis, First Cavalry, U. S. A., was appointed to be aid-de-camp to Major-General Forsyth, to succeed Lieutenant J. F. Bell.

Captain Dr. Guy L. Edie, U. S. A., registered at the Hotel Rafael during the week.

Major Dr. Robert H. White, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence for twenty-three days.

Lieutenant Charles P. Elliott, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., on leave, is visiting in San Diego.

Lieutenant Lloyd England, Third Artillery, U. S. A., is at the California Hotel.

Lieutenant S. L. Faison, First Infantry, U. S. A., on duty at West Point, is visiting in New York city.

Captain Selden A. Day, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., on leave, is visiting in Fresno.

Lieutenant-Commander C. P. Perkins, U. S. N., and Mrs. Perkins are at the California Hotel.

Lieutenant Milton F. Davis, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., on leave, is in the City of Mexico.

Commander Franklin Hanford, U. S. N., and Mrs. Hanford are at the California Hotel.

Captain Cunliffe H. Murray, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been transferred from duty at Brown University, Providence, R. I., to be professor of military science and tactics at Storrs Agricultural College, Storrs, Conn.

Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., who was recently relieved from his four-years' service as commander of the University Battalion, University of California, has been granted a four-months' leave of absence, to take effect on August 14th. He will probably spend his vacation in Europe.

Lieutenant Henry H. Ludlow, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence for a month and ten days from May 9th.

Lieutenant Edwin B. Babbitt, U. S. A., will superintend the placing at Fort Point and Fort Baker of the two fifty-ton twelve-inch breech-loading rifles that have arrived from Sandy Hook.

Lieutenant J. C. Cresap, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Concord*.

Commander Asa Walker, U. S. N., has been relieved

from duty at the Naval Academy and ordered to the command of the *Concord*.

The cruiser *Concord* has been placed in commission at the Mare Island Navy Yard. She is being prepared for foreign service, presumably on the Asiatic Station, but may cruise the southern Pacific coast.

Lieutenant P. W. Hourigan, U. S. N., has been ordered from the Naval Academy to the *Concord*.

Ensign Louis A. Kaiser, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monadnock* and ordered to the *Concord*.

Lieutenant George P. Colvocoresses, U. S. N., has been relieved from duty at the Naval Academy and ordered to the *Concord*.

Lieutenant Passed Assistant-Engineer Horace W. Jones, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Thetis* and ordered to the *Concord*.

Ensign Assistant-Surgeon Richard G. Brodrick, U. S. N., has been detached from the New York Navy Yard and ordered to the *Concord*.

Lieutenant H. A. Field, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monterey* and ordered to the *Alert*.

Ensign F. B. Bassett, has been detached from the *Thetis* and ordered to the *Alert*.

Lieutenant Dr. Stephen S. White, U. S. N., was at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

Lieutenant Dr. John M. Moore, U. S. N., is registered at the California Hotel.

Ensign E. W. Wells, U. S. S. *Thetis*, registered at the Palace Hotel early in the week.

Mr. H. M. Butler, U. S. R. C. S., is staying at the California Hotel.

The old monitor *Camauche* will soon go on a practice cruise around the bay with the Naval Battalion.

Ensign C. L. Hussey, U. S. S. *Thetis*, registered at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

The *Alert* has been ordered to Sitka to convoy the *Pinta* to this port. The *Pinta* will be placed out of commission and the new gunboat *Marietta* will be sent to take her place in Alaskan waters.

Lieutenant Benjamin H. Randolph, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty on the general court-martial recently appointed.

Lieutenant-Commander Charles G. Bowman, U. S. N., has been ordered to Mare Island to take charge of the equipment department.

ART NOTES.

Mr. William Keith has been taking a rest since the completion of his latest landscape, "Dawn." Mr. Keith considers this one of his best works. It is still to be seen in his studio, but Mr. Irving M. Scott has purchased it for his private gallery. Another fine example of the artist's later work, "Sunlight and Shadow," which has been sold to Mr. Joseph D. Grant, is also on exhibition, as are "An Autumn Sunset" and "The Pool," recently purchased by Miss K. M. Dillon.

Miss Eva Withrow, who leaves soon for London, will give a sale-exhibition of her work on next Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Besides a large number of small flower-pieces, there will be exhibited a few water-colors, Chinese sketches, Dutch scenes, landscapes, heads, and some oil and pastel work. Her portrait of Mrs. Edgerton and an almost finished portrait of Mrs. W. F. Herrin will also be placed on view.

Mr. Fred Yates's latest work, his portrait of Mr. C. P. Huntington, is on exhibition in Vickery's Gallery. It was hung on Tuesday morning and will remain on view for a week. The picture is an excellent example of the artist's work. With it are his portraits of Mr. William Doxey and Mr. J. A. Donohoe.

Mr. L. Maynard Dixon opened an exhibition of his field sketches and illustrative drawings in Miss Eva Withrow's studio yesterday afternoon. The exhibition will be concluded this (Saturday) afternoon.

— CAMERA EQUIPMENTS, MODELS 1897—POCO, Premo, Bull's Eye, Bullet. Instruction and dark-room facilities free. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

— WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS. Magnificent assortment to choose from at Art Store of S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary Street.

— BEST CALIFORNIA WINES FOR FAMILY USE at Napa and Sonoma Wine Co., 314 Post Street. Celebrated "Eagle Brands."

— GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRESS SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.



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CAPTIVE SWEETS



SALE OF THE HAWAIIAN HOTEL PREMISES HONOLULU, H. I.

ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1897, AT 12 O'CLOCK noon, at the front entrance of the Executive Building, Honolulu, will be sold, at public auction, the Hawaiian Hotel premises at Honolulu.

These premises are centrally located in the city, in the center of the block bounded by and with entrance drives from Hotel, Richards, Beretania, and Alakea Streets, and the grounds contain an area of 17-10th acres.

The buildings consist of the hotel proper, of two stories and basement; built of brick and concrete, with broad verandas at front and rear of each story.

The main building covers an area of 12,800 square feet, with Lanai or wing addition on one side 40x24 feet, and wooden addition on opposite wing, for kitchen, 60x18 feet.

There are also four cottages on the premises, with ample provision for bath-rooms and closets.

The main building contains a spacious parlor, public and private dining-rooms, large billiard hall and bar-room, and forty sleeping-rooms—the cottages contain about twenty additional sleeping-rooms. The main building cost a little over \$100,000 in 1874.

A water-tank, with capacity of 10,000 gallons, is placed on a tower at an elevation sufficient to give a good water pressure in second story of the main building. This tank is supplied from an artesian well on adjoining premises, owned by Dr. J. S. McGrew.

The buildings and grounds are thoroughly lighted with electric light.

Plans of the buildings and grounds can be seen at Hawaiian Consulate General, 206 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

Terms of sale are cash—in United States gold coin. Upset price, \$60,000.

In case there is no bidder to purchase the property at the above upset price, a lease of the same will immediately be offered for sale at an upset price of \$4,000 a year for a period of thirty years under the conditions set out in Act 7, Laws of 1896, and more particularly of Section 2 and 4 of said act, which reads as follows:

"Section 2. Every such lease shall contain a covenant on the part of the lessee that he shall, during the first four years of the term of the lease, cause to be erected upon the leased premises a fire-proof building of brick, stone, or metal, in a workmanlike manner, satisfactory to the Minister of the Interior, at a cost of not less than fifty thousand dollars; and keep the same suitably insured at not less than two-thirds of its value for the benefit of the lessor; and shall keep the building in good repair during the remainder of the term of lease, reasonable use and wear thereof only excepted; and in case of damage or destruction of such building by fire, shall make good such loss or damage by the necessary repairs or reconstruction, or else surrender the insurance to the lessor.

"Section 4. Every such lease shall also contain a covenant on the part of the lessor, that upon the request in writing by the lessee or his representatives, before the expiration thereof, the premises, with the improvements, shall, if all of the conditions to be performed by the lessee have been satisfactorily performed, he put up at auction for a lease for a term of not over twenty years; unless said premises shall be required for public uses, of which the lessee shall receive at least one year's notice. Such auction sale shall be held not more than six months nor less than one month before the expiration of said term."

JAMES A. KING,
Minister of Interior.

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RECREATION—Rusticating, picnicking, camping, hunting, fishing, horseback-riding, boating, mountain-climbing excursions. Or run down to the

SEASHORE.

Magnificent hotels, toning and life-giving salt sea air, surf-bathing, boating, fishing, driving, wheeling, shell-gathering, and all sorts of pastimes.

The season for this sort of thought and action is upon us. All the world, and particularly that portion of it described by California, takes an outing once a year,—if it doesn't, it ought to.

While making up your mind where you will go, and concocting your itinerary, keep as many as possible of these places before your mind's eye:

Up Shasta Way—Tavern of Castle Crag, Sweet Brier Camp, Upper Soda Springs, Shasta Retreat, Shasta Springs, Sissons, Mt. Shasta Camp, Klamath Hot Springs.

Like County and Vicinity—Geysers, Etna Springs, Harbin, Anderson, Adams, Howard, Siedler, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Glenbrook, Soda Bay.

On Sierra Summits—Lake Tahoe, Independence, Webber and Donner Lakes, Tallac, Deer Park Inn, Sunnyside, McKinney's, Rubicon Springs, Campbell Hot Springs, and a score more.

Yosemite and the Big Trees—

Santa Cruz Mountains—Los Gatos, Pacific Congress Springs, Glenwood, Felton, Ben Lomond, Boulder Creek.

Southward—Gilroy, Paraiso, Paso Robles, and Santa Ysabel Hot Springs.

Along the Shore—Santa Cruz, Capitola, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Santa Barbara, Santa Monica, Long Beach, San Diego.

There will be REDUCED RATES to many of these places. If you haven't all needed information to complete that itinerary, call on the nearest Southern Pacific Company agent, or send to T. H. GOONMAN for resort folders.

Tavern of Castle Crag.

The Tavern of Castle Crag was built in the heart of the Sierras, almost at the foot of Mount Shasta, and amid the most picturesque mountain scenery accessible to the tourist. The eligibility of the place selected was due to a rare combination of flowing water, inspiring mountain scenery, and inviting forests.

The Tavern of Castle Crag, with its splendid environment, it was believed would appeal chiefly to those who seek a summer resort for health, recreation, outdoor sports, sympathy with nature, and informal sociability. To emphasize this intention and signify the kind of invitation extended, the name TAVERN of Castle Crag was chosen.

To avoid all implication of sumptuous accommodations or the tyranny of social formalism, and to realize this original conception, the management has decided to make the Tavern of Castle Crag distinctively a family resort and especially attractive to those to whom health, recreation and sympathy with nature are paramount considerations. To this end rooms on the first and second floors of this splendid tavern with board will be furnished at a monthly rate of sixty-five dollars a person; and rooms on the third floor with board at a monthly rate of fifty dollars a person.

The accommodations of the Tavern are first class in every particular. Its parlors and halls are elegant and spacious. Its verandas are cool and inviting, placing the guest always in the presence of the most attractive mountain scenery to be enjoyed from the balcony of any tavern in the world.

The opportunity for outdoor sports embraces hunting, fishing, riding, bicycling, walking on mountain paths, and driving on picturesque roads. The Tavern is located immediately on the main trunk line of the California & Oregon Railroad, and is fourteen hours' ride from San Francisco, twelve hours from Stockton, ten hours from Sacramento, thirty hours from Los Angeles, and twenty-three hours from Portland. The Tavern of Castle Crag is reached from San Francisco and Sacramento without loss of time. The train leaves San Francisco at 8 o'clock P. M., arriving early the following morning for breakfast, which is always ready upon the arrival of the train. Returning, the train time affords equal accommodation. Thus, both in going and in coming, the comfort of the passenger and the economy of his time have been studied. In brief, the Tavern of Castle Crag realizes to its guests the perfect ideal of that spring-time in the high altitudes of the Sierras which never becomes high summer, and is the comfortable home of pleasing recreation and restful repose.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"So, Miss Smith, all is over between us?"
"You've hit it." "Then give me back the presents I promised you."—*Sketch.*

"Arthur, dear, have you spoken with father about our engagement?" "I can't find him anywhere—he owes me some money."—*Ex.*

Mr. Ipstein—"Does dot novel end up sad, or odervise?" *Mrs. Ipstein*—"It ends fine! Efery-body gets rich in der la-t chapter."—*Puck.*

"I awoke to find the house full of smoke."
"Graious! And you didn't lose your head?"
"No; I held my nose."—*Detroit Journal.*

Dibman—"Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the floor?" *Magley*—"Of course it did. Did you think it would go through?"—*Tit-Bits.*

Minor poet—"Ah, how do? Did you get my book I sent you yesterday?" *Hostess*—"Delightful! I couldn't sleep till I'd read it!"—*Punch.*

"How is this, count, they say the stone in this ring you gave me is imitation?" "Oh, like enough. I never was very strong in mineralogy."—*Humoristische Blätter.*

The wife—"I think we ought to have daughter's voice cultivated. John, if it doesn't cost too much."
The husband—"It can't cost too much, my dear, if it will improve it any."—*Puck.*

Reporter—"That fellow who wanted his name kept out of the paper called in to-day. Oh, he was mad!" *Editor*—"What about?" *Reporter*—"It seems we kept it out."—*Tit-Bits.*

"Half the world," sagely observed Mr. Billus, "never knows what the other half is doing."
"That's generally true," retorted Mrs. Billus, eyeing him sharply, "as to the better half."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"You want to marry my daughter, eh?" said the practical man; "well, what provision have you made for the future?" "Oh, as to that," replied the suitor, "I'll join the church right away." *Philadelphia North American.*

"Mrs Higgins is still wildly in love with her husband." "Does she put the buttons in his shirts for him yet?" "No; but he told her he sat up all night playing poker without any stakes—and she believes him."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"McGibbs is a contemptible creature." "In what particular way?" "Well, he is the kind of man who would send another man a Sunday newspaper without marking the article he wants him to read."—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

"I suppose you may say the honeymoon is at an end when the husband begins to stay out late at night?" "Not exactly. It doesn't really end until the wife can go to sleep again without believing what he has to say for himself."—*Truth.*

"Henry, you look very pale. What's the trouble?" "I was stung to the quick by an adder this afternoon." "How did it happen?" "Why, I dropped in at the bank, and the book-keeper told me my account was overdrawn."—*Collier's Weekly.*

"The difference between the Wagnerites and the anti-Wagnerites is quite simple." "What is it?" "Well, when the Wagnerite can't understand Wagner, he thinks it is his own fault, while the anti-Wagnerite, under similar circumstances, thinks it is Wagner's fault."—*Puck.*

Gadaround—"I witnessed a performance of 'Ham let' by village amateurs out at Waybackville the other night." *Snarley*—"Must have been distressing?" *Gadaround*—"On the contrary, it was highly amusing. Not one of the actors forgot to say 'exit' every time he left the stage."—*Puck.*

"I was surprised to hear that Penelope had broken her engagement. I thought she was determined to stick to him in spite of the opposition of her father." "She was, but the idiot wrote her some poetry, as he called it. And he rhymed her name with 'let us then elope.' That settled him."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

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After years of failure and disappointment, success has crowned the efforts of Mrs. Langtry to secure a divorce from her husband. The superior court of Lake County, in this State, has come to her relief after the United States Circuit Court refused to act. The selection of California as the scene for her divorce proceedings is scarcely a compliment to this State. Hitherto the courts of Dakota and Oklahoma have enjoyed the doubtful honor of being sought for carpet-bag divorces, but hereafter California must be classed with them.

It was eleven years ago that Mrs. Langtry first came to California, and, being pleased with the climate, as she declares, determined to secure a divorce here. She purchased a residence in this city in order to secure a domicile, and

declared her intention to become a citizen in order to secure a standing in court. A suit for divorce was then brought in the United States Circuit Court; but the Federal courts are more particular than are those of the State, and her status was closely inquired into. It was discovered that her declaration of intention was not made in court, but that the clerk had visited her residence in the Mission and there received it. Judge Sawyer decided that this irregularity invalidated the proceeding, and the divorce case was dropped.

For the second act of this domestic drama the scene was transferred to Lake County, where the State court was not likely to be so hard to please as were the Federal courts. A ranch was purchased in the south-eastern part of the county, and Frederick Gebhard, who was then Mrs. Langtry's favored cavalier, purchased an adjoining tract of land. A few months in the summer were passed there in order to establish the *bona-fides* of the residence, and two years ago divorce proceedings were begun in the superior court. Mr. Langtry made no answer, and the decree was granted by default. When the news of the decree was brought to him, Mr. Langtry was fishing, and, from the manner in which he received it, he does not appear to hold the courts of this State in very high esteem. He declared that, when the complaint had been served upon him, he had thrown it into the fire and he would treat the decree in the same manner if he had it. He did not recognize the jurisdiction of the California court, and, should Mrs. Langtry remarry and return to England, he announced that she would be prosecuted for bigamy.

This case raises a question that frequently comes up in connection with divorces that are secured in this manner. What extra-territorial effect has a decree of divorce? It is a general principle of law that the jurisdiction of the State does not extend beyond its boundaries. Serious controversies have arisen regarding the social and legal status of persons, married in one State and divorced in another. It has been established, however, under the provision of the Federal constitution that declares that full faith and credit shall be given in each State to the records and judicial proceedings of every other State, that such divorces are binding as affecting the status of marriage, but property rights are not affected, unless the defendant comes under the jurisdiction of the court.

As regards foreign marriages the question is more complicated. A man born in one country, married in a second, and domiciled in a third, may sue for a divorce on the ground of a matrimonial offense committed in a fourth. In this country it has been held that a *bona-fide* domicile is sufficient to give the court jurisdiction, but it does not follow that the decree would be recognized in a foreign country. The English courts incline to the doctrine that a marriage solemnized in England can not be dissolved by the courts of any other country, and certainly they would refuse to recognize a decree granted where all the formalities required by the English law were not followed. Mrs. Langtry not only obtained her decree on a ground not recognized by the law of England, but she based the jurisdiction of the court upon a domicile separate from that of her husband, which also is not admitted by that law. It is also open to serious question whether she ever acquired a *bona-fide* residence in this State.

Divorce is considered in a much more serious light in England than it is here. As shown by the case under consideration, it is more seriously regarded in the Federal than in the State courts. When it is considered how thoroughly the moral health of the community depends upon the integrity of the family and how vast the property interests are that may be jeopardized by these conflicts among the laws, the danger of the present system is apparent. In England an absolute divorce is granted for but one cause; in the various States of this country the grounds for divorce are defined in thirty-eight different ways. The result is necessarily the utmost confusion. As to the dissolution of foreign marriages, particularly those in which the residence of one of the parties is in a foreign country, the jurisdiction should be confined to the Federal courts. It is an exercise of

power relating to the foreign relations which are the exclusive concern of the national government. As to all other cases of divorce, confusion and conflict would be avoided by having only one divorce law enforced by the Federal courts, whose jurisdiction would extend throughout the country, instead of being limited to the confines of a single State.

Many intelligent men and women believe that granting belligerent rights to the Cubans is a matter of sentiment, growing out of the general sympathy for a people struggling with oppression. It is a false impression. The granting of belligerent rights rests entirely on international law, treaty obligations, and business considerations. When two nations are at war it is generally necessary for other commercial nations to define their attitudes toward the belligerents, not in a sentimental, but in a business sense, and the granting of belligerent rights is merely a mode of expressing such attitude. This sometimes becomes necessary in the case of an insurrection like that in Cuba, provided that it is of such magnitude as seriously to affect commercial interests; but it is seldom that an insurrection confined to the centre of a country, having no ports and no shipping, can have such interests with foreign countries. In this connection, it may be noted that European nations have not yet found it necessary to recognize Cuban belligerency.

The question for the United States is whether our own rights and interests are so far affected as to require a definition of our relation as a nation to the contending parties. If we ask what warrants the action, the law replies that there must exist "an actual state of war in the international sense," and the tests by which the condition is to be established are prescribed. There must exist a tangible, *de facto* political organization, sufficient in character, population, and resources to discharge the duties of a state if left to itself. There must be the active employment of military forces, acting in accord with the rules and customs of war, using flags of truce, exchanging prisoners, and treating captured enemies as prisoners of war. There must be evidence of the exercise, by the parent government, of the right to blockade insurgent ports, if there are any. Facts only and not presumption, appearances, or rumor can be made the basis of action. That a contest is going on in which we sympathize with the insurgents is not sufficient. And lastly, an acknowledged state of war is not sufficient reason, unless our national and maritime interests are affected.

When belligerent rights are thus justly and deliberately granted, it is never considered a cause of war by the parent government. This has been a matter of precedent for more than a century. One of the results of the French Revolution was wholesale revolt among the Spanish possessions in South America. By 1813 the Argentina was in open insurrection. Chile, Bolivia, Peru, and Venezuela rapidly followed, until practically the whole continent, with the exception of Brazil, which had accepted an hereditary empire from Portugal, was in a blaze of revolt. The rebels generally had ports, ships, and maritime interests which affected commercial nations. Then, as now, popular sympathy in the United States was with the insurgents; zealots would have nothing short of prompt recognition of the patriots, regardless of international duty. Then, as now, the revolutionists did their utmost to involve our government, and were supported by a party in Congress only too ready to embarrass the administration. Then, as now, members were demanding secret diplomatic and consular correspondence, with a view to convict the government of calousness. President Monroe sent a commission of three, upon his own responsibility, to gather information in the various ports, and upon the facts thus gained he granted belligerent rights to all these provinces within two years, following soon after with a recognition of independence. There could be no complaint from Spain. The Spanish minister remained at Washington and diplomatic relations were unbroken.

England, on May 13, 1861, issued "The Que

a well-earned rest. He replied briefly: "All men are loath to relinquish power." And it is true. Although he is aged and infirm, it is not at all improbable that Justice Field may remain upon the bench of the lofty tribunal where he has sat so long until death summons him.

It is reported from Washington that Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, has distributed large quantities of sugar-beet seed to the farmers in various parts of the country in order to determine the localities best suited to its cultivation. This action is admirable, and is in line with the several efforts he has made to advance the agricultural interests of the country since he assumed the office. The reports of the condition and methods of sugar-beet culture in foreign countries, secured by the State Department and published several years ago, marked an effort in the same direction. But of what value will this activity be if the attempt of those who seek to throttle the beet-sugar industry in this country in the interest of the Hawaiian planters is successful? These men seem to have an idea that the trade of Hawaii is so valuable that it must be retained at any cost, and the sentimental regard for these islands is voiced in the protest of a daily paper against putting Hawaii "on the same footing as foreign countries."

During the twenty years that the treaty has been in force, Hawaii has purchased goods from this country to the value of \$62,587,346, or an average of \$3,129,367 a year. During the same period, the United States has been a purchaser in the islands to the extent of \$170,144,801. The advantage to the Hawaiians is in the ratio of nearly three to one. During the first eight years under the treaty, the rate of duty per pound on sugar imported into this country was .0281 1/4 cents, during the next six years it was .02 1/2 cents, and since then it has been 40 per cent. ad valorem. Applying these rates to the sugar admitted free of duty from the islands, the amount lost to the Treasury has been \$72,007,156, or nearly ten millions of dollars (\$9,419,810) more than the whole value of the goods sold in consequence of it. In 1896 the remitted duty amounted to \$5,797,713 and the exports to the islands \$3,928,187. This is the kind of financing that results in bankruptcy to a private firm that has not seventy millions of people to call upon to make up the losses.

This remitted duty is, in fact, a bonus paid to the sugar planters of the Hawaiian Islands. It enables them to sell their sugar in this market, owing to their cheap Asiatic labor, for less than it can be produced here or laid down in this market from other foreign countries. It enables them to sell to the Sugar Trust, under their contract, for one-quarter of a cent below the market price, and thus shut out competing refineries. The bonus to the trust, thus indirectly paid by the Government of the United States last year, amounted to \$1,135,090. Formerly, San Francisco received all of the sugar imported from the islands, and received at least some payment for handling it. With the increased output, the shipments are overflowing to the Atlantic sea-board, and last year nearly 30 per cent. of them (51,111 tons) went directly to New York. And, under reciprocity, these shipments, in which San Francisco and California have no interest, will continually increase.

If these immense bonuses are to be paid to foreign producers for the purpose of creating a market for the goods of this country, why not pay them directly to the planters of foreign countries where a market can be developed? The whole average value for the last five years of the shipments to Hawaii was about \$3,500,000, or about one-half of the bonus to the planters. Belgium is making every effort to develop its sugar industry, and during the last five years its annual purchases from the United States have averaged \$31,252,349, or about ten times those of Hawaii. With an arrangement for paying a bonus of 40 per cent. to Belgian sugar producers, this could be extensively increased. France, the second sugar-producing country in Europe, buys \$58,650,230 worth of goods in our markets every year, and Germany buys to the extent of \$94,281,732 annually. Here is a wide field of activity for the reciprocal philanthropists. All of the commercial nations of the world are competing to secure the trade of China, which is destined to be vastly increased as the latent resources of that country are developed within the next few years. A bonus to Chinese sugar producers would give this country a great advantage over the others.

One of the most amusing contentions of those who favor reciprocity is that which claims that the difference between what this country pays for Hawaiian goods, and what it receives in return for American goods, represents the profits of the trade to the United States. The profits go to the sugar planters, and may be expended by them wherever they please. It is true, as they contend, that Claus Spreckels is one of these planters and that he invests large sums of money in this State in railroad, shipping, and building enterprises. But suppose be preferred to invest it elsewhere, as be

might perfectly well do, would there be anything in the reciprocity treaty to prevent his doing so? Of the 235,000 tons of sugar that will be raised in the islands this year, 70,000 tons belong to Americans, 165,000 tons to English and German capitalists. These English and German capitalists prefer to spend their money in their own countries, in foreign travel for themselves and their families, and in luxuries to beautify and increase the comfort of their homes. A very small part of it is spent in this country, and the amount is not likely to be increased. Much of the capital that is credited as American is owned by former citizens of the United States who have made their homes on the islands and have become, to all intents and purposes, foreign citizens. By some curious course of reasoning, they still claim citizenship in the United States while exercising the privileges and performing the duties of citizens of Hawaii. They pay nothing in taxes toward the support of this government and contribute nothing to its prosperity.

If this country is to contribute to the development of millionaires, it would be far better to select the material at home than to go to other countries for it, and to allow them to spend their accumulations here. The struggle for existence has become sufficiently acute for the problem of the unemployed to be ever present. This city is still doling out money at the rate of one dollar a day in the construction of a pleasure-drive in order to save two or three thousand laborers from starving. Oakland is considering the same problem. An army of two or three hundred recently left San Francisco to secure a living from the people of the interior of the State. Dehs, of the Railway Union, threatens to gather together an army of one hundred thousand and to establish a colony. While labor is searching for work, the two Houses of Congress seek to develop the industries of foreign countries and shut their eyes to the undeveloped resources of their own country. Let them seriously foster the industries that need development here, and they will have gone a long distance toward the permanent solution of the problem of the unemployed.

A few weeks ago the *Argonaut* noticed that Mr. Debs's proposition to "create a coöperative commonwealth in California by colonizing it with the unemployed" did not meet with enthusiastic support of the *Examiner*. We were rather surprised at this, and said so. Since then, we observe that Mr. Debs is about to begin his crusade in Chicago, where he intends to raise an army of one hundred thousand unemployed men and march them across the country to "some Western State," where "his new coöperative commonwealth is to be founded." He has not yet selected the State, but inclines toward California. The climate here is mild, and the newspapers congenial. In an interview Mr. Debs says: "After we have colonized the chosen State, we should, at the end of a year or two, be able to elect a legislature and State officers, call a State constitutional convention, and change the organic law of the State in such a manner as to permit the use of the State funds, and give us authority in the trial of the theory of State coöperation."

This proposition is calculated to dismay any commonwealth. But we are surprised to see that it has dismayed the *Examiner*. That journal says: "California has over a million and a half of people, and billions of dollars' worth of accumulated property. It would be a very serious matter to try to change the whole structure of society in a State like this." The *Examiner* suggests that Mr. Debs should colonize Nevada, Wyoming, or Idaho. In this suggestion we entirely agree with the *Examiner*—something we rarely do. We should be very sorry for whichever State was chosen, but we sincerely hope that Mr. Debs will not choose California. But if he does, why should the *Examiner* complain? That journal supported Debs and his California cohorts during the railroad riots of 1894. It has always supported Debs and his kind. But it would seem that the *Examiner*—while it approves, in a large and general way, of Debs and his coöperative communism—does not want them in California. It is evident that Mr. Hearst, who has large property interests in California, does not want this State ruled on the lines of an organic law formulated by a "constitutional convention" of tramps. Nobody else who has any property would like to see it, either. But we do not see how the perplexed Mr. Hearst can reconcile his journalistic attitude with his individual one. He apparently believes in attacks upon property so long as it is not his own. He apparently believes in "coöperative commonwealths" in other States than that in which he has property. Mr. Hearst's attitude toward the Dehs "coöperative commonwealth," and his benevolent desire to send Mr. Debs and his tramps to some other State, remind us of the gentleman who was suffering from an acute attack of furunculosis, and who, when he was asked: "If you've got to have a boil, where would you have it?" bitterly replied: "On some other fellow."

A CHINESE VENDETTA.

Showing the Highbinder's Effective Way of Discouraging a Rival.

The Hop Sing Tong and the Bing Kung Tong were fighting, in their velvet-footed fashion, in the streets and alleys of the Chinese quarter. Such is the mold of the Celestial mind, those same streets and alleys were empty to hollowness, and the sergeant, as he tramped his round, wished with a bitter oath that the hatchmen would come out and batter each other out of life, like men of thicker blood.

The orange banner of the Bing Kung Tong, outlined against the evening sky, drooped its silken triangle sullenly against its staff high above the red and green fortress of brick in which its henchmen hived. A stone's throw away, across a narrow alley and an uneven surface of buddled roofs, the yellow dragon of the Hop Sing Tong flapped a lazy defiance, lifted by a vagrant zephyr which drifted up oppressive with the unclassifiable odors of the street. The golden sun sank behind the Gate and the lights blinked in the shops and glared from the windows. The appearance of a fitting Chinaman, now and then, emphasized the warning, which had long before been carried to temple and kitchen, that Death was skulking in the shadows and that Fear was everywhere. Everywhere except in the club-house of the Hop Sing Tong. There a delayed triumphal feast was in noisy progress. A Bing Kung son of a dog had been killed, and the heroes of the slaughter were being suitably congratulated.

For months these Hop Sings had lost ground before the Bing Kungs. It was not a matter of courage but of commerce. The clientele and wealth of the Bing Kung Tong had steadily increased under the more active and aggressive system of black-mail promoted by its elders. If opulence wasted their courage, it sharpened their cunning—the other was always to be had for the huying, and in a cheap market. With the growth of riches more and more reptilian high-binders had been engaged to protect the property of the tong and to carry the hatchet against the restless assassins of the Hop Sing faction, who chafed under the strengthening supremacy of their rivals and grew thin and sallow under the growing rewards posted for their precarious lives.

Then the Bing Kungs became arrogant, and the slumbering feud had broken out on one cloudy evening, when Luey Foo and two companions met Li Din strolling carelessly near the Bing Kung habitations, and volleyed their pistols after him as he trailed his queue in terror from the spot. With praiseworthy enterprise, Li Din, with Leu Suey and Luey Sing Tie, promptly sallied out of a convenient cellarway, and, slipping across the alley to Foo's brother's "joint," silently cracked Luey Ming's skull with a muffled iron bar and planted a sharp little hatchet in his quivering neck.

Cbinatown in a flash had been thrown into a wild uproar, which as quickly had subsided into a restless quiet that boded ill for peace and told of hasty councils at the head-quarters, of frightened merchants barring doors, and of nervous arming for the patient ambushade or the sudden fray. The sergeant and his squad investigated, but had discovered nothing. The Hop Sings had barricaded their doors for a week, while the furious hatchmen of the Bing Kung Tong nightly ranged the streets, armed *cap-a-pie*, daring their enemies to out and fight. For a week there had been an industrious furnishing up of weapons and armor, of dirks and hatchets and daggers, of tiny cleavers and heavy pistols and queer, handleless, "sawed-off" shotguns, and of red-ribboned lengths of gas-pipe, all nicely arrangeable in capacious sleeves. The pawn-shops had been emptied of their owners' rusting weapons. There had been examining of doors and practicing of signals. During the days, ominous quiet had reigned over empty streets, while sullen, swaggering fighting men thronged to their household altars, burning punks and candles before the great war-god, Kwan Chung—the Roland and St. George of Chinese chivalry—paying their blood-money liberally for luck-blessings, and kowtowing, and whining prayers to all the josses of their ancient faith.

But now an air of expectancy was abroad, and in the Hop Sing Tong the music and revelry told of relaxed vigilance and contempt for their foes. At the banquet-board, clients and retainers, gorged with food, were fiercely shouting and gesticulating—counting in their after-dinner game of odd-or-even. The room was filled with a babel of high-pitched voices. The whining falsetto of the singer was rising now and again into a shriek of some indescribable emotion as his voice took its part in the orchestra's Wagnerian din or rivalled the droning fiddle in a solo; there was the intermittent bang of brass, the shrilling of flutes, and the rumbling rattle of the drum. Cigar and pipe mingled their smoke with the clouds that drifted in from the Joss's altar from burning punks, sandal-wood, and spiced candles, and through this eddying mist attendant coolies buried, like troubled ghosts, carrying refreshments to the hungry assemblage. The gayly prepared women of the household ambled gracefully among the tables, favoring the carousers with tiny draughts of gin that they poured coquettishly from delicate vessels into even more fragile cups.

In a luxurious space, latticed apart, ate Quan Him, clean and bland and serene-eyed, minister of the society, seated at the round table with his lieutenants and wealthier supporters. On his right lounged Leu Suey, a sleek, angel-visaged young man, a lamb of much promise and pride in Christian circles, but dreaded among the heathen, like the ravenous dragon of Fan-Chow—Leu Suey, next in rank to Quan Him, and whose thoughts even then were twisting his knife in his leader's heart. On the left beamed Li Din, the fleet of foot—Li Din, who possessed the most artless smile and the largest revolver in the establishment, who spoke better English than his Potrero fellow-citizen, and who knew more Christian dogma and pretty Sunday-school teachers than did half a dozen of the uptown Y. M. C. A.

"I told you, Him, of Suey's scheming, remember," Li Din whispered, "only as a loving duty to you, my friend."

"Truly, you have done well, Li Din," Quan Him replied. "So he speaks evil of my beneficent leadership and would overthrow me—um! His office and maintenance go to you, Din, when they are vacant—by the plan you have in mind, or I care not how. Urge him to partake freely and then make known your plan, but be careful not to disturb his confidence."

The banquet was progressing. It lacked an hour to midnight. The smoke grew thicker for the animated discussion at the headmen's table.

"It is agreed, then; well, success to our undertaking, Suey," cried Li Din, raising his cup.

"I shall succeed," exclaimed Leu Suey, draining his liquor. "Come on, and we will find Lem Yek."

"Good luck attend you," insinuated Quan Him. "Return with the woman, and maintenance and money shall reward you. Your families are the care of our society. Farewell."

"Thou art minister of the wise and virtuous and we are the servants of the household," murmured the highbinder, in the flowery metaphor of Confucius, and shuffled from the room.

Leu Suey slowly threaded a crooked, reeking passage-way beneath the Hop Sing houses. Everything about him was hushed. He had passed from the light and noise of the carousal into the quiet of vigilance on the enemy's borders. His arrangements had been completed, and success seemed assured; yet he was restless and uneasy. He wiped his fevered head and cursed his raging thirst. His thoughts were not comforting. Could he trust Lem Yek? The Bing Kung rascal had been abused by Wong Fong and had sworn revenge—so he, and Him, and Din said; but how could he be sure this was not a trap? But certainly Quan Him suspected nothing. It was simple enough. Sen Ho, costliest of the Bing Kung slaves, was struggling to escape the ceaseless debauchery to which her masters compelled her; and for money and protection this knave would betray his faction. Well, when Lem Yek opened the cage, the little bird should fly to peace and rest in Leu Suey's arms instead of into the clutches of the cursed missionaries. Leu Suey had seen and often coveted the tender lily, Sen Ho, and his sluggish blood grew turbulent with remembrance. She was plump, and pretty, and full of animation. She was a jewel of great price. Then, too, she had cost Fong's company all of three thousand dollars.

He grinned in the darkness and fingered the hilt of his double knife. Maintenance, reward—pooh! He looked higher than that. Prestige, leadership, Sen Ho—those were worth a fight. He paused and chuckled. Under the next dull lantern he drew out his big "forty-five," and examined each cartridge-cap and slug. He carefully tested the trigger. A distortion of his face revealed his dry teeth. Leu Suey was smiling at his thoughts. Visions of the future burned his senses. Quan Him out of the way, Suey would be minister. Leu Suey would make a fine captain, with the wealth and the women and his "pull" with the police, and—yes, but Li Din must go, too. Why had he confided in Din? This fellow was an old friend and could be dangerous. Could he but get Wong Fong's life—the life of the Bing Kung Tong—complete success would be his. But would Din betray him?

Leu Suey tapped lightly upon a ponderous iron door which blocked the tunnel. It was cautiously opened and he was admitted to a dingy cell. He spoke rudely to a fat hag who guarded the place, and, opening an opposite door, shuffled up an incline toward a distant light. He climbed a slippery ladder and emerged into a series of rooms and cells fitted up for the enjoyment of a variety of oriental entertainment, but now unoccupied and gloomy. Beyond the last of the stout doors, he entered a shop furnished for the sale of clothing, through the closely shuttered windows of which no sound nor light penetrated. A dim flame blazed from a wick which floated in a bowl of oil. A small, lean Chinaman, grotesquely yellow, moved out from a corner of the room. Li Din was peering through an aperture into the alley. A group of ugly cut-throats smoked grimly on the bunks or squatted chattering on the floor. Leu Suey looked them over from an expressionless face. He was now in the enemy's country; here was one who had belonged to them.

"Is it time, Lem Yek?" he asked.

The fellow grunted an affirmative reply. "The mind of Sen Ho is prepared," said he, in the sullen fashion of his kind. "She is hiding in Wong Yick's house across the way and below us five houses, and she waits there for my signal. But remember our bargain, Leu Suey, I must be protected from the hatchmen of the Bing Kung Tong."

The highbinder exchanged looks of amused meaning. Leu Suey's face flushed with an excitement stimulated by the copious draughts from which he had so lately arisen. Caution fled before impatience.

"Go before, you," he exclaimed, harshly. "You shall be truly rewarded. Stay close with three, Li Din, and be wary."

They stepped out upon the banquette. The moon gave but a dim light from behind a veil of fleecy clouds. The quiet was intense.

"Sh! She is there," whispered Lem Yek, pointing eagerly down the alley—"there in Wong Yick's door. See, she listens and looks."

"Sen Ho—it is she!" cried Leu Suey, under his breath. The woman saw him. She held out her arms appealingly and moved irresolutely. The highbinder bounded eagerly toward her. The woman disappeared within the house.

Crash! went the heavy door behind him. Bang! a pistol rang the echoes of the alley. He sobered at the sounds and whirled abruptly. Too late his senses returned. Lem Yek's second bullet burned through his breast. He staggered toward the door.

"Ah—Li Din—thou—"

He choked and lurched forward. A shot seared his skull and maddened him. He stared about unseeing. The alley spun around and around. Where was Lem Yek? He turned again. Where were the Bing Kung cowards? There they come! Wong Fong, Wong Yick, Wong Chee—

Wongs everywhere. He raised his revolver and emptied it at them.

Zip! zip! sang the tearing lead.

The music over the roofs ended abruptly.

Brr-r-r-r! the wind of police-whistles.

"Halt! stop! halt!" from the distance.

Leu Suey sank down heavily and groped stupidly. Who is that lying there? Glorious ancestors of his family! it is Wong Fong, his enemy—no, his old friend—no, to the last, his enemy. His long knife flashed up and splintered into the pavement through an already stiffening body. There was a fading patter of soft-shod feet; a rush, and violent confusion. Leu Suey grinned fixedly upward in the glare of the sergeant's lantern.

"In the expressive language of these foolish white devils," observed Li Din in his Sunday-bred English, "this might be called killing three birds with one stone. We played a smooth game, and we have won both ways. What a beautiful hole I put through Lem Yek!"

And Quan Him murmured satiny phrases of approval as he moved warily back from the shutters; but he ventured a furtive, calculating glance at his suddenly made lieutenant.

JEFFERY A. DE MONTAIGU.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1897.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Blue and the Gray.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Under the roses, the Blue;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
'Broidered with gold, the Blue;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer caltch,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment-day;
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

—Francis Miles Finch.

Somebody's Darling.

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls
Where the dead and the dying lay—
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls—
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling! so young and so brave,
Wearing still on his pale sweet face—
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave—
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mold—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful blue-veined face
Brush every wandering, silken thread;
Cross his hands as a sign of grace—
Somebody's darling is still and dead!

Kiss him once more for Somebody's sake;
Murmur a prayer, soft and low;
One bright curl from the cluster take—
They were Somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there;
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was Somebody's love?
Somebody's heart enshrined him here;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;
Somebody clung to his parting hand—

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart:
There he lies—with the blue eyes dim,
And smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear,
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
"Somebody's darling lies buried here!"—Anon.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Ex-Secretary Herbert has gone into the business of pressing claims against the Navy Department. He says in a circular letter to claimants that he is "in a position to prosecute claims and get prompt action."

Major Ginter, the Richmond tobacco king, has resigned his position as director of the American Tobacco Company and will soon retire from active business, worth eight millions of dollars. When he laid down his musket at Appomattox he did not have a dollar.

Mrs. Thomas A. Edison is a very beautiful woman. She looks like an Italian, with soft brunette coloring and a superb complexion. She knows very little of her husband's scientific work, but devotes much time to reading detective novels with him, a form of literature of which he is very fond.

The crime which led to the banishment from Germany of Dr. Karl Peters, the German explorer, was the hanging of a negro girl who preferred to herself a dusky rival. He is a man of about forty, below the average height, with red hair and blue eyes, and an expression not pleasing, his face being marred with scars.

James Gordon Bennett is returning from Europe on his yacht *Namouna*, and will soon inspect his New York properties for the first time in many years. It will be the first time that he has seen the new home of the *Herald* on Herald Square since its completion. His private rooms there will be ready for him on his arrival, as they have been ever since the removal of the *Herald* from its old home.

The death of Sir William Lawrence recalls the fact that, when Garibaldi visited the British metropolis, of which Sir William was then lord mayor, the Italian patriot was suddenly whisked off to Caprera on the yacht of the Duke of Sutherland. An impression has always prevailed that he was virtually kidnapped to get him out of the way of the present duke's grandmother, who had conceived an enthusiastic admiration for him.

Congressman Sulloway, of New Hampshire, is a member of the Salvation Army, and has frequently been seen in their parades, both at his home in Manchester and in Washington. His wife was formerly a Salvation Army lassie. It was he who wrote to one of his constituents, in reply to an inquiry about a pension bill: "Only two obstacles stand in the way of passing your bill—the great Jehovah and Tom Reed. I think I can manage Jehovah, if you will manage Reed."

King George, in the earlier days of his reign, was very fond of athletic sports, and occasionally entered running and leaping contests under an assumed name. He won many cups and other trophies in these games, of which he is now very proud. On one occasion, the crowd became convinced that he was a professional, and he was in danger of being roughly handled, when he confessed his identity to a police officer, who managed to get him away to a place of safety.

The pet of Washington society just now is the new secretary of the Turkish legation, Seifeddin Bey, whose Apollo-like form has earned for him the name of "the Greek god." Although he is a pure-blooded Turk, Seifeddin's round head is covered with short, crisp, blonde curls, his eyes are as blue as those of a Norseman, and his features recall the bust of Augustus Caesar. He dresses in the height of fashion, and is very much of an American in appearance, though he can not speak a word of English.

The picture that Raphael Collin, the famous painter of nudes, contributes to the Salon this year is described as "his famous nude of the Luxembourg rolled over." When he began posing his nudes out of doors, the peasants near his studio at Fontenrose were horrified and he had many hair-breadth escapes from flying stones and other missiles. He has now become well known in the little village, where he lives with his mother and sister, and the peasants are very proud to have so great an artist among them. He has, however, erected a high and impervious wall around the garden that serves him as an open-air studio.

When Turkey declared war against Greece, the Turkish ambassador at Athens, Assim Bey, was recalled, but he did not immediately return to his native country. It seems that the Porte is very backward in paying its ambassadors, and Assim Bey was heavily in debt to Athenian tradesmen. As an ambassador he was exempt from the usual law of debtor and creditor, but so soon as diplomatic relations between the two countries were at an end, his creditors swooped down on him, and he was informed that if he attempted to leave the country he would be arrested as an absconding debtor. Finally, the English governor of the Ottoman Bank at Constantinople forwarded the necessary money to get him out of pawn.

The late Duke of Anumale was the gentleman *par excellence* of the French royal family, and alone of the descendants of Philippe Egalité—the regicide and revolutionary Duke of Orleans—had inherited none of the family failings. He was neither an unscrupulous hypocrite like his father, King Louis Philippe, nor avaricious like his brother, the late Duke of Nemours, nor yet intriguer like his other brother, the late Duke of Montpensier. He differed, too, from his sailor brother, the Prince of Joinville, who assailed his father in his memoirs, while he was prudent enough to abstain from embarking in the shady money transactions and speculations of the Duke of Chartres, and kept his skirts clear of insane political adventures, unlike the Count of Paris when he associated himself with Boulanger. His one fault was his treatment of his wife and his numerous indiscretions with other women. The closing years of the unhappy married life of the duchess were embittered by his open protection of Leonide Leblanc, who on one memorable occasion appeared on the stage with all the jewels of the duchess.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP.

The Feud between the Logans and the "Fighting McCooks" is it an Advertising Scheme?—Doings of the Postal and Medical Congresses.

Washington has been amused by the Logan-McCook quarrel during the past week. The principals, John A. Logan, Jr., and his mother on the one side, and General Alexander McDowell McCook and his brother, John J. McCook, on the other, are all well-known figures in society here.

The affair had been smoldering for some weeks, but the explosion came last Friday, when young Logan gave to the papers a letter addressed to General McCook in which he accused that gentleman and his brother of circulating malicious and untruthful tales about his conduct at the coronation ceremonies at Moscow. To this General McCook has rejoined that he can take no notice of a letter in the papers, and that he will make no reply until he receives a personal communication. None, apparently, has been forthcoming as yet, nor is it expected that any serious consequences will follow the young man's outburst. It is generally regarded as a significant fact that the matter has been allowed to lie sleeping for a number of months and is now suddenly revived in a sensational way by young Logan just before the publication of a book on Russia which he has written. In fact, plain-spoken people call it an advertising scheme.

When preparations for the Czar's coronation were being made, it seems General McCook was appointed military envoy to represent President Cleveland at the ceremonies, and he took his brother along as his aide. Young Logan and his mother also visited Moscow during the ceremonies, and, as the son and widow of a distinguished American general and senator, they were lavishly entertained. As court-dress or a military uniform is *de rigueur* at all official functions, young Logan wore the uniform of a captain of the Ohio National Guard, having been appointed to a captaincy on Governor Bushnell's staff, and his breast fairly glittered with medals. Some of these were the insignia of patriotic societies; others were medals presented to his father. Naturally, being a soldierly looking young fellow, he attracted much attention, and he and Mrs. Logan were made more of than the McCooks, and on certain occasions were given precedence over them. The upshot of the matter was a bitter row between the two families, but it was agreed to bury the hatchet and say nothing about it.

But when President McKinley began to distribute the loaves and fishes, John J. McCook came up as a candidate for Attorney-General in the Cabinet, and a rumor crept about that, while he was in Russia, he had consummated a big deal for the Standard Oil people. Then young Logan entered the fight for the Austrian ministry, and the stories of his conduct at Moscow came out. He lost the appointment, and he lays his defeat to the enmity of the McCooks. Hence his fire-eating letter. But it is a curious coincidence that it should come out just now, and it will doubtless help the sale of his book.

The International Postal Congress, which is now in the midst of its six weeks' session here, is receiving a good share of attention. There are about one hundred and twenty delegates in attendance, representing more than forty governments, and their sessions are a brilliant sight. They attend the meetings in official dress, glittering with jeweled orders and insignia, and when they are at work, the great central hall of the Corcoran Art Gallery, which the government has placed at their disposal, looks like an evening reception. The delegates from Austro-Hungary are very magnificent in their official costume, and those from China and Corea—which states are now for the first time applying for admission to the postal union—are gorgeous in rich-hued brocades. The talk is such a medley of tongues as has not been heard since the Tower of Babel, but the most common language of conversation is French. Postmaster Gary welcomed the congress in an address in English, printed copies of a French translation of it being distributed among the delegates, but General Batcheller, the ranking delegate from the United States, is a fluent French speaker.

It was thirty-five years ago that Lincoln's postmaster, Montgomery Blair, suggested the first call for a postal congress of nations, resulting in the formation of the postal union. Facilities for correspondence have made a wonderful advance since then, but the present congress has many weighty matters to deal with. The most important are the proposals to issue an international postage-stamp and that each country shall transmit, free of cost to the others, all mail matter passing through its territory. Though both suggestions are excellent in theory, there are practical obstacles in the way that make them almost impossible of realization. It would be a great convenience if one could purchase a stamp in one country which would prepay a reply from a correspondent in any other country in the postal union; but the difficulty of adjusting the expenses and receipts seems to be insurmountable, owing to the varying standards of value. Thus, a gold sovereign would buy ninety-six stamps for foreign postage in England, ninety-seven in the United States, one hundred in France, and one hundred and one in Germany. The question of free intermediate transit is also difficult of adjustment. Such an arrangement already exists between the United States and England, but Belgium will have none of it. That country is small in size, but through it passes an enormous amount of mail in transit between England and the Continent, and its government receives a large revenue from that source. Under free transit it would receive no revenue and would be put to heavy expense. Naturally it objects, and its delegates declare that, rather than submit to such an imposition, Belgium will withdraw from the postal union.

At other congress which has been meeting here is that of American physicians and surgeons. They have had

daily sessions and receptions in the evenings, and a few days ago they unveiled the statue to Professor Gross, the famous surgeon, which the American Surgical Association of the Jeffersonian Medical College, of Philadelphia, presented to the government and which now adorns the grounds of the Smithsonian Institution. The papers read and the subsequent discussions have, of course, been so technical that they sounded to the layman like a foreign language, but from them one can gather an idea of the tremendous advance medicine and surgery have made in the past few years. It is a fact, for instance, that the average length of life has been lengthened ten years in the past half-century. The use of a small incandescent electric light, which is swallowed or otherwise introduced into the interior cavities of the body, and of the Röntgen ray have done wonders for diagnosis, and antiseptic methods have made surgery as precise and safe as chiseling marble. The liver can now be laid bare, examined, operated upon, and sewed up almost with impunity, and a German physician has even sewed up a man's heart after it had been stabbed through with a knife. As to mere deformities, such as cross-eyes, a club-foot, or a humpback, they are easily amenable to reparative surgery. But the most wonderful advance has been made in the surgery of the brain. It has been discovered that many obscure ailments are due to pressure on the brain or other abnormal cerebral conditions, and by observing the physical symptoms the surgeon is enabled to locate the particular portion of the brain that is affected, and often can effect a cure by operating. If the disciples of Esculapius continue at this rate, in a few years we shall none of us die from anything but old age.

WASHINGTON, May 21, 1897.

A paper called *Dixie*, which is published in Atlanta, Ga., says that thirty thousand negroes have been graduated, at a cost of one hundred millions of dollars, from colleges for negroes which are supported by Northern money in the South. It also says that there are many thrifty, prosperous negroes everywhere in the South who are doing well; but it declares that very few of these thirty thousand college graduates are to be found among them. It says the college graduates find it very hard to make a living, because in trade and in the professions for which higher education might be supposed to fit them they have to contend with race prejudice and to compete with educated white people. It finds that they do not succeed (except in rare cases) as lawyers or doctors, and it thinks that it would be "an unspeakable boon" for the Southern negroes if the money that supports colleges for them were devoted to the establishment of industrial training-schools in which they might learn to work to advantage at industries in which they would have a fair chance.

It is expected that at the meeting of the Chilean Congress in June next, terms will be made with W. R. Grace & Co., of New York city, whereby the remaining few miles of railway of the Chilean section of the Transandine Railway will be completed. When finished there will be an all-rail route between the city of Buenos Ayres on the Atlantic and Valparaiso on the Pacific Ocean, shortening the journey between the two cities—as at present by sea and the Straits of Magellan—from twelve days to less than two and a half days. The magnitude of the work of constructing a railway across the Andes can only be appreciated by those who are familiar with the tremendous difficulties which have been overcome in the completed part of the railway.

Rinderpest is the deadliest disease that can overtake cattle. It comes from Asia, like so many other plagues, and it has recently ravaged English territory in South Africa with terrible severity. The government was compelled at last to take active measures for its suppression, and to that end they commissioned Dr. Koch to proceed to the Cape and try to discover the microbe that is the cause of the disease. The great German bacteriologist has so far failed to isolate the bacillus; but he has achieved the greater practical success of discovering that the bile of animals that the disease had killed acted as a vaccinating substance on healthy cattle. By this treatment the plague may be successfully combated.

It is now tolerably certain that the process of illustrating books, magazines, and even newspapers will be revolutionized by the new photographic method of reproducing colors. The inventor can transfer to a negative, and thence reproduce on glass or paper, the exact hues of any given object. There are no pigments employed, the plates are not washed with colored solutions, and it is not necessary to view the pictures through any combination of tinted glass. A sketch in water-color could not be more delicate nor yet more clear.

Simon Wolf, in refutation of the oft-repeated assertion that no Jews served this country either in its War of the Revolution or of the Rebellion, has published a book in which he shows that from six to eight thousand Jews served in the Union army, while some ninety served in the Revolution and in the war of 1812. The number of these early Jewish-American soldiers was so small, according to Mr. Wolf, because there were then but three thousand Jews, all told, in America.

The distinguished electrician, Professor Forbes, has been employed by the Egyptian Government to make a study of the feasibility of utilizing the power of the cataracts of the Nile for generating electricity, and he reports the general circumstances of Egypt to be exceptionally well adapted for its use as a motive power.

The horses of German cavalry regiments are to be shod with paper shoes, recent experiments as to their durability and lightness having proved very satisfactory.

BICYCLE TOURS.

To Do Europe on a Wheel is the Proper Thing this Summer—Where to Go and What to Take—Useful Hints for Cycling Tourists.

The fad of the coming summer is to be the bicycle tour. It will not be general in California, for our roads are not yet in condition for extended travel on the wheel, though more than one party of enthusiasts have arranged to visit the Yosemite or to make other trips. But the mecca of the more well-to-do bicyclists is Europe. There is no more delightful way to see the sights and the people of a country than by riding leisurely through it on a wheel, and the Cooks, who tried "personally conducted" tours for bicyclists some months ago, found them so popular that they now make a specialty of that branch of their business. But Society, with a capital S, has set the seal of its approval on the fashion, and parties got up by private individuals are to have a great vogue this year. In the East many such parties have been arranged to make wheeling tours of England and the Continent this summer, and a few have been made up by Californians. Among the latter is a well-known San Franciscan, who is soon to take unto himself a bride, and who has arranged to do the grand tour with his bride on bicycles.

The itinerary of one party, which is to start from New York on Saturday, June 12th, gives an idea of how such a tour may be laid out. It is to be a twelve-hundred-mile run, and will begin in Paris. The first stop after leaving Paris will be at Fontainebleau, and during the next seven days the tour will continue over the finest roads in the world, following La Loue River Valley into Jura, passing into Switzerland and over the Jura Mountains, where a twelve-mile coast will be had to Neuchâtel. Berne, the capital of Switzerland, will be the next stopping-place. From this point, a twenty-mile ride will be taken to Thun and thence to Interlaken, the famous Swiss summer resort. Leaving Interlaken, the party will continue to Brienz, and a lake will be crossed to Giessbach Falls. From here they will go to Brunig and coast into Lucerne. The next stopping-place will be Zurich, and the party will continue to the Falls of the Rhine. Leaving Switzerland, the Black Forest of Germany will be passed through, and after an eighteen-mile coast the city of Strasburg will be visited. From here the route followed will be through the beautiful Zorn Valley to the fortified city of Metz, a few miles from the frontier of France. The next point visited will be the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, thence to Bingen, and then, following the Rhine, to Cologne. Crossing over to Holland, Arnheim, Utrecht, Amsterdam, and Haarlem will be visited in succession. Leyden and The Hague will then be passed through, and, after taking in Scheveningen, the party will wheel to Rotterdam. At this point the party will break up. The tour will last from seventy to seventy-five days, and will cost about three hundred and seventy-five dollars.

The *L. A. W. Bulletin*, gives the following advice to wheelmen contemplating a trip across the pond:

"Take your bicycle with you. It will be found much cheaper and more satisfactory. You would not think of riding a second-hand wheel at home. If you rent one on the other side, you will have to put up with any heavy old thing and be required to make a large deposit to insure its safe return.

"Crate your wheel, or, better still, put it in a trunk. Rub vaseline on all the nickel parts to prevent rust. If carried in a trunk as personal baggage, no charge will be made by steamship companies for transportation. If crated, a charge of two dollars and fifty cents will be made. Do not depend on forwarding companies to forward your wheel, unless you want to wait a long time for it.

"If the intention is to ride on the Continent, join the Touring Club of France before leaving America. L. A. W. members will be certified by Colonel F. S. Haseltine, No. 10 Tremont Street, Boston, who is the representative of the club in America. The membership card of this organization will pass tourists through the custom-houses of France, Switzerland, and Italy. At Paris one can get a special card of admission into Belgium at the club's head-quarters. There is no duty on bicycles into Great Britain.

"The cost of joining the Touring Club of France is but one dollar and fifty cents. If a party is going, a leader should be appointed and let shipments of all bicycles be made in his name, and he should attend to getting the wheels through the custom-house and make all arrangements for board and lodgings, the price for which should invariably be agreed upon in advance. The French tour-books will give one nearly all information he can possibly require regarding roads, etc."

To this may be added a few points from the experience of a man who has lately wheeled through Europe. In addition to taking your own wheel, he recommends that you carry along a few extra parts, such as cones, axles, spokes, cranks, and pedal-pins. "Take no cycling apparel whatever across with you," he says; "you can get better clothing for this purpose in any of the large cities of Great Britain or France, and the prices are much less. If you have tender feet, necessitating the use of a special last, take all your footwear with you." The best months for a cycle tour in Europe are, to his mind, May, June, and July in England, and until October on the Continent. The three routes he recommends as most interesting are: England, Scotland, and Ireland; France, Switzerland, and Italy; and Norway and Sweden.

By a recent decree of the French Republic, many of the obnoxious restrictions formerly imposed upon cycling in that country have been removed. The new regulations prescribe, among other things, that every bicycle must have a plate attached to its head bearing the name and address of the owner. When meeting a vehicle, the cyclist in France must pass to the right, and when passing one, he must keep to the left and must reduce his speed and sound his bell. Drivers of vehicles and persons on horseback must go to the right on the approach of a cyclist, so as to leave the wheelman a space at least five feet in width. Cyclists are not permitted to form in groups and thus block the streets. In crowded thoroughfares each cyclist must dismount and lead his wheel. All railroads in France are compelled to transport bicycles as baggage. They are liable for any damages sustained by the wheel while in the custody of the railroad companies, the amount depending upon whether the cyclist is traveling first, second, or third class.

IS FRUIT UNWHOLESOME?

A Chicago Physician's Wholesale Arraignment of Fruit as Food—Its Eaters, he says, will be Martyrs to Gout and Dyspepsia.

A work which has attracted a great deal of attention, more so than most books written by physicians, is one entitled "Eating and Drinking," by Albert Harris Hoy, M. D., of Chicago. The *Argonaut* has already briefly noticed this book, but, owing to the amount of discussion that it has excited, a further reference to it may be of interest. It is all the more notable for the reason that Dr. Hoy condemns in such unqualified terms the practice of fruit-eating, and, inasmuch as one of the leading industries of California is the raising of fruits, his book has, not unnaturally, met with equally unqualified condemnation from the fruit-growers of California.

However, no one can doubt the good faith of Dr. Hoy. His work, although intended for laymen as well as physicians, is largely technical, and he discusses most abstrusely the processes of digestion. The main idea running through his book is that most of the functional diseases which afflict humanity are due to abnormal acidity of the blood, that these functional diseases lead to organic diseases, and that the best method of restoring the disturbed functions of the body is by changing the abnormal acidity of the blood to normal alkalinity. He certainly makes out a very strong case for this theory, and it is one that is shared by many other physicians of note.

It would not be interesting in a non-technical publication, and we have not the space here to give extracts from the abstruse argument of Dr. Hoy concerning the digestive processes. But what will interest all readers, and particularly Californians, is his curious theory concerning fruits. He holds that most of them contain so much free acid that they are deleterious to the human economy.

It is not unamusing to note this new stand taken by the medical faculty. The unfortunate dyspeptic has been forced to dismiss one article of food after another. The doctors generally begin with meat. They either reduce the amount of meat eaten by dyspeptics or cut it off entirely. The dyspeptic then falls back on fruits, vegetables, and starchy foods. But another class of physicians say that starchy foods ferment and turn into acid, and are therefore difficult of digestion. The dyspeptic then abandons starchy foods. He is forced to fall back upon a fruit and vegetarian diet. Now it would seem, according to Dr. Hoy, as if there were grave danger in the eating of fruit.

It is always well in discussing any question to agree, before beginning discussion, on the meanings of terms. Many people will argue by the hour on disputed points without settling in the first place what they mean. It is gratifying, therefore, to see that Dr. Hoy makes an elaborate definition of the difference between fruits and vegetables. This is a point which has puzzled many people. In fact, if three or four intelligent persons should attempt to agree on such questions as to whether the watermelon, muskmelon, and tomato are to be classified as fruits or vegetables, they would be astonished to find how much they might differ. Dr. Hoy has not only defined fruits and vegetables, but he has to back him up no less potent an authority than the Supreme Court of the United States:

This word "fruit," in its literal, botanical, and general use, as distinguished from the word "vegetable," it is difficult to define without confusion. Illustrating this difficulty of distinction, it is interesting to note that during the year 1895 the Supreme Court of the United States was called upon to decide whether the tomato was a fruit or a vegetable, the decision being necessary to determine its classification for import duty. The court quite properly determined it to be a vegetable. In further illustration of the absence of any well marked distinction between vegetables and fruits, considered as elements of food, the writer's attention is called to a late and exhaustive work on dietetics, in which the author classes the cranberry as a vegetable and the melon as a fruit, but places all the other varieties of the pepo family—the pumpkin, the squash, and the cucumber—among the vegetables. By way of establishing a distinction which will be most convenient in this discussion, and as scientifically accurate as possible, the following is suggested:

All succulent fruits produced by annual plants, as well as the stalks, roots, leaves, and tubers of any plant, used by man as food, are vegetables.

All succulent fruits produced by perennial or biennial plants, and used as food, are fruits.

The ripened edible seeds of leguminous and graminaceous plants are vegetable food, as are also nuts, which are the dry, oleaginous, or starchy fruits of perennial plants, in which the epicarp is lignified.

The hasty reader who may but now have smiled at our remark that there are differences of opinion concerning the status of the tomato, will grow more serious when he finds that so grave a body as the Supreme Court of the United States was obliged to decide whether the tomato was a fruit or a vegetable. Dr. Hoy further says that vegetables are separated from fruits by a natural division marked by the almost entire absence of acid among vegetables. There are certain acid vegetables, so-called, such as rhubarb, which he speaks of, but he says that it is unfit for human consumption and is never eaten in Europe. Taking up the question of fruits, he says:

It is an interesting fact that the indigenous food-fruits of tropical regions are very sweet, with an absence of free acid. Travelers, comparing them with the fruits of the temperate zone, pronounce them insipid or too sweet. Some of them, however, possesses the richest flavors, due to etheral oils generated in ripening. The mangosteen, of Borneo, and the durian, of Java, are declared to exhibit a perfect blending of all the delicious flavors of all the most delicate fruits, and, some have said, are well worth a journey to those distant islands for the pleasure of tasting. Considering this statement of the absence of acids in tropical fruits, it should be borne in mind that the lemon and orange, as we know them to-day, are not indigenous to the tropical region, but have been developed through cultivation by man from the wild, hard, and bitter varieties indigenous to the temperate heights of Northern India, and have been widely introduced into the tropical and temperate regions of the world. To determine what man's food was in a state of nature, we must, of course, look to the tropical or sub-tropical regions, because here alone a constant, uninterrupted supply of all forms of food is provided by nature. Those then, of which man in his primitive state made use, must, indubitably, be his natural diet.

Dr. Hoy goes on to discuss tropical fruits, and approves of all of the starchy foods prepared from such fruits as the

bread-fruit, cocoanut, banana, and taro. Concerning the latter he says:

The food known as taro on some of the islands is prepared from the root of the *arum esculentum* and other varieties. On other islands, the words taro, kalo, or poi are used to indicate a food made from the root of the *colocasia esculentia*. This is a variety of water-lily, resembling the calla-lily, growing in mud and water. The root, when cooked, forms a gelatinous, starchy food of great value, so much so that it is said a patch of it forty feet square will furnish sufficient food for one person for the entire year.

While Dr. Hoy approves of the bread-fruit and banana, he says that their nourishing power is far inferior to that of the taro, or yam. He then takes up and discusses certain familiar fruits, among them the acid, sub-acid, and sweet, selecting the apple, the orange, and the cherry as acid fruits; the sweet grape, pear, and peach as sub-acid fruits; the banana as a sweet fresh fruit, and figs, raisins, and dates as dry sweet fruits. He refuses to consider as edible the lemon and grape-fruit, calling them hyper-acid fruits. He says of them:

They can not be considered as eating fruits, and hence are not taken as fair representatives in these analyses of the class of acid fruits in common use. The grape-fruit, or shaddock, having in its composition a large percentage of free acid and a somewhat bitter taste, is a favorite morning stimulant for those whose appetite needs forcing. It is known in Europe as the "forbidden fruit," and many would be wise if they would so regard it. All remarks concerning free acid apply with increased force to this and all hyper-acid fruits.

Returning to the subject of the effect on digestion of fruits, he says:

Referring to the evidence adduced of the inhibiting effect of acids on digestion and their injurious effects on the blood, we are certainly justified in insisting that the acid fruits are not adapted to furnish nutriment to man, but, on the contrary, an extended and liberal use of them can not but result disastrously. Indeed, under certain conditions of the system, the ingesting of a small quantity of the fruit acids may embarrass nature's functions to an alarming degree, by robbing the blood of its alkalinity, as has been demonstrated. All these remarks touching free acid in sour fruits are lessened (though still true in essence), just in proportion as they have less acid. But containing, as they do, more sugar and less acid, we have to bear in mind the danger of their fermenting in the alimentary canal, since the small amount of albuminous matter in their structure prevents their being quickly disintegrated by digestion in the stomach. Hence, the acid and sub-acid fruits can not be taken by man in quantities sufficient to be termed nourishing. It is this small amount of albuminates scattered through so much substance that makes the solid fruits harder of digestion than those that are soft in structure, and this is true in a direct ratio. Hence, contrary to the general belief, the apple in its raw state is difficult of digestion for this reason, in addition to the inhibiting action of the acid it contains.

One fortification after another is battered down by the stony-hearted Dr. Hoy in his assault upon the dyspeptic. That unfortunate, who has taken refuge behind the baked apple, is forced to abandon even that. Has not the baked apple for, lo! these many years been looked upon as wholesome, or what the dyspeptic individual calls "healthy"? Dr. Hoy will have none of it. Listen to him:

The free use of the apple has been recommended on the ground that it is especially rich in phosphates, and hence is a brain food of high value. This impression must be corrected by calling attention to the analysis given of this fruit, which shows only .31 of saline matters of all kinds, being the lowest of any fruit except the pear, and we must take into account that the assimilation of a food depends upon its digestibility. Since the apple is not one of the easily digested fruits, not enough of it can be taken to cause any marked amount of the phosphates to enter the system. The cooking of this and all other fruit, by breaking down and softening the cellular structure, overcomes the difficulty of digestion, to a large degree, but for purposes of nutrition the amount of cooked apple taken would necessarily be so great that the serious objection of introducing into the digestive tract so much material very prone to fermentation must be considered of paramount importance. In fact, all this class of substances should be eaten in amounts and conditions which should properly put them under the head of "relishes" and not of food. This would naturally render their use by any one having digestive disorders a question deserving careful consideration.

Dr. Hoy then takes up one class of fruit after another. He says:

The raisin and fig have each an indigestible skin and seeds which render their use imprudent in any but limited quantities, as likely to cause irritation of the alimentary tract.

Dried plums or prunes are in general and extensive use. They are almost entirely free from acid and have an agreeable flavor.

Concerning canned fruits, preserved fruits, jams, marmalades, and jellies, the eating of any of these forms of fruit as the leading or principal part of a meal can not be advised, because they are so prone to fermentation in the stomach.

Canned fruits may be properly eaten by adults as ingredients of made dishes, more for their flavor than for their substance.

The bitter orange marmalade, owing to its bitter principle, excites the secretion of the gastric juice and it also has ferment-retarding properties which render it acceptable to almost any stomach when eaten with food as a relish. Pineapple marmalade is also a very wholesome and desirable relish. Guava jelly is very rich in pectine and contains no free acid. A fine variety of jams, marmalades, and jellies is prepared in California, which contain nothing but the fruit and pure sugar, and hence are much to be preferred to others on the market, which are so uniformly sophisticated and compounded with commercial glucose.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Hoy has seen nothing of the revelations made by the San Francisco papers concerning the methods of some San Francisco manufacturers. Had he done so, we fear he could not have praised so highly all of the jams and jellies prepared in California.

We referred above to the fact that Dr. Hoy said that vegetables contain almost no acid. This is his language:

In defining vegetables, as distinguished from fruits, it will be remembered that there seemed to be a natural division marked by the almost entire absence of acid in edible vegetables. In fact, the rhubarb stalks and the tomato are the only vegetables in general use containing any free acid. The rhubarb is properly a medicinal plant, and its use in Europe as a food is almost unknown. In Germany it is cultivated as an ornamental plant. The excess of acid it contains, free and combined, and the fact that the acid is oxalic, makes it doubtful whether it should be retained among the edible vegetables. The writer considers it unfit to be eaten.

This leaves the tomato as the only edible vegetable having an acid in its composition, and the amount it contains is very small, being mostly in the form of an oxalate of lime. On this account it is claimed that the tomato should not be used by those having the gouty diathesis. The writer must say that, as the result of his experience, he has failed to find in practice any disturbance of the digestion caused by the use of the tomato. It is particularly harmless, and even beneficial, when used in its fresh, ripe state and without the addition of vinegar.

Concerning another branch of the vegetable kingdom Dr. Hoy has this to say:

The pepo family, to which belongs the pumpkin, the squash, often called "vegetable marrow," the melon, and the cucumber, constitute an important and valuable class of vegetable food.

Muskmelons and watermelons, when allowed to ripen on the vines, and eaten fresh, may be freely used without harm. They contain ninety-five per cent. of water combined with saccharine matter, which latter constitutes their only nutritive value, but they are free from indigestible elements and are not prone to fermentation in the stomach. Melons are

among our oldest vegetables, originating in Turkey and Arabia, where they have formed an important part of diet for centuries.

The cucumber, although eaten green, does not deserve the bad reputation it has acquired. When eaten before the seeds are hardened, fresh from the vine, and without either vinegar or soaking in a salt bath, which wilts and toughens it, it is more wholesome, nourishing, and digestible than the apple. The cucumber has for centuries been held in high esteem and formed the staple diet of the people of Persia and other eastern countries. Pickled cucumbers should never be used, as the process hardens the albuminoids and renders them very indigestible.

Among the raw vegetables in general use, as the radish, the tomato, and the cucumber, the skin is removed before eating, thus eliminating the danger of introducing unknown microbes into the system. In the case of celery and watercress it is worthy of remark that, by virtue of their composition, they are free from microbes, and hence their use is not contra indicated for persons having fermentive dyspepsia. In fact, they may be said to have germicidal powers, and therefore are often beneficial in such cases. Lettuce, on the contrary, is a microbe-bearer, and we must not think that washing renders it sterile. Every time it is eaten there is certain to be introduced into the stomach a large number of microbes, and, as before remarked, we can not be sure they are harmless.

All vegetables, as a class, tend to increase the alkalinity of the blood, and hence must necessarily constitute a leading element in the diet of those having the acid diathesis, as shown by the acidity of the excretions.

Concerning the tendency of foods to affect leanness and corpulence, Dr. Hoy says:

All grains and food made from the starchy and sweet vegetables are, in general, fat-makers, therefore they are best omitted, as far as possible, from the dietary of very fleshy people. Such persons should eat only lean meat and succulent green vegetables, avoiding sugar and fat. For lean people, on the contrary, a dietary made up of all starchy foods, fat meats, and free fat, as in butter and cream, is desirable.

Dr. Hoy now returns to his curious theory concerning the edibility of fruits. He says:

I shall classify fruits into natural food fruits and cultivated fruits; under this arrangement will be found marked differences. The first fact is that the natural food fruits are all nourishing and free from digestion-inhibiting effects. The second fact is that those fruits which man has developed from wild, unpalatable varieties—which never were intended as food for man—into edible form, are likely to produce abnormal conditions of digestion and interfere with nutrition when used as food.

Let us illustrate this point. The date, the banana, and the fig are true examples of natural food fruits; they are to-day simply wild fruits. Man has not, by any process of forcing seedlings, cross-fertilizing, or grafting changed their form, or natural composition, or flavor; they are to-day the same fruits; that is, have the same combination of substances in them as first made by the Creator, and are, as we have shown, admirably adapted to man's use as a food, and are plainly intended for his use as such. It is interesting to remember here that all the edible fruits of the tropical region, such as the custard-apple, the guava, the mango, the durian, and the mangosteen, are natural and indigenous fruits, and many of them refuse to be transplanted from their wild home. Those that submit to care or cultivation by man do not lose their original characteristics, but remain the same in composition and elements as in the wild state. The cocoanut, also so largely used for food, is unchanged in the slightest degree by any efforts of man.

Considering next the wild grape, the wild plum, and the wild crab-apple, we find these in their natural state producing fruit that contains an excess of free acid, as well as tannin and other substances, which properly exclude them from consideration as food for man, plainly showing that nature did not intend them to be so used. Man, however, by forcing seedlings, grafting, and assiduously cultivating under artificial conditions, has modified these fruits so that they are very acceptable to the palate, and he has to some extent eliminated the objectionable acid and other unpleasant ingredients, but has not been able to make a proper food of them, as actual experience proves. That these fruits are practically abnormal or forced variations is plainly shown by the fact that all these cultivated varieties, when allowed to run wild, at once show retrograde tendencies—that is, the fruit returns to the natural sour and unedible form of the wild variety.

These cultivated fruits, developed from fruits never intended for food for man, are unnatural combinations of the fruit elements, and are, therefore, prone to cause digestive disturbances when taken into the stomach. In effect they resemble artificial food. Here, again, is confirmed that law to which we have referred, that nature is intolerant of any but her natural combinations in substances intended for food for man. How hard it is to force these fruits from nature's kind into palatable forms is made very plain when we remember that of ten thousand seeds of the choicest varieties of the apple which may be planted, it is found that only about one out of the whole number of these fails to show retrograde changes which make the fruit utterly worthless.

Then, again, it is well known that, if any of the choicest varieties of the apple are allowed to run wild, the fruit soon becomes hard, woody, and unfit for use; in almost all instances the branches of the tree will produce thorns like its wild progenitor, the crab-apple. Nature seems ever ready to undo the work that man has accomplished by much toil, and thus seeks to protect him from the injurious effects of his own work.

The orange, like the apple, is a product of man's art in cultivation. It is estimated that he has brought it to its present condition from the wild, bitter, and unedible variety by twelve hundred years of attention. The tree, however, still shows its tendency to revert to the primitive type, and requires constant cultivation and care to keep it from degenerating. If once allowed to become wild, the fruit, as is well known, speedily becomes bitter and unpalatable. The orange, then, is not a natural fruit, and the same remark applies to the lemon. The pear, having much the same structure as the apple, is even more prone to degenerate than the latter. There is a wild, spine-bearing pear-tree common in English woods that is known to be merely the tame variety run wild.

The peach, one of our oldest fruits, is said to have been originated by the Chinese, probably from the wild almond. Chinese works dating ten centuries before the Christian era have a distinct name for the fruit, thus vouching for its antiquity. Still we must class the peach with the cultivated fruits, the apple, the pear, the plum, the orange, the grape, and the lemon, and the reason is this: none of these fruits can be reproduced from the seed true to kind. The pit of the choicest peach, if planted, produces a tree the fruit of which is nothing like the parent, but is hard and sour in its first bearing. All these cultivated fruits referred to can be maintained in their high state only by grafting, budding, or layering, while the natural fruits reproduce their kind at once from the seed or shoot. This is in itself an evidence of the unnatural condition of the cultivated fruits.

The fruits of the progenitors of all the cultivated varieties to which we have referred are sour and bitter; man, by his cultivation, has increased the saccharine matter in their composition. In the case of the strawberry, exactly the opposite is true. The wild variety is deliciously sweet, tender, and with a peculiar flavor of its own, while the cultivated varieties, notably the Wilson, are intensely acid and almost entirely free of any strawberry flavor. This may also be truly characterized as a marked example of harmful changes obtained by cultivation. This view is confirmed by the fact that many persons find they can not eat the cultivated strawberry without having digestive disturbances. This changing, by man's skill, of a sweet fruit to a sour, or a sour fruit to a sweet, would seem to show that Nature resents man's interference with the combination of elements which she has introduced into her natural fruits. In the words of Dryden:

"God never made his work for man to mend."

There can be no doubt, as we have said in the beginning of this article, that Dr. Hoy writes in entirely good faith. There can also be no doubt that his theories will cause extreme rancor among the fruit-growers of the United States, and particularly those of California. But they may hug the flattering unctious to their souls that doctors disagree, and they disagree in nothing so notably as in the science of dietetics. The foregoing is simply the *ipse dixit* of Dr. Hoy, and it is probable that before many months there will arise some other doctor who will proceed most boldly to demolish his anti-fruit-eating theories.

LITERARY NOTES.

Two Timons.

The generic conception of "The Day of his Youth," by Alice Brown, is a fascinating idea. The evident earnestness and sincerity of the writer forbid captious criticism of minor details, and the story, though slight, sets the reader musing for himself on the problems involved.

Francis Hume, on the death of his wife, whom he idolized, deserts society and retires to the depths of the primeval woods, where he rears his little son. The boy becomes his father's solace, and the elder man finds forgetfulness in directing the lad's development. He becomes a great, leonine fellow, with Titan muscles and a disposition as ingenuous as a fawn's. As he approaches manhood, he desires vaguely to pass beyond the narrow circle of the woods and to see the joys and sorrows of the outside world. At this crisis, when his heart cries "for another to beat beside it and to make harmony for the two," their solitude is invaded by summer campers. At this point the story develops into two opposing character sketches, which epitomize and contrast the child of nature with the artificial and worldly product of our latter days. There is a pervading poetic atmosphere in the tale which harmonizes with its theme.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

Another book, with a similar situation, which is treated, however, in an entirely different manner, is "Leonora of the Yawmish," by Francis Dana. In this case, the characters are not idealized, and in place of poetic charm, the author substitutes the humor, action, and play of passions of a well-told story.

Mr. Willoughby, a man of culture, turns his back upon the world to live with his daughter in the forest solitudes of the North-West. Charles Norman Moorhead, of Boston, becomes their involuntary guest, and while recovering from the accident which thrust him upon their hospitality, falls in love with and becomes engaged to Mr. Willoughby's daughter. Upon his return to Boston, he finds that his old sweetheart, Nellie Merivale, has a stronger hold upon his affections than the girl he left behind him. A plot is hatched by which his brother is to go to Oregon and persecute him. On his arrival, however, the brother becomes ashamed of his part in the conspiracy. What happens then the reader will find in a book that is sprightly in its humor and often sparkling.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

A Purpose Novel.

Edmund P. Dole, Assistant Attorney-General of Hawaii and a cousin of President Dole, has written a novel. He does not deal with life in the Hawaiian Islands, but forsakes that semi-tropical paradise for the rocky shores of New England. Instead of the idyllic loves of dusky natives, we witness a fight between license and prohibition. The hero, after acquiring the title of the "Stand-By"—whence the story takes its title—during a vigorously contested boat-race, becomes the editor of a reform newspaper and wages battle in the name of prohibition. His opponent is a wealthy and despotic brewer. Romance is brought into the story by the love of the hero for the brewer's daughter. The subject of prohibition is fairly treated, and while the purpose of the novel is always apparent, it is sufficiently well-told to be interesting.

Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

A Weird and Powerful Story.

A powerful story, full of the weird beauty of the Australian bush, is "Middle Greyness," by A. J. Dawson. Henry Mantion Darley is a strong portrait of the wreck of a brilliant life. In him is painted, in graphic and picturesque language, the sombre picture of a man, who, on account of the black streak in his nature, gives up the career for which he is fitted to hide his wrecked possibilities in the solitudes.

In his two sons the author has developed the two sides of Darley's nature. While the father ate husks with the swine, his two sons were educated by a millionaire uncle on condition that Darley never attempts to make himself known to them. Robert had inherited the fatal streak that made the father a castaway; William came into possession of the fine, achieving soul that had been overborne in the father by the stronger power of his evil nature. An irresistible impulse draws Darley to England, where, as a stranger, he becomes the private secretary of his son Robert. He seconds his brilliant son in every endeavor to make a mark, aiding him immeasurably by his knowledge of life; but, at the threshold of a promising career, the trail of the serpent shows itself, and Robert is stranded on the same shore of dissipation that made his father an outcast from decent society.

The other son, making his own way in the world, meets the old man, and not knowing that he is entertaining his own father, gives him food and shelter. Before the old man disappears on his wanderings, he tells him: "If ever you drift far enough south to be near the bush, in the colony people know as New Wales, find a township called Wydah, and an old Crawford, of Waroo Gully, is still in exist-

ence. If they tell you, 'No, he is dead,' then pass on and forget. But if they say he is at his old place in the gully, on the way to the Waroo Hills, then borrow a horse and ask of some one the way to that gully."

In course of time the young man finds himself in the bush, and gains from the old man's narrative material for a powerful book, with which he returns to England to win the spoils of life, while the old man remains hidden and waiting for death amid the shadows of the Australian bush.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mrs. John Sherwood, whose autobiography, "An Epistle to Posterity," is soon to be published, has long occupied a prominent social position both in New York and in London, and has met many people of distinction in the last quarter of a century.

It is said that George Meredith has written a comedy which may be produced some day.

The new novel by Frank R. Stockton, "The Great Stone of Sardinia," which is begun in the June number of *Harper's Magazine*, is a humorous romance of the twentieth century, a salient feature being a submarine expedition to the North Pole. The illustrations are by Peter Newell.

Another of Kipling's so-called inaccuracies, in "Captains Courageous," has been investigated, with results confirmatory, of course, of the author's well-known care in matters of local significance. The "Virgin" rocks, one correspondent stated not long since, could only exist in Mr. Kipling's imagination. Another commentator writes:

"R. K. is right, as usual. The Virgin Rocks—or the 'Virgins,' as they are often called—are a group of banks where the water ranges in depth from three to thirty fathoms. They lie about seventy-five miles east of Cape Race, and the group is seven miles north and south by about two miles east and west. The rock over which there is only three fathoms, to be exact, lies in latitude north forty-six degrees twenty-six minutes fifty-seven seconds; longitude west fifty degrees forty-seven minutes forty seconds. In time of rough weather, the sea breaks badly over this entire shoal spot, which is near the northern end of the Grand Banks. You will find the above information in the 'Navigators' Guide for Newfoundland and Labrador,' page 16."

"Ouida" has already another short novel in the press, although "Le Selve" has been out but a few weeks. The new story, entitled "The Altruist," shows the difficulty of putting ideas of social equality into practice.

The opening article in the June *Harper's*, "A New Switzerland," written and illustrated by Edwin Lord Weeks, is an account of travels and adventures in the Dauphiné, a part of Switzerland as yet uninvaded by the tourist.

The London *Daily Mail*, which was started a year ago this month, is said to be the greatest success known in London journalism, having a circulation of over three hundred thousand copies. It is sold at a halfpenny. The *Daily Mail* is run somewhat on American lines—that is, besides printing fiction, it writes up its facts in a bright and unconventional manner.

Mrs. Alice Meynell has several new books in press. One of them, entitled "Flower of the Mind," is to be an anthology of the best poems in the English language.

"An Elder Brother to the Cliff Dwellers," by T. Mitchell Prudden, is an account in the June *Harper's* of the Indian's experiment in civilization which was thwarted by the advent of the white man. The article has special reference to a recent discovery of the remains of a hitherto unknown race.

Of Dr. G. Birkbeck Hill's two volumes of "Johnsonian Miscellanies," which will soon be published, it is announced:

"In the first volume there will be gathered together Johnson's prayers and meditations, his account of his childhood, Mrs. Piozzi's anecdotes, and Murphy's essays on the life and genius of Johnson. The second volume will contain letters from Johnson to various persons, extracts from the 'Life,' by Hawkins, many anecdotes drawn from different sources, and, finally, a concordance of Johnson's sayings. The volumes will be made uniform with those of Dr. Hill's well-known edition of Boswell."

Two maternal aunts of Rudyard Kipling are the wives respectively of Burne-Jones and Poynter. His father was president of the School of Art at Lahore, in India. Kipling would seem, therefore, to have been heir to the brush rather than the pen.

In "The Celebrities of the House of Commons," in the June *Harper's*, the first of two papers on the British Parliament, T. P. O'Connor, the brilliant Irish leader, sketches the life and character of his political contemporaries, and tells many anecdotes of Parliamentary life.

Percival Pollard will soon publish through a Chicago firm a volume of short stories entitled "Dreams of To-Day." A most artistic cover has been designed for the book by F. A. Nankivell, of *Puck*, who began his American black-and-white work in this city.

To celebrate the publication of "John Strange Winter's" fiftieth novel, her publishers, F. V. White & Co., London, presented her with a gold watch, set with thirty-three diamonds on ruby enamel. Lucky Mrs. Stannard! The only parallel to this is,

perhaps, when Mr. Colburn, after reading the proofs of Lady Morgan's "Florence McCarthy" rushed out and bought her a set of anesthetics.

The ninth installment of George du Maurier's last novel, "The Martin," in the June *Harper's* deals with Barty Josselin's home life when he is at the height of his powers and fame. The illustrations are Du Maurier's latest work, one of them appearing in an unfinished state.

Frederick Nietzsche, the German philosopher, is now "a breathing corpse" at Naumburg, and takes no interest whatever in anything. Writes a correspondent:

"Visits which often, even from abroad, are paid to a man so famous, he receives with a dull look devoid of understanding. Nothing will induce him to speak. He sits for half-days in an arm-chair in his room, or in his vine-covered veranda, his gaze fixed unmovingly on one point, unaffected by what is going on around him. Last year he used to take walks with his mother, but now these are impossible; the four walls of his room are his world. Almost always it was music, even in its most primitive form, that roused him from his dull stupor. Now, even music fails to touch him. Strong and healthy as he looks, he is at times seized with pains, which compel him to scream, and then the neighbors say, 'The weather is changing; the professor is screaming.'"

Mark Twain, who has been writing a book relating to his recent trip around the world, and is now in London adding the finishing touches, recently said of it: "I wouldn't trade it for any book I have ever written, and I am not an easy person to please."

"Within the Eye of Honor," by George Hibbard, is a short story, in the June *Harper's*, raising questions of social casuistry. "Gran-mother Stark" is one of the series of Lin McLean stories by Owen Wister.

The Kelmscott Press is slowing down. Three presses were in use during the life-time of the founder, but since his death only two have been kept running, in order to complete the work he left unfinished, and as soon as that work is out of the way, the Press is to be abandoned.

The posthumous stories of Hubert Crackanthorpe are shortly to be published, and Henry James has promised to write an introductory memoir. The announcement is one of unusual interest, for Mr. James is known to be, as a rule, very chary of writing upon a young and immature talent.

The eighth article of the series on "White Man's Africa," by Poultny Bigelow, in the June *Harper's*, treats of the early wars between the Boers and the natives, and explains the development of the Dutch feeling toward England.

The President has nominated Judge Albion W. Tourgee, author of "A Fool's Errand," to be consul of the United States at Bordeaux, France.

The London publisher of a new edition of Kipling's "Departmental Duties" has announced that it is to be dedicated to "Bobs," otherwise Lord Roberts. Every one who saw that announcement assumed that Kipling himself had addressed this dedication to the man who has figured so picturesquely in his writings. But it turns out to be the publisher who has done the thing, and it would be interesting to know what Kipling thinks of it, and what Lord Roberts will consider valuable in the episode.

"Henry Gladwin and the Siege of Pontiac," by Charles Moore, in the June *Harper's*, is an historical account of a hitherto obscure episode in American history compiled from original sources. The illustrations are by Frederic Remington.

Zola's "Paris" will be published in the fall. It is the last one of the trilogy.

The rumor that Barry Pain, the English humorist, is writing a history of Robin Hood in collaboration with Walter Crane probably arose from the fact that he has written twelve stories of Robin Hood's life and times for the *English Illustrated Magazine*.

Mr. Howells has arranged to go this month to Carlsbad for a course of the waters, which, his physician declares, is necessary to his health.

In "Meteorological Progress of the Century," the fifth of a series of richly illustrated articles, appearing in the June *Harper's*, Dr. Henry Smith Williams traces the development of our theories of meteorites, the *aurora borealis*, clouds, dew, and cyclones, and explains the science of weather-prophecy.

Frank A. Munsey, not satisfied with being the editor and proprietor of three magazines, will in the autumn begin the publication of books to sell for twenty-five cents, though "worth a dollar." The first edition of the first book will be two hundred and fifty thousand copies.

George Allen, who for some years has been Mr. Ruskin's publisher, announces a re-issue of "Modern Painters." It is to be in small form, complete with all the original illustrations.

S. S. McClure, of literary syndicate fame, has had a very interesting career so far—he is only forty years old. He worked his way through college, and shortly after graduating founded *Outing*, the magazine of sport, travel, and pastime. He subsequently took a post in the business office of the *Century Magazine*. The establishment of the syndicate followed, and *McClure's Magazine* was started four years ago. Mr. McClure is said to be acquainted with more literary celebrities than any other man in America.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Farrar on the Bible.

A polemical work that will attract much attention is "The Bible: Its Meaning and Supremacy," by F. W. Farrar, Dean of Canterbury. After an introductory chapter on the present attitude of the world toward Christianity, the author discusses what the Bible is and is not. He shows that it represents the remains of a wider literature; he discusses its variety and unity and declares that the "allegorical method" of exegesis is untenable, and shows that the Bible is not homogeneous in its morality. He next takes up the antitheses of Scripture, and goes on to discuss plenary inspiration and the hypothesis of verbal dictation. Other chapters discuss the higher criticism, the Bible as containing the word of God, the Biblical infallibility, the dangers of the supernatural dictation theory, various misinterpretations of Scripture, the wrestling of texts, and other topics of equal interest. An elaborate index increases the value of the book as a work of reference.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$2.80.

A New Library of Sport.

The Out of Door Library is a new series of books in which are being gathered articles on athletics which have appeared at different times in the *Scribner's Magazine*. Two volumes have already appeared. The first, devoted to "Athletic Sports," contains: "The Physical Proportions of the Typical Man," by D. A. Sargent, M. D.; "Physical Characteristics of the Athlete," by D. A. Sargent, M. D.; "Golf," by H. J. Whigham; "Lawn Tennis," by Robert D. Wrenn; "Bicycling"—"The Whirl of To-Day," by P. G. Hubert; "Woman and the Bicycle," by Marguerite Merington; and "A Doctor's View of Bicycling," by J. West Roosevelt, M. D.; "Surf Bathing," by Duffield Osborne; and "Country Clubs and Hunt Clubs in America," by Edward S. Martin.

The second volume is "Mountain Climbing," and it contains: "Mount Washington in Winter," by Edward L. Wilson; "Some Episodes of Mountaineering by a Casual Amateur," by Edwin Lord Weeks; "Ascent of Mount Etna," by A. F. Jacacci; "The Ascent of Mount Ararat," by H. F. B. Lynch; "Climbing Mount St. Elias," by William Williams; "Mount St. Elias and its Glaciers," by Mark Brickell Kerr; and "One Thousand Miles Through the Alps," by Sir W. Martin Conway. Both books are handsomely printed and elaborately illustrated, and will be welcome additions to the sportsman's shelf of books.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50 each.

A Modern Saint.

Amelia Pain, wife of Barry Pain, the novelist, has written a story of English life called "Saint Eva." The heroine is of mixed Italian and English parentage. She is without knowledge of the world, and is called "Saint" on account of the spiritual beauty of her character. The portrayal of the selfish and fickle Clayton Seaford is good, but one feels that the heroine might have been permitted to despise and forget him, and to have married the young physician instead of meeting an untimely death by lightning. There are some chapters of Italian life that are inviting, and the dialogue is often sprightly. The story is sad, but not depressing, and the author relieves it by frequent flashes of humor. Sir Edward Burne-Jones contributes a frontispiece study of "Saint Eva."

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

The Letters of Dead Authors.

A writer in the *Rocket*, an English journal, recently stated that he has a large number of unpublished letters written by Charlotte Brontë in his possession, and the *Literary World* advised him to publish them at once. To follow this advice, if the letters be genuine, would speedily involve their possessor in litigation that would probably prove disastrous for him. As Clement K. Shorter points out in the *Illustrated London News*, the letters of Charlotte Brontë, as of every other deceased English writer, are the copyright of her executors, or of those to whom the executors may have assigned that right. In the case of Charlotte Brontë—as in the case of Thackeray—the right has been ultimately assigned to others than the immediate family. All Thackeray's letters, for example, are the copyright of Messrs. Smith & Elder, and not of Thackeray's family, and this may, perhaps, be considered the real reason why we have no Thackeray biography. George Smith, of Smith & Elder, is, it is well known, strongly opposed to the publication of details concerning people with whom he had business relations.

"It can scarcely be doubted," says Mr. Shorter, "that, in the case of Thackeray at any rate, Mr. George Smith is ill advised. The volume of Thackeray's letters to Mrs. Brookfield, which were issued in an American magazine, at a time when the non-existence of copyright made such a proceeding possible, did a great deal to increase the popular esteem for Thackeray as a man. Up to that time, Thackeray had generally been adjudged by a very large number of his readers as a brilliant but entirely cynical person. Mrs. Brookfield's letters completely changed that view; they showed one of the most

generous-hearted and kindly men that have ever lived. The letters, however, obtained little currency in England. Messrs. Smith & Elder published a limited edition, to preserve the copyright here, and then allowed the book to go out of print."

As in the case with Byron, steps have more than once been taken to protect the rights of the proprietors in Thackeray's letters. Only a year or two ago, a pamphlet which was issued by a London book-seller—a reprint of Mr. Yates's account of his quarrel with Thackeray—was threatened with injunction by Messrs. Smith & Elder, on account of its containing certain letters of Thackeray's, and was summarily suppressed.

Studies of the Far East.

A collection of nine short stories by W. Carlton Dawe have been grouped under the title of "Kake-monos." The scenes are laid in Japan, China, and Siam, and the action is based upon the relations between foreigners and natives. While the author has not attempted to write pure English, the freshness of his background and a certain dramatic quality serve to arouse interest. The stories treat chiefly of the amours of white men in these far-distant lands. "On the Banks of the Menam" sketches the infatuation of a high-caste Siamese beauty for a young Englishman. "His Japanese Wife" describes the inevitable deterioration of an Englishman who marries a Japanese woman. "Sayonara" is perhaps the most genuinely pathetic story in the book. The author can not be said to have treated his subject with much regard for the young person, but the stories are vigorous and dramatic.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.25.

A Story of the War of 1812.

A romantic and adventurous story, with the second war between England and the United States as a setting, is sufficiently rare to invite the attention of the reader who desires to avoid Old World themes and to encourage the American novelist to look for material in his own country. Such a one is "The Loyal Traitor," by James Barnes. The story is written in the first person, and purports to be the memoirs of John Hurdie, a sailor about whose birth there lies a mystery. He runs away to sea, and passes through many vicissitudes and adventures. Naval engagements, captures, escapes, conspiracy, succeed one another, and, at the end, the blossoming of love helps to form an agreeable and optimistic conclusion.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50.

Mrs. Deland's Short Stories.

A writer of undoubted ability, with a bias for psychological problems, is Margaret Deland, author of "The Wisdom of Fools." Mrs. Deland has a fancy for putting her problem before the reader in the form of an entertaining story and leaving it in such a way that the reader may puzzle out a solution for himself. Of the four stories in the book, "The Law and the Gospel" may be mentioned as especially strong and interesting.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

New Publications.

"My Uncle Barhassou," by Mario Uchard, and "A Man's Privilege," by Dora Russell, have been published in paper covers by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents each.

"A Change with the Seasons," by Duncan Cumming, a novel detailing an episode of life at Castle Crag, has been published by the Dunsmuir Publishing Company, Dunsmuir, Cal.; price, 50 cents.

"A Woman's Part in a Revolution," by Mrs. John Hays Hammond, reviewed at length in a recent issue of the *Argonaut*, has been republished in America by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; price, \$1.00.

"Mammon: A Spirit Song" and "Lady Vere and Other Narratives" are the titles of two little books of verse by Louis M. Elshemus which have been published by Eastman Lewis, New York; price, \$1.25 each.

"The Eye of the Sun," by Edward S. Ellis, a detective story founded on the theft of a famous diamond which gives its name to the story, has been published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00.

One of the most popular novels in the English language, "John Halifax, Gentleman," has been finely illustrated by Hugh Riviere. In a prefatory note to this edition occurs the following passage: "The author always said that the character of Ursula was the only actual copy from nature that she ever made. All her other characters, including John Halifax himself, were her own creations, modeled upon types that had come within the range of her actual experience, whose truth to nature she could guarantee." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.75.

Quite lately a process has been invented by which a valuable fibre is obtained from pine-needles. The needles are macerated in water to separate the fibre, which is utilized in the manufacture of cloth. It makes particularly fine underwear.

A POEM BY THE LAUREATE.

"Very Well Met, and Welcome."

The following poem, by Alfred Austin, was recited by Mrs. Tree at the opening of Beerbohm Tree's new playhouse, Her Majesty's Theatre, in London, on Wednesday evening, April 28th:

Leaving life's load of dullness at the door
You come to dwell in Fairyland once more,
Puck, Ariel, Pegasus, inn, fairy sprite,
All that can lend illusion and delight,
Quick to come forth and frolic as you bid,
Behind that curtain cunningly are hid,
We have the Muses nine, the Graces three,
And all the Passions—under lock and key,
Which would you summon? Laughter, Terror,
Tears?

Call each in turn, and promptly it appears,
Magical melody! Kings upon their throne,
And Queens—though never one to match our own;
Bewildered innocence, taxed with every crime,
And heroes entering in the nick of time;
Love scorning rank, wealth, ease, for Beauty's sake,
And Pity sobbing till its heart must break;
Villains triumphant till the final Act,
Wit, pathos, humor, every thing, in fact,
Romantic, generous, fanciful, ideal:
Romance is only the diviner Real.
Away the worldling's mock, the cynic's sneer!
Imagination holds dominion here,
Whose radiance draws mean mists of lower air
To its own height, to dissipate them there.
With life ill-pleased, you come not here to see
Man as he is, but as you'd have him be,
Tender, yet strong, at infamy abashed,
And woman fond and faithful to the last;
Angels that guard, and Furies that requite,
A heavenly world where everything's put right.
Should falsehood triumph, still the stage must strive
To keep man's faith in nobleness alive,
Make him to baste things a little blind,
And with wise hopefulness console mankind.
For this we put on motley to the view,
And travesty ourselves to comfort you.
Yet there is one whose venerated name
We humbly borrow, and will never shame,
Who needs no tinsel, trappings, nor disguise
To shine a Monarch in the whole world's eyes,
Waits for no prompter for the timely word,
And, when 'tis uttered, everything is heard;
Plays, through sheer goodness, a commanding part,
Speaks from the soul, and acts but from the heart.
Long may she linger, loved, upon the scene,
And long resound the prayer, "God save our gracious
Queen!"

Great painters, sculptors, musicians, and actors are careful not to lose their heads in the tumult of their emotions. Edwin Booth, so far as is known, never threw himself into his character but on one occasion, and then he was playing Bertuccio in "The King's Fool." It is related that he came off the stage at the conclusion of the performance convinced that he had surpassed all of his previous efforts, and that he was excited, thrilled, tingling with the emotions of the character into which he had blindly cast himself. But his daughter, Edwina Booth, who had been sitting in a stage-box, told him she had never seen him act so badly. For that one performance Booth deliberately had chosen to be the man and not the artist.

Enterprising New England hunters who live near the boundary line of Maine and New Hampshire, taking advantage of the bounty laws of each State, are getting double pay for each bear killed. New Hampshire pays so much for each pair of ears, while Maine keeps tally by the nose.

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—Santa Rosa Democrat, Jan. 21, 1897.

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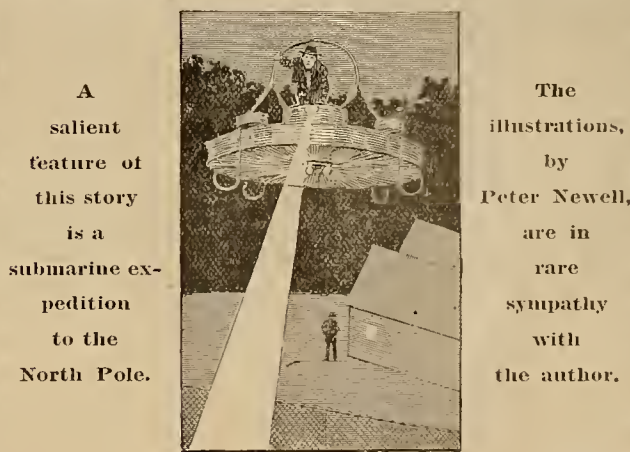
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THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS

A NEW NOVEL

By FRANK R. STOCKTON

A humorous romance of twentieth-century inventions



A BURGLAR AT SARDIS

HARPER'S FOR JUNE

LITERARY NOTES.

James Lane Allen's "The Choir Invisible."

The scenes of James Lane Allen's new story, "The Choir Invisible," are laid in his favorite Kentucky uplands, a century ago, but the main theme is one that neither time nor place can alter. It is the old story of a man's love for a woman, and in it Mr. Allen sets forth once more what might be called his religion—an exposition of the same ideals that raised his "Summer in Arcady" so infinitely above Zola's treatment of a similar theme in "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret." It is a religion that combines the pagan cult of physical beauty with the high ideals of chivalry, and in this book we are told of the source from which it is derived.

The story opens in 1795, when the trapper and the frontiersman were still familiar figures in the hamlets then beginning to dot the blue-grass country, and Mr. Allen presents a vivid panorama of the sturdy, simple, honest life that was then laying the foundations of the commonwealth. But in this brief notice we shall pass this by and present a few of the more important scenes in the love-story. The hero is John Gray, the village school-master, who is in love with Amy, the niece of Major Falconer. He has courted her for a year, and now that he has come in for a small fortune, he seeks her out to ask if she will be his wife. As he approaches her home, he comes upon Mrs. Falconer at work in her garden:

As he passed the garden, he saw standing in one corner, with a rake in her hand, a beautifully formed woman in homespun, and near by a negro lad dropping garden-seed. His eyes lighted up with pleasure; and, changing his course at once, he approached and leaned on the picket-fence.

"How do you do, Mrs. Falconer?"

She turned with a cry, dropping her rake and pushing her sun-bonnet back from her eyes.

"How unkind to frighten me!" she said, laughing as she recognized him; and then she came over to the fence and gave him her hand—beautiful, but hardened by work. A faint color had spread over her face.

"I didn't mean to frighten you," he replied, smiling at her fondly. "But I had rapped on the fence twice. I suppose you took me for a flicker; or you were too hasty with your gardening to hear me; or, maybe, you were too deep in your own thoughts."

"How do you happen to be out of school so early?" she asked, avoiding the subject.

"I was through with the lessons."

"You must have hurried."

"I did."

"And is that the way you treat people's children?"

"That's the way I treated them to-day."

"And then you came straight out here?"

"As straight and fast as my legs could carry me—with a good many interruptions."

She searched his face eagerly for a moment. Then her eyes fell and she turned her back to the seed-planting. He stood leaning over the fence with his hat in his hand, glancing impatiently at the house.

"How can you respect yourself, to stand there idling and see me hard at work?" she said, at length, without looking at him.

"But you do the work so well—better than I could! Besides, you are obeying a divine law. I have no right to keep you from doing the will of God. I observe you as one of the daughters of Eve—under the curse of toil."

"There's no divine command that I should plant beans. But it is my command that Amy shall. And this is Amy's work. Aren't you willing to work for her?" she asked, slowly raising her eyes to his face.

"I am willing to work for her, but I am not willing to do her work!" he replied. "If the queen sits quietly in the parlor, eating bread and honey"—and he nodded, protesting, toward the house.

"The queen's not in the parlor, eating bread and honey. She has gone to town to stay with Kitty Poythress till after the hall."

She noted how his expression instantly changed, and how, unconscious of his own action, he shifted his face back to the direction of the town.

"Her uncle was to take her in to-morrow," she went on, still watching him, "but not she and Kitty must see each other to-night; and her uncle must be sure to bring her party finery in the gig to-morrow. I'm sorry you had your walk for nothing; but you'll stay to supper!"

"Thank you; I must go back presently."

"Didn't you expect to stay when you came?"

He flushed and laughed in confusion.

"If you'll stay, I'll make you a johnny-cake, on a new ash shingle, with my own hands."

"Thank you, I really must go back. But if there's a johnny-cake made, I could easily take it along."

"My johnny-cakes do not hear transportation."

"I wouldn't transport it far, you know."

"Do stay! Major Falconer will be so disappointed. He said at dinner there was so many things he wanted to talk to you about. He has been looking for you to come out. And then, we have had no news for weeks. The major has been too busy to go to town; and I—I am as dry as one of the gourd of Confucius."

His thoughts settled contentedly upon her once more and his face cleared.

"I can't stay to supper, but I'll keep the Indians away till the major comes," he said. "What were you thinking of when I surprised you?"

"What was I thinking of?"

She stopped working, while she repeated his words, and folded her hands about the handle of the hoe as if to rest awhile. A hand of her soft, shining hair, loosened by its own weight when she had bent over to thin some seed carelessly scattered in the furrow, now fell across her forehead. She pushed her bonnet back and stood gathering it a little absently into its place with the tips of her fingers. Meanwhile he could see that her eyes rested upon the edge of the wilderness. It seemed to him that she must be thinking of that; and he noted with pain, as often before, the contrast between her and her surroundings. From every direction the forest appeared to be rushing in upon that perilous little reef of a clearing—that unsheltered island of human life, newly displaying itself amid the ancient, blood-flecked, horror-haunted sea of woods. And shipwrecked on this island, tossed to it by one of the long tidal-waves of history, there to remain in exile from the manners, the refinement, the ease, the society to which she had always been accustomed, this remarkable girl.

But she does not tell him what she was thinking of. Instead, he tells her he intends to marry Amy. Mrs. Falconer urges him against being too precipitate, and says:

"You might remember this: some women in marrying demand all and give all; with good men they are the

happy; with base men they are the broken-hearted. Some demand everything and give little; with weak men they are tyrants; with strong men they are the divorced. Some demand little and give all; with congenial souls they are already in heaven; with uncongenial they are soon in their graves. Some give little and demand little: they are the heartless, and they bring neither the joy of life nor the peace of death."

"And which of these is Amy?" he said, after a minute of reflection. "And which of the men am I?"

"Don't ask her to marry you until you find out both," she answered.

He has a series of misunderstandings with Amy, who is an arrogant coquette and as absolutely selfish as only a certain type of pretty women can be; and in the midst of his doubts, he is set upon by a panther and severely hurt. Mrs. Falconer nurses him, and one day during his convalescence, she brings him a book:

"I have brought you a book," she said, smiling and laying her cheek against a rose newly placed by his Testament. For a moment she scrutinized him with intense penetration. Then she added: "Will you read it wisely?"

"I will if I am wise," he replied, laughing. "Thank you," and he held out his hand for the book eagerly.

She clasped it more tightly, with the gayest laugh of irresolution. Her color deepened. A moment later, however, she recovered the simple and noble seriousness to which she had grown used as the one habit of her life with him.

"It is my old Bible of manhood," she continued, with rich solemness, "part worthless, part divine. Not Greek manhood—nor Roman manhood; they were too pagan. Not Semitic manhood: that—in its ideal, at least—was not pagan enough. But something better than any of these—something that is everything."

"We know what the Greeks were before everything else," she said, resolutely; "they were physical men: we think less of them spiritually in any sense of the idea that is valued by us; and of course we do not think of them at all as gentlemen: that involves of course the highest courtesy to women."

The Jews were of all things spiritual in the type of their striving. Their ancient system, and the system of the New Testament itself as it was soon taught and passed down to us, struck a deadly blow at the development of the body for its own sake—a physical beauty: and the highest development of the body is what the race can never do without. It struck another blow at the development of taste—at the luxury and grace of the intellect: which also the race can never do without. But in this old book you will find the starting-point of a new conception of ideal human life. It grew partly out of the pagan; it grew partly out of the Christian; it added from its own age something of its own. Nearly every nation of Europe has lived on it ever since—as its ideal. The whole world is being nourished by that ideal more and more. It is the only conception of itself that the race can never fall away from without harm, because it is the ideal of its own perfection. You know what I mean?" she asked, a little imperiously, as though she were talking to a green boy.

"What do you mean?" he asked, wondering. She had never spoken to him in this way. Her mood—the passionate, beautiful, embarrassed stress behind all this, was a bewildering revelation.

"I mean," she said, "that first of all things in this world a man must be a man—with all the grace and vigor and, if possible, all the beauty of the body. Then he must be a gentleman—with all the grace, the vigor, the good taste of the mind. And then with both of these—no matter what his creed, his dogmas, his superstitions, his religion—with both of these he must try to live a beautiful life of the spirit."

He looked at her eagerly, gratefully.

"You will find him all these," she resumed, dropping her eyes before his gratitude, which was much too personal. "You will find all these in this book: here are men who were men; here are men who were gentlemen; and here are gentlemen who served the unfallen life of the spirit."

She kept her eyes on the book. Her voice had become very grave and reverent. She had grown more embarrassed, but at last she went on as though resolved to finish: "So it ought to help you! It will help you. It will help you to be what you are trying to be. There are things here that you have sought and have never found. There are characters here whom you have wished to meet without ever having known that they existed. If you will always live by what is best in this book, love the best that it loves, hate what it hates, scorn what it scorns, follow its ideals to the end of the world, to the end of your life."

"Oh, but give it to me!" he cried, lifting himself impulsively on one elbow and holding out his hand for it. She came silently over to the bedside and placed it in his hand.

This book was Malory's "La Morte d'Arthur," and it is its lesson that Mr. Allen embodies again in "The Choir Invisible." John Gray finds that Amy had never cared for him, never been the woman he thought her, while Mrs. Falconer was the realization of all his ideals. A great love for her rises up in him, and he recognizes it at last. It is his struggle to keep this passion down, to live up to the ideals of the woman he loves, that makes the deepest interest of the story.

John has to go away to Philadelphia in a few days, and he fights a long and bitter combat with his lower self to keep from speaking. Once, even, he goes to the Falconers' cabin late at night; he sees this picture of a good woman in a loveless marriage:

The low window of the cabin was open and she was sitting there near the foot of her bed, perfectly still and looking out into the night. Her face rested in one palm, her elbow on the window-sill. Her night-gown had slipped down from her arm. The only sleepless thing in all the peace of that summer night: the exquisite image of mated loneliness.

He was so close that he could hear the loud, regular breathing of a sleeper on the bed, just inside the shadow. Once the breathing stopped abruptly; and a moment later, as though in reply to a command, he heard her say, without turning her head:

"I am coming."

The voice was sweet and dutiful; but to an ear that could have divined everything, so dead worn away with weariness.

Then he saw an arm put forth. Then he heard the shutter being fastened on the inside.

His final struggle with his passion is fought out that night. The problem before him and his solution of it are thus set forth:

If he confessed his love and found that she felt but friendship for him, there was the first tragedy. The wrong in him would lack the answering wrong in her which sometimes, when the two are put together, so

nearly makes up the right. From her own point of view, he would merely be offering her a delicate, ineffaceable insult. If she had been the sort of woman by whose vanity every conquest is welcomed as a tribute and pursued as an aim, he could never have cared for her at all. Thus while his love took its very origin from his belief of her nobility, he was premeditating the means of having her prove to him that this did not exist.

If he told her everything and surprised her love for him, there was the second tragedy. For over there, beyond the scene of such a confession, he could not behold her as anything else than a fatally lowered woman. The agony of this, even as a possibility, overwhelmed him in advance. To require of her that she should have a nature of perfect loyalty and at the same time to ask her to pronounce her own falseness—what happiness could that bring to him? If she could be faithless to one man because she loved another, could she not be false to the second, if in time she grew to love a third? Out of the depths even of his loss of her the terrible cry was wrung from him that no love could long be possible between him and any woman who was not free to love him.

And so, at last, with that mingling of selfish and unselfish motives which is like the mixed blood of the heart itself, he had chosen the third tragedy: the silence that would, at least, leave each of them blameless. And so he had come finally to that high, cold table-land where the sun of Love shines rather as the white luminary of another world than the red quickener of this.

The next day he goes to take his last farewell of her. After he has told her all the book she gave him has done for him, their parting is thus described. It is she who speaks:

"Oh, if you ever marry, don't make the mistake of treating the woman as an ideal! Treat her in every way as a human being exactly like yourself! With the same weakness, the same struggles, the same temptations! And as you have some mercy on yourself despite your faults, have some mercy on her despite hers."

"I could never think of you as I think of myself!" he cried, the guilty blood rushing into his face in the old struggle of yearning to tell her everything.

"Oh, as for me—what do you know of me!" she cried, laughing. And then more quickly:

"I have read your face! What do you read in mine?"

He looked long into it:

"All that I have most wished to see in the face of any woman—except one thing!"

"What is it? But don't tell me!"

She turned away toward the garden gate. In silence they passed out—walking toward the edge of the clearing. Half-way she paused. He lifted his hat and held out his hand. She laid hers in it, and they gave each other the long, clinging grasp of affection.

"Always be a good man," she said, tightening her grasp and turning her face away.

As he was hurrying off, she called to him in a voice full of emotion:

"Come back!"

He wheeled and walked toward her, blindly.

She scanned his face, feature by feature.

"Take off your hat!" she said, with a tremulous little laugh. He did so, and she looked at his forehead and his hair.

"Go now, dear friend!" she said, calmly but quickly.

This is not the end, but we have seen the couple through their great crisis. How it ends we leave the reader to discover from the book itself.

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Mrs. Atherton's Confessions.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has been moved to reply to the slatings her recent work, "Patience Sparhawk and her Times," has been receiving. She declares, in a recent letter to a Californian, that she, did not write "Patience" in obedience to a prevailing taste, as the first date of copyright will prove. "A year and a half before," she says, "when I began the book, the type of novel which ruled the market some time after had not sent out a herald." She maintains that our literature has not represented us, "for we are the most sensational, heterogeneous, and chaotic race on earth, and our novels would lead the outsider to believe that our veins were packed with weak tea and our skulls with the philosophy of the ages." She states that, though she usually takes a very keen pleasure in her work, the writing of this book gave her no pleasure whatever; nevertheless, she claims that it is "the most truthful American novel that has been written."

In defense of writing about other places than California—which seems to have been brought against her as an accusation—she inquires "what is the use of writing stories which no one will read." She says she made exactly twelve dollars on the book edition of "The Doomsman," and the Lippincotts were so disappointed in the sale of the magazine in which it first appeared that they did not feel justified in bringing it out between boards. She does not believe a hundred copies of "Before the Gringo Came" were sold, and the stories were "refused by nearly every magazine in the United States." The *Cosmopolitan* and *Lippincott's* printed two or three of the smaller ones—"the rest I had to send to England"—with what result she does not state. Mrs. Atherton explains this apathy with the "brutal truth" that "the people in the Eastern States care nothing for California." As for California itself, she thinks that "if all residents of the State possessed the highest admiration for her earlier efforts," as her correspondent had stated, they have a peculiar way of showing it. "Not only did they refuse," she says, "to buy my books which treated California subjects, but their press, when not abusing me, studiously ignores me."

Mrs. Atherton's experience of the San Francisco press has extended over nine years, and "if there is anything pettier on this planet, I have been fortunate enough to escape it." The only books she has written that she cares a rap about are "The Doomsman" and "Before the Gringo Came," and she asserts that "their appearance was a signal event in California history." Yet she doubts if they are on the shelves of ten California libraries. Mrs. Atherton, nevertheless, has written another California novel and is at work upon still another.

For the Boulevard Fund.

Something more than three thousand dollars was added to the boulevard fund by the recent special race days at the Ingleside Track, but it is still several hundred dollars short of the amount needed to complete the work outlined. Accordingly, arrangements have been made for a series of trotting and running races at the Ingleside Track to take place on Monday, May 31st, Decoration Day. The event will be under the general management of the boulevard committee, but the races will be arranged by the Golden Gate Park Driving Association. Handsome prizes have been offered for all the events, and the list of entries so far made indicates that there will be several exciting contests. There will be music throughout the afternoon, and every effort will be made to make the event a pleasant one. The first race will be run at one o'clock in the afternoon, instead of at two. The price of admission has been set at the low sum of fifty cents, and it is confidently expected that a handsome sum will be netted for the fund.

In Vienna the height of a house must not exceed eighty-two feet; the floor of the last story must not be more than sixty-five feet six inches above the level of the street. When the ground slopes, this measure must be taken from the highest point. The house must not have more than five stories, including the cellar and attics.

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STAGE GOSSIP

The Frawley Company's Return.

The Frawley Company will begin its engagement at the Columbia Theatre on Monday evening. This will inaugurate the third annual engagement of this organization, which has advanced steadily in popularity and artistic character since its first season. The present company is an excellent one. At its head are two leading ladies, Blanche L. Bates and Eleanor Moretti, with Georgia Busby, Gladys Wallis, Phoebe McAllister, and Madge Carr Cook to fill out the feminine side of the organization, and Mr. Frawley, Frank Worthing, Harry Conson Clark, J. M. Colville, Theodore Hamilton, Thomas M. Ross, Wilson Enos, H. S. Duffield, George Bosworth, and William Lemers on the other side of the house. Their repertoire is a very extensive one, including several plays that have met with success in the East and abroad during the past two or three years.

The opening play will be "The Fatal Card," a melodrama by Haddon Chambers and B. C. Stephenson. It ran for more than two hundred nights in New York, and promises to make a most auspicious beginning for the season here.

A Revival of "Nanon."

The last performances of "Martha" at the Tivoli will be given this (Saturday) and Sunday evenings, and on Monday next there will be a revival of Genée's brilliant light opera, "Nanon." It is a long time since "Nanon" has been given here, and this revival should prove popular with the Tivoli patrons. The story is a romantic one with plenty of fun in it, and the music is of a pleasing nature.

The cast will be the best that the Tivoli stock company can furnish. Rafael will be the Marquis d'Aubigne; Ferris Hartman will be the Marquis de Marsillac; Rhys Thomas will be the country-bred youth, Hector; W. H. West, the sly abbé; Myra Morella will have the title rôle; Laura Millard will be the stately Ninon—a rôle she sang with the Conreid and Carleton opera companies; Bernice Holmes will be the Mme. de Maintenon; and Elvia Crox-Seabrooke will be Ninon's page.

It is at last definitely announced that the Tivoli's first annual review, "Miss Frisco," will be presented on Monday, June 7th.

Dancing in a Lion's Cage.

There are to be a number of novelties at the Orpheum next week, including Billy Carter, an old-time minstrel who has not lost his cunning with the banjo; Morton and Elliott, a musical team who perform wonders with the harmonica; and a new trio, Perry and Lulu Ryan and Emma Wood, who have an up-to-date entertainment to offer. But the leading novelty is Adgie, a handsome young woman who has three trained lions in such a state of subjection that, though they have been in captivity only two years or so, she goes into the cage with them and performs several pretty dances.

In addition to these new features, the best parts of this week's programme will be retained. Omene—who was here years ago when the Kiralfy Brothers brought their last "Around the World" company to the California—will continue her clever feats of legerdemain and her mystifying psychometry; the Baggesens will introduce new features in their waiter sketch; and the Eclair Brothers and Jules and Ella Garrison will fill out a very satisfactory evening's entertainment.

The Lilliputians.

Nat Goodwin's farewell performance at the Baldwin Theatre this (Saturday) evening will consist of four acts. The comedian will be seen in an act each of "An American Citizen," "David Garrick," and "The Rivals," and he will also present the one-act comedietta, "The Silent System."

The Baldwin will remain closed next week, and on Sunday evening, June 6th, the Lilliputians will begin a two-weeks' engagement. It is two years since these funny little German comedians were last here, but they have not been forgotten. They are quite unlike anything else now on the stage, and, aside from their novelty, they have won a warm place in the hearts of theatre-goers for their undoubted ability in comedy lines.

They will present a new play this year. It is entitled "The Merry Tramps," and in its handsome spectacular effects resembles the pieces in which the Lilliputians have been seen here before. In the rôle of the three merry tramps, Franz Ebert, Adolph Zink, and Bertha Jaeger find full opportunity to display their versatility as actors, singers, and dancers. A feature of the performance is three grand ballets,

in one of which is introduced a burlesque of the Barrison Sisters.

Ed. Stevens to Return.

The grand-opera season at the Tivoli, which was to have begun in July, has been necessarily postponed, as the management has concluded arrangements to have Edwin Stevens play an engagement of two months there, commencing on Monday, June 21st. Stevens was last seen here with the Daly Company at the Baldwin, making a particularly favorable impression as the Russian general in "The Countess Gucki." But his first successes were made at the Tivoli in comic opera. He has lately been playing in "The Geisha" in New York, having the principal comedy rôle for several months, and more recently he has created a part in a new operetta, "1999," in Philadelphia. What opera Mr. Stevens will make his Tivoli re-appearance in has not been decided, but it is known that an elaborate production of "Wang," De Wolf Hopper's opera, will be given during his engagement.

A New Enterprise.

Arrangements have been made by which the Orpheum Theatre Company is to have a five years' lease of the theatre known as the People's Palace, at the corner of Eddy and Mason Streets. Architects have already been employed to remodel the interior of the building and erect a stage large enough to accommodate the most complete opera companies. This work, it is expected, will be finished in about two months, and then the novelty of a "continuous performance" entertainment will be tried. Such performances have been given in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia for two or three years past, and have proved veritable Golcondas for their managers. They are given at cheap prices—ten, twenty, and thirty cents will be the scale here—but the class of entertainment given is not of the cheap order that would indicate. As a result of the popular craze for vaudeville entertainments, some of the best people in light opera and the lower grades of comedy have been appearing in continuous performances in the East, and Manager Walter intends to conduct the new house on the same plane as the Orpheum. He has recently been in New York, and left last Thursday for Europe, where he intends to secure some remarkable novelties for the opening. Inasmuch as the new theatre, which is to be rechristened "The Olympia," has a seating capacity of thirty-five hundred, the enterprise should prove a bonanza in spite of the cheap prices.

Notes.

Nancy McIntosh is the latest recruit in the Daly Company.

The New York *Sun* says that Marie Wainright, who is now abroad, will appear in vaudeville next season.

Caroline Miskel Hoyt, the wife of Charles Hoyt, the playwright, will retire from the stage at the end of this season.

Pauline Hall is going this summer to Berlin, where she has an engagement, and after that she expects to sing in Paris.

J. M. Colville, who is to play leading heavy rôles with the Frawley Company this season, was for some time leading man in Clara Morris's company. He will be in the cast of "The Fatal Card."

A performance of "La Traviata" will be given at the Baldwin Theatre to-morrow (Sunday) night by the Italian Philharmonic Society. The cast will include Ida Valerga, F. Valerga, D. Valerga, Miss T. Valerga, and others.

Instead of going to Honolulu this season, as has been the custom of the Frawley Company, they will play engagements in Chicago, Baltimore, Washington, and Philadelphia. This will be the first venture of the company east of Omaha.

Mrs. Leslie Carter will spend her vacation at Santa Barbara. The next tour of "The Heart of Maryland," with Mrs. Carter in the title rôle, will begin at the Baldwin after the summer season. David Belasco, by the way, is writing a new play for her.

Thomas M. Ross, one of the new members of the Frawley Company, is a brother of Hope Ross. He is a light comedian, and will take George Leslie's place. He will make his first appearance on Monday evening in "The Fatal Card," playing the opposite rôle to Gladys Wallis.

After the Lilliputians re-open the Baldwin, there will be very few vacations at that theatre this season. The Lyceum Theatre Company, John Drew, and "My Friend from India" will fill out the summer season, and the bookings, including several notable companies, extend well up into the fall.

Alice Nielson, whom the New York papers now speak of as "the present prima donna of the Bostonians," leaves that company at the end of the present season and will sail for Europe in July to study with Marchesi in Paris. Her place will be taken in the Bostonian troupe next year by Hilda Clark.

The production of "Under the Red Robe" has been so successful in London that rehearsals of the

play announced to succeed it, "You Can Never Tell," have been discontinued. The New York production was to have been withdrawn a fortnight ago, but Mr. Frohman cabled over from London instructions to continue it as late in the summer as it remained profitable.

Georgia Busby made her first appearance with Charles Frohman's company in "All the Comforts of Home." Since then she has played in Marie Wainright's company, with Palmer's stock company, and in "The Heart of Maryland." For the past five months she has been in New York, where she created the leading rôle of Chauncey Olcott's new play, "Sweet Inniscara."

The *entente cordiale* between England and America is being very pleasantly confirmed by the reception London is giving to American actors. It was not so long ago that Augustin Daly was the only American manager who could hope for more than a *succès d'estime* in the British metropolis. But one venture, some pioneer after another has been conquering new territory. The latest instance of this is Gillett's "Secret Service," of which the cable reports a very warm reception on its production there. This is the more remarkable because not only are all the members of the company Americans, but the play itself is founded on our Civil War.

The Lyceum Theatre stock company's engagement at the Baldwin will last four weeks, during which time they will present four plays, "The Prisoner of Zenda," and three novelties, "The Late Mr. Costella," "The First Gentleman of Europe," and "The Mayflower." The company is an unusually strong one, including Mary Manneing, Katharine Florence, Bessie Tyree, Mrs. Charles Walcott, Mrs. Thomas Whiffen, Maud Odell, Grace Root, Jessie Mackave, James K. Hackett, Charles Walcott, Felix Morris, Frank R. Mills, Edward J. Morgan, Joseph Wheelock, Jr., William Courtleigh, John Findlay, Vaughan Glaser, and others. The first play will be "The Prisoner of Zenda," and the cast will include in the principal rôles Messrs. Hackett, Morgan, and Walcott, and Misses Manneing and Odell.

The Bashi-Bazouks are to the Turkish army what the Cossacks are to the Russian. The Cossacks are, however, immeasurably their superiors in all that goes to make the soldier. Bashi-Bazouks are almost without discipline; their courage is that of the wild beast seeking its prey, and once on the war-path they are merciless. It was the Bashi-Bazouks who, by their monstrous cruelties, gave such point to the pen and tongue of Mr. Gladstone at the time of the "Bulgarian atrocities." These wolves have been ordered to the Thessalian frontier. Bashi-Bazouk means "hot-brained." From every quarter of the empire and its numerous suzerainties this horde of cut-throats has been gathered—from Diarbekar, from Yemen, from the far-off Soudan, from every nook and corner of the Caucasus, and from every other imperial slum. Their motto is "Kill—kill!" to which they freely add "and rob!" Their weapons are the long lance, such as is used by the Cossack, the sabre, two or three pistols, and as many murderous-looking daggers.

Mr. Otto D'Aubertin is engaged in modeling an allegorical figure to be called "The Coquette." He has almost completed his sketch, which shows a wifely young woman, in a pose of careless abandon, tantalizing a serpent with a dove. A recently finished sketch of a simpler conception of his "Kiss of Death" is to be seen in his studio.

At Partington's School of Magazine and Newspaper Illustration an exhibition is being held of about one hundred and fifty drawings and sketches by the students of the school. There was a large and interested attendance yesterday. The exhibition will be open from two until six o'clock this afternoon.

In New York is S. Carmon Harriott, whose father left him a large fortune, which is to go to Carmon's wife as soon as he gets one. This extraordinary provision has prevented young Harriott from getting married.

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VANITY FAIR.

Although he has been in London only three or four weeks, United States Ambassador Hay has achieved a distinction as yet attained by no other representative of the American people. The scale of expenditure on which he has established his household and the gorgeousness of his *entourage* cause even the English people to gape. Colonel Hay has taken one of the finest houses in probably the most expensive residential street in the world, Carlton House Terrace, for which he pays more than fifteen thousand dollars for three months. He is the first representative of the United States to bring over his own horses and carriages, instead of hiring or buying what he could find in London, and his equipages are pointed out by the London swells as doing credit to Hyde Park. "Among the interesting features of American life to be seen in London just now," says the *Telegraph*, "are the ambassador's horses. Everybody associates American horses with a spidery-looking road-wagon or a gig, and imagines that the animals themselves should be lean, tall, and narrow, as well as able to trot a mile in two minutes. The carriage-horses which have just been brought over by Mr. Hay display none of the unpleasant characteristics of the American trotter. On the contrary, they are well-conducted, exceedingly handsome steppers, such as would command attention any day for their beauty at Aldridge's or Tattersall's. There are five of them, two for the hrougham and two for the landau, with a stylish cob for the use of Miss Hay in Hyde Park. The two American vehicles attract more attention in London than the steeds. Both are by the most fashionable New York carriage-builder, are rubber-tired, exquisitely varnished and polished, and they have the monogram 'J. H.' in light colors, on the doors. The peculiarity of these carriages from across the water is their lightness. They seem to combine to a remarkable degree the strength which American builders had to arrange for in the trotting-wagons and sulkies with lightness."

A little zone of silk or satin, with the fewest possible bones, is the new corset. "For this decrease in the size and strength of stays," said a French *corsetière*, "the new American passion for sport is directly responsible, and the same thing is becoming the case in Paris. It is all the fault of the wheel and the golf clubs. The women who come into my shop to be fitted and measured demand less and less whalebone, fewer steels than ever before, and some of them wish they needed to wear no corset at all. Just look, for instance, upon this corset and on that," and the Frenchwoman laid two pairs of stays side by side. The first was a shapely affair, measuring seventeen inches from top to bottom of the front steel, compounded of the stiffest couille and fifty choice whalebones, six side steels, and ten steel bust braces. It was the approved corset, according to the pattern of which thousands were made two years ago. The other was the '97 corset, a perfect pigmy in proportions, in which just twelve bones appear, while the length is but nine inches. Instead of couille, silk, or satin, a durable cotton net is the material used. "You could hardly call that a hand of steel in a glove of velvet, could you?" said the Frenchwoman, "especially as there are only two steels, instead of six, any longer used in our best corsets, and those two must be very thin and flexible. The idea of this mere belt is but to give the figure slight support and to leave the hips, waist, and arms free for athletic action."

There is said to have commenced in London a demand for the sedan-chair as a vehicle of fashionable travel. One firm, according to a newspaper paragraph, is busy in the manufacture of these relics, which of recent years have proved useful only as ornaments or on the stage. The new chairs are not to be decorated as of old with paintings or gilded moldings, but the colors popular for the decoration of ordinary vehicles will be used. They will be painted black, dark green, blue, or maroon, with light yellow, green, and red for trimmings. The chairs will be very light, and the promoters of the scheme are said to expect their profit from the use of the vehicles for evening-parties, dinners, or other gatherings, where the distance to be traveled is not great. Other passengers will not be carried, and the interior of the chairs will in this way be kept perfectly clean, and wraps or dresses of light color are not likely to be soiled.

A New York club was horrified recently to discover that one of the new members had a compound name, of which one-half was used in his business and the other half in his social relations. Under one of his names this man was a woman's tailor, and the other half of the cognomen was the one under which he got into the club. Almost as much surprise was created in a club, not long ago, when it was discovered that a certain new and youthful member was not at all the person he was supposed to be. This young man got into a club in which he had no large acquaintance. As the organization was an old and exclusive one, with very few young members, the sudden success of this young man surprised his friends. It was only after some little time that it became known how the unusual honor had come to this very inconspicuous person. He was the possessor of a name very well known in New York, but he was not in the remotest way related to the family that dignified the name. There are, indeed, no young men in the family, but it was generally believed in the club that after a good many years another representative of this old family had come up for admission. So he was promptly elected over the heads of a great many candidates who had been long on the waiting-list. It must have surprised the new member as much as it did everybody else to observe the unusual consideration shown to him. He was quiet on the subject, however, and may still be wholly ignorant of a fact that is known to nearly everybody else in the organization.

Women have always had the reputation of being match-makers. But according to a writer in the *Bazar* men, though seldom spoken or thought of in such capacity, are women's active rivals in it. How often a man, newly married, becomes of a sudden a matrimonial missionary! He assails all his bachelor friends on the subject, glowing over the convenience, comfort, joy, and desirableness of conjugal life. If any one of his friends puts it politely, saying he can not afford the luxury, or that he is not constitutionally fitted to duality, the fresh husband has his cue. That is, that marriage is an economy (in most cases a downright, palpable falsehood); and that in regard to unfitness, he had thought, before he tried it, the same thing about himself. But he had been delightfully disappointed, adding that every man (an assertion to be received with great allowance) is vastly better off married than single. Many a man who would gladly be a husband, who is really domestic by nature, is deterred from matrimony by insufficient income. But when assured, not only by newly married men, but by fathers, that they spend very little more than they did as bachelors (what extravagant bachelors they must have been!), he can hardly fail to be convinced of the economy of wedlock. A feminine match-maker is rarely so practical as a masculine match-maker, hence less likely to deceive. She inclines to generalities and sentimentalities; she beguiles her pairs by painting their future in roseate colors, by suppressing the prosy side of conjugal things. He portrays what is not, and reports imaginary facts. If the ensnared were to tell who had ensnared them, would they not name at least two men to one woman?

The craze for illustration in the weeklies and monthlies and recreation and fashion journals of the day has created a new occupation, that of the photograph-getter. The photograph-getter accumulates a collection of rare likenesses and reuts them out at so much a head, to be used for illustrating articles. People who are known to be approachable are not worth so much in the field as those who are suspected of objecting to notoriety. The pictures of conspicuous society women who are frequently heard to declare that they would not give their photographs to anybody for publication, are rated in New York at five dollars, or, perhaps, as high as seven dollars. Those of women whose features have appeared once or twice in proximity to type bring only two dollars and fifty cents, but all have a value. Only pictures of professionals are valueless to the photograph-getter. They are a drug in the market, no matter how fair of form and feature or how unique or artistic. The photograph-getter should be, if not actually in the swim, at least close on the verge thereof. Her five-dollar and seven-dollar photographs can be secured only by consummate diplomacy, in regular and not irregular fashion. There must be a personal introduction, with no suspicion of the ulterior motive behind it. "I've turned in six photographs this week," said a veteran of the craft to a *Sun* reporter the other day; "all never published before. How do I get them? By simply going on my knees to the people and eating whole slices of humble pie. Do I write much? Oh, I don't write at all. I couldn't, with all that is on my mind. After all, the writing does not signify; it is the illustration that is the main point."

Women in London are once more beginning to wear great bunches of natural flowers on the left shoulder. It is a pretty fashion, and originated in America. It is disastrously extravagant, however, for flowers, no matter how carefully arranged, must exude some moisture, and now that tulles and delicate laces are being so much worn the result is ruin. Bouquets are not to be carried by smart women there this season. They became such cumbersome and overweighted masses of floweriness last year that they were found to be seriously in the way. A few roses tucked into the bodice, or held loosely in the hand, or tied to a fan, are all *de rigueur*, and very pretty and simple the style is. The wearing of the turban for evening coiffures is still being vigorously advocated by some smart women, and will become a popular form of head-dress in spite of the 1830 styles.

At the beginning of the century the Magnats, or higher aristocracy of Hungary, lived in a semi-regal luxury. Their official court-dress, which is quite oriental in its richness and splendor, alone recalls the feudal period of the Hungarian aristocracy. Their country châteaux are lordly in nothing but their hospitality. If a stranger drives up in his carriage to the entrance door of a Hungarian chateau, immediately and before any questions are asked concerning the visitor's business, even before the master of the house has made his appearance, a legion of servants

rush forward and carry the visitor's baggage to one of the half-dozen rooms always ready to receive guests, invited or otherwise. Twelve o'clock is the usual time for dinner, and four or five empty seats are always prepared for guests who might arrive. When the Hungarians wish to honor more particularly a guest, a succession of fifteen or twenty courses are served at dinner, but as the Magyars have, in everything, the utmost respect for individual liberty, no guest is ever pressed to eat or drink. After dinner, guests and hosts take a long drive over the estates of the chateau, or pay a visit to the neighboring castle. If it is a Sunday, a visit is made to the nearest village, where a peasant country dance is in full swing. Supper at the chateau takes place between seven and eight, after which a dance is given or a whist-party is indulged in. The next morning everything is silent in the house until ten o'clock; much like in England and Scotland, breakfast is taken when one pleases, at no fixed hour. During the whole morning the noble owner of the mansion is extremely busy. The upper Hungarian aristocracy still manage the business details of their estates themselves, and, as may be imagined, this is no small work, since many of these domains are larger than some petty German states. Such is the every-day life of an Hungarian nobleman. In winter he generally goes with his family to spend a few months in Buda-Pesth.

When you go to a private view in London you only look at the pictures by accident; it is the people you have really come to see. You walk about and stand about for hours in your best frock, your smartest and newest shoes, and the most sublime hat you can manage to evolve. Your gown is usually too tight, your shoes are frequently ditto, and your *chapeau*, ten chances to one, is frightfully top-heavy. Still all these sorrows must be borne with a heightened color and as pleased an expression as you can manage to work up. Duchesses dig their elbows into your ribs, you step apologetically upon the patent-leather toes of a duke, marchionesses disarrange the back of your skirt, and marquises are apt to ogle you through an eye-glass. The greatest actresses and the most celebrated *demi-mondaines* rub shoulders, while actors, artists, *litterateurs*, and cabinet ministers are as thick as peas. It is all very amusing and entertaining if you only have a keen sense of humor. If you are not blessed with this gift of the gods a private view is no sort of use for you to go to. Give your coveted ticket away and wait till the crush is over and you can get in for a shilling.

One of the queerest features of court life in Europe is the marriage by proxy of royal personages. There are at the present moment no less than three royal ladies who have been thus wedded—the Queen-Regent of Spain, the Dowager-Queen of Portugal, and the ex-Queen of Naples. Kings and reigning sovereigns are held to be too important personages to be married anywhere else than in their own dominions. On the other hand, it is held to be *infra dignitate* for a spinster princess of the blood, who is about to blossom forth into a full-fledged queen or empress, to travel abroad in quest of a consort. In order to meet this difficulty, the royal or imperial bridegroom delegates one of the principal nobles of the realm, who goes through the religious and civil portion of the wedding ceremony in the capital of the bride's country on behalf of his master, making the responses for him and tendering his hand, as well as the ring, at the prescribed points of the ceremony. He then accompanies her to his master's dominions, acting as her chief escort. According to the ideas of the church, a ceremony of this kind is sufficiently binding upon the bride and upon the royal bridegroom to render any further ceremony, ecclesiastical or civil, superfluous; and when any additional religious function takes place it usually assumes the form of a "Te Deum" and a solemn benediction, attended by both husband and wife immediately on the arrival of the latter in the capital of her adopted country.

The Second Summer.

Many mothers believe, is the most precarious in a child's life; generally it may be true, but you will find that mothers and physicians familiar with the value of the Gall Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk do not so regard it.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A former friend, who met Robert Lowe, afterward Viscount Sherbrooke, in London, is said to have accosted him with the remark: "Don't you remember me? I used to know you in Australia," and to have met with the rebuff, "Yes, and when I meet you again in Australia, I shall be happy to know you."

A little Boston girl, about four or five years old, was enjoying a slide upon the sidewalk, when her heels flew up and she fell with great force upon the stones. A lady picked her up, and asked, kindly: "You poor little mite, how did you fall?" The tiny child looked up into her kind friend's face, and, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, sobbed: "Vertically, ma'am."

The little maiden had a French nurse, of whom she was very fond. One day this nurse departed, and her small charge wandered about the house, upstairs and down, into the garden and back again, and finally hung about her mother, who was busy just then with the baby. Receiving no attention, she turned away, saying dejectedly: "Nobody loves me. I guess I'll go down in the garden and eat hogs. I ate free yes-day—two smooove ones and one woolly one."

A Georgia lawyer, who had a case in which conviction for his client seemed certain, closed his argument with a Scriptural quotation. To the amazement of all, the jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty" without leaving their seats. After court had adjourned, the lawyer approached the foreman. "I am curious to know," he said, "just on what point of law you based your verdict?" "It wasn't no law point, colonel," replied the foreman, "but we couldn't jest git over that Scripture."

An old darkey was encountered by the expedition sent by Uncle Sam for the relief of sufferers by the Mississippi floods. Uncle Eph was in a dilapidated-looking skiff or dugout, which he was having considerable trouble to keep afloat. He was busy paddling with one hand and bailing out his craft with the other when the relief-boat came within hailing distance of him. The captain of the relief-boat called to him: "Hello, there, uncle! What do you want?" "Nothing but wings, boss," was the answer.

General and Mrs. Grant, while at Berlin, were shown by Bismarck the great chamber where the commission to settle the terms of the Russo-Turkish peace was then sitting. Mrs. Grant asked him what it was all for, and he looked very much surprised at her apparent ignorance. She hastened to answer that she knew that it was to settle the terms of the war between the Russians and the Turks, but she could not see what the Germans had to do with it. Prince Bismarck straightened himself up. His face at first was quite sober, but his mouth soon softened into a smile, and he replied: "To tell you the truth, madam, Russia has taken too much Turkey, and we are helping her to digest it."

When Wagner published his "Rienzi" he sent a copy to Offenbach, with a request that he would say what he thought of it. Offenbach had previously read some of Wagner's poems and had made fun of them. After some three weeks the score of "Rienzi" was returned to its composer, with a slip, on which was written: "Dear Wagner, your music is trash; stick to poetry." This, of course, enraged Wagner greatly, and some months later he was out with one of his celebrated brochures denouncing the Jews. It was a fine opportunity for revenge—Offenbach being an Israelite—and the brochure was in the hands of Offenbach in no time. Two days elapsed and Wagner had the pamphlet back. When he opened it, this is what he found written on the front page: "Dear Wagner, your brochure is rot; stick to music."

One night Whistler dropped into Sir Henry Irving's rooms to dinner. Other guests were present, but Whistler alone was silent. Two of his landscapes adorned the walls, and apparently he wanted no further entertainment. Every few minutes he would jump up from the table to get a better view of his own work. At length, after a prolonged examination of these studies in moonlight and moon-land, he cried out, "Irving, Irving, look what you've done!" "What's the matter?" inquired Irving, calmly walking up to the pictures. "Matter?" thundered Whistler; "why, the matter is that these pictures have been hung upside down, and you have never noticed it. I suppose they have been like this for months?" "I suppose they have," replied Irving; "but I think I might be excused, since it has taken you—the man who painted them—over an hour to discover that they are upside down."

During Lord Rosebery's term as foreign secretary in Mr. Gladstone's last administration, he was often annoyed by an elderly female who paid him daily visits. Finally he gave the door-keepers orders not to admit her under any circumstances. However, one day she happened to meet the secretary just as he was about to enter his carriage. "Lord Rose-

bery," said she, breathlessly, "I must see you on a most important subject, and at once." "Very well, madam," said the urbane secretary of state, holding open the door of the vehicle for her, "I beg of you to get in." Delighted to be invited to drive with so important a personage, the talkative lady jumped into the carriage, Rosebery gently closing the door on her, and before she could expostulate, she heard him saying to the coachman: "Take the lady wherever she wishes to go, James, and then home." Looking out of the window, the now irate occupant saw her late victim stepping into a cab.

Landseer was once present at a party when the conversation turned upon feats of manual dexterity, and a lady exclaimed: "Well, there is one thing nobody has ever done, and that is to draw two things at once!" "Oh, yes, I think I can do that," returned Landseer; and with a pencil in each hand, he drew rapidly and simultaneously the profile of a stag's head, with all its antlers complete, and the perfect profile of a horse's head. Both drawings were full of energy. Landseer, when deer-stalking in the Scottish Highlands, often disgusted the gillies by leading them on a long tramp with more sketching than shooting. On one occasion, the men were astonished, just as a magnificent stag came in the way, to have Sir Edwin's gun thrust into their hands, with the words: "Here, take this!" while the sketch-hook was pulled hastily out. The gillies could not refrain from expressing a forcible opinion at this conduct among themselves. "But," one of them added, "Sir Edwin must have understood Gaelic, for he was out of temper for the rest of the day."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Air-Ship Craze.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are:
Comet on your nightly trip,
On some stray, aerial ship.

When the evening sun is gone,
Like an overcoat in pawn,
Then it is your brilliant speck
Causes men to rubberneck.

And the traveler in the dark
Sees your eighteen-carat spark;
Tells of it next morning—then
Listeners mutter, "Drunk again."

—Chicago Record.

The New Journalism.

In the interest of the *Blatherskite* she had gone to far Fiji

To investigate the cannibal's *cuisine*:
The result of her "Exposures" forced her rapidly to flee,
Or she might have graced the royal soup-tureen.

In pursuance of her duties she'd been strung up by the neck

To describe a lady's feelings when she's hung;
And in a diver's dress she once descended on a wreck,
An adventure nearly costing her a lung.

In a patent safety coffin she had patiently allowed
Herself to be interred to prove its worth;
Though forgotten through some oversight she uttered not a word
Of complaint about her sojourn under earth.

Devotion to her work this young woman proved by acts,
And risks and dangers never made her quail;
But she kicked when they assigned her to secure some
"Inside facts."

About Jonah's being swallowed by the whale!

—New York Sun.

The Office-Seeker.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow'll be the greatest day in all my whole career,
Of all my mad career, mother, the grandest, greatest day,
For I am to take an office from McKinley's on the way.

I don't know what 'twill be, mother—I've put in bids for five—

But one will make your little son the happiest man alive:
Ambassador to Spain, mother, Collector of the Port,
Or maybe he will send me to the brilliant Russian Court.

I may be Consul-General to the Afghan or the Boer;
I may get in the Treasury or the Interior;

Or possibly I'll go back to my dear old native coast
As Master of the Post, Mother, as Master of the Post.

As matters not at all, mother, just what I soon shall be,
As long as now he's in, mother, McKinley thinks of me;
And if, as I shall hope, mother, I get a sincere,
That I shall spend my days with you, you may be very sure.

So wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow'll be the grandest day in all my whole career,
I want to hear the postman's foot that brings to you and me

Just what it is McKinley has decided I shall be.

—Carlyle Smith in Harper's Weekly.

A ring recently exhibited at Antwerp was the admiration of diamond-cutters and merchants, because it was the first successful attempt to cut a ring out of a single stone. There are a great many difficulties in this method of cutting diamonds, as the stones have a certain cleavage and particular veins, all of which have to be carefully studied in order to prevent splitting just as success seems within reach. After several unsuccessful attempts and three years' labor, the feat has been accomplished by the patience and skill of Mr. Antoine, one of the best-known lapidaries of Antwerp: "The ring is about six-eighths of an inch in diameter. In the Marlborough cabinet there is a ring cut out of one entire and perfect sapphire."

A DEAL THAT FAILED.

Business Enterprise Foiled by Paternal Wisdom.

"Do you wish to have it charged?" said he.
"No, thank you," said the lady.
"Shall we send it to you?"
"It is so small that it is hardly worth while."
"It's no trouble, and you will avoid waiting while the package is being wrapped up."
"But I must wait for my change, anyway."
"Not at all; we can send it C. O. D."
"But it's only sixty-three cents."
"That makes no difference. It will be delivered this evening, sure."

"Very well," and the lady sauntered away, wondering why the clerk was so anxious to send so small a package to Brooklyn and put the establishment to the trouble of collecting sixty-three cents.

The mystery deepened at the home of the lady in Brooklyn.

"A package for Miss Blank," said the driver of the delivery wagon, and hurried to leave.

"He's forgotten to collect the sixty-three cents," cried the lady. "Stop him, Bridget!"

"Hey!" cried Bridget.
"That's all right," rejoined the driver, and disappeared around the corner.

The mystery was explained at the office of the father of the lady in New York.

"Are you Mr. Blank?" asked the dapper young man.

"Yes," said the father.

"The father of a large family of daughters in Brooklyn?"

"Yes."

"A C. O. D. package was sent to your house the other day. That suggests that perhaps you would like to open an account for your family at our store."

"Eh?"

"The advantage would be mutual. On our side we would have the trade of a large family of young ladies."

"So?"

"Large families of young ladies are in great demand as charge customers."

"Huh!"

"And so we should be very glad to open the account. On your side, the advantage would be equally great. Our store is a long way from Brooklyn."

"H-m-m."

"And so your daughters would not be apt to buy so much as they would if they had an account in a Brooklyn store. Therefore you would save money."

"Yes?"

"Yes."

The father looked over his glasses at the dapper young man, and the dapper young man waved his hand and bowed. The father stretched out his legs, thrust his hands into his trousers-pockets, and began: "So, then, you make it a business to search out large families of daughters?"

"Yes."

"And omit to collect money due on C. O. D. packages so as to have a basis for starting an account?"

"Yes."

"The plan is ingenious. But it is not ingenious enough to succeed with the father of a large family of daughters. How old are you?"

"Twenty-seven."

"I am fifty-seven. If you are the father of a large family of daughters when you are fifty-seven, you will know more than you do now."

"Yes?"

"You will have learned that if one store is twice as far away as another, a woman will feel herself obliged to buy twice as much as at the other to make up for the difference in distance."

"Yes?"

"You will have learned also that she will feel herself obliged to keep on buying as much as ever at the near store just because it is nearer than the other."

"Yes?"

"So that the net result would be that my daughters would buy three times as much as before if I opened an account with you."

"Yes?"

"Ordinary reasoning won't apply to women."

"Then you don't want to open the account?"

"No."

"Good-day."

"Good-day."—New York Sun.

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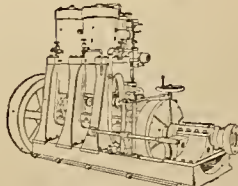
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Coptic. (Via Honolulu)..... Thursday, June 17

Gaelic. (Via Honolulu)..... Wednesday, July 7

Doric. (Via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, July 27

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D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

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For Newport, Los Angeles, and way ports, at 9 A. M., June 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, at 11 A. M., June 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, and every fourth day thereafter. For Escondido, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer *Orizaba*, 10 A. M., the second of each month. The Company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

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SOCIETY.

The Weddings of June.

The first June wedding will be that of Miss Minnie Burton and Lieutenant Thomas A. Pearce, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., which will take place at half-past one o'clock next Tuesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's father, Colonel George H. Burton, U. S. A., 2111 Pacific Avenue. The Misses Lulu and Kathro Burton, sisters of the bride, will act as bridesmaids, and Lieutenant William Sells, U. S. A., will be best man. Rev. George Edward Walk, rector of Trinity Episcopal Church, will officiate in the presence of a limited number of relatives and intimate friends. Afterward there will be a reception from two until four o'clock. Lieutenant Pearce will take his bride to Fort Logan, Colo., where he is stationed.

Mr. Hallock Wright has issued invitations for the wedding of his sister, Miss Helen Elizabeth Wright, and Mr. Charles Lott Davis, which will take place next Tuesday noon at St. Mark's Episcopal Church, on Bancroft Way, Berkeley. Mr. Frederick H. Pierson will be best man. The bridesmaids will be Miss Ella Holmes and Miss Catherine Warfield, and the ushers will comprise Mr. Van Zandt Hedley, Mr. George Russell Field, Mr. George B. de Long, and Mr. T. Danforth Boardman. A wedding breakfast will be served at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Paxton Wright for the bridal party and relatives.

The First Unitarian Church will be the scene next Wednesday evening of the wedding of Miss Emilie Ethel Cohen, daughter of Mrs. E. G. Cohen, of Alameda, and Lieutenant Charles Lyman Bent, First Infantry, U. S. A. The decorations of the church will be of a military character, and it is expected that the edifice will be crowded with friends of the contracting parties. The words and music of a new wedding hymn have been written by Mr. William Greer Harrison and Mr. H. J. Stewart, respectively, and it will be sung by the Lyric Quartet. Miss Emma Butler will be the maid of honor and Lieutenant Thomas G. Carson, U. S. A., the best man. The bridesmaids will comprise Miss Ida Gibbons, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Helen Wagner, Miss Moffitt, of Oakland, Miss Marguerite Loffie, and Miss Bernice R. Drown. The ushers, all fellow-officers of the groom, will comprise Lieutenant R. C. Croxton, U. S. A., Lieutenant L. F. Kilbourne, U. S. A., Lieutenant S. McP. Rutherford, U. S. A., Lieutenant Rogers F. Gardner, U. S. A., Lieutenant D. E. Nolan, U. S. A., and Lieutenant John P. Hains, U. S. A. After the wedding there will be a reception at the residence of the uncle and aunt of the bride, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Gibbons, 920 Polk Street. The invitations to the reception have been limited.

Miss Mary McPherson Collier and Mr. Faxon Atherton Macondray will be united in marriage at half-past eight o'clock next Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's father, Captain William Bell Collier, U. S. A., retired, in Lakeport, Lake County. Miss Dorothy Collier will act as maid of honor and the bridesmaids will comprise Miss Sarah Collier, Miss Margaret Collier, Miss Mollie Thomas, Miss Emily Carolan, and Miss Edith McBean. Mr. Gerald Ratbone is to be the best man and Mr. Henry Macondray, Mr. Edward J. Pringle, Mr. Frank Van Ness, Mr. Robert M. Eyre, Mr. Henry Poett, and Mr. Latham McMullin will be the ushers.

Miss Anna Grube and Mr. Harry Durbrow will be united in marriage next Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams, 1925 Octavia Street. Only relatives and a few intimate friends will be present.

The wedding of Miss Mabel Estee and Mr. Leonard Everett will take place on Wednesday evening, June 9th, at St. Luke's Church, and it will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents, Hon. and Mrs. M. M. Estee, 2291 Sacramento Street.

The wedding of Miss Macleay, of Portland, Or., and Mr. Joseph D. Grant, of this city, will take place on Wednesday, June 23d, in Portland, Or.

Miss Jessie Coleman and Mr. Harry J. Knowles will be married on Wednesday afternoon, June 23d,

at the home of the bride's mother in Oakland. The affair will be quietly celebrated.

The Magee Lawn Party.

Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., and Mrs. William A. Magee gave a lawn party last Thursday, on the grounds of the Haywards Club House, in honor of their two sisters, the Misses Florence and Jean Marie Hush. Music and the service of refreshments made the affair very enjoyable. Among those present were:

Miss Florence Sharon, Miss Blanche Sharon, Miss Irene Baker, Miss Genevieve Fore, Miss Harriet Kittredge, Miss Margaret Sinclair, Miss Annie Clay, Miss Grace Gorrell, Miss Bessie Palmer, Miss Grace Sanborn, Miss Beatrice Vrooman, Miss Etta Havens, and Miss Grace Baldwin.

Theatre-Parties.

A party of ladies and gentlemen assembled at the residence of Mrs. Monroe Salisbury one evening recently and then proceeded to the theatre to witness the performance of "London Assurance." Afterward a supper was enjoyed. The party comprised Mrs. Salisbury, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. E. B. Coleman, Miss Kate Thornton Salisbury, Miss Margaret Salisbury, Miss Bernice Drown, Miss Estelle Kane, Mr. Burbank G. Somers, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, Mr. George Davidson, Lieutenant D. E. Nolan, U. S. A., Mr. Keyes, Mr. Bentley, Mr. Harold Veeder, Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Wright.

Mr. Walter Martin gave a theatre-party at the Baldwin last Saturday evening, which was preceded by a dinner at his home and followed by a supper at the Palace Hotel. Mrs. E. Martin acted as chaperon. The others present were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, Miss Isabel McKenna, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Helen Hopkins, Mr. Peter Donahue Martin, Mr. Andrew Martin, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, and Mr. Robert M. Eyre.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement was announced at Santa Monica last Sunday of Miss Carrie Koshland to Mr. Emil Greenbaum, both of this city. Miss Koshland is the daughter of Mrs. S. Kosbland. Mr. Greenbaum is the son of Mrs. Rosalia Greenbaum and brother of Mr. Louis Greenbaum. The engaged couple returned from Santa Monica last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Carpenter, of Los Angeles, gave a dinner-party at their residence recently in honor of Miss Fannie Danforth, of this city. The others present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Jackson, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Miss Gwendolen Overton, Miss Lucy Jackson, Miss Ruth Adams, Mr. Teale, Mr. Barnard, Mr. R. B. Dickinson, and Mr. Gregory Perkins, Jr.

Mrs. I. N. Walter gave a dinner-party last Thursday evening at her residence, 1803 Franklin Street, in honor of Miss Madeline Beer, of New York, who is visiting her. Covers were laid for sixteen.

Mr. Oscar T. Sewall gave a luncheon last Saturday on the ship *Dirigo* in honor of his cousin, Hon. Harold M. Sewall, United States Minister to Hawaii. The others present were Hon. Arthur Sewall, Mayor James D. Phelan, Mr. Hugh Craig, Mr. A. A. Watkins, Mr. A. Gerberding, Mr. F. W. Dohrmann, Captain A. M. Simpson, Mr. H. Bendel, Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mr. Louis Sloss, Mr. John Rosenfeld, Mr. George W. McNear, Mr. William Babcock, Captain J. F. Chapman, Captain W. L. Merry, Mr. O. M. Vesper, and Mr. E. R. Dimond.

The class of '97 of the Ziska Institute gave an "at home" last night at the residence of Mne. B. Ziska, 1718 Sacramento Street. Music, dancing, and the service of refreshments made the affair very enjoyable.

The pupils of Mr. Chris Jorgenson gave an exhibition of their sketches yesterday afternoon at his studio, 131 Post Street, which was attended by many of their friends.

A dancing-party will be given at the Hotel Mateo this evening.

The Death of Frank McCoppin.

Postmaster Frank McCoppin died on Wednesday morning, May 26th, as the result of a surgical operation intended to relieve him from a malady from which he had suffered for some years. Frank McCoppin was born in Ireland July 4, 1834, and came to this country in 1853. In 1858 he came to California, and he has since been actively associated with the growth of the city and State. He has held many public offices, municipal, State, and Federal. His course as supervisor so commended itself to the people that he was elected mayor in 1867. It is largely due to his efforts that Golden Gate Park exists. While State senator from this county, he passed the one-twelfth act, thereby preventing this city from staggering under a load of debt, and he created the board of police commissioners. He also passed the act reducing street-car fares in San Francisco to five cents. He was a member of the board of harbor commissioners, and declined the nomination for mayor in 1891. He was appointed postmaster by President Cleveland, and has filled the office with success. Many improvements in the branch postal stations and carrier-service are due to him, and the placing of mail-cars upon the street-railway lines was successfully inaugurated during his term. Mr. McCoppin's career was a long and honorable one, and its close is a distinct loss to the city, the State, and the nation.

MUSICAL NOTES.

An Irish Evening.

Mr. Daniel O'Connell and Mr. Denis O'Sullivan gave an entertainment at Central Hall last Tuesday evening, in which the poetry and ballads of Ireland were illustrated. The attendance was large and appreciative, and the affair was successful in every way. Mr. H. J. Stewart was the accompanist. The programme was as follows:

Songs, Mr. Denis O'Sullivan: 1. Patriotic—"The Exile's Return," Alicia Needham; "Drinim Dhu" (old Irish), arranged by Somervell; "Chieftain of Tyrconnell," arranged by Stanford; "The Coulin," Moore. II. Sentimental—"When in Death I Shall Calm Recline," Moore, arranged by Molloy; "Savourneen Deelish," arranged by Molloy; "Molly Bawn," Lover; "The Low-Backed Car," Lover. III. Songs of the House—"The Meeting of the Waters," Moore; "Irish Folk Song," Foote; "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," Moore; "The Donovan's," ("The Wind that Shakes the Barley, O!"), arranged by Needham. IV. Humorous—"Kitty of Coleraine," arranged by Molloy; "Barney Brallaghan," arranged by Somervell; "Cruiskeen Lawn," arranged by Molloy; "The Old Plaid Shawl," Battison Haynes. Recitations, Mr. Daniel O'Connell: "The Exile's Musings," "The Dying Girl," "Tom Moore," "Caoch the Piper," "Fontenoy," "Pat Maloney's Wife," "The Irish Brigade," "Kitty O'Neil."

The Loring Club.

The members of the Loring Club gave the fourth concert of their twentieth season, last Thursday evening, at Odd Fellows' Hall, making the unique record of successfully completing twenty years of musical work of a very high standard. Mr. D. P. Hughes, the conductor of the club for the past two years, is to be congratulated upon the success the club has met with under his management.

The hall was crowded with a fashionable audience. The club was assisted by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, pianist; and a sextet consisting of Mr. B. Jaulus, first violin; Mr. H. Susman, second violin; Mr. K. Sternstein, viola; Mr. F. Gutterson, violoncello; Mr. F. Angerstein, double bass; and Mr. A. Paulsen, flute. The programme was as follows:

"Sing, Sing, Music was Given," Brewer; "The Long Day Closes," Sullivan; "Discovery," Grieg; "Ave Maria," Abt; "Moonrise," Paché; "Tar's Song," Hatten; "Chorus of Dervishes" ("Ruins of Athens"), Beethoven; serenade (sextet), (a) ingrata, (b) notturno, Jadasohn; (a) "Vintage Song," Mendelssohn, (b) "Suomi's Song," Mair; chorus of Spirits and Hours, Buck.

Art Association Concert.

The final concert of the series was given at the Art Association last Thursday evening under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman. The following interesting programme was presented before a large and fashionable audience:

Organ, "Pilgrims' Chorus," Wagner (transcribed by Otto Fleissner), Mr. Otto Fleissner; vocal quartet, "Santa Lucia," Italian, Alta Quartet, Miss Ruth Kirke, Miss Ouida Sargent, Miss Isobel Kerr, Miss Isella Van Pelt; violoncello, andante from third concerto, Goltzman, Mr. William Wertsch, Jr.; song, "Arcades," Studley, Miss Isella Van Pelt; concerto for two violins in D-minor, "Largo, ma non tanto," Bach, Miss Madeline Beckhuson and Mr. Henry Heyman; vocal quartet, "Rock-a-bye," Neidlinger, Alta Quartet; organ, (a) improvisation in C, Jadasohn, (b) "Swedish Wedding March," Sodermann, Mr. Otto Fleissner; song, "The Lady of the Lea," Smart, Miss Isobel Kerr; violoncello, "Chant d'Automne," Boisdoffe, Mr. William Wertsch, Jr.; vocal quartet, "Good Night," Rheinberger, Alta Quartet; organ, grand march in B-flat, Silas, Mr. Otto Fleissner.

The Piccirillo Concert.

Professor F. D. Piccirillo gave a concert last Thursday evening at Byron Mauzy's Hall. A large audience enjoyed the following programme:

(a) "Rose di Maggio," Bellenghi, (b) "Recuerdos Mazurka," arranged by F. D. Piccirillo, Mascagni Mandolin Club, Professor F. D. Piccirillo, director; "Caprice Espagnola," Raff, Professor S. S. Martinez; song, selected, Mrs. H. V. Dickey; cavatina, Raff (mandolin, violin, and piano), Professor F. D. Piccirillo, Mr. V. Stone, Mr. D. W. Bates; "Aria e Cabaletta" (from "Lucia"), Donizetti, Signor G. Almagia; solo mandolin, "Faust," Gounod, Professor F. D. Piccirillo; "La Caccia Adventure Campestri," Calace, Piccirillo's Mandolin Orchestra, Messrs. G. Lachman, S. Abrams, G. Castagnetto, H. Warren, Salsedo, D. Mansfield, and D. W. Bates; recitation, selection from "Ben Hur," Wallace, Mrs. Letitia Bonfoy-Ripperdan; "Under the Double Eagle," Wagner, Mascagni Mandolin Club.

The Wood Concert.

Mr. Andrew Younger Wood gave a concert last Wednesday evening at the Second Unitarian Church under the auspices of the Van Ness Fraternity. A large audience enjoyed the following programme:

"Tarantelle," Rubinstein, Mr. Roscoe Warren Lucy; "Delight," Luckstone, Miss Georgia Cousins; "La Folia," Correll (1654), cadenza by H. Leonard, Mr. Armand Solomon; "What I Would Be," Caryll, Mr. Andrew Younger Wood; recitation, Mrs. Alista Shedd Langstroth; "The Dance of the Dragon-Flies," D'Hardelot, Miss Carolyn Boyan; zither solo, Mr. Charles Mayer, Jr.; duet, "Night Hymn at Sea," Goring-Thomas, Miss Georgia Cousins and Mr. A. Younger Wood; impromptu, Chopin, Mr. Roscoe Warren Lucy; "Elegie," Massenet, Miss Carolyn Boyan, (violin obligato, Mr. Armand Solomon); recitation, Mrs. Alista Shedd Langstroth; (a) "I Love Thee," Grieg, (b) "Time Enough," Nevin, Mr. Andrew Younger Wood.

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A fair Californienne, just back from Paris, says that in all her travels abroad she saw no stationery to compare with hers, which was made here by Cooper & Co. This is very gratifying to the firm, as the Parisians are reputed to excel the world in engraving and monogram-stamping.

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ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 18, No. 246 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the first day of June, 1897, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

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SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott will sail on June 6th, on the Pacific Coast Steamship *Queen*, on an excursion to Alaska.

Sir William Lane Booker and Lady Booker sailed for England on May 19th on the White Star liner *Tenetic*.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Kip, Miss Kip, and Miss Mary Kip are guests for the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Baron and Baroness von Schröder have gone to their San Luis Obispo ranch to spend the summer and autumn.

Miss Marie Dillon has returned from a visit to Miss Mollie Phelan in Los Angeles.

Mrs. H. E. Hall is in Sacramento visiting her parents, General and Mrs. George B. Cosby.

Dr. George Shiels and Miss Belle Shiels will remain through the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Miss Kate Thornton Salisbury has been the guest during the past week of Miss Florence Jesselyn, at her home in Redwood City.

Colonel and Mrs. John Bradbury, of Los Angeles, have taken a cottage at Santa Monica for the summer.

Miss Agnes Sadler, Miss Julia Mau, Miss Julia Reed, and Miss Foulkes went down last week to visit Mrs. A. G. Booth at her country-place near Glenwood.

Dr. C. Max Richter was among the last week's guests at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. Rounseville Wildman is in New York city.

Mr. Thomas Rickard sailed for Europe on May 12th on the White Star liner *Britannic*.

Professor and Mrs. Earl Barnes and Professor E. H. Griggs and family, of Stanford University, left the city Wednesday for a year's absence in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks are among the summer guests at the Hotel Mateo.

Mrs. J. M. Cunningham and family are at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Mrs. S. G. Hort will spend the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Miss Agnes Tobin and Mr. Clement Tobin are in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. George Chauncey Boardman were among recent arrivals at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. Woodworth Wethered left last week for the East, to be gone for an indefinite period.

Miss Cornelia Hamilton, of Santa Monica, is visiting Miss Daisy Van Ness at Calistoga. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton are in San Francisco.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell is a summer guest at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. E. M. Greenway left last night on a month's visit to Spokane, Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland.

Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Breyfogle have returned from abroad, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. C. C. Trowbridge returned from New York last week, and is now visiting his father-in-law, Mr. William Harp, at Palo Alto.

Mr. I. W. Hellman and Miss Hellman were in San José last week.

Miss Fanny Danforth has returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire in Los Angeles.

Mr. W. P. Fuller and Mrs. Fuller have returned from southern California, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Winston and Miss Bradbury have returned home to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young are reported among the arrivals in New York city.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles B. Cooper, *né* McGrew, of Honolulu, have been visiting Lieutenant Frank H. Conant, assisted Assistant-Engineer, U. S. N., at the Naval Academy, Annapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Forman sailed for Europe on May 4th on the *Tenetic*.

Mrs. Remi Chahot and family, of Oakland, have gone their country home, Villaremi, near St. Helena, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, of Redwood City, are at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. James W. Byrne is away on a visit to Los Angeles.

Mrs. James Irvine is in Los Angeles.

Judge Ward McAllister is domiciled for the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. Charles Bancroft is visiting her mother, Mrs. Pray, Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram W. Johnson, of Sacramento, are at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Ignatz Steinhart are away on an outing through the northern counties.

Mr. and Mrs. Nat Wilshire, of Los Angeles, accompanied by Misses Julia and Margaret Winston, are spending a fortnight's outing on Mr. Wilshire's Kern County ranch.

Mr. and Mrs. Lovell White are domiciled in their Mill Valley home for the summer.

Mrs. A. G. Booth is at her country-place near Glenwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clarke registered at the Hotel Rafael last week.

Mrs. William Kohl and daughter, Miss Mamie E. Kohl, sailed on the *Tenetic* on May 19th for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Green are spending the summer months at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. Harrison Dibblee and Mr. A. J. Dibblee are spending the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. M. W. Longstreet and Mrs. M. A. Wilcox, of Los Angeles, are coming here soon for a long visit.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Carpenter, Miss Carpenter, and George Wilshire, of Los Angeles, are sightseeing in Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Albert Woodburn Scott will receive on the last day of the month at 305 Buchanan Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Bentz, of Santa Barbara, sailed Monday on the Occidental and Oriental Steamship *Eric* on a tour of Japan and China. They will return in October.

Mr. Joseph Friedlander is preparing to spend his vacation on the shores of Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. E. S. Rothschild returned from the East on Monday and is at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Meyerstein.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Neustadter and Miss Florence Neustadter were in Los Angeles last week.

Colonel and Mrs. F. W. Sumner were guests last week at Mrs. A. G. Booth at her country-place near Glenwood.

Miss Alice Ross Bailey has returned to her home in Mexico after a pleasant visit with friends here.

Mr. W. B. Gilbert and Miss Gilbert, of Oregon, among the week's arrivals at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Mack are spending the summer at their country home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Lawrence Mack are occupying residence of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Mack during their stay in the country.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Coffin are in Paris.

Mr. Jefferson Chandler, of Los Angeles, has returned on the 25th.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King arrived in Washington on the 25th.

Mr. Thomas Hood and her sister, Miss Agnes M.

Wren, sail on Monday on the P. C. S. S. *Pueblo* for Seattle.

Mr. G. F. Simon and daughters will spend the summer with Mrs. Simon's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Meyerstein. Miss Kate Dillon is at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan have returned from the East, and are now in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope will spend the summer in San Mateo.

Miss Mary Bell Gwin has been visiting Miss Daisy Van Ness during the past week at the Van Ness country-place near Calistoga.

Mr. George T. Marye, Jr., has returned from the East. Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Smedberg have gone to West Point, N. Y., on a visit of several weeks' duration.

Mrs. William C. Peyton, of Santa Cruz, is expected home from the East this week.

Among the passengers for Honolulu who sailed on the Oceanic steamship *Alameda* were Hon. Harold Sewall, United States Minister to Hawaii, and Mrs. Sewall, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. McNear, Mr. Leroy McChesney, and Mr. Fred Baldwin.

Among the week's arrivals at the California Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Nesmith, of San José, Mrs. C. E. Colahan, from Japan, Mr. James Osborne, from Glasgow, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Egan, of Boston, Mr. T. A. Lewis, of Los Angeles, Mr. F. H. Gould, of Stockton, Mr. H. C. Nash, of Stanford University, Mr. L. F. Mathies, of San Salvador, Mr. B. S. Hirsch, of Ukiah, and Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Corne, of Santa Rosa.

Among the week's guests and late arrivals at the Hotel Rafael were: Misses M. E. Adams, A. G. Adams, and E. F. Adams, Mr. S. C. Pardee, Mrs. Barrios, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Schloss, Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Freshman, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Davidson and Miss Davidson, Miss Evelyn H. Stocker, Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Rosenbaum and family, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Curtis, Mr. P. A. Finnegan and the Misses Finnegan, Mr. E. R. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Hugo M. Moore, of Chicago, Dr. J. H. Grove, of Philadelphia, and Miss Hannah Lynde, of Melrose, Mass.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., commanding the army, arrived safely in Constantinople and is now in the field on a tour of inspection through the Turkish armies. Major-General Zenas R. Bliss, U. S. A., promoted from the brigadier-generalship on May 21st, was retired on account of age on May 22d. He commanded the Department of Texas.

Major-General John R. Brooke, U. S. A., was confirmed in that rank on May 25th by the Senate. The late brigadier-general commands the Department of Dakota. Captain Cassius Gillette, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gillette will sail on June 6th, on the *Queen*, on an excursion to Alaska.

Captain Dr. George W. Woods, U. S. N., late of the Mare Island Navy Yard, is now on duty at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Captain Oberlin M. Carter, Engineer Corps, U. S. A., has been detailed by the Secretary of War to be military attaché at London.

Major Thomas C. H. Smith, U. S. A., retired, died recently at Nordhoff in this State.

Captain Rogers Birnie, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., arrived at the Occidental Hotel on Monday from Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant-Commander Dr. Clement Biddle, U. S. N., and Mrs. Biddle, have made the Hotel Rafael their summer residence.

Lieutenant E. B. Babbitt, U. S. A., and Mrs. Babbitt will sail on May 6th, on the *Queen*, on an excursion to Alaska.

Lieutenant Everett E. Benjamin, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved as recruiting officer in this city, and ordered to his company.

Lieutenant Robert W. Galt, Engineer Corps, U. S. N., arrived at the Occidental Hotel on Monday from his station at Portland.

Lieutenant W. C. P. Muir, U. S. N., is spending his time on waiting orders visiting at his home in Shelbyville, Ky.

Lieutenant John W. Joyes, U. S. A., will be relieved from duty at the Military Academy on July 31st, and will then report to the chief of ordnance for assignment to duty.

Lieutenant Henry D. Todd, Jr., First Artillery, U. S. A., has been appointed secretary of the first committee of the academic board selected to conduct the annual examinations at West Point that begin on June 1st.

Lieutenant George O. Squier, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been ordered to Cleveland, O., to oversee the design and construction of a range and position-finder.

Lieutenant T. B. Howard, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Concord*.

Lieutenant Alton C. Hodgson, U. S. N., on waiting orders, is visiting at his home in Athens, Ga.

Lieutenant E. D. Ryan, Passed Assistant-Paymaster, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Concord*.

Lieutenant John Irwin, Jr., U. S. N., of the *Thetis*, is registered at the Palace Hotel.

Ensign Dr. Richard Brodrick, U. S. N., formerly stationed here on the *Monterey*, is now attached to the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Ensign G. H. Shepard, Assistant-Engineer, U. S. N., on waiting orders, is visiting in Salinas.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were: Lieutenant Lloyd England, U. S. A., Philip H. Lonsdale, U. S. N., Lieutenant F. E. Lacey, Jr., U. S. A., Ensign C. L. Hussey, U. S. N., Lieutenant Dr. P. F. Straub, U. S. A., Lieutenant W. S. Hughes, U. S. N., and Lieutenant Dr. J. M. Moore, U. S. N.

The *Alert* is now en route to Unalaska to convey the *Pinta* home.

The recruiting station in this city has been ordered closed.

A permanent speed-course, exactly one nautical mile in length, has been established off the bay shore between Tiburon and El Campo by officers detailed from the navy-yard.

The new gunboats *Wheeling* and *Marietta* were successfully tried on the bay during the week. They more than fulfilled the specifications upon which they were built.

Colonel William M. Graham, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., was nominated by the President on May 27th to be a brigadier-general.

The Concordia Club has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, Mr. Leopold Michels; first vice-president, Mr. Charles Hirsch; second vice-president, Mr. H. G. W. Dinkelspiel; treasurer, Mr. S. W. Heller; recording secretary, Mr. Leroy Schlesinger; financial secretary, Mr. Albert Lilienthal; directors, Mr. Benjamin Rosenberg, Mr. Henry Schussler, Mr. M. Sondheim, Mr. Arthur Silverberg, and Mr. Henry Sachs.

Pacific-Union Club.

An assessment of \$55 has been levied by the Pacific-Union Club for the purpose of paying the existing bonded indebtedness. Ten years ago, when the club moved into its present quarters, it issued bonds for \$40,000, which money was expended for furniture, carpets, and interior decorations by the New York firm of decorators, Herter Brothers. These bonds fall due on July 1, 1897. The club has just issued a new set of bonds for \$250,000, all of which has been subscribed. This sum is for the purchase of a plot of ground on Van Ness Avenue and the erection of a new club building. The board of directors have considered it advisable not to renew the old bonds or to lump the old debt with the new, but to pay off the present bonded debt by assessment. The debt has been partially reduced already, and some \$10,000 in the treasury has enabled the club further to reduce it to \$25,000, which is the sum now being raised by assessment.

The famous Utica mine has poured money into the laps of its fortunate owners for years. It is the property of Alvinza Hayward, Charles D. Lane, Walter Hobart, Alice Hobart Lester, and Ella Hobart Baldwin. Judging from a paragraph in the *Union Democrat*, a paper published in Sonora, near the mine, there is some legal trouble threatened concerning it. The *Union Democrat* says:

"Trouble is coming with the Fletcher heirs, who claim that the Utica Company have been working on their ground. The original Utica mine was six hundred and twenty-five feet in length on a very low-grade section of ledge. It never paid and never will. The adjoining location belonged to Captain W. A. Nevills and comprised four hundred feet known as the Sticks mine. The Utica people ran in on this, and took out large amounts of magnificent ore. Captain Nevills forced them to pay his price for the property. But instead of continuing in the Sticks, the ore-chute pitched across a corner into the territory of the Fletcher heirs, who own property paralleling the entire Utica system. These heirs claim that their ground is being worked out by the Utica Company. They have placed their case in the hands of a force of able lawyers, who assert that the Utica people will be forced to disgorge."

The ladies of the Forum Club of California held their last meeting in their new rooms in Central Block. Miss Young delivered an address on life at the Pitcairn Islands, after which the members enjoyed an informal talk. The club now has a reading-room, furnished in green, and a dressing-room and a tea-room in blue and white. A maid is in attendance all day, and tea will be served during that time.

NEW SAFE-DEPOSIT VAULTS.

Safes \$4.00 to \$150.00 per annum. The Union Trust Company's new safety vaults, corner of Market and Montgomery Streets, are the strongest, best guarded, and best lighted in the city. Superior accommodation for its patrons. Ladies will find apartments for their exclusive use. The company transacts a general banking, trust, and savings business, and acts as executor, administrator, trustee, and as custodian of wills, and consults as to trust matters without charge. Valuables of all kinds taken on storage.

—AN EASTERN WOMAN, TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS of age, and of strong constitution, wishes a place as nursery governess to children under nine. She is competent to take entire charge of children and can give excellent references. Address Susan English, care the *Argonaut*, San Francisco, Cal.

—CAMERA EQUIPMENTS, MODELS 1897—POCO, Premo, Bull's Eye, Bullet. Instruction and dark-room facilities free. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

—WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS. Magnificent assortment to choose from at Art Store of S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary Street.

—GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRY SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

—FOR HIGH-GRADE DIAMOND-JEWELRY, GO TO Hirschman's, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

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SALE OF THE HAWAIIAN HOTEL PREMISES HONOLULU, H. I.

ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1897, AT 12 O'CLOCK noon, at the front entrance of the Executive Building, Honolulu, will be sold, at public auction, the Hawaiian Hotel premises at Honolulu.

These premises are centrally located in the city, in the centre of the block bounded by and with entrance drives from Hotel, Richards, Beretania, and Alakea Streets, and the grounds contain an area of 17.10th acres.

The buildings consist of the hotel proper, of two stories and basement; built of brick and concrete, with broad verandas at front and rear of each story.

The main building covers an area of 10,800 square feet, with Lania or wing addition on one side 40x24 feet, and wooden addition on opposite wing, for kitchen, 60x18 feet. There are also four cottages on the premises, with ample provision for bath-rooms and closets.

The main building contains a spacious parlor, public and private dining-rooms, large billiard-hall and bar-room, and forty sleeping-rooms—the cottages contain about twenty additional sleeping-rooms. The main building cost a little over \$100,000 in 1874.

A water-tank, with capacity of 10,000 gallons, is placed on a tower at an elevation sufficient to give a good water pressure in second story of the main building. This tank is supplied from an artesian well on adjoining premises, owned by Dr. J. S. McGrew.

The buildings and grounds are thoroughly lighted with electric light.

Hawaiian Consulate General, 206 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

Terms of sale are cash—in United States gold coin. Upset price, \$60,000.

In case there is no bidder to purchase the property at the above upset price, a lease of the same will immediately be offered for sale at an upset price of \$4,000 a year for a period of thirty years under the conditions set out in Act 7, Laws of 1895, and more particularly of Section 2 and 4 of said act, which reads as follows:

"Section 2. Every such lease shall contain a covenant on the part of the lessee that he shall, during the first four years of the term of the lease, cause to be erected upon the leased premises a fire-proof building of brick, stone, or metal, in a workmanlike manner, satisfactory to the Minister of the Interior, at a cost of not less than fifty thousand dollars; and keep the same suitably insured at not less than two-thirds of its value for the benefit of the lessor; and shall keep the building in good repair during the remainder of the term of lease, reasonable use and wear thereof only excepted; and in case of damage or destruction of such building by fire, shall make good such loss or damage by the necessary repairs or reconstruction, or else surrender the insurance to the lessor.

"Section 4. Every such lease shall also contain a covenant on the part of the lessor, that upon the request in writing by the lessee or his representatives, before the expiration thereof, the premises, with the improvements, shall, if all of the conditions to be performed by the lessee have been satisfactorily performed, he put up at auction for a lease for a term of not over twenty years; unless said premises shall be required for public uses, of which the lessee shall receive at least one year's notice. Such auction sale shall be held not more than six months nor less than one month before the expiration of said term."

JAMES A. KING,

Minister of Interior.

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SEASHORE.

Magnificent hotels, tony and life-giving salt sea air, surf-bathing, boating, fishing, driving, wheeling, shell-gathering, and all sorts of pastimes.

The season for this sort of thought and action is upon us. All the world, and particularly that portion of it described by California, takes an outing once a year—if it doesn't, it ought to.

While making up your mind where you will go, and concocting your itinerary, keep as many as possible of these places before your mind's eye:

Up Shasta Way—Tavern of Castle Crag, Sweet Briar Camp, Upper Soda Springs, Shasta Retreat, Shasta Springs, Sissons, Mt. Shasta Camp, Klamath Hot Springs, Lake County and Vicinity—Geysers, Atna Springs, Harbin, Anderson, Adams, Howard, Siegler, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Glenbrook, Soda Bay, On the Great Sierras—Lake Tahoe, Independence, Welder and Donner Lakes, Tallac, Deer Park Inn, Sunnyside, McKinney's, Rubicon Springs, Campbell Hot Springs, and a score more.

Yosemite and the Big Trees—Santa Cruz Mountains—Los Gatos, Pacific Congress Springs, Glenwood, Felton, Ben Lomond, Boulder Creek.

Southward—Gilroy, Paraiso, Paso Robles, and Santa Ysabel Hot Springs.

Along the Shore—Santa Cruz, Capitola, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Santa Barbara, Santa Monica, Long Beach, San Diego.

There will be REDUCED RATES to many of these places. If you haven't all needed information to complete that itinerary, call on the nearest Southern Pacific Company agent, or send to T. H. GOODMAN for resort folders.

Tavern of Castle Crag.

The Tavern of Castle Crag was built in the heart of the Sierras, almost at the foot of Mount Shasta, and amid the most picturesque mountain scenery accessible to the tourist. The eligibility of the place selected was due to a rare combination of flowing water, inspiring mountain scenery, and inviting forests.

The Tavern of Castle Crag, with its splendid environment, it was believed would appeal chiefly to those who seek a summer resort for health, recreation, outdoor sports, sympathy with nature, and informal sociability. To emphasize this intention and signify the kind of invitation extended, the name TAVERN of Castle Crag was chosen.

To avoid all implication of sumptuous accommodations or the tyranny of social formalism, and to realize this original conception, the management has decided to make the Tavern of Castle Crag distinctively a family resort and especially attractive to those to whom health, recreation and sympathy with nature are paramount considerations. To this end rooms on the first and second floors of this splendid tavern with board will be furnished at a monthly rate of sixty-five dollars a person; and rooms on the third floor with board at a monthly rate of fifty dollars a person.

The accommodations of the Tavern are first class in every particular. Its parlors and halls are elegant and spacious. Its verandas are cool and inviting, placing the guest always in the presence of the most attractive mountain scenery to be enjoyed from the balcony of any tavern in the world.

The opportunity for outdoor sports embraces hunting, fishing, riding, bicycling, walking on mountain paths, and driving on picturesque roads. The Tavern is located immediately on the main trunk line of the California & Oregon Railroad, and is fourteen hours' ride from San Francisco, twelve hours from Stockton, ten hours from Sacramento, thirty hours from Los Angeles, and twenty-three hours from Portland. The Tavern of Castle Crag is reached from San Francisco and Sacramento without loss of time. The train leaves San Francisco at 8 o'clock P. M., arriving early the following morning for breakfast, which is always ready upon the arrival of the train. Returning, the train time affords equal accommodation. Thus, both in going and in coming, the comfort of the passenger and the economy of his time have been studied. In brief, the Tavern of Castle Crag realizes to its guests the perfect ideal of that spring-time in the high altitudes of the Sierras which never becomes high summer, and is the comfortable home of pleasant recreation and restful repose.

For particulars apply to
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Our cook is crazy about bicycling." "Does she ride much?" "Ride! She gets on her wheel to hang out the washing."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"You are destined to marry riches," the seeress said, "but—" "But what?" "Death will chain you two years before the event."—*Town Topics.*

Shockitt—"Does learning the bicycle require any particular application?" Sprockitt—"No; none in particular. Arnie is about as good as anything."—*Puck.*

Willie—"I told her my love was so great that my brain was on fire." Charlie—"What did she say to that?" Willie—"Told me I had better blow it out."—*Yale Record.*

A prim(e)val joke: Eve—"Did you eat that apple, Adam?" Adam—"I'm sorry to say I did." Eve—"And I was going to make a pie with it!" Adam—"Then I'm glad I ate it."

"Miss Ruth Cutler, of New York, recently cleared a high-jump bar at five feet four inches." It is not stated whether the animal just behind her was a cow or a mouse.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Miss Thirtymoth (severely)—"A man should never call on a girl after drinking." Jack Swift (cheerfully)—"That's a fact! Many a man has become engaged in just that way!"—*Puck.*

She—"I have been shut up in boarding-school so long that I feel very awkward and timid in company. I do not know what to do with my hands." He—"I'll hold them for you."—*Boston Traveller.*

Freshby—"Professor, is it ever possible to take the greater from the less?" Professor Pottery—"There is a pretty close approach to it when the conceit is taken out of a freshman."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"I am afraid Greece ain't what she used to be in our day, Alexander," said Alcibiades. "I'm afraid not," said Alexander; "the only pass a modern Greek seems to be able to hold is a railway pass."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Philadelphia is not maintaining its ancient reputation for quietness," remarked Mr. Hiland. "What is disturbing that city's calm repose?" asked Mr. Halket. "The Women's Whist Congress."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

"I'm going to be a contortionist when I grow up," said little Johnny, proudly; "I'm in training now, so I want you to tell me what is the best thing for me to eat." "Green apples, my boy," chuckled the old man.—*Demorest's Magazine.*

Mother—"What did your father say when he saw his broken pipe?" Innocent—"Shall I leave out the wicked words, mamma?" Mother—"Certainly." Innocent—"Then I don't believe there is anything to tell you, mamma."—*Dublin World.*

Just before the battle: "Halt!" exclaimed the Turkish commander; "adjutant, call the roll." "Rudyard Kipling!" "Here." "Stephen Crane!" "Here." "Richard Harding Davis!" "Here." "All right! Let the word to advance be given."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Dismal Davis—"Say, boss, does yer believe in de sayin' dat money talks?" Uncle Reuben—"Yes; what of it?" Dismal Davis—"Yer see, I gets so lonesome walkin' around wid meself dat if yer could give me a dime fer company, it'd make me feel better."—*New York Tribune.*

"I'm glad to hear that Tom and Alice have settled their difference. A mere lovers' quarrel, I suppose?" "Well, hardly as trivial as that; but she finally admitted the possibility that in the matter of men's wheels the unquestioned superiority of the make she rides might be less emphatic than in the drop-frame machines."—*Detroit News.*

"I once owned some real estate," said the man whose manner showed that he is easily imposed upon; "it was a small house and a large lot." "Did you have good tenants?" "Well—they were nice people in some ways." "Did they pay promptly?" "No, they never liked to be bothered about money. But they used to tell me to come around and pick all the flowers I wanted."—*Washington Star.*



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For intermediate stations, see time-table.
Connections—At Stockton with steamboats of C. N. and I. Co. leaving San Francisco and Stockton at 6 P. M. daily; at Merced with stages from Snellings, Coulterville, Yosemite, Mariposa, etc.; at Lankershim with stage to and from Madera.



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On the place are horses, cows, poultry wagons, carts, and all needful farming implements. Immediate possession. The owner's reason for selling is that he has recovered his health here and desires to return to active business.

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SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 7, 1897.

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Rarely has a community been so moved as this has been by the recent revelations concerning San Quentin prison. It was known that the "discipline" existing there was had. It was known that there were frequent quarrels among the men. It was known that the state of immorality existing among the convicts was frightful. It was known that murders were not unusual. It was known that a concerted attempt had been made by the convicts to kill an unpopular felon recently imprisoned there. It was known that a bloody knife-fight took place between two felons some weeks ago,

in which one was almost disemboweled and killed, and that the other is still suffering from dangerous wounds.

But it was not known that the whole mass of convicts were seething with revolt. During the last week some seven hundred of them refused to take up their work at the jute-mill, and, when ordered to do so, defied the authority of the officers. They were practically sustained in their revolt by the other convicts, and when ordered to the dungeons by the warden, the whole seven hundred proceeded to smash the furniture, broke off some of the heavy iron doors, and harricaded the corridors against the guards. The warden placed several hundred of the most riotous in confinement on bread and water, whereupon they kept up a din for days and nights, beating upon the doors of their cells. The revolt was partially quelled by playing heavy streams of water upon them through their cell-doors.

But while the revolt is temporarily quelled, it is evident that the spirit of mutiny still exists there. What is the reason of this? Is there any other prison in the United States or in the world where fourteen hundred convicts are thus enabled to defy the authority of their guards for days? There must be some deep-rooted reason for this mutinous spirit on the part of the convicts and for this weakness on the part of the officers. The reason, in our opinion, is the sentimental ideas concerning "kindness to criminals" which have always characterized San Quentin prison.

We do not believe in "kindness to criminals." When a man has been sent to San Quentin, when his head has been shaved and he has assumed the felon's stripes, it is very good evidence that he is a hopeless criminal and that kindness will be wasted upon him. When a man enters the portals of a penitentiary, every effort, as a rule, has been made to save him from the felon's doom. Every possible spring has been set in motion by his lawyers. The courts are clement; public opinion is not severe; the press is lenient; and even the judges are not inclined to impose harsh sentences. Therefore, when the prison gates close behind him, he is generally deserving of all that he gets and frequently of more. It is our belief that there are more than fourteen hundred criminals in California outside of San Quentin who should be behind the bars, and who have escaped imprisonment by the mistaken ideas of leniency which prevail among the public, the press, and the courts. Therefore the display of "kindness" to those depraved rascals who have been caged is worse than a waste of clemency. Its results may be seen in the fights, the murders, and the riots which have disgraced San Quentin and disgraced the State.

There is another prison in California from which we do not hear of such disorders. It is the Branch Prison at Folsom. That prison is situated remote from large cities, in a granite gorge among the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Its convicts are strictly guarded, and are made to work hard for their living, as honest men must do outside of prison bars. The clamor of labor unions, the yelping of demagogic politicians, have little effect upon the regulations of Folsom prison. There the convicts are made to work, and the nature of their task is such that the trades-unions can not interpose the plea that they are "competing with honest labor." They are kept busy quarrying out the rock from the granite-ribbed sides of the Sierra. With this stone they build additions to the prison, already a large and massive structure of mighty hocks of granite. Until the Stone-Cutters' Union intervenes, and protests that it should be allowed to quarry the rock and build the additions to Folsom prison, while the convicts eat the bread of idleness, Folsom will remain as it is now, a prison where the stern rules of discipline are ever maintained and where the life is such as convicts fear. They should fear it. The life of a felon is not one to be made pleasant. In Folsom prison it is not so made. When a convict enters there, he is given his number, and he is ever afterward known as "Convict Number Blank." To him there come no sympathetic newspaper reporters ever ready to write up

the story of his wrongs. When Christopher Evans, the bloody-handed handit concerned in so many train-robberies and murders, was sent to Folsom, he dropped out of the sight and hearing of man. When the reporters of the "new journalism" flocked around the prison portals, in order to give the "Impressions of Evans," "The Last Day of Evans as a Free Man," and other magniloquent "stories," Warden Aull told them laconically that he knew of no Christopher Evans; that there was a convict who had borne that name, but that he then was known only by a number, and that no reporter should see him so long as he remained warden. No reporter has.

The terrifying influence of Folsom Prison is such that seven convicts out of ten beg the judge, when they are sentenced, not to send them to Folsom. They have reason so to beg. There they are not cosseted and petted. There they are not spoiled by "kindness." There they are treated as they should be; they are treated as felons; they are treated as dangerous animals; they are treated as enemies of their kind. And if attempts are made to escape—and a few such attempts have been made, which will be followed by fewer—the unerring rifles of the guards shoot down the fleeing felons and strike terror to the hearts of those who remain. One of the fellow-felons of Evans attempted to escape with some accomplices, three years ago, by swimming the American River, which runs by the prison, but the water around them hoiled with bullets, some were killed, and all were taken.

How is it with San Quentin prison? We learn from reported interviews with Warden Hale and Prison Director Wilkins that the convicts "get the daily newspapers some way"; that "the prison is flooded with visitors"; that "opium is continually smuggled within the prison walls"; that "a county road runs through the prison grounds"; and that "it is impossible to keep ex-convicts from visiting the prison to see their friends." We also learn from a reported interview with Warden Hale that "the prisoners are treated with the utmost leniency. They make 'the quality of the food a pretext for this revolt. Why, just listen to this. Here is the regular Sunday dinner that was served up to-day: Meat and gravy, mashed potatoes, white beans, stewed apples, ginger-bread, extra good coffee." There are hundreds of men walking the streets of San Francisco, of every other large city on every country road in every State of the United States to-day, who did not have yesterday so good a meal as that, and who do not expect to get so good a one to-day. Giving felons such fare as this is a premium on mutiny. Men confined in prison walls do not need meat every day. In well-regulated prisons there is a diet for the men in cells, a diet for the men working at indoor occupations, and a diet for the men working in the open air. It has been found by experience that giving men in cells a full meat diet is had for them—had in more ways than one. The immorality which prevails in prisons is largely due to the excess of meat in the dietary. Men who are not engaged at vigorous work do not need a full meat diet. This is shown by the experience of European prisons. There, elaborate tables, compiled by medical scientists, have shown the exact amount of carbo-hydrates, hydro-carbons, and albuminoid foods that prisoners require. Yet most of these San Quentin prison pets receive more and better food than do the soldiers in European armies.

Let us take a glance at the systems of prison discipline in use in Europe. Any person familiar with the systems of prison discipline that obtain abroad would be surprised by a visit to the San Quentin penitentiary. He would see the prisoners lounging around in a pleasant garden, bright with flowers, smoking their pipes and chatting together, with nothing to remind them of their disgrace but the fact that they are restrained of their liberty to go abroad.

In Europe there is every effort made to make the prisoner realize that he is being punished. In England the first nine months of his penal servitude, he is kept in solitary

confinement. He is not allowed to speak with any person other than the governor, the chaplain, the teacher, or the trade instructor. He does not see any other person except during the brief intervals when he goes to take his daily exercise, or to attend the services in the chapel. Then he goes in company with the others, but he is not permitted to converse with them. After this first period of solitary confinement the prisoner has a wholesome dread of it, and may be permitted to work in company with the others. Conversation is permitted during this period, but the work is so severe that long conversations are not likely to occur. This is the system that was inaugurated with the erection of the prison at Millbank in 1816, and it has resulted in greatly improving the discipline of the prisons.

At Louvain, fifteen miles north-east of Brussels, is one of the model prisons of Continental Europe. The cellular system of solitary confinement is exclusively adopted. There is an attempt to reform as well as punish the prisoner, and to that end he is required to give his name in confidence to the director of the prison, when he receives a number, and by that number alone he is known to all those with whom he comes in contact during his imprisonment. He is also given a bonnet that covers the face, with two holes cut for the eyes, and this he must wear whenever he meets any person other than the prison officials, in order that he may not be recognized, even after his release, by any of his fellow-convicts. He remains alone in his cell all day, working at the trade to which he has been assigned, and conversing with nobody but the prison officials and the trade-teacher. When they go to the chapel or to receive instruction—for all the convicts are taught every day—each one enters a small box, just large enough to contain a chair and open to the front, closing the door after him. He is thus shut out from the view of everybody but the teacher or chaplain, and he is not allowed to ask questions, in order that even his voice may not be recognized by the others.

The extreme severity of this solitary and silent confinement, which, unrelieved, leads to insanity or suicide, is mitigated by the action of the prison officials. They visit and converse with the prisoners regularly, and seek to keep up their spirits. The cells are well lighted and airy, and are comfortably furnished. The prisoners are required to work daily, but they are allowed wages for their work, and most of the money thus earned is retained for them by the prison officials until release, when it forms a fund to enable the prisoner to make a new start in life. The food is abundant and sufficiently varied. Each one receives bread in the morning, soup at noon, and vegetables at night, while twice a week meat is added. In the French prisons soup is received regularly during the week, and on Sundays meat is added. Religious exercises must be observed, but there is no compulsion as to its sectarian character, and a Roman Catholic is not required to attend Protestant services, nor is a Protestant required to attend Roman Catholic services.

This system of separate or cellular confinement was borrowed by Europe from the law enacted by the Quakers in Pennsylvania in 1786. Their religious scruples would not permit them to inflict the death penalty, and as a substitute they adopted strict solitary confinement. Their system has been modified, however, and, relieved of its harsher features, continues to this day. It is recognized that criminals living in community have a degrading and demoralizing influence upon one another, and that the only remedy is to isolate them from each other during at least a part of their term of imprisonment. The cellular system has therefore been adopted throughout Europe to a greater or less extent. In Austria solitary confinement is inflicted for a period not to exceed eight months, while after the first three months every day passed in solitary confinement counts as two. In France, where the cellular system has been adopted, the isolation is complete, even to the use of the separate boxes in the chapel. When the collective system is adopted the prisoners are classified with regard to the degree of the crime of which they have been guilty, and the most hardened criminals are still sent to penal colonies. They are allowed compensation for their work, and a part of this they may spend. In Germany the practice differs in the different states, but in most of them the cellular system has been adopted to a limited extent, while where collective imprisonment prevails, there is a strict system of classification. In Switzerland the systems differ in the different cantons, but only a few have adopted the cellular system, and the same is true of the other countries of Europe.

But it is useless further to show the difference between good and bad methods of regulating prisons. Even in this State we have a good one as well as a bad one. But even in the well-regulated Folsom prison there was continual disorder under previous wardens. When Warden McComb evolved his extraordinary idea of "the beef-steak table," by which "deserving convicts"—which meant those who spied upon

their fellows—were promoted from the pitiful fare of roast beef, with gravy and mashed potatoes, to the dignity of sirloin steaks, it was looked upon as a master-stroke of penology. But it did not work. The felons who were filled with beefsteak waxed fat and kicked. Too much beefsteak was bad for the Folsom felons, as too much roast-beef with gravy has been bad for the San Quentin convicts. When one murderous rascal, overfed and underworked, attempted to cut the warden's throat with a razor, the "rule of kindness" disappeared from Folsom prison. So did the "beefsteak table." Since then the felons there have been treated not like mamma's darlings, but like dangerous men.

It is our belief that the surroundings of San Quentin and its proximity to large cities and towns render it extremely undesirable as a prison. Its whole history has been tainted with scandals, and its contract system and food supplies have been tainted with frauds. Its very name "San Quentin" is a fraud. Quentin was the Spanish way of spelling the name of the old Indian who was chief of the Tamalpais tribe of Indians. His name was given to the point of land. Ignorant Americans, supposing that every Spanish name must be a saint's name, tacked on the "San." The proximity of the prison renders dangerous one of the finest residential districts of San Francisco. Within a radius of a few miles there lie scores of villas and several thriving villages and towns. Owing to the bad record of San Quentin, these residents are in continual fear of a general prison break. For these and other reasons we hope that San Quentin prison may be closed and its rebellious convicts removed to Folsom, where they can be kept at work without offending trades-unions, where they can earn enough by the labor of their hands to pay for their keep, where honest workmen outside will not be forced to support idle rascals inside the bars, and where the "reign of kindness" which has prevailed at San Quentin may be replaced by the reign of the rifle and the guardianship of the Gatling gun which has been so successful at Folsom.

Recent dispatches from Greece contain continual references to the "Ethnike Hetairia," and, under date of May 31st, the cable reports that "the Athens newspapers are now demanding the immediate prosecution of the leaders." The name of this organization is frequently found in the dispatches, and as it is not probable that every reader is familiar with it, some little information upon the subject may not be unwelcome.

The origin of the Ethnike Hetairia dates back practically to the close of the Russo-Turkish War, although there are those who claim for it greater age. However that may be, its vigorous life dates only from that time. When the Berlin conference sat after the Russo-Turkish War, and wrested from Russia the fruits of the Treaty of San Stefano; when the victorious troops of the Czar were checked almost within sight of Constantinople; when the Russian army was halted on the shores of the Bosphorus and took up its sullen march back through the Balkan Peninsula—then it was that the prudent government of Greece resolved to pick up some crumbs out of the readjustment of the Balkan Peninsula. During the war the Greek foreign office had made a convention with the Czar, and assurances were given by Russia that if Greece could only mobilize a few battalions and get them across the frontier before the war ended, she would be "taken care of." Months passed by, and Greece not only could not get troops across the frontier, but could not even get them to the frontier. As the Russian army was sweeping down toward Constantinople, Greece received a sharp message from Russia to the effect that if she expected to get any share in the division of the Sick Man's raiment she must "make a showing" and get troops across the frontier. The Grecian war office made a desperate effort, and succeeded in getting a few thousand troops across the frontier, where they remained less than a day, and were obliged to return, having been left without food by reason of the failure of the commissariat to keep up.

The Berlin conference refused to look upon this Grecian "invasion" of Turkish territory as serious. Had Greece followed the counsel of Russia and made a serious demonstration, the powers would have given her all of Thessaly and Southern Albania. But the Grecian "invasion" was so ludicrous that the powers did not have the face to attempt this. The Greeks, however, regarded themselves as having been played with by the powers, and the Ethnike Hetairia sprang up and began its agitation for making Macedonia an integral part of Greece.

The present war is directly due to the agitation of the Ethnike Hetairia. It was the irruption of its irregular legions upon Turkish territory which caused the present war. This league was founded under the poet Rhiga, the author of the Greek national hymn. The Ethnike Hetairia has also inculcated the teaching of Greek in the public schools, for Romaic, the language spoken by the modern Greeks, is not even a dialect of Greek—it is a jargon.

The league now includes some of the most wealthy and influential Greeks, and it is even said that several of the members of the present cabinet are members of the Ethnike Hetairia. With the fickleness of mobs, the Athens proletariat, which a few weeks ago was lauding the league to the skies, is now demanding its criminal prosecution.

As a result of the efforts of this "patriotic" league, Greece has lost several battles, there is a hostile Turkish army of nearly a quarter of a million of men upon her soil, she has lost all hope of ever acquiring Macedonia and Southern Albania, she will probably lose much of Thessaly, she will have to pay a large war indemnity, if not all of the forty-five millions of dollars that Turkey has demanded, she will probably be forced to give up her entire fleet to Turkey, she has been utterly discredited as a military power, her already shaking finances have been succeeded by national bankruptcy, and her "dynasty" is tottering from its throne. Such is the result of the war-like methods of the Ethnike Hetairia.

Why would it not be well for our jingo senators to form an American Ethnike Hetairia? Those senators who are perpetually shouting "War! War!" and alternately threatening Spain, England, and Japan, had better get up an American Ethnike Hetairia. In view of the whirlwind being reaped by the Grecian one, however, we would suggest that before plunging this country into a war they get something together to make war with.

From the daily papers we learn that Claus Spreckels, through his attorneys, Johnson, Linforth & Whitaker, has filed in the courts an action to recover one million dollars from W. R. Hearst for libel. The complaint alleges that the *Examiner*, on May 23d, published a false and defamatory article, alleging that the plaintiff "held up" the stockholders of the Watsonville Beet Sugar Company and "compelled them to sell their stock." The complaint, which is very lengthy, alleges that the plaintiff is "extensively engaged in business" and is "extensively, well, and favorably known" throughout the world, mentioning many countries in detail. The complaint goes on to recite that the *Examiner* accused the complainant of "coercing stockholders into selling stock to him," "obtaining said stock in an improper and unfair manner," "compelling stockholders to sell by fear of plaintiff," and "securing said stock for said Sugar Trust for some improper and illegal purpose."

This suit will be an interesting one. The parties to the suit are millionaires. The Hearst estate mounts up in the millions, and Mr. Spreckels is worth probably two or three times as much as the Hearst estate. The *Examiner* claims a circulation of over eighty thousand, and the complainant, by reason of this enormous circulation, claims enormous damages. It will be interesting to see how the courts construe the question of circulation: whether a large circulation means greater damage, or whether a paper with a large circulation and little influence can damage a man as much as a paper with a smaller circulation and large influence. The measure of damages is also interesting. The amount of damage which can be done by a newspaper libel to a man possessed of many millions and with business interests extending all over the globe, and whether such a man can be damaged by a newspaper libel more than a man of smaller interests, will have to be settled by the court.

It is probable that the suit will be fought to a finish. Claus Spreckels, in addition to his large wealth, is a man of most remarkable tenacity of purpose, and not prone to leniency. He has never relented toward certain members of his family whom he considers to have wronged him, and it is therefore highly probable that he will accept no compromise from a newspaper which he claims to have libeled him. Mr. Hearst, on the other side, also has practically an unlimited amount of money, and he can not afford to retract, apologize, or compromise. He will have to fight the suit to retain his newspaper prestige. So a most bitter contest may be expected.

Less than a fortnight has passed since the Dingley tariff bill, modified by the Finance Committee, was formally launched in Senate waters. Events since that time have been anxiously scrutinized by the business world to discern, if possible, some promise that an end to the tedious delay is approaching. There is even a tone of impatience in public utterances which indicates a wide-spread sentiment that any tariff, no matter what its rates, would be better than a continuance of the present uncertainty, which paralyzes business and retards enterprise. The great cry is, "Give us the tariff in some form quickly, and let us get to work." The country is more concerned over loss of precious time than with disputes over a cent or a cent and a half, so long as an adequate measure of protection is secured.

The friends of the bill in the Senate profess to believe that the bill can be passed by July 1st at the latest, and there

are reasons for thinking that such an estimate is not unwarranted. The votes already taken on divers amendments indicate that a good working majority may be expected to favor the bill. Fortunately, the support of the bill is not confined by party lines, and what is equally fortunate, the hopeful outlook is confirmed by the divided attitude of the opposition, the absence of any formulated tariff proposition by the minority, and the general abandonment of the old-time theory of tariff for revenue only.

This changing trend of tariff discussion, appearing in the press as well as in Congress, is a most hopeful sign. It is evidently one of the few good things which have grown up out of the stormy times through which business has been passing. The irreconcilable differences in the Democratic party, which culminated last year in the disastrous fusion with the Populists and silverites, has distracted attention from its time-honored contention with Republicans along tariff lines. Party lines being once broken, it has become easier for Democrats with protectionist leanings to support a tariff bill in which protection is an aggressive principle. Because of these changes, we find the South, heretofore solidly against protection, wavering between loyalty to old party dogmas and a dawning realization of the value of protection to its great staples, cotton and sugar. We find a Democratic senator from Louisiana—McEnery—committed to tariff legislation; we find a Democratic senator from California—White—rushing to the aid of Senator Aldrich to uphold a protective rate on schedules in which his constituents are interested, while as for Populists and silverites, they are to be found on both sides of the fast-disappearing tariff fence.

This probable evolution of a business tariff is not merely a logical sequence of party disintegration; it is largely a wonder that it has not occurred long ago. Free trade may be best for the United Kingdom of Great Britain, whose territory is less than many of our single States, whose trade is bound to be a foreign one, and whose home population is about one-half our own. But we occupy a territory between whose magnificent boundaries is contained one-twentieth of the world's population, the production of one-third of the world's manufactured value, and a home market equal to that of the balance of the world put together. And this splendid heritage is growing. Our increase in manufacture from 1870 to 1880 was more than a billion of dollars, as against half that amount in Great Britain. The proportional excess of increase in the next decade was even greater, bringing the difference in 1890 to more than seven hundred millions of dollars. The lead was increased in 1891 and 1892, and even the blight of Clevelandism and Wilson hills has not wholly checked the advance.

The bill before the Senate is considerably below the rates proposed in the House, and, in many schedules, below those of the McKinley bill of 1890. The Senate committee has acted upon the belief that the changed conditions of many industries do not require the extreme protection necessary to their infant state, and that a moderate tariff will present fewer salient points of attack to opposition. Such a position is not unwarranted, and should lead to a greater permanence in tariff regulations and avoid the interference with business from which the country has suffered. With such a tariff in force, there will remain to be accomplished only the gradual harmonizing of the conflicting interests of sections and those between producers and manufacturers. The bill is drawn to raise an additional revenue of about fifty millions of dollars, together with the temporary tax on tea and the increased internal revenues from beer and tobacco, which latter should unquestionably bear their share. The fruit industry is amply cared for, and wool will be better protected than by any previous bill.

The perplexities of the State quarantine officials of California, already referred to by us, are increasing. The latest complication is not without its humorous side. The steamer *Peru* arrived last week from ports in China and Japan, which have been declared to be infected. Dr. Chalmers, the State quarantine officer, ordered the mails to be fumigated. The Federal quarantine officer in charge of the fumigating station refused to accept orders from the State quarantine officer, and the mails were landed without being fumigated. The State quarantine officer then issued a pronunciamiento to the public, in which he said:

"The mails arriving in the city by the steamer *Peru* were ordered to the Angel Island Quarantine Station for fumigation by me. The Federal officer in charge of the quarantine station declined to receive the said mails, consequently they have been landed unfumigated, as the local board of health has not the necessary apparatus for fumigating mail matter."

The State quarantine officer goes on with a touching appeal to the public concerning the necessity for individual fumigation. We do not quite see what right Dr. Chalmers has to order Dr. Blue, the Federal quarantine officer, to fumigate mails. He might as well order the postmaster, the surveyor, the United States marshal, or the Federal

judges to do so. If the Federal quarantine officer does not believe that there exists any necessity for quarantine, we do not see how the State quarantine officer can make him think there is. Further than that, the Federal quarantine officer has his own superiors, and does not take orders from the officers of the State of California. For a State official to "order" a Federal officer to fumigate mails when he has no authority so to order him, and then to fall back upon the excuse that he did so because the State has no fumigation apparatus of its own, is rather ludicrous.

We are of the opinion, as the *Argonaut* has frequently remarked, that in this contention the State officials must necessarily go to the wall. Quarantine is a regulation of commerce, with which the State has nothing to do. The sooner the State of California abandons the absurd claim that it can declare and enforce quarantine, thereby interfering with commerce, a purely Federal function, the better it will be for all concerned.

A thorough revolution in the power system of suburban and short-line railways is promised by a recent improvement in the construction of electric railways. This is what is known as the "third-rail system." It was recently tried on the New York and New England Railway between Hartford and Berlin, a distance of about thirteen miles. So successful were the experiments made that President Clark of the company predicts that "ere long the third-rail system would drive the locomotive into the scrap-heap on the New Haven road as well as on every other road in the country." A similar system is in operation on the Metropolitan and Lake Shore elevated roads in Chicago, and the Manhattan Railway Company in New York, after studying the two lines, is considering the adoption of the system on its elevated roads, of which it owns and operates four parallel lines, with a total mileage of 100.6 miles, these being the only elevated roads in New York. It is proposed, in connection with the New York Central Company, to run through trains from the Battery to Yonkers, and perhaps beyond that point, and the trip from the Battery to Harlem River will be made in fifteen minutes.

On the New England road the rail was placed midway between the two rails on which the trucks stand, and through this rail the current is transmitted from the power-house. In shape this rail is like a flattened letter "A," and it is not fastened to the ties, but is laid on blocks of wood. The trolley block consists of a flat, cast-iron shoe, twelve by four inches, and weighing twenty pounds, which runs along the flat top of the third rail as the trolley pole follows the overhead wire in the trolley system. A copper wire inside of this iron shoe carries the current to the motor in the truck of the car, while the return current passes along one of the running rails. The current used is one of six hundred volts, one hundred more than in the overhead system, and though the current runs through the third rail, a shock can not be received without closing the circuit between this third rail and one of the side rails.

By this system it is possible to transmit power commercially over a much greater distance than most electricians formerly deemed feasible, and thus the heavy expense of power-houses constructed along the line of the track at intervals is avoided. The item of economy is also strongly in favor of this system. A steam-engine requires seven to eight tons of coal to generate one horse-power, while the same energy may be developed by the third-rail system with one ton of coal. As compared with the over-head trolley system the expense is only one-fifth. A speed of forty miles an hour has been developed, and it is considered that this can be increased to seventy-five miles.

If the enthusiastic predictions of those who have experimented with this system are justified—and there is every reason to expect that they will be, although the *Electrical Review* warns investors to "go slow"—there is a promise of valuable possibilities for California in this invention. The principal lines of railway in this State run generally north and south through the middle line, turning abruptly to the east at the extreme southern part. The topography is such, cut up as the State is by the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range of mountains, that feeders to these main lines must necessarily be short, and the possible business that may be secured does not justify the construction of expensive lines of steam railway. Thus large sections of the State remain undeveloped because the transportation of their products to the market costs more than the market price will repay. Del Norte, Humboldt, and Trinity Counties, and parts of Siskiyou and Mendocino, are without railway communication. Modoc and Lassen are equally isolated. The tier of counties in the south-eastern part of the State finds an outlet in Nevada, and many of the mining counties are connected with the outside world only by long lines of stages. The great central valley is well supplied with railway connections, though there is room here to reduce the cost of transportation by

the construction of short electric lines as feeders, and the southern counties are in a similar situation. The counties to the south of San Francisco as far as Santa Barbara will probably receive all facilities of communication that will be necessary for some years from the coast line, which is approaching completion.

The possibilities of manufacturing development in this State by utilizing the power of the rivers that now goes to waste by electrical transmission has already been discussed in these columns. The same force could be used for furnishing power to electrical railways. After the electrical power has been generated, the water is returned to the bed of the river with no greater loss in quantity than would take place than if it had remained in the original channel, and thus there would be no inconvenience to the irrigationists, while the farmers would profit from the increased facilities for transporting their grain and fruits to the market. The upper part of El Dorado, Amador, Calaveras, Tuolumne, and Mariposa Counties now have only imperfect connections with the railroads of the valleys. Electric roads would enable them to secure supplies for the mines more cheaply.

It is doubtful whether surface roads in cities and towns and along the country highways could be safely operated by the third-rail system. There would always be a danger of closing the circuit between the middle and side-rails with fatal results to persons and animals. But the law of the State provides for the exercise of the right of eminent domain to secure the roadway for electrical as well as steam railways, and it is better, on account of the speed of trains as well as to avoid accidents from the electrical current, that the roads should not follow general lines of travel. A bill was proposed during the last session of the legislature prohibiting the granting of franchises to railroads to run along public highways, and, though it failed of passage, the power to refuse such franchises remains with the public officials, and should be exercised. The highways are for the people; the railroads should be forced to purchase their rights of way.

The action of the Federal Government, by means of taxation in its various forms, has had considerable influence upon the development of the cane-sugar industry in this country. The production of raw sugar did not begin until 1803, when Louisiana became a part of the territory of the United States, but the refineries received protection in Pennsylvania by means of a differential duty on raw and refined sugar even before the national government was established. In the law of 1789 the duty on raw sugar was fixed at one cent, and that on the refined article at three cents. As it was estimated that two pounds of the raw material were consumed in making one pound of refined sugar, this left a differential of one cent and established the protection of the refineries as the policy of the national government. The next year, when the rates were fixed at two and one-half and five cents, the differential disappeared.

Four years later, in 1794, a new policy was adopted. The need of revenue led to the imposition of an excise duty of two cents on each pound of sugar refined in this country, and the rates on imported sugars were raised to six and one-half cents on raw and nine cents on refined. In order to continue the protection to the refiners they were allowed a drawback equal to the excise, and three cents additional on all imported raw sugar when exported in a refined condition. In 1802 the excise law was repealed and the drawback was reduced to three cents on imported raw sugar when reexported after refining. Up to this time raw sugar had not been produced commercially in this country, but the Louisiana purchase changed the situation. The admission of raw sugar free of duty from Louisiana now gave an impetus to production, and the output increased from 2,250 tons in 1803 to 17,050 tons in 1832.

In 1816 the duty on raw sugar was reduced to three cents, but as the drawback on imported sugars was only four cents, the producers in this country still had an advantage. The duty remained unchanged, and the producers continued to enjoy an advantage through the drawback until 1832. In that year the duty was reduced so that the drawback allowed the refiners to obtain foreign sugar free of duty when the refined product was reexported. Where the refined sugar was consumed in this country, the domestic producer had an advantage equal to the tariff rate of two and one-half cents. In 1833 the compromise tariff came into force, and under its operation the duty was gradually reduced until 1842, when it was less than two cents. During this period the drawback remained at five cents, which, with improved machinery that reduced the waste in manufacture, enabled the refiners to make a profit by purchasing foreign rather than domestic sugar, when the refined product was to be exported.

The effect of these changes in the tariff is seen in the relation between the amount produced and the amount imported during these periods. In 1803, the amount produced was 2,250 tons; in 1832, it was 17,050 tons. The amount for

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the next five years was 23,790 tons, and, for 1828-1832, it was 39,000 tons. During this period, the industry had been fostered by the government and the production increased steadily. From 1800 to 1830, the population increased 24 per cent, and the production of sugar 163 per cent. The average production from 1823 to 1827 was 23,790 tons against an importation of 38,830; during the next five years, it was 39,000 against 38,200. Importations decreased against an increased production and during a period of increased consumption. For the next ten years the producers received gradually decreasing protection. During the first half of the period, the production averaged 38,540 tons and the imports 66,640 tons; during the second half, the production was 57,210 tons, the imports 82,790 tons.

The next twenty years included the period when the free-trade ideas came into force. In 1846 the Walker tariff came into force, and in 1857 the rates were still further reduced. The rate of duty collected on sugar during this period averaged about one cent a pound. By five-year periods the production averaged 98,630 tons, 141,060 tons, 157,330 tons, and 181,138 tons. The production was steadily increasing, as was to be expected from the growth of the population, but not so rapidly as the consumption, as is shown by the imports. The average imports for these periods were 70,570 tons, 157,270 tons, 271,620 tons, and 334,938 tons. The Civil War destroyed the sugar industry in the United States for a time, and, though the hounty policy served to revive it for a time, the production has not increased in proportion to the consumption.

This review of the experience of the sugar-producers under the varying action of the government will give some indication of what might be expected here were the beet-sugar producers more favorably treated. An industry bringing millions of dollars was built up in Louisiana through the fostering care of the government. The price of sugar has been reduced for the people until refined sugar, which was considered a luxury within the reach of only the very rich, has replaced raw sugar and molasses on the tables of the poor. The producers of this State, who are struggling to build up an industry that will distribute millions of dollars annually among the people of California, are forced to compete with the foreign planters of the Hawaiian Islands.

Governor James H. Budd has at last "handed down his decision" in the case of William H. T. Durrant on appeal from the decision of the supreme court—or at least that is the impression left upon the minds of the people of the State by the governor's curious document. It reads exactly like a decision affirming the judgment of the courts below. The pardoning power which is vested in the executive does not strike us as being judicial in its character. It is generally exercised when, owing to the inelasticity of the law, some injustice may be done by the strict carrying out of the sentence of the court. For example, a man may be convicted of murder in the first degree, for the reason that the killing was done in cold blood and with malice aforethought, the accused having carefully provided himself with the weapon with which to slay the victim. But it may be shown, after sentence, that the weapon came accidentally to his hand, and that the crime was committed in hot blood. It would be an injustice to hang a man for such a homicide, but it would be difficult to obtain a new trial after sentence of death had been passed. The easiest way to remedy the injustice of carrying out the sentence of the law, under such circumstances, would be for the executive to commute the sentence or to pardon. This, we take it, gives briefly the scope of the pardoning function of the chief magistrates of commonwealths in the American Union.

But Governor Budd seems to have given much wider scope to his magisterial functions. He looks upon himself evidently not only as chief magistrate but as police magistrate, trial judge, and appellate justice. He has gone hurrowing into the cellars and climbing into the towers of Emmanuel Church, where the murders were committed, and he has personally submitted witnesses of the case to his own examination, his own cross-examination, his own re-cross and re-direct examination, and then taken testimony in rebuttal. He has overruled exceptions, charged himself as a jury, given a verdict which he has approved, and affirmed his own decision. Altogether we think that the governor has made rather a poor spectacle of himself in this Durrant murder case, and the only thing in his course which the public approves is the fact that he has let the judgment of the courts alone. The judgment of the courts was that William H. T. Durrant had foully murdered Blanche Lamont, and that he should be hanged by the neck until dead. This sentence is now to be carried out. And for the fact that he has not meddled with it, the community is under obligations to the governor, but not under obligations to the governor for the manner of his meddling.

THE CURSE OF THE FLORES.

A Tale of a Witch and a Wedding.

"Look, Isabel! Thou hast heard of old Nona Tacoma?"
 "Ay de mi! how ugly a woman!"
 "Hush, girl, hush! She will hear thee! Thou knowest she can cast the evil eye. No? Truly she is to-day the woman of all most feared by the people of San Diego. The governor's Doña Maria can flog her servants with her own fair hands, and Doña Catarina Alcor is said to have humbled even a father of the church with her sea-green eyes, but these can not make the victims of their anger pine away in miserable sickness, nor suffer loss upon loss, until their wealth is flown, the saints know whither. Why, there was Ignacio Lopez, my Isabel! His cow did break into the old woman's turnips, and she cursed him—and in one twelvemonth the cow and his burro die, his wife and children sicken, and he—"

Isabel shook back her black ringlets, and the laughter in her eyes huddled over her lips.

"And dost thou believe all these nursery tales, Preciosa, my cousin? It takes more than one hobbling old Indian hag to scare me into a decline, I promise thee. Come, now, and see me give this poor owl a hit of silver to smooth a line out of the ugly face of her!" and dragging her unwilling companion by the wrist, the little skeptic hastened to meet the crippled figure of the witch-woman.

It was Doña Preciosa who paled visibly under the spiteful glance with which she received their approach, and dropped her eyes, haunted by her reputation for preternatural understanding; but Isabel, her cousin, the stranger in San Diego, met the challenge with pink confidence. "Good morning, Nona mia!" she cried blithely. "May Santa Maria be with you. Take this to remember a Flores!"

"Take you this to remember No-no-na!"

The heldame crouched over her stick into a hideous semblance of the snarling puma; ignoring the outstretched coin, she fixed her gaze upon the orbs of the young girl, making a sign with one withered hand that seemed to Preciosa to be still traced on the air as the threatening arm fell. Isabel's brave lids drooped for one instant, her lips quivered, perhaps in derision, and then parted as if again to address the crone, who turned her back instantly and passed muttering on her way; but it was her cousin's turn now to draw her on in haste, pantingly, and half sobbing:

"Isabella querida, what hast thou done? What hast thou done?"

"Nay, I would but have done her a kindness. What a cross-grained old witch it is!" she exclaimed, fretfully, about to restore the rejected gift to its fellows, but by a sudden impulse she made the sign of the cross above it and tossed it to little lame Felipe, curled down by his dog below the governor's wall.

Six months after Isabel Flores rode home to her father's ranchita, a vaquero with jingling spurs loped into San Diego and brought to the Yznaga door a letter to the Señorita Preciosa.

"MY VERY DEAR COUSIN [it ran]: So much has happened since I saw you I know not where to begin to tell you. I must first say that my wedding is to be on the ninth of October, and it is necessary that my aunt and you all come to us at once to share in the preparations. It will be a lively affair. Papacito has the wish to make grand *fiesta* for his little *niña*. We shall have the house full of people for a week; there will be races, and fights, and plenty dancing. To-morrow the men go to the hills to track the bear—they are not so many hereabouts as when I was a little girl, and the hunt may be long. José will not be with them; he has gone these two weeks to Monterey. Ay, he has sent the most beautiful *donas*—two mantillas, one white, one black, of the fine lace; shawls of crepe; the rosary of pearls; the fan of ivory—but you shall see, Preciosa mia. I can not tell you the half. Truly he is a most ardent lover, giving no peace to papa or to me till the day is set. Thou knowest I love him, my sister-cousin, and yet I shrink from the wedding. Is it that I have a presentiment of evil? If I were of your benighted San Diegos now, I might think this unusual nervousness the warning of some calamity to fall on me in token of the witch-hag's hatred; but *padre mio* and me, we laugh at that folly. José says I am not well and need change; he says my eyes are sad when I smile even; he means to take me into Mexico, think of it. Ah! I have so much to tell thee! Thou must come quickly. Thou shouldst see the silk of my gown, it will stand alone; and thou must help to make it. Give my love to Luisa. Present my deepest respects to my Aunt Herminia, and beseech her to make no delay in coming to us. Ever thy loving cousin, ISABELLA FLORES."

Preciosa laid the letter down with a subtle chill creeping up her spine and looked guiltily around, feeling as if the witch-woman had been reading over her shoulder. She at least was not educated above the superstition of the times, and the jesting allusion to old Nona worried her.

Good Doña Herminia did indeed make all haste with her packing; her heart yearned over this motherless girl looking forward to the great change, so on the third day after the arrival of Isabel's missive a gay troop drew out of the big, bare court-yard and wound through the streets of San Diego to the north: in the front rode Preciosa and her sister on their thorough-bred Andalusians, Doña Herminia on her staid old mare, and the young brother tricked out in boyish imitation of the *caballeros*; Don Sebastian in his soher *serape* and gray *sombrero* followed by two or three *vaqueros* with extra horses, among them the messenger from the Rancho Flores; last of all the carts, piled high with luggage and topped by the Indian maids in their coarse bright gowns; past the whitened adobe houses, past the dark huts of the natives, slowly over the sandy roads, out upon the gray plain, and toward the pink and purple mountains. No one among the laughing, chattering riders looked back to see an old herb-gatherer, crouching over her greens by the road-side, totter painfully to her feet and stare after the vanishing cavalcade with her rheumy eyes.

"Go your way! go your way, all of you!" she chuckled, sardonically. "Crying sky gives good enough hride-day to her who will not be a wife," and carefully garnering the gleanings of her morning's labor, she turned her back and hobbled home.

There was uncommon activity upon the Rancho Flores. Doña Herminia, installed as temporary head of her brother's widowed household, waddled hither and thither all day, with

her swinging keys and Ana, the old *dueña*, like a faithful dog, at her heels. In Isabel's white chamber, dainty fingers were flying over creations of silk and lace, over cobwebby underlinen, and the fine Spanish work upon sheets and pillow-cases, from dawn till dark. Even to the lazy Indians of the quarters came the spirit of diligence. Was not this to be the greatest wedding in the country for a decade? Out by the corral, maddened continually by the scent of the cattle, the tough old bear captured for the *fiesta* fights was being kept on half-rations, the bulls had been well tested and selected, and Don Tomas's famous horses were in training to match the famous steeds coming from the north.

Guests began to arrive by the first of October, and by the fifth the hospitable ranch-house was comfortably filled; but some strange delay held back the bridegroom. Isabel flitted through her occupation with a red spot on either cheek, gayest of all the sparkling company. Now and again her eyes stirred a haunting memory of her mother in Don Tomas's bosom.

"Hast thou no word yet, Isabella mia?"

The room was full of girls on the evening of Thursday, three days before the date set for the ceremony, all sewing and gabbling in youthful inconsequence; but tongues and needles stopped together as Liza de Luz put the unvoiced query into form.

The hride-to-he raised her head from the glossy heap in her lap; she was placing the finishing stitches in her wedding-gown, silent amid all the clatter.

"Not yet," she answered, sweetly; her voice was calm and unfeared.

"Art thou not afraid he has been lured from thee by some marvelous Montereyña?" called a mischievous damsel from her perch in the window-seat. "They say the señoritas of that city are the lilies of California!"

"She does not know Don José de Lome who casts suspicion on his faith and honor!" Isabel's nostrils were quivering, the black locks tossing backward; the setting sun-rays threw a flush over her face. She turned quickly toward the teasing voice, and Liza said her eyeballs glittered.

"Nay, I mean no harm, dear," cried Doña Julia, somewhat abashed. "We know Don José is Californian and a gentleman—but this delay," appealing to the others, "is it not ominous?"

"There have been storms to the north!" broke in Luisa Yznaga, hastily. "My father say the ships are all late—surely he comes in time that he may marry."

"Holy Mother of God, pray it he not the witch-curse working!" The exclamation was scarcely a whisper, but a dozen pair of sharp eyes turned upon Preciosa's corner; one and another hastily crossed themselves. "What meanest thou, Precita?" "Tell us who was cursed?" "Not Don José?" they hesought her.

Isabel rose to her feet in scorn and indignation. "Tell not that foolish tale here, my cousin, I beg!" she cried, haughtily. "Surely there is trouble enough in the world, we need not shudder at brain-shadows."

Preciosa stiffened visibly, and the crowding girls drew back in confusion. There was again a constrained hush while Isabel stooped to lift the shimmering gown that had slid from her lap and folded it, saying: "I will have this finished to-morrow." But when she left the room, they pressed more eagerly than before about Preciosa's seat, crying: "Tell us, Precita!" and she told them.

A coolness rested between the cousins all next day. Isabel felt in the air that her wishes had been disregarded, and Preciosa considered her intelligence insulted by so public a reproof, though prevailing opinion upheld her fears. Piquant faces sohered behind the back of the expectant bride, there were sly whisperings and many a devout crossing of tremulous bosoms, and the black or gray eyes above many a dark mustache softened with pity as she passed. "He will not come. He is swallowed up by the sea," they said, one to another, and the mysterious terror of unnamed evil affected the spirits of old and young, in spite of Don Tomas's magnificent hospitality and his daughter's apparently unflinching cheer.

The forehodings of the wedding guests were destined, after all, to a speedy exorcisement. In the yet early dusk came a clatter of hoofs on the hard road, the looming figures of two hastily moving horsemen, and with a cry of "José, my José," Doña Isabel Flores dropped her guitar upon the piazza and was locked in her lover's arms upon the steps.

"*Dios de mi alma*, one would think she was already married!" muttered a fat *dueña* to her neighbor. "Saw you ever a senorita meet her lover thus?"

"Remember, Paula, she has no mother—and, too, they have grown together always, like brother and sister," and Doña Alicia's old eyes glistened softly in the moonlight.

"Truly I want not my Julia so bold," Doña Paula grumbled on. "But what will you? She is a Flores."

Blessed is the bride the sun shines on. Saturday, the eighth of October, was a day of joyous, unclouded excitement. With the arrival of the bridegroom and Don Jorge Winter, his friend, the assembled company cast aside anxiety and restraint. Belated comers swelled their numbers almost hourly, gayety reigned, and Doña Preciosa, humbled by the failure of her prognostications, met her cousin's happy overtures half way.

But in the night ragged wrack drove in from the distant sea, with the souging of a mighty wind among the sycamores and live-oaks, and the first of the autumn rains descended in sheets and torrents. The blue hills were hid in mists, the rose-bushes bowed their heavy heads despairingly, and the dead, yellow grass was soggy under the horses' hoofs as the nearer neighbors gathered to join the picturesque crowd filling the little chapel on Sunday morning.

"'Tis a sorrowful omen!" croaked old Doña Paula; but the spirits of youth were above the fog at that juncture.

Afterward, some said that Doña Isabel de Lome looked pale and spent at the wedding-breakfast, that they had wondered at her loss of vitality after the ceremony; but others

present asserted as stoutly that she never had looked handsomer in her life, and that her eyes shone down the long *salta* with marvelous brilliancy. What happened later is indelibly graven on the memory of every surviving guest.

Doña Preciosa awoke from her *siesta* in a choking agony of terror—blind, unreasoning terror—in which the baleful figure of old Nona Tacoma seemed to stand threatening over her bed, mocking, and mowing, and drawing horrible cabalistics with her skinny forefinger. As life and sense struggled back to her, she slipped from beside her sister and, flinging herself down before the crucifix on the wall, began to pray—for Isabel.

The house was buried in silence—asleep: only hushed lowings from the distant corral came through the murky mist. The girl had been on her knees many minutes, when, all at once, a high, horrid scream, as of some caged creature, echoed down the corridor, followed by a man's frightened call, and then the startled scurrying of feet. Preciosa's door communicated with her mother's room. Thither she dragged herself, stiff and trembling, only to be met on the threshold by Doña Herminia and half led, half carried back to her bed, where Luisa was now sitting up, sobbing and shivering.

"Lie down!" the señora said, sternly, "and cover up your ears; this is not a sight or sound for you."

She was gone, and again and again that tormented cry swelled through the house, followed at last by maniacal laughter, by moans, and sobs, and silence; and the sisters lay cowering in each other's arms.

There was neither feasting nor dancing on the Rancho Flores that night, but the wedding guests rode away in awed groups from the stricken household, and on all sides rose the fearful whisper: "It is the curse! The curse!"

"Ay, the curse of the Flores!" muttered Doña Paula Sunol. "Were not her *padre* and *madre* cousins?"

"Her mother's curse!" Don Tomas groaned, alone in his library.

But Doña Preciosa told her dream with white lips to the crying, frightened girls, all huddled together in the corridor before their departure, and the fame of Nonona the Witch was carried from San Diego to San Francisco.

GERTRUDE B. MILLARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1897.

OUR ROYAL ANCESTOR.

Professor Jordan says Most of Us are Descended from William the Conqueror—Strange Facts Brought out in a Study of Heredity.

Dr. David Starr Jordan, the president of Leland Stanford Junior University, contributes an interesting article, entitled "The Heredity of Richard Roe," to the July *Arena*. While it presents facts that have been known to scientists for many years, the layman will find the first part of it anything but light reading. But Dr. Jordan makes a clear and concise summary of the facts and theories of heredity, and the concluding portion of his article is particularly striking. He says:

I said just now that Richard Roe had twice as many ancestors as his father or his mother. This is self-evident, but it is not literally true. There is a vast interlocking of families. Over and over again strains of blood have crossed, and the same person, and therefore the whole of this person's ancestors, will be found in many different places in a single pedigree. The lack of old records obscures this fact. That crossing and recrossing must occur countless times is evident from a moment's consideration. We can show mathematically that the child of to-day must have had at the time of Alfred the Great an ancestry of 870,672,000,000 persons. In the time of William the Conqueror (thirty generations) this number reaches 8,598,094,592. This is shown by the ordinary process of computation—two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, and so on. As the number of Englishmen in Alfred's time, or even in William's, was but a very small fraction of these numbers, most of these ancestors must have been repeated many times in the calculation. Each person who leaves descendants is a link in the great chain of life, or rather a strand in life's great net-work. The blood of each single person in Alfred's time who left capable descendants enduring to our day is represented in every family of strict English descent. In other words, every Englishman is descended from Alfred the Great; as very likely also from the peasant woman whose cakes Alfred is reputed to have burned. Moreover, there are few if any who do not share the blood of William the Conqueror. Most ancestral lines, if they could be traced, would go back to him by a hundred different strains. In fact, there are few families in the south and east of England who have not more Norman blood than the present royal family. The House of Guelph holds the throne not through nearness to William, but through primogeniture, a thing very different from heredity.

Mr. Edward J. Edwards, of Minneapolis, has recently sent me some very interesting studies in genealogy yet unpublished. These concern the lineage of his little daughter, my niece, Mary Stockton Edwards.

Mr. Edwards finds that the little girl, like millions of others, is descended through at least two different lines from William the Conqueror. The lineage of one of these leads in thirty-two generations through the family names of Jordan, Hawley, Waldo, Elderkin, Drake, Grenville, Courteney, De Bohun, and Plantagenet to William the Conqueror. Sir Humphrey de Bohun married Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of King Edward the First. In the ancestry of King Edward are the Saxon kings Cedric, Eghert, Alfred, and Ethelred, while intermarriage with other royal lines brings in Hengist, Hugh Capet, Charlemagne, Otho the Great, Duncan, Rurik, Igor, San Fernando, and a host of other notables of whom one would have less right to be proud. The Courteney, Earls of Devon, are again descended from the royal lines of France (Hugh Capet) and Russia, but not from William the Conqueror. To Courteney and Plantagenet again the Edwards

lineage has been traced along another and quite different line.

The seventy family names, more or less, traced in the first series, containing perhaps a thousand representatives, are only so many out of billions, if there were no duplications. If there had been no repetitions, there would be, instead of the thousand known ancestors, four billions of persons between Mary Stockton Edwards and William the Conqueror. This genealogy is therefore but a strand from an enormous net-work, which if written out in full would cover the earth with names. Only through the family pride of the Courteney and Drakes this fragment of personal descent and personal history happened to be preserved. By mere chance, the plebeian record of the plebeian descendants of the Puritan John Drake of Windsor forms a junction with the sacred annals of the English peerage.

Most of the English people named in these records lived in Devon and Sussex, from which region their descendants came to America. The subordinate lines traced out lead to the feudal lords of these two counties. The interesting fact, however, is that in this there is nothing exceptional. These people in America were New England farmers for the most part, squires, and shipwrights, with a lineage or character in no respect singular. Their sole important heritage was "the Puritan conscience."

Studies of this kind show clearly that primogeniture is mainly responsible for the difference between Roundhead and Cavalier, between Royalist and Puritan. Roundheads and Puritans were descended from daughters and younger brothers. The "blue blood" flows in England only in the veins of the eldest son. But the eldest sons of the eldest sons form but a very small fragment of the whole. Galton's remark to the effect that the character of England has suffered through the segregation of her strongest representatives as nobility, exposed to the deteriorating influences of ease and unearned power, is scarcely justified. A few individuals have suffered, perhaps, but not England. The nobility are only the conspicuous few. The rest have joined the mass of common men whose greatness makes England great.

One of the many daughters of some king marries a nobleman. Later a scion of nobility is joined to some squire. Some daughter of a squire is married to a farmer. The farmer's children thus have royal blood in their veins. Or, by reverse process, plebeian blood may enter—and to its advantage—the bluest of nobility. The thirty generations of Englishmen since William's time each contains a far and wide mixture of blood. That the descendants of the old nobility are alive to-day indicates that in the main each individual has a sound heredity. For a rotten link means the breaking of the chain. Even royal blood is not necessarily degenerate. That which became so has been strengthened by plebeian strains. There can be few if any Englishmen or Americans to-day that have not royal blood in their veins. There is probably not a king living who has not somewhere in his ancestry the bar sinister of the common peasant. For of one blood, after all, are all the nations of the earth, as well as the men that make up these nations.

Another necessary conclusion is this, that race characteristics imply direct personal relationship among those who exhibit them. The Englishmen of to-day are English in temperament because they are related by blood. They are the variously intermingled descendants of some few robust families of a thousand years ago, a hundred thousand of them all at the most. "Saxon, and Norman, and Dane are we." From these families, Dane, Norman, and Saxon, the weak, the infertile, and the unfortunate are constantly undergoing elimination, leaving the strong and fecund to persist. The withered branches are only continued through the charity which enables the pauper to subsist, or through bad social conditions which propagate the criminal. Pauperism, criminality, and folly have their lineage, but it is not a long one; and wiser counsel will make it shorter than it now is.

This persistence of the strong shows itself in the prevalence of the leading qualities in the dominant strains. To these ruling ancestors every line of genealogy will be found to lead, when we come to follow it backward. We may reach these from one to a thousand times each in the following up of different ancestral lines.

The growth of colonial types of Englishmen comes from the narrowing of the range of crossing and from intermarriage with lines not English. This occurs most frequently outside of England. "What do they of England know who only England know?" This is especially frequent in the United States. But already these varied strains are uniting to form a "Brother Jonathan" as definite in qualities and as "set in his ways" as his ancestor, the traditional "John Bull."

Race types thus arise from the "survival of the existing," its best results being modified and preserved by the "survival of the fittest." Actual presence in a country of certain ancestral types is the first element. Their characters become workable, durable, and at last "ineradicable" by the survival of those persons in whom these traits blend to form an effective character.

Australia, which has led in many socialistic experiments made by the state, is now considering the question of state physic. The president of the Queensland Medical Association proposes that the country be divided into medical districts, under doctors paid by the state to look after all the inhabitants, and that the money for the purpose be raised by a poll-tax of two dollars a year. This would enable the state to pay fifteen hundred dollars for the lowest medical salaries. A New South Wales labor league has declared that "the practice of medicine should be a national service."

Rice is being exported from India in spite of the famine, according to London *Truth*, seventy-five thousand bags being shipped in one week to Mauritius, while the people of the neighboring districts were appealing to England for food.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The man who was most largely responsible for the passage of the act in the Iowa legislature making the wild rose the State flower, was Major S. H. Byers, the author of "Sherman's March to the Sea."

The Dowager Lady Churchill has been in the department of the mistress of the robes since 1854 as lady of the bed-chamber to the queen. It is said that she knows more of the private life of the queen than any other woman living.

Paderewski has received an offer of one thousand guineas for a single concert in London, and the same sum has been offered to Adelina Patti for three songs at another concert. These are said to be the highest prices ever offered to artists for single performances.

James B. Eustis, the retiring ambassador to France, will take up the practice of law in New York city, as head of the firm of Eustis, Jones & Govin, who have a large practice as counsel for several French corporations and have acted for both the French and Austrian governments.

John W. Guiteau, brother of President Garfield's slayer, is connected with one of the largest insurance companies in the country, and lives in New York. Mr. Guiteau is one of the high-priced employees, and gets a salary of eight or ten thousand dollars per year. He is a most estimable man.

England's oldest duke, the Duke of Northumberland, has entered on his eighty-seventh year. Though he calls himself Percy, the duke is really a Smithson, the last male Percy having died in 1670. He is extremely religious, and, as his wife was an Irvingite, one seat is always kept vacant at his table for the Saviour.

The later sugar-king, Theodore Havemeyer, who was also consul-general at New York for Austria during the last twenty-five years, found a very peculiar method for handling the impecunious Austrian noblemen who frequently came to him for financial assistance. He used to put them to work in the refineries making sugar barrels.

W. J. Ferris, colored, of New Haven, who was graduated from Yale in the class of '95, has just been appointed to the Hopkins fellowship in the Harvard divinity school, which yields three hundred and twenty-five dollars per year. He has been working in philosophy in the Yale graduate department for two years and is there at present.

Sir John Lubbock, banker, scientist, essayist, member of Parliament, and possessor of no end of honorable degrees and titles, is a profoundly religious man, and devotes one day in the week to work for his fellow-creatures. There is scarcely a Sunday afternoon or evening when he can not be found lecturing to the poorer classes in London.

Baron von Bleichroeder, of Berlin, next to Baron Rothschild the richest man in Europe, is in this country, one of the objects of his visit being to see some of the great stock-raising farms in Kentucky. The baron has such a farm himself on one of his estates. He is about thirty-five years of age. Four years ago, on the death of his father, he became head of the great banking firm of Bleichroeder & Co. His father negotiated all the great loans for the German empire.

Congressman Joseph W. Bailey, of Texas, has been called "Young" Mr. Bailey for three sessions of Congress. At thirty-three years old he is the acknowledged leader of the Democrats in the House. He was admitted to the bar of Mississippi before he was twenty, and he had barely passed his majority when he served as a district elector on the Cleveland and Hendricks ticket in 1884. In 1885 he decided to settle in Texas and selected Gainesville, his present home, as a site. He was a boy of twenty-two, but the wisdom of his words opened the eyes of his neighbors and he began to rise. In 1888 he was elected for the State-at-large on the Democratic ticket, and at twenty-seven he was sent to Congress. He is now serving his fourth term.

Count Nicholas Esterhazy, whose death has been announced, was a nephew of the late Count Paul. He possessed enormous wealth, and was in his day possessor of the most celebrated racing stud in the Old World, and was the most munificent patron of the drama and arts in Europe. His Hungarian country-seat, Totis, was magnificent, and among its most notable features was a private play-house, on the stage of which the ten young singers who were maintained during the course of their studies at the count's expense were accustomed to make their debut. About five years ago Count Nicholas, under the influence of his family father confessor, concluded that religion and the turf did not agree, and retired from sporting life and also from society, converting his private theatre into a church.

In Mr. Cleveland's second term, says the *Chicago Record*, senators stopped going to the White House almost entirely. Mr. Gray of Delaware, Mr. Vilas of Wisconsin, General Palmer of Illinois, Mr. Caffery of Louisiana, and two or three more would sometimes go, but a number of men in the Senate had not crossed the White House threshold for nearly four years, until Mr. McKinley went to reside there. The President had absolutely no influence in legislation, no attention was paid to his recommendations, and the knowledge that he was particularly anxious to have a bill passed would be an obstacle to its passage. At least a dozen votes on the Democratic side were cast against the ratification of the arbitration treaty for fear Mr. Cleveland might get a little glory out of it, and the difference between the Senate and the administration on the Cuban question was largely due to the same cause. There was a determination in certain quarters to force the President to recognize the insurgents, simply because it was known that he did not think it expedient to do so. The senators found it almost impossible to get information from the White House or the State Department, although they frequently passed resolutions relating for it.

RE-FIGHTING THE FIGHT.

New York Amused at Fitz and Corbett's Comments on the Carson City Battle—They See Themselves as Others Saw Them by Means of the Veriscope Pictures.

The pictures of the championship fight at Carson City are one of the sights of the town just now. They are being exhibited down at the Academy of Music on Fourteenth Street, and hundreds of New Yorkers whose physicians neglected to prescribe the bracing air of Nevada for them last March are now enjoying a leisurely view of the entire fight from start to finish.

It is reproduced on a large screen on the Academy stage by veriscope—a variant of the cinematograph, vitascope, kinetoscope, or whatever you may care to call the stereopticon that projects on a screen a continuous series of photographs, taken at a rate of about forty a second and reproduced with the same rapidity, giving the effect of a living, moving picture. These are some of the best examples of this kind of thing I have ever seen. You get as clear a view of the ring as if you were sitting in a ten-dollar box right beside the ropes, and can see Fitz and Gentleman Jim come up to the centre and spar, and duck, and feint, and clinch, and pound each other in a way, that makes your blood tingle. It is all intensely vivid except for the absolute silence that reigns; in fact, it has an almost weird effect to see a man struck a heavy blow, and see him wince and struggle under it, and yet hear no sound of the impact.

But the silence is not always unbroken. Those who were there last Sunday afternoon count themselves lucky. Fitzsimmons, who made his first appearance on the stage here since the fight at the Columbus Theatre, up in Harlem, last Monday, was in one of the upper boxes, with his manager, Martin Julian, and a number of friends, and, though the body of the house, of course, is darkened, his presence soon became known. It was the first time he had seen the pictures of the fight that made him champion of the world, and his emotions must have been like those of a man who hears his own funeral oration. But there was a difference. Fitz was intensely interested, he hung over the edge of the box and watched with all his eyes, and he had no hesitancy in commenting on the proceedings.

"That's me," he exclaimed, as soon as the figures began to loom up on the screen, and then he recognized Corbett and the time-keepers and seconds. He kept up his running comment, to the vast edification of those near enough to hear, until the much discussed sixth round came. When his image on the screen was seen to drop down on its knees, its arm slipping down Corbett's legs, he sprang to his feet. "I wasn't groggy," he shouted. "I was down nine seconds and no more!" This sort of thing delighted the audience. They greeted each remark with salvos of applause and cat-calls.

Fitzsimmons's comments continued throughout the fight, the rounds being prefaced with such introductory remarks as "Watch me knock his teeth out." Before the lights went down for the last round there was a call for a speech, and Fitzsimmons responded with alacrity. He referred to the talk about the foul blow and offered to bet that the *World* and *Journal* had faked the pictures that showed him striking Corbett while the latter had one knee on the ground. Tumultuous applause greeted this, and then, as the ring began to show up on the screen again, he talked all through this round, pointing out that he was ten feet away from Corbett as the latter sank to the floor at the time of the alleged foul, and he announced his intention to sue the *World* and *Journal* for damages.

This suit, if it ever comes off, will be on the ground that the two journals altered the pictures showing this alleged foul blow. As a matter of fact, the pictures which the *World* and *Journal* printed, showing the combatants when this blow was supposed to be struck, were dissimilar in several points. This may have been done by the newspaper artists in reproducing them, but they could as easily have been altered in the film. That the camera can not lie is a statement not to be accepted implicitly. By juggling with the perspective, the most improbable things can be made to appear real, as many a veracious angler knows who has exhibited photographs of himself holding—directly toward the camera—what appears to be a ten-pound fish on an unbent eight-ounce bamboo rod.

William Muldoon, the official timer, also added to the attractions of the show last Wednesday evening. When the light was turned up after the seventh round, he rose in his seat and attempted to address the audience. He was very indignant and wanted to explain something, but the house was so full of cat-calls that he could not be heard. But he kept his place till he had stated that it was not he, but a friend of Brady, "a man with a black slouch hat—you saw him in the lower right-hand corner of the picture"—whom Siler cautioned that he was not counting time properly. This much had been made comprehensible when the manager set the veriscope going again, and Muldoon subsided into gloom and silence.

Corbett, so far as I know, has not seen the pictures. If he has, he has not been making much noise about it. He has been going to the theatres a good deal recently; I hear he was seen for the second time at "The Wbirl of the Town," night before last, and at "Mr. New York, Esq.," and "The Circus Girl" on Monday and Tuesday. But he has not gratified the people at the Academy of Music by any speech-making. Nor has "Manager Billy" Brady been promoting the hilarity of nations by his oratory. He and Corbett are keeping very quiet, and their conduct is in refreshing contrast with that of "Lanky Bob" and his manager. The latter stirred up a nasty bar-room brawl on Tuesday afternoon. He blew into the café of the Union Square Hotel, fastened a basilisk but unsteady eye on Manager Brady, who was there with a group of friends, and then proceeded to unburden himself of a large and vigorous assortment of opinions of the underhand methods

Brady was employing to injure his—by which he meant Fitzsimmons's—business. The lie was passed, but—well, they did not abandon the guiding principle of the modern pugilist, who exercises his profession for no lesser consideration than cold cash.

NEW YORK, May 29, 1897.

The Michigan legislature recently passed a bill supplementing the present law forbidding the sale of cigarettes, or, indeed, tobacco in any form, to minors under the age of seventeen, by a provision that the minor to whom such goods are sold or given shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, to be punished by fines of five dollars for the first offense, ten to twenty-five dollars for the second, and thirty to fifty dollars for the third, while the fourth would involve imprisonment in the county jail or industrial home. The practical result of enforcing such a law would be that any boy found smoking a cigarette would be branded as a criminal, and fined to an amount which neither he nor his parent or guardian might be able to pay, in which case he must go to jail at once, while imprisonment would be inevitable if he should be caught with a cigarette a fourth time. Governor Pingree very properly refused to approve this bill. He thinks that smoking cigarettes is a bad thing for boys, but that there are worse things, such as sending a youth among criminals because he has been foolish enough to form a habit which he should be taught to drop. Moreover, he holds that every child should be taught that law is sacred, and that the statutes of the State are entitled to obedience and respect; and that "to teach this lesson we must avoid making laws which are easily evaded, and which, on account of their severity, are not respected." The astonishing thing is that legislatures should pass bills which are so absurd that they are dropped the moment a governor points out their folly.

A curious entertainment was given last week at Cincinnati. It might be called a picnic of millionaires. The Cincinnati Commercial Club invited the members of the Chicago, Boston, and St. Louis Commercial Clubs to Cincinnati for a couple of days' entertainment. These four clubs have exchanged hospitalities for many years. The gathering was truly a meeting of millionaires. Chicago had such representatives as Philip D. Armour, George M. Pullman, N. K. Fairbank, Franklin McVeagh, John de Koven, Marshall Field, and others. There were many millionaires in the Boston and St. Louis delegations also, although they were not quite so well known as the Chicago magnates. The Chicago men wore red buttons, Bostonians blue, St. Louis men white, and the Cincinnati men yellow. The Cincinnati club took their guests for a trip up and down the river on one of the magnificent river steamers, and luncheon was served on board. After this a lawn-party was given in their honor at the home of J. G. Schmidlapp in one of the beautiful suburbs of Cincinnati. The next day an outdoor breakfast was served at Latonia, and in the afternoon they returned to another garden-party and a grand banquet was given in their honor at the home of Alexander McDonald. The Western papers speak in awe-stricken tones of the number of millionaires represented at this picnic. St. Louis alone is said to have sent representatives of \$200,000,000, while the Chicago delegation was worth about \$600,000,000.

The owner of a valuable Newfoundland dog in New Orleans sought damages from a railroad company for killing it. The case turned on the validity of an act of the Louisiana legislature, recognizing dogs as personal property only when placed on the assessment rolls. The United States Supreme Court sustains the law and refuses damages, since the dog was not assessed, defining the law in regard to dogs as follows: "The very fact that they are without protection of the criminal laws shows that property in dogs is of an imperfect or qualified nature, and that they stand, as it were, between animals *fera natura*, in which, until subdued, there is no property, and domestic animals, in which the right of property is complete. They are not considered as being upon the same plane with horses, cattle, sheep, and other domestic animals, but rather in the category of cats, monkeys, parrots, singing-birds, and similar animals kept for pleasure, curiosity, or caprice. Unlike domestic animals, they are useful neither as beasts of burden, for draft, nor for food."

There are very few original paintings of the Prince of Wales in existence, exclusive, it may be, of a number which were painted during his youth. In fact, there are but four of which the public has any knowledge—one by Frank Hall, the English artist; another by Bastien Lepage; a third by Detaille; and a fourth by the well-known American artist, Julian Story. This last was painted last year for William Waldorf Astor. The prince sat for the Story portrait in his robes as chancellor of the University of Wales.

Big stories are being told of the vitality of the Turks. One man shot through the stomach in a recent battle stayed in the ranks till the fighting was over, and then marched ten miles before reporting to the doctors. Another, with a wound in each leg and one in the shoulder, kept on duty for twenty-four hours, when an officer noticed him and sent him to the hospital. The doctors attribute the quick recovery of the Turkish wounded to their abstemious habits.

In England it is not permissible to use Bible names on the stage. Rossini's "Moses in Egypt" had to be transformed into "Peter the Hermit" before it could be sung in London, and the production of Saint-Saën's opera, "Samson et Dalila," is hanging fire because the composer refuses to change the name or the plot.

The monkey colony at Gibraltar—the only wild monkeys in Europe—includes about twenty individuals at present.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Sands o' Dee.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;

The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
And never home came she.

"Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair?—

A tress o' golden hair,
O' drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea.
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee.—C. Kingsley.

Building upon the Sand.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis well to wed,
For so the world has done
Since myrtles grew, and roses blew,
And morning brought the sun.
But have a care, ye young and fair;
Be sure ye pledge with truth;
Be certain that your love will wear
Beyond the days of youth.
For if ye give not heart to heart,
As well as hand for hand,
You'll find you've played the "unwise part,"
And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have
A goodly store of gold,
And hold enough of sterling stuff—
For charity is cold.
But place not all your hopes and trust
In what the deep mine brings;
We can not live on yellow dust
Unmixed with purer things.
And he who piles up wealth alone
Will often have to stand
Beside his coffer-chest, and own
'Tis "built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,
And soothe what'er we can;
For speech should bind the human mind,
And love link man to man.
But stay not at the gentle words;
Let deeds with language dwell;
The one who pities starving birds
Should scatter crumbs as well.
The mercy that is warm and true
Must lend a helping hand;
For those who talk yet fail to do,
But "build upon the sand."—Eliza Cook.

An Ember Picture.

How strange are the freaks of memory!
The lessons of life we forget,
While a trifle, a trick of color,
In the wonderful web is set—

Set by some mordant of fancy,
And, spite of the wear and tear
Of time, or distance, or trouble,
Insists on its right to be there.

A chance had brought us together;
Our talk was of matters-of-course;
We were nothing, one to the other,
But a short half-hour's resource.

We spoke of French acting and actors,
And their easy, natural way;
Of the weather, for it was raining
As we drove home from the play.

We debated the social nothings
We wore ourselves so to discuss;
The thunderous rumors of battle
Were silent the while for us.

Arrived at her door, we left her
With a drippingly hurried adieu,
And our wheels went crunching the gravel
Of the oak-darkened avenue.

As we drove away through the shadow,
The candle she held in the door
From rain-varnished tree-trunk to tree-trunk
Flashed fainter, and flashed no more—

Flashed fainter, then wholly faded
Before we had passed the wood;
But the light of the face behind it
Went with me and stayed for good.

The vision of scarce a moment,
And hardly marked at the time,
It comes unbidden to haunt me,
Like a scrap of ballad-rhyme.

Had she beauty? Well, not what they call so;
You may find a thousand as fair;
And yet there's her face in my memory
With no special claim to be there.

As I sit sometimes in the twilight,
And call back to life in the coals
Old faces, and hopes, and fancies
Long buried (good rest to their souls!)

Her face shines out in the embers;
I see her holding the light,
And hear the crunch of the gravel
And the sweep of the rain that night.

'Tis a face that can never grow older,
That never can part with its gleam;
'Tis a gracious possession forever,
For is it not all a dream?

—James Russell Lowell.

New South Wales has spent twelve millions of dollars for harbors in forty years, exclusive of the cost of the port of Sydney, and will spend one million five hundred thousand dollars for the same purpose this year.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S NOVEL.

The Creator of Van Bibber Takes a Higher Flight in Fiction—

"Soldiers of Fortune," a Tale of Love and Fighting.

Richard Harding Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune" is out in book-form. It is his first effort at novel-writing, and is in many respects a creditable production. It would not be just, perhaps, to say that Mr. Davis has imitated Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, but the theme of the story is much like that of "The Prisoner of Zenda." The hero, Robert Clay, is a young American engineer who is sent down to the South American Republic of Olancho to develop an iron mine owned by a company of which Mr. Langham, of New York, is president, and during his stay there a revolution breaks out, in which he is compelled to take a leading part. Indeed, for a time he becomes dictator of the republic.

Mr. Langham and his two daughters come down to visit the mine, and while they are there the revolution breaks out. The condition of political affairs just prior to the outbreak is thus explained by the American consul:

"The talk is," he said, "that President Alvarez means to proclaim a dictatorship in his own favor before the spring elections. You've heard of that, haven't you?" King shook his head.

"Oh, tell us about it," said Miss Langham. "I should so like to be in plots and conspiracies."

"Well, they're rather common down here," continued the consul, "but this one ought to interest you especially, Miss Langham, because it is a woman who is at the head of it. Mme. Alvarez, you know, was the Countess Manuelela Hernandez before her marriage. She belongs to one of the oldest families in Spain. Alvarez married her in Madrid, when he was minister there, and when he returned to run for president, she came with him. She's a tremendously ambitious woman, and they do say she wants to convert the republic into a monarchy, and make her husband king, or, more properly speaking, make herself queen. Of course that's absurd, but she is supposed to be plotting to turn Olancho into a sort of dependency of Spain, as it was long ago, and that's why she is so unpopular."

"Indeed?" interrupted Miss Langham. "I did not know that she was unpopular."

"Oh, rather. Why her party is called the Royalist party already, and only a week before you came the Liberals plastered the city with denunciatory placards against her, calling on the people to drive her out of the country."

"What towards—to fight a woman!" exclaimed Miss Langham.

"Well, she began it first, you see," said the consul.

"Who is the leader of the fight against her?" asked King.

"General Mendoza; he is commander-in-chief and has the greater part of the army with him; but the other candidate, old General Rojas, is the popular choice and the best of the three. He is vice-president now, and if the people were ever given a fair chance to vote for the man they want, he would unquestionably be the next president. The mass of the people are sick of revolutions. They've had enough of them, but they will have to go through another before long, and if it turns against Dr. Alvarez, I'm afraid Mr. Langham will have hard work to hold these mines. You see, Mendoza has already threatened to seize the whole plant and turn it into a government monopoly."

Clay has had a romantic interest in Miss Langham for some years before he met her, and now he thinks he is in love with her. But she does not evince the interest he had expected in the work he has accomplished. She says that he has not made the most of himself, a statement which wrings from him this story of his life:

"When I was sixteen, I was a sailor before the mast," he said. "I was of so little account that I've been knocked the length of the main deck at the end of the mate's list, and left to lie bleeding in the scuppers for dead. I hadn't a thing to my name then but the clothes I wore, and I've had to go aloft in a hurricane and cling to a swinging rope with my bare toes and pull at a wet sheet until my finger-nails broke and started in their sockets; and I've been a cowboy, with no companions for six months of the year but eight thousand head of cattle and men as dumb and untamed as the steers themselves. I've sat in my saddle night after night, with nothing overhead but the stars, and no sound but the noise of the steers breathing in their sleep. The women I knew were Indian squaws and the girls of the sailors' dance-houses and the gambling-hells of Sioux City and Abilene, and Calao and Port Said. That was what I was and those were my companions. Why!" he laughed, rising and striding across the boat-house with his hands locked behind him, "I've fought on the mud floor of a Mexican shack, with a naked knife in my hand, for my last dollar. I was as low and as desperate as that. And now—" Clay lifted his head and smiled. "Now," he said, in a lower voice, and addressing Miss Langham with a return of his usual grave politeness, "I am able to sit beside you and talk to you. I have risen to that. I am quite content."

He paused and looked at Miss Langham uncertainly for a few moments as though in doubt as to whether she would understand him if he continued.

"And though it means nothing to you," he said, "and though, as you say, I am here as your father's employee, there are other places, perhaps, where I am better known. In Edinburgh, or Berlin, or Paris, if you were to ask the people of my own profession, they could tell you something of me. If I wished it, I could drop this active work to-morrow and continue as an adviser, as an expert, but I like the active part better. I like doing things myself. I don't say, 'I am a salaried servant of Mr. Langham's,' I put it differently. I say, 'There are five mountains of iron. You are to take them out and transport them from South America to North America, where they will be turned into railroads and ironclads.' That's my way of looking at it. It's better to bind a laurel to the plow than to call yourself hard names. It makes your work easier—almost noble."

The well-known story of Mr. Davis's decorations gives a piquant interest to the following hit; Clay is preparing for a hall at the governor's palace, and MacWilliams, a young American engineer in his employ, is watching him dress:

The better to do honor to the president, Clay had brought out several foreign orders, and MacWilliams helped him to tie the collar of the Red Eagle, which the German emperor had given him, around his neck, and to fasten the ribbon and cross of the Star of Olancho across his breast, and a Spanish order and the Legion of Honor to the lapel of his coat. MacWilliams surveyed the effect of the tiny enameled crosses with his head on one side, and with the same air of affectionate pride and concern that a mother shows over her daughter's first ball-dress.

"Got any more?" he asked, anxiously.

"I have some war medals," Clay answered, smiling doubtfully.

"But I'm not in uniform."

"Oh, that's all right," declared MacWilliams. "Put 'em on, put 'em all on. Give the girls a treat. Everybody will think they were given for feats of swimming, anyway; but they will show up well from the front. Now, then, you look like a drum-major or a conjuring chap."

"I do not," said Clay. "I look like a French ambassador, and I hardly understand how you find courage to speak to me at all."

He went up the hill in high spirits.

More is told of these decorations when Clay has this conversation with the younger of the Langham girls:

Her eyes were fixed on a level with his tie, and Clay raised his hand to it in some trepidation. "Mr. Clay," she began abruptly and leaning eagerly forward, "would you think me very rude if I asked you what you did to get all those crosses? I know they mean something, and I do so want to know what. Please tell me."

"Oh, those!" said Clay. "The reason I put them on to-night is

because wearing them is supposed to be a sort of compliment to your host. I got in the habit abroad—"

"I didn't ask you that," said Hope, severely. "I asked you what you did to get them. Now begin with the Legion of Honor on the left, and go right on until you come to the end, and please don't skip anything. Leave in all the blood-thirsty parts, and please don't be modest."

"Like Othello," suggested Clay.

"Yes," said Hope; "I will be Desdemona."

"Well, Desdemona, it was like this," said Clay, laughing. "I got that medal and that star for serving in the Nile campaign, under Wolsley. After I left Egypt, I went up the coast to Algiers, where I took service under the French in a most disreputable organization known as the Foreign Legion—"

"Don't tell me," exclaimed Hope, in delight, "that you have been a Chasseur d'Afrique! Not like the man in 'Under Two Flags'?"

"No, not at all like that man," said Clay, emphatically. "I was just a plain, common, or garden, sapper, and I showed the other good-for-nothings how to dig trenches. Well, I contaminated the Foreign Legion for eight months, and then I went to Peru, where I—"

"You're skipping," said Hope. "How did you get the Legion of Honor?"

"Oh, that?" said Clay. "That was a gallery play I made once when we were chasing some Arabs. They took the French flag away from our color-bearer, and I got it back again, and waved it frantically around my head until I was quite certain the colonel had seen me doing it, and then I stopped as soon as I knew that I was sure of promotion."

"Oh, how can you?" cried Hope. "You didn't do anything of the sort. You probably saved the entire regiment."

"Well, perhaps I did," Clay returned. "Though I don't remember it, and nobody mentioned it at the time."

"Go on about the others," said Hope, "and do try to be truthful."

"Well, I got this one from Spain, because I was president of an International Congress of Engineers at Madrid. That was the ostensible reason, but the real reason was because I taught the Spanish commissioners to play poker instead of bacarat. The German emperor gave me this for designing a fort, and the Sultan of Zanzibar gave me this, and no one but the Sultan knows why, and he won't tell. I suppose he's ashamed. He gives them away instead of cigars. He was out of cigars the day I called."

"What a lot of places you have seen," sighed Hope. "I have been in Cairo and Algiers, too, but I always had to walk about with a governess, and she wouldn't go to the mosques because she said they were full of fleas. We always go to Homburg and Paris in the summer, and to big hotels in London. I love to travel, but I don't love to travel that way—would you?"

"I travel because I have no home," said Clay. "I'm different from the chap that came bonie because all the other places were shut. I go to other places because there is no home open."

"What do you mean?" said Hope, shaking her head. "Why have you no home?"

"There was a ranch in Colorado that I used to call home," said Clay, "but they've cut it up into town lots. I own a plot in the cemetery outside of the town, where my mother is buried, and I visit that whenever I am in the States, and that is the only piece of earth anywhere in the world that I have to go back to."

Hope leaned forward with her hands clasped in front of her and her eyes well open.

"And your father?" she said, softly. "Is he—is he there, too?"

Clay looked at the lighted end of his cigar as he turned it between his fingers.

"My father, Miss Hope," he said, "was a filibuster, and went out on the *Virginian* to help free Cuba, and was shot, against a stone wall. We never knew where he was buried."

A strange character is Captain Burke, a "promoter of revolutions," whom Clay thus exposes to his friends:

"We have here," said Clay, gayly, but in a low voice, "the key to the situation. This is the gentleman who supplies Mendoza with the sinews of war. Captain Burke is a brave soldier and a citizen of my own, or of any country, indeed, which happens to have the most sympathetic consul-general."

Burke smiled grimly, with a condescending nod, and putting away the cigar, took out a briar pipe and began to fill it from his tobacco-pouch. "The captain is a man of few words and extremely modest about himself," Clay continued, lightly. "So I must tell you who he is myself. He is a promoter of revolutions. That is his business—a professional promoter of revolutions, and that is what makes me so glad to see him again. He knows all about the present crisis here, and he is going to tell us all he knows as soon as he fills his pipe. I ought to warn you, Burke," he added, "that this is Captain Stuart, in charge of the police and the president's cavalry troop. So you see, whatever you say, you will have one man who will listen to you."

Burke crossed one short fat leg over the other, and crowded the tobacco in the bowl of his pipe with his thumb.

"I thought you were in Chile, Clay," he said.

"No, you didn't think I was in Chile," Clay replied, kindly. "I left Chile two years ago. The captain and I met there," he explained to the others, "when Balmaceda was trying to make himself dictator. The captain was on the side of the Congressionalists, and was furnishing arms and dynamite. The captain is always on the winning side; at least he always has been—up to the present. He is not a creature of sentiment; are you, Burke? The captain believes with Napoleon that God is on the side that has the heaviest artillery."

Burke lighted his pipe and drummed absent-mindedly on the table with his match-box.

"I can't afford to be sentimental," he said. "Not in my business."

"Of course not," Clay assented, cheerfully. He looked at Burke and laughed, as though the sight of him recalled pleasant memories. "I wish I could give these boys any idea of how clever you are, captain," he said. "The captain was the first man, for instance, to think of packing cartridges in tubs of lard, and of sending rifles in piano-cases. He represents the Welby revolver people in England, and half a dozen firms in the States, and he has his little stores in Tampa, and Mobile, and Jamaica, ready to ship off at a moment's notice to any revolution in Central America. When I first met the captain," Clay continued, gleefully, and quite unmindful of the other's continued silence, "he was starting off to rescue Arabi Pasha from the Island of Ceylon. You may remember, boys, that when Dufferin saved Arabi from hanging, the British shipped him to Ceylon as a political prisoner. Well, the captain was sent by Arabi's followers in Egypt to bring him back to lead a second rebellion. Burke had everybody bribed at Ceylon, and a fine schooner fitted out, and a lot of ruffians to do the fighting, and then the good, kind British Government pardoned Arabi the day before Burke arrived in port. And you never got a cent for it; did you, Burke?"

Burke shook his head and frowned.

"Six thousand pounds sterling I was to have got for that," he said, with a touch of pardonable pride in his voice, "and they set him free the day before I got there, just as Mr. Clay tells you."

"And then you headed Granville Prior's expedition for buried treasure off the island of Coos, didn't you?" said Clay. "Go on, tell them about it. Be sociable. You ought to write a book about your different business ventures, Burke, indeed you ought; but then," Clay added, smiling, "nobody would believe you." Burke rubbed his chin thoughtfully with his fingers, and looked modestly at the ceiling, and the two younger boys gazed at him with open-mouthed interest.

"There ain't anything in buried treasure," he said, after a pause, "except the money that's sunk in the fitting out. It sounds good, but it's all foolishness."

"All foolishness, eh?" said Clay, encouragingly. "And what did you do after Balmaceda was beaten? After I last saw you?"

"Crespo," Burke replied, after a pause, during which he pulled gently on his pipe. "Caroline Brewer—cleared from Key West for Curaçao, with cargo of sewing-machines and plows—beached below Maracaibo—thirty-five thousand rounds and two thousand rifles—at twenty bolivars apiece."

"Of course," said Clay, in a tone of genuine appreciation. "I might have known you'd be in that. He says," he explained, "that he assisted General Crespo in Venezuela during his revolution against Guzman Blanco's party, and loaded a tramp steamer called the *Caroline Brewer* at Key West with arms, which he landed safely at a place for which he had no clearance papers, and he received forty thousand dollars in our money for the job—and very good pay, too, I should think," commented Clay.

"Well, I don't know," Burke demurred. "You take in the cost of

leasing the boat and provisioning her, and the crew's wages, and the cost of the cargo; that cuts into profits. Then I had to stand off shore between Trinidad and Curaçao for over three weeks before I got the signal to run in, and after that I was chased by a gunboat for three days, and the crazy fool put a shot clean through my engine-room. Cost me about twelve hundred dollars in repairs."

Another clearly drawn character is Captain Stuart, a young English officer, who commands the president's household troop. The enemies of the government have coupled his name with that of the president's wife. What Clay thinks of him is shown in this passage:

"Is our Captain Stuart in danger, too?" the girl continued, anxiously. "Alice says they put up placards about him all over the city last night. She saw his men tearing them down as she was coming home. What has he done?"

"Nothing," Clay answered, shortly. "He happens to be in a false position, that's all. They think he is here because he is not wanted in his own country; that is not so. That is not the reason he remains here. When he was even younger than he is now, he was wild and foolish, and spent more money than he could afford, and lent more money to his brother officers, I have no doubt, than they ever paid back. He had to leave the regiment because his father wouldn't pay his debts, and he has been selling his sword for the last three years to one or another king, or sultan, or party all over the world, in China and Madagascar, and later in Siam. I hope you will be very kind to Stuart and believe well of him, and that you will listen to no evil against him. Somewhere in England, Stuart has a sister like you—about your age, I mean—that loves him very dearly, and a father whose heart aches for him, and there is a certain royal regiment that still drinks his health with pride. He is a lonely little chap, and he has no sense of humor to help him out of his difficulties, but he is a very brave gentleman. And he is here fighting for men who are not worthy to hold his horse's bridle, because of a woman. And I tell you this because you will hear many lies about him—and about her. He serves her with the same sort of chivalric devotion that his ancestors felt for the woman whose ribbons they tied to their lances, and for whom they fought in the lists."

One of the most striking scenes in the book is the death of this young man. General Mendoza inaugurated his *coup d'état* during a review of the troops, and at the first sign of danger Mme. Alvarez was hurried back to the palace. The author continues:

As Stuart entered the palace with his men at his heels, Clay was hurrying from his rear entrance along the upper hall, and Hope Langham and Mme. Alvarez were leaving the apartments of the latter at its front. They met at the top of the main stairway, just as Stuart put his foot on its lower step. The young Englishman heard the clatter of his men following close behind him and leaped eagerly forward. Half way to the top the noise behind him ceased, and turning his head quickly he looked back over his shoulder and saw that the men had halted at the foot of the stairs and stood huddled together in disorder, looking up at him. Stuart glanced over their heads and down the hallway to the garden beyond to see if they were followed, but the mob still fought from the outer side of the barricade. He waved his sword impatiently and started forward again. "Come on!" he shouted. But the men below him did not move. Stuart halted once more, and this time turned about and looked down upon them with surprise and anger. There was not one of them he could not have called by name. He knew all their little troubles, their love-affairs, even. They came to him for comfort and advice, and to beg for money. He had regarded them as his children, and he was proud of them as soldiers because they were the work of his hands.

So, instead of a sharp command, he asked, "What is it?" in surprise, and stared at them wondering. He could not, or would not, comprehend even though he saw that those in the front rank were pushing back and those behind were urging them forward. The muzzles of their carbines were directed at every point, and on their faces fear and hate and cowardice were written in varying likenesses.

"What does this mean?" Stuart demanded, sharply. "What are you waiting for?"

Clay had just reached the top of the stairs. He saw Mme. Alvarez and Hope coming toward him. Then his eyes turned and fell on the tableau below, on Stuart's back, as he stood confronting the men, and on their scowling upturned faces and half-lifted carbines. Clay had lived for a longer time among Spanish-Americans than had the English subaltern, or else he was the quicker of the two to believe in evil and ingratitude, for he gave a cry of warning, and motioned the women away.

"Stuart!" he cried. "Come away; for God's sake, what are you doing? Come back!"

The Englishman started at the sound of his friend's voice, but he did not turn his head. He began to descend the stairs slowly, a step at a time, staring at the mob so fiercely that they shrank back before the look of wounded pride and anger in his eyes. Those in the rear raised and leveled their rifles. Without taking his eyes from theirs, Stuart drew his revolver, and with his sword swinging from its wrist-strap, pointed his weapon at the mass below him.

"What does this mean?" he demanded. "Is this mutiny?"

A voice from the rear of the crowd of men shrieked: "Death to the Spanish woman! Death to all traitors! Long live Mendoza!" and the others echoed the cry in chorus.

Clay sprang down the broad stairs, calling, "Come to me"; but before he could reach Stuart, a woman's voice rang out in a long, terrible cry of terror—a cry that was neither a prayer nor an imprecation, but which held the agony of both. Stuart started, and looked up to where Mme. Alvarez had thrown herself toward him across the broad balustrade of the stairway. She was silent with fear, and her hand clutched at the air, as she beckoned wildly to him. Stuart stared at her with a troubled smile and waved his empty hand to reassure her. The movement was final, for the men below, freed from the reproach of his eyes, flung up their carbines and fired, some wildly, without placing their guns at rest, and others steadily and aiming straight at his heart.

As the volley rang out and the smoke drifted up the great staircase, the subaltern's hands tossed high above his head, his body sank into itself, and toppled backward, and like a tired child falling to sleep, the defeated soldier of fortune dropped back into the outstretched arms of his friend.

There is nothing great in the story; indeed, it is little more than an expanded short story, and Mr. Davis has a long journey yet to go before he takes rank with the novelists. The story he tells is as romantic, and not so convincing, as those of Mr. Hawkins, and his hero is too perfect to seem quite real to readers who have left behind them the day-dreams of the boarding-school girl. But in drawing his feminine characters Mr. Davis is more successful, and, while Alice Langham, the "society" woman whose character is dwarfed by the narrowing influences of a too conventional environment, is perhaps a trifle vague, the younger sister, Hope, is a very charming type of the fresh young American girl.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Many people will be surprised at the opinions that Professor Arthur M. Wheeler recently expressed in a lecture at New Haven. He is head of the department of European history at Yale College, and has been making a study of the Eastern question. He is reported to have said: "Religious persecution has never been the policy of the Turkish Empire. I am convinced that there have been more Mohammedans assassinated by Christians within the past twenty years than there have been Christians murdered by the Turks. Schisms in the Armenian Church, as the result of the Catholic and Protestant converts, were the cause of the recent persecutions."

LITERARY NOTES.

Sombre Tales of Burma.

"A Galahad of the Creeks," by S. Levett-Yeats, is the title-story of a volume containing two interesting if gloomy tales of India. In the first one, a young Englishman full of hope and purpose goes to Lower Burma to take up a governorship. He fights against official corruption, relieves the country of the robbers who have plagued it, but yields himself to an ill-starred love for the wife of a missionary. The story ends tragically; it is strongly written and interesting.

The other tale is a pathetic study of the Enoch Arden type—with a difference. In this case the husband, who is a brute, deserts his wife, his death is subsequently reported, and in course of time she marries a true-hearted man. The other then returns and claims his wife, and she follows him, leaving the man she loves, to pass into the outer darkness. Many characters in the story give evidence of having been studied from life, and the author's methods are artistic and effective.

Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

The New Volume of the "Century."

The thirty-first volume of the new series of the *Century Magazine* includes the numbers from November, 1896, to April, 1897, and constitutes a splendid warehouse of entertainment and instruction. Among its most notable contents are General Horace Porter's articles on "Campaigning with Grant." Others who discuss various phases of the great general's character are Leslie J. Perry, General W. T. Sherman, Colonel Fred Grant, G. W. Grammes, John R. Procter, and John A. Kasson. Another interesting series is Captain Alfred T. Mahan's "Papers on Lord Nelson." There are several papers, also, on Washington city, among them, "Our Fellow-Citizens of the White House," by C. C. Buel; the nation's library discussed by Librarian Spofford and William A. Coffin; and "Scenes and Incidents of the Inauguration" by Joseph B. Bishop.

The continued stories are "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, and Marion Crawford's "Rose of Yesterday." In the way of short stories the volume is especially strong, containing contributions from Charles Battell Loomis, Stella Walthall Belcher, Margaret Collier Graham—both California writers—Hamlin Garland, Mary Hartwell Catherwood, Chester Bailey Fernald, Stephen Crane, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, Richard Malcolm Johnston, and others. The poetry, too, is of a high order of merit; the contributors include Richard Watson Gilder, Robert Underwood Johnson, John Vance Cheney, Edith M. Thomas, George E. Woodberry, Paul Laurence Dunbar, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, James Whitcomb Riley, and others.

Published by the Century Company, New York, price, \$3.00.

A Book of College Verses.

Gay, graceful, and sparkling—such college verse as befits youth and under-graduate days—with an occasional gleam, here and there, of unaffected poetry, is the temper of Charles Frederic Knowles's second series of selected college poems called "Cap and Gown." While some of them are in sober vein, the majority are rollicking and mirror the joyful flow of youthful spirits.

Published by L. C. Page, Boston; price, \$1.25.

The War and the War-Correspondents.

The Greeks have no friends in the London press except in the office of the *Daily Chronicle*. Other journals vie with one another in reviling the Greeks as a nation of imbecile cowards. A practical reason for this resentment is found by Isaac N. Ford, in a letter to the *New York Tribune*. The enterprise of the London journals, he says, has been baffled by a burlesque campaign of battles without bloodshed, stampedes and retreats without strategy, and comical adventures of military correspondents under flags of truce. There was a swarm of correspondents on each side of the frontier when war was declared, and each had a retinue of retainers and an expensive equipment of horses, mules, tents, and supplies. Even the halfpenny *Daily Mail*, which has barely entered upon its second year, was represented by four or more correspondents in the field. The illustrated journals had scores of artists at the front in readiness with pencil and camera to reproduce the stirring scenes of war and the picturesque effects of costumes. The telegraphic companies had shown great energy in reinforcing the corps of operators and in multiplying facilities for the transmission of news. The managing editors of the London press, keenly alive to the resources of competitors, had bestirred themselves to find the best men for the work—and there was no lack of volunteers—and to supply them with adequate letters of credit for the expenses of the campaign. After all these precautions and preparations came the most farcical and grotesque war in military annals. Naturally, the London press is resentful and contemptuous, and without compassion for the Greeks.

Mr. G. W. Stevens, who since the publication of his American letters on the "Land of the Dollar" is known as an Impressionist among correspondents, describes in the *Mail* how Thessaly was

won without fighting. On one Friday evening the armies were confronting each other, and in a position for decisive battle. On the following Tuesday night the Turks were in Larissa and the masters of Thessaly, and they had not lost half a dozen men during the interval. There had been an inexplicable stampede of the Greeks, and the Turks had followed them in a state of bewilderment, not understanding what had happened. With one hundred thousand men under arms in Ephesus and Thessaly the loss of life on both sides is well under one thousand, notwithstanding all the heavy cannonading and pages upon pages of telegraphic description in the London press.

Laurels as war-correspondents were not to be won in a campaign so bloodless and grotesque, but the *Mail's* men, at least, had the wit to perceive the humor of the situation and to supply touches of genuine comedy. When Volo was evacuated by the Greeks as impetuously as Larissa had been, the correspondents took charge of the panic-stricken town. Mr. John Reid, bearing a flag of truce, and accompanied by Mr. Frederic Villiers, the well-known artist, and two consuls, marched out of the town to meet the conquering Turks. Mr. Stevens recognized his associate, called in Edhem Pasha, and arranged the terms of capitulation. Then the deputation returned, reinforced by Mr. Stevens and Reuter's agent, and escorted by a troop of cavalry. The mayor of Volo signed the capitulation, and the Greek warship lying off the town never fired a gun.

The correspondents with the Greek army are emphatic in their denunciation of the Crown Prince, who is charged by them with altering the text of dispatches and misrepresenting the military situation; and apparently he found more congenial employment in revising the correspondents' work than in enforcing discipline and directing the campaign. Edhem Pasha was the war-correspondent's companion and friend, and few complaints are made of Turkish censorship of dispatches; but the Crown Prince industriously baffled the efforts of the press men to communicate with their home offices, and compelled most of them to send couriers to Athens or else go themselves. Consequently, he is roughly dealt with in the hour of his humiliation.

The best work of the campaign has been done by W. Kinnaird Rose, one of the leading correspondents of Reuter's and the Associated Press. He is a Scotchman of about fifty years—a tall, sinewy, robust man of fine physique. Born and educated in Glasgow, he was the special correspondent of the *Scotsman* during the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-'78, and distinguished himself by his energy and gallantry. He was with the Russian army at Plevna, witnessed the capture of the Gravitza redoubt, was constantly under fire, and was wounded several times. He also carried off a decoration from the Czar for his humane conduct in caring for the wounded. After the war he revisited the Balkan as a special commissioner employed in investigating the condition of the Christian subjects of the Sultan. Upon his return Mr. Gladstone expressed high appreciation of his services, but strongly advised him to abandon journalism and to study law. He rashly followed this counsel and became a barrister, but after an arduous struggle became convinced that he had no special talent for the law. He went out to Queensland and was editor of the *Brisbane Courier*. Recently he returned to Scotland, and having suffered from heavy financial losses, was wavering between a return to the bar and a resumption of work in English journalism. The outbreak of hostilities in the East rekindled his ardor as a war-correspondent, and he eagerly accepted a commission to follow the Greek army. He was a witness of the extraordinary stampede of the panic-stricken forces, and made his way from Larissa to Volo. Telegraphic communication with London was denied him, and he took a small boat and headed down the coast. A storm came up and he lay off the shore, suffering from exposure to cold and being in no little peril. Daylight came, and he landed and rode post haste to Athens, where he telegraphed to the Associated Press and Reuter's the first account of the Greek stampede. It was the best bit of descriptive writing which has been printed for many a day, full of movement and picturesque detail, and fairly dramatic in interest. Nothing which has appeared in the war columns of the press has been so much admired. Mr. Rose subsequently returned to the front, and sent to London an exceedingly graphic account of the closing scenes of demoralization in the Greek camp. His description of the inexplicable stampede is, however, the great stroke of the war-correspondent's campaign. Mr. Rose is the author of a life of General Skobelev, whom he has described as the modern Bayard; and he will undoubtedly write a book on the war in Thessaly.

The Associated Press and Reuter's have also been exceptionally well represented in the Turkish camp by Mr. Gwynne. He is a Welshman of about forty years, and, like Mr. Rose, is a man of stalwart build and fine physique. He is at home in the Balkan, and has mastered the languages of the East. He was Reuter's correspondent during the last campaign up the Nile, and outstripped his rivals. The first account of the preliminary skirmishes in the mountain passes of the Thessalian frontier was his, and it was an excellent bit of work, clearly and forcibly written and illuminated with military experience and technical knowledge. Mr. Gwynne will return to the Nile during the summer and accompany the Egyptian expedition from Dongola southward. Mr. Charles

Williams, Mr. Burleigh, and other veteran correspondents have been in Thessaly during the campaign, but the honors of this special service have been won by the two chief representatives of the Associated Press and Reuter's. While the war has disappointed the expectations of ambitious correspondents, several books will probably be written on the campaign. Mr. Rose and Mr. Stevens will have no difficulty in finding publishers.

New Publications.

"Storm Signals," by Richard Henry Savage, has been published in paper covers in the Oriental Library by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents.

"Oliver Twist," condensed and furnished with an analysis of the story "for home and school reading," has been published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Miss Archer Archer," by Clara Louise Burnham, is a rather weak story, saved by some happy sketches of negro life in Virginia. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

"Bird-Life," by Frank M. Chapman, a guide to the study of our common birds, excellently illustrated by E. S. Thompson, has been published by D. Appleton and Company, New York, price, \$1.75.

"Re-Open Sesame," by Harlan H. Ballard, is a century of rhymed acrostics answering Bellamy's "Second Century" and involving in each answer a new charade. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston, Mass.

"A Free Lance in a Far Land," by Herbert Compton, and "His Letters," by Julien Gordon, have been published in the Union Square Library by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents each.

A story of life on the Western prairies, with studies of odd types of humanity described with humor and insight into character, is "Perfection City," by Mrs. Orpen. Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

A well-illustrated historical romance of the sixteenth century is "The Master-Beggars," by L. Cope Cornford. Unfortunately, the story mirrors too closely, in its hero, the principal figure in Conan Doyle's "White Company." Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.50.

"Heart Culture," by Emma E. Page, is an ingeniously arranged text-book designed to teach kindness to animals, arranged for use in public and private schools. The book is well illustrated, excellently printed, and qualified to serve its purpose. Published by Whitaker & Ray, San Francisco; price, 75 cents.

"Bible Readings for Schools," edited by Nathan C. Shaeffer, and "A Brief Latin Grammar," by W. D. Mooney, modeled on the brief manuals that have been in use in France and Germany for years, have been published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 35 and 75 cents, respectively.

"When the Century was New," by C. C. Abbot, M. D., is a story of Quaker life and manners in New Jersey, a generation or so ago, when the Indians were a power. The plot centres about missing documents, and history, legend, sentiment, and tragedy unite to form an interesting tale. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

"Mere Sentiment" is the ironical title of a collection of a dozen short stories by A. J. Dawson. While there is plenty of sentiment in them, it is not of the maudlin kind, and the path of true love is often crossed by a tragic episode or a strong emotional crisis. The collection evidences much skill in the art of story-telling, and, while uneven as a whole, no single story can be called dull. Published by John Lane, New York.

Students of Dante will be glad to read "The Treatment of Nature in Dante's 'Divina Commedia'" by L. Oscar Kuhs. In it the author gives a practically complete picture of all those aspects of animate and inanimate nature of which the great Italian poet has made use. The translations are his own rather than those of Cary, Longfellow, and Norton, as he believes that, using the passages for certain specific purposes, he could so shape the translations as better to illustrate the point he was making in each case. Published by Edward Arnold, New York; price, \$1.50.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Ward's "Dynamic Sociology."

A second edition of "Dynamic Sociology," by Lester F. Ward, has been issued. When the first edition appeared, fourteen years ago, the word sociology was rarely spoken, and, when it was spoken, seemed to arouse antagonism. There has been an immense advance, however, in the science since that time, not only on the Continent but in the United States as well, and the author enumerates the University of Chicago and the Leland Stanford Junior University as among those institutions in whose catalogues the subject is listed.

Almost no revision has been necessary in the preparation of this edition, but owing to the spread of general information on the subject, the author suggests that those who are fairly equipped omit the first six chapters of this edition after reading the introduction. In the preface to this second edition he gives an interesting history of the book, particularly in Russia, where it was condemned to be burned by the censor, but, nevertheless, was warmly received by the people, several translations of the parts permissible in that despotic country having been made by various hands.

Published in two volumes by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, \$4.00.

Frank R. Stockton's Tales.

Ten characteristic stories by Frank R. Stockton are gathered together in "A Story-Teller's Pack." Several of them abound in the sportive pleasantry and peculiar merriest that first won Mr. Stockton his original fame as a skillful story-teller. Among the best may be mentioned "The Magic Egg," an interesting story, though not humorous; "My Well and What Came Out of It," a delightfully facetious sketch; also "The Bishop's Ghost and the Printer's Baby," a whimsical conceit that makes one imagine that ghosts are not so uncompanionable after all.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The leading subjects in the *Century* for June are Queen Victoria, apropos of the Diamond Jubilee celebration, and the sculptor St. Gaudens, apropos of the dedication of the Shaw Memorial in Boston. The material relating to the queen comprises a tribute by the Hon. Thomas F. Bayard and an article by Florence Hayward on "Queen Victoria's Coronation Roll," authorized by her majesty, with four portraits of the queen at different ages. The St. Gaudens matter comprises articles by Edward Atkinson, William A. Coffin, and Colonel Thomas W. Higginson, with thirty-two reproductions of designs by the sculptor.

The *Athenæum* says that Paul Laurence Dunbar, the American negro poet, is shortly to give a recital of some of his poems in London under the patronage of Ambassador Hay. His "Lyrics of the Lowly," with an introduction by Howells, is being brought out by a London publisher.

"From the Five Rivers" is the title of a new book of Indian fiction by Mrs. F. A. Steel, author of "On the Face of the Waters," to be published by D. Appleton and Company.

Professor Max Müller does not agree with the famous diplomat who once declared: "I am the only man who ever understood the Schleswig-Holstein question—and I have forgotten it," for the distinguished philologist discusses it in an article in the current *Nineteenth Century*.

Some new announcements of D. Appleton and Company are:

"The Outgoing Turk," by H. C. Thomson, author of "The Chitral Campaign," with illustrations; "Woman and the Republic," by Helen Kendrick Johnson; "Beauty and Art," by Adam Heaton; "The Story of Germ Life," a new volume in the Useful Story Series, by Professor H. W. Conn; "Some Unrecognized Laws of Nature," by I. Singer and L. H. Berens; "England," by Frances E. Cooke, and "Germany," by Kate F. Crocker—two volumes in a new series called History for Young Readers; "Fierceheart, the Soldier," a historical romance, by J. C. Snaith, author of "Miss Dorothy Marvin"; "Nulma," an Australian romance, by Mrs. Campbell-Præd; and "The Folly of Pen Harrington," a novel, by Julian Sturgis.

Richard Mansfield, the well-known actor, has just completed arrangements with a Boston firm for the publication of his first book. It is to be entitled "Blown Away."

Mabel Loomis Todd describes Harvard's astronomical work in "A Great Modern Observatory" in the *June Century*.

The literary monument of the late Archbishop of Canterbury is his important work, "Cyprian, His Life, His Times, His Work," which is to be published immediately by D. Appleton and Company, with an introduction by Bishop Potter.

Mr. Gladstone has finished reading the proofs of the first volume of his "Later Gleanings." He has carefully revised the twelve collected papers that form the bulk of it. His postscript on the Pope and Anglican orders is, of course, wholly fresh material.

John Foster Fraser, writing in the May number of the *Young Woman*, says that Dr. Conan Doyle may be pleased to know that nowhere in the world are his writings so much appreciated as in the barem of the Shah of Persia. The "Adventures of Sherlock

Holmes" was translated into Persian by Frances Blackman, the English wife of Nasr-i-Sultan, a wealthy and noble Persian.

Hamlin Garland's "A Member of the Third House" has been translated and published in *La Revue de Paris*, and has been a great success. "Wayside Courtships," Mr. Garland's new book, is to be published shortly by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company.

Pierre Loti is at work on an historical play dealing with the period of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. It is intended for the Comédie-Française.

In the *June Century* General Horace Porter continues his "Campaigning with Grant." He describes operations about Richmond, Petersburg, Atlanta, and in the Shenandoah Valley.

Max Pemberton is one of the most energetic of the younger English novelists. The London correspondent of the *Critic* says:

"Not only is he editor of *Cassell's Magazine*—in itself no sinecure—he also acts as London literary adviser to Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., and keeps his eye on the market in their interest. Besides these duties he is a reviewer on the staffs of the *Daily Chronicle*, *Illustrated London News*, and *Sketch*, and, as every one knows, a prolific story-teller. I hear that his new serial has just been secured by Mr. Pearson for his magazine, and he has also written two new stories, which will probably appear in the *Illustrated London News*. Each of these tales is about ten thousand words in length; and Mr. Pemberton has also a series of 'Variety Stories' running in the *Windsor Magazine*."

F. Marion Crawford's novelette, "A Rose of Yesterday," is soon to be published in book-form. A question of divorce is the motive of the tale.

Mr. Appleton, who recently returned to New York from England, was the guest of Hall Caine at the latter's home on the Isle of Man, and purchased the American rights of Caine's "Christian," and also an unnamed work by Sarah Grand.

Dr. J. M. Rice has succeeded A. E. Keet as editor of the *Forum*.

Professor W. O. Atwater gives in the *June Century* the first authoritative account of the government experiments with men in a respiration apparatus. The article is entitled "How Food is Used in the Body."

In Rudyard Kipling's story, "Captains Courageous," he introduces a negro cook who is represented as the descendant of Southern negroes, who had fled to the interior of Cape Breton, and is reared to speak Gaelic. Some one found fault with the fact asserted of their speaking Gaelic. Now comes the refutation that the author of "Captains Courageous" was in error. A correspondent writes that he knew a negro cook on a trading-schooner: "He not only spoke Gaelic, but could write in that language. From what I know of him, I could say that he was the cook so faithfully portrayed by the master-hand of Kipling."

"Dariel," the new novel by Mr. Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone," is to be published in the autumn. It has been running serially in England, and is considered one of the author's best novels.

An article of curious interest in the *June Century* is "How a Riddle of the Parthenon was Unraveled," by Eugene P. Andrews.

The friends of Samuel Clemens (Mark Twain) cabled from London, on June 1st, a denial of the story in regard to his ill-health and impoverished condition. They say:

"Mr. Clemens is now in better health and spirits than for years. The report of last August that he was living in quiet lodgings and working day and night at his book in order to pay his creditors and provide for his family was perfectly true at the time. He had then reached London after the death of his daughter, in a terribly depressed condition, and in London he sought relief in hard work. For several months Mr. Clemens and his family have been living in a pretty bouse at Chelsea. His book is now finished, and the publisher is on his way from the United States for the manuscript. Mr. Clemens and his family leave London at the end of this month to pass the summer in Austria."

Ian Maclaren will not publish any work of fiction during this year, but he will issue one, if not two, religious books before Christmas. The scene of his next volume of stories will probably be laid in America. He is making progress with his life of Christ, which will be entitled "The Life of the Master."

The manuscript of Anthony Hope's new novel, the sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda," which is to be published in September, is now in the hands of C. D. Gibson, who is to make a series of full-page illustrations. The title of the novel is "A Constable of Zenda."

The third installment of Mary Hartwell Catherwood's "The Days of Jeanne d'Arc" is published in the *June Century*.

Opie Read's "The Jucklins" is receiving rather more favorable reviews in England than it did at home. The London *Telegraph* ascribes the growing English interest in American rustic life to the pioneering work of Harold Frederic.

Miss Marie Corelli has been celebrating the twelfth anniversary of her début as a novelist, and it appears that the royalties of her initial volume, her celebrated "Romance of Two Worlds," would be ample for her support, even if she had no other sources of income. Marie Corelli is, in point of income, far and away the richest woman writer of the time. She is

physically much the style of woman the lamented "Duchess" was, small and blonde—a singular fact, considering her Italian blood.

Mr. Crockett's autumn book will be "Lochinvar." That is to be followed by a shorter story called "The Standard Bearer." He has just returned from Pomerania with the materials for "The Red Ax." But these make only a beginning on the five years' contracts that Mr. Crockett still has ahead of him.

Gustav Kobbé contributes to the *June Century* the first of a series of articles on Heroes of Peace. It is entitled "Heroism in the Light-House Service."

F. W. Bourdillon is soon to publish a volume of poems entitled "Mini-cula: Lyrics of Nature, Art, and Love." Some of the verse will be new; much of the rest will be taken from volumes published anonymously at Oxford in 1891, 1892, and 1894.

The *Chap Book* comments sharply on such fault-finding as is expressed in the *Freeman* and the *Christian Commonwealth* relative to Nansen's "Farthest North." The distasteful quotation reads:

"In all the hundreds of pages of 'Farthest North' God is shut out! Dr. Nansen is full of admiration of Nature, and some of his descriptions of the scenery of the polar realm are majestic in their diction and poetic in their style. Only once is God alluded to. That is something, of course, better than absolute atheism; but no Christian can read the book without a consciousness that the writer seems to be utterly regardless of a Creator as well as of a creation. Indeed, there are evidences that he does not really believe in a personal deity, or in any spiritual immortality, for he calls eternity the great Nirvana! This is just how a Theosophist or a Buddhist would write."

One of the longest novels of the year will be Hall Caine's "The Christian." The passages omitted from the serial are to be restored in the book, and the work is expected to cause considerable discussion. It is probable that its publication will be deferred until the autumn.

Kipling Parodied.

Rudyard Kipling's latest poem, "The Vampire," written for the picture by Philip Burne-Jones in the New Gallery, has called forth an unusual number of replies and parodies. The original, which we printed a fortnight ago, runs as follows:

THE VAMPIRE.

A fool there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I!)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care),
But the fool he called her his lady fair
(Even as you or I!)

Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste
And the work of our head and hand,
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent,
(Even as you and I!)
Honor and faith and a sure intent,
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant)
But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost
And the excellent things we planned,
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know that she never knew why)
And did not understand.

The "answers" express the sentiments of the vampire, who is generally represented as not only understanding the man, but knowing that he thinks she "never could know." The parodies cover a wide range of styles and topics, one of the best being the following, from the *New York Press*:

THE CAMP-FIRE.

A man there was and he wrote a poem
(Even as you and I!)
Of a drab and a jab and a Hindoo dome
(It scared the critic away from home),
For he painted his landscapes all in chrome
(Not as you and I!)

Oh, the words he used and the oaths he used,
And the jungle junk he jawed!
The public never had heard it before,
(But they thought it was great and they howled for more)
And every one haw-hawed.

A man there was and he wrote and wrote
(Even as you and I!)
He got as perk as a yearling shoat
(For rule and school he cared nary a groat)
And every one studied his lines to quote,
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost,
And the lovely plots we planned!
And the stuff that delighted his publisher's eye
(Now we know that they never knew why)
That they did not understand.

The man was sent by a pope to Greece
(It wasn't you or I!)
At a dozen thou. per month, if you please,
(Just to keep his inky pyjamas in crease)
And he sat in Crete to write his piece,
(Not as you or I!)

But it ain't the work and it ain't the shirk
That stings like the prickly heat.
It's thinking of him and Stevie Crane
(Oh, the crimson crash and the blood-red rain!)
If they should ever meet!

Princess Troubetzkoy, formerly Amélie Rives-Chanler, and known under her maiden name of Amélie Rives as the author of "The Quick or the Dead?" is a patient in the private sanitarium of Dr. Wharton Sinkler, the famous Philadelphia neurologist. Princess Troubetzkoy is suffering from nervous prostration, brought on by overwork. She is confined to her bed, and no one is permitted to see her except her nurse and physicians.

THE JUNE CENTURY



QUEEN VICTORIA.

Her Coronation Roll, reproduced by special permission. Four interesting portraits. An article by Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, etc.

THE SHAW MEMORIAL and the SCULPTOR ST. GAUDENS.

The most complete pictorial record of the work of St. Gaudens yet made, including several illustrations of his beautiful memorial bas-relief to Col. Robert G. Shaw, unveiled at Boston, May 31, 1897. Col. T. W. Higginson writes of "Colored Troops under Fire," apropos of Col. Shaw, who fell at Fort Fisher while leading his colored regiment. Other illustrated articles include "How Food is used in the Body," by Prof. Atwater, "How a Riddle of the Parthenon was Unraveled," with short stories, the serials, etc., etc.

"Alone of the great magazines, THE CENTURY pursues the policy of pertinency, though not to the sacrifice of its literary and artistic standing."—*Rochester Post-Express*, May 8, 1897.

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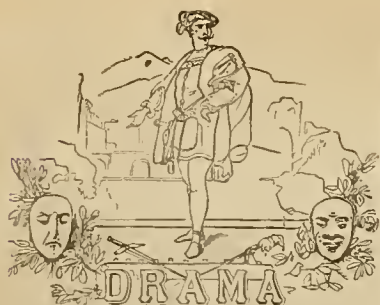
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It is impossible to estimate the abilities of the new Frawley people as exhibited in "The Fatal Card." Geniuses could make nothing of such a piece. We feel sure that if they were given a chance, Mr. Colville and Miss Moretti and Miss Wallis would prove to us that they are three very clever people. Until we see them in something worth playing, we can only treat of them from a spectacular point of view.

That Miss Moretti can play, we know. Because we saw and remember her Roxy in "Pudd'nhead Wilson." She has enough artistic conscience to be obviously indifferent to the character of Mercedes, to which she is respectful only from a millinery standpoint. Mercedes wears some crashingly loud costumes, uses a pair of curious eyes in an astonishing manner, and glides round in the serpentine silence of an adventuress who is not permitted any adventures. Miss Wallis's part allows her to be pretty and prodigal of smiles, and, as she has a very charming smile, we are thankful and surprised that she is not cast for the character of a Cassandra.

As for poor Mr. Colville, his case is a sad one. Fancy any one with pride and self-respect having to make the acquaintance of an audience in such a part as Marable alias George Forrester. Mr. Colville struggles desperately with it. No doubt he suffers; and in the scenes where he tells his daughter how deeply he loves her, and imprints a paternal kiss upon her brow, he has an air of dogged stubbornness, as one who says to himself: "I know this is silly, unnatural, absurd, but I must go through with it; it is what I am paid for, and I must make the best of it." But there is the glitter of rebellion in Mr. Colville's eye. He will not play many more parts like George Forrester. There is a limit even to the endurance of a high-salaried play-actor, and George Forrester marks it.

The original members of the company, who are good, reliable actors of light, drawing-room drama, flounder about in a bewildered manner in this unfamiliar and unnatural environment. Of the whole company, Mr. Frawley really makes the best impression, mainly because he never acts at all, but merely recites the lines given him with clearness and simplicity. His Harry Burgess is the only natural and consistent figure in the entire piece. Mr. Frawley, having sense enough to realize that he never will make a great actor, is satisfied simply to be himself in an unostentatious, honest manner. His enunciation is always good and especially acceptable in a theatre where the acoustics are notoriously defective. And in the midst of a company of desperate mummies trying distractedly to make something of an impossible and ridiculous play, his steady, stolid naturalness is as refreshing as a sea-breeze would be in the theatre itself.

But Mr. Frawley really got the only part in the melodrama that is playable. Mr. Hamilton looked the character of old Austen to perfection, and was lucky enough to be killed in the third act and so escape the impossible antics that the authors would have thought the proper thing for a mean old stage-father with the hero for his son. It was Mr. Worthing, the star member of the company, who had to bear the burden of Messrs. Chambers and Stephenson's combined imaginative efforts, and Mr. Worthing, with all his well-bred cleverness, nearly sank under it.

Outside such polished comedians as John Drew or the Hollands, Mr. Worthing is the most satisfactory dress-suit actor in this country. He knows how to act a gentleman; he has humor, style, and magnetism. He is a charming lover, a courteous and graceful hero of the club and the drawing-room. To realize the full delicacy and truth of his work one has only to compare him with such an actor as Wilton Lackaye, who always looks like a barber out of his sphere; or Herbert Kecey, who reminds one of a mild-eyed Presbyterian clergyman strayed from the fold. And here this admirable actor, the one really gifted person in the organization, is cast to play the hero of a melodrama at which the gorge of south of Market Street would rise.

Mr. Worthing has our heartfelt sympathy. He had it in the first act, when, in answer to the lurid Mercedes's pleadings for her lover's life, he cries heroically: "What man with blood in his veins can resist a woman's tears?" This delivered in a saloon in a Colorado mining-camp should have fallen upon the startled silence like a dynamite bomb. But in "The Fatal Card" nobody is surprised at anything, and it passes without a protest. Later on, Mr. Worthing has to stop a lynching with three trusty comrades at his back and a riding-whip in his red right hand. It is needless to say that the desperadoes, though bristling with fire-arms, are daunted

by the riding-whip, and the condemned man escapes and makes five acts more of sentiments and sins.

It is toward the end that Mr. Worthing has his heaviest load to carry. He has a trying scene to go through, during which Miss Bates hangs tempestuously round his neck while he recapitulates the events of the preceding act, all of which the audience already knows. In the end his supremely idiotic conduct reaches its climax. Concealed in a cottage he overhears the murderers of his father talking over their crime. Does Mr. Worthing climb out of the back window and get the police? No. Perhaps there is no back window, and he tries to steal out when they are not looking? Not at all. He is a hero, and he acts accordingly. In the middle of the scene he opens the door and enters the room and tells the four conspirators what bad, wicked men they were to kill his father. Naturally they resent this, and they tie him up with ropes and place an infernal machine at his elbow. How he is spared those who care to see this sort of thing may go and witness for themselves.

The possibilities of artistic melodrama are fine. A few have already been written and enjoyed great runs, like "The Silver King." But writers of melodrama seem to think that the more they insult the intelligence of their audience, the better is their chance of success. They always seem to construct their plays by incidents and climaxes. They take a group of outworn episodes, dot them over the space of five acts, and connect them with lengths of cheap, hectic dialogue that Old Sleuth would blush to own. "The Fatal Card" is a perfect example of this type of piece. It is as old-fashioned in its form and style as "Spartacus." There is not one attempt in it to outline a character or make a natural scene. It has "strong situations" scattered all over it, and to these nature, art, and sense are sacrificed.

Two desperate characters murder an old man. Do they immediately haste away with stealthy steps and pallid cheeks? Not a bit of it. They sit down on either side of the corpse, and they have nervous chills, upon which the calcium light is turned for full ten minutes. Then, while one is enthusiastically having the chills, the other gets talkative. "Put your hand to your throat," says he, lugubriously, "for soon you will have a cord about it, with a knot under your left ear." Then he apostrophizes the corpse, has a few nervous chills, ruffles up his front hair with a hand trembling as from the worst kind of Fresno fever and ague, and tells the body of the late A. K. Austen that he is "dead—peacefully, beautifully dead." Never having known any murderers, one can not speak with conviction as to their manner of procedure; but all the melodramas that ever were written will not make one believe that assassins make a practice of apostrophizing the corpses of their victims.

An old-fashioned ideal and poor workmanship ruin plays such as "The Fatal Card." That a piece like this has a long run in New York is only another evidence of the wretched condition of the drama in the metropolis. When we now hear of New York successes, we regard them askance. London successes used to fill us with doubts and forebodings; but New York successes are a little worse. Either the taste of the West in dramatic matters is better, more cultured than that of New York, or else there is such an immense theatre-going public there that anything will run over the winter season. Coming West with this cachet of Gotham's approval, these Eastern successes expect to enjoy a like vogue in a small city, with a small theatre-going class which can not afford to spend its money unless the attraction is worth seeing.

Meanwhile Mr. Frawley should realize that his company are entirely miscast in such a piece. Their line is light, bright, modern comedy; in that they are at home and sometimes give excellent performances. Their playing of "The Two Escutcheons" last year was admirable. They played "Lord Chumley" well, and they even made a good attempt at that puffed-up, bombastic, antediluvian thing, "The Charity Ball." But when it comes to murdering heavy fathers, and blowing up people with infernal machines, and bringing on squads of villains, and terrorizing Colorado desperadoes with the muzzle of a riding-whip, they had better leave it to Morosco's. They do that sort of thing a great deal better down there, and the audiences are more with them in the spirit. It is a great pity that Messrs. Chambers and Stephenson could not come here for a trip and see "The First Born." It might teach them something of dramatic truth and form.

The farm of James Olson, west of Hallock, Minn., is so covered by driftings from the flood that it will require a couple of years to clear it. Among the driftings may be found organs, furniture, barrels, boxes, fanning-mills, threshing-machines, houses, lumber, and several hundred fine pine-logs. Several barrels containing some sort of liquor, vats containing malt, tanks and copper vessels connected with pipes were also found. This is supposed to be a moonshiner's outfit from the prohibition State across the Red.

During a recent court case in New York, a wine-merchant admitted that he had sold to a high-grade hotel a lot of bottled claret bearing different brands, although all the liquor was drawn from the same cask; the necessary inference was that the consumers could not distinguish one from another by the taste.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Ziska Institute.

The young ladies of the class of '97 of the Ziska Institute gave an "at home" on Friday evening, May 28th, and acted as hostesses to many of their friends in a most hospitable manner. In addition to a recitation by Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton, the following programme was presented in an excellent manner:

"A Thought in English Literature," Miss Harriet Hassenmuller; piano serenata, Moszkowski, Miss Marie Mahoney; mandolin solo, romance by Graziani Walter, Professor Adelstein; recitation, Miss Helen Neustadter; piano solo, "Polish Dance," Scharwenka, Miss Gladys Myers; violin solo, "Simple Ave," Francis Thomé, Miss Marie Mahoney; vocal solo, "Sancta Maria," Faure, Mrs. C. B. Jennings; piano solo, "Le Ruisseau," Pacher, Miss Blanche Sternheim; lute solo, "Meditation," Charles Acton, Professor Adelstein; recitation, "The Huguenot Lovers," Miss Harriet Hassenmuller; piano solo, Professor Beringer.

Mr. Denis O'Sullivan has been tendered a testimonial concert by Mayor James D. Phelan, Judge E. W. McKinstry, Mr. John H. Jewett, Mr. Philip N. Lilienthal, Mr. John Parrott, and some twenty other gentlemen of prominence here, and has arranged to have the concert take place at Native Sons' Hall on Monday evening, June 7th. He will be assisted by Mrs. Walter McGavin, whose singing is always highly enjoyed, and by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and other prominent artists. A programme of unusual excellence has been arranged, and Mr. O'Sullivan will appear at his best in his selections. Seats will be for sale to-day and Monday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Mrs. Eunice Westwater, the well-known contralto, will give a song recital at Native Sons' Hall next Wednesday evening, assisted by Mr. A. Borlini, baritone, Mr. Giulio Minetti, violinist, and Mr. S. Martinez, pianist. Mrs. Westwater has a choice programme to present which should insure for her a crowded house.

Havelock Ellis has spent some years in tabulating the references to colors in literature. Yellow is rarely mentioned in the Bible, and blue not at all. Blue is not mentioned in Homer; red rarely, but he mentions yellow twenty-one times in a hundred. Since the Christian era, red and yellow are mentioned most frequently, but blue is referred to twice as often since the sixteenth century as before. Poe mentions yellow twice as often and blue about one-quarter as often as any of his contemporaries in the list. That the color sense is a late development is shown by the fact that the natives of South Africa can distinguish only white and black (which are not colors at all) and red. Blue they call black, and yellow red. Green they can not distinguish at all—confusing it with yellow and red both.

In a little brochure, entitled "How the 'Social Evil' is Regulated in Japan," the author, who handles statistics with care, writes that there are five hundred thousand known prostitutes in the empire; therefore, he reckons a total of "ten per cent. of the female population of all ages" in the repulsive category. The author demonstrates that, in new Japan, law is far ahead of custom. "There is legally in Japan no such thing as the sale of women; but custom in the East is far, far stronger than law, and, having been brought up in an atmosphere of unreasonable obedience, the Japanese woman simply submits to everything. . . . Even Confucius is called in to aid and abet the atrocity."

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Return of the Lilliputians.

The Baldwin Theatre will be re-opened to-morrow (Sunday) evening, instead of Monday, by the Lilliputians, who are to play a two weeks' engagement there. These droll comedians have won many admirers during their previous visits to this city, and inasmuch as their new piece, "The Merry Tramps," has been voted by Eastern critics better than those in which they played here before, it may be predicted that large audiences will be the rule at the Baldwin during the coming fortnight.

The story of "The Merry Tramps" is a slight one, but it is sufficient to string together a number of amusing situations and complications in which the three principals and their coadjutors become involved. The leading members of the company are chubby Franz Ebert, Adolph Zink, and graceful little Bertha Jaeger, with Tony Meister, Ludwig Merkel, and Herman Ring in the minor characters. The little folk are supplemented in "The Merry Tramps," as they have been in the other pieces, by a large ballet of well-developed young women, whose brilliant costumes and graceful dancing add much to the spectacular features of the piece. Of the notable scenes, one is that in which the small members of the company appear on Shetland ponies, another is Ebert's pantomime hatching scene, and a third is an electrical ballet by sixty young women costumed in a manner depicting the various styles of illumination of all times and countries.

There will be matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays throughout the engagement, the Wednesday matinees being at popular prices.

Second Week of "The Fatal Card."

The return of the Frawley Company to the Columbia Theatre on Monday night was greeted by an audience that filled the house to the doors, and the audiences have been so uniformly large since then that it has been determined to retain "The Fatal Card" throughout next week.

Meantime rehearsals are going on for the production of an entirely new piece on Monday, June 14th. It is a comedy entitled "The Interlopers," and its author is Lorimer Stoddard, a son of the poet, Richard Henry Stoddard, and himself a dramatist of some repute. It was he who adapted Thomas Hardy's novel, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," for the stage, so successfully that Mr. Hardy was quite content with it, and Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske has found it one of the most successful plays of the past season in New York. Mr. Stoddard accompanied the Frawley players to this city, and he has been attending all the rehearsals of his play.

A Novelty at the Tivoli.

Genée's pretty opera, "Nanon," will be continued at the Tivoli this (Saturday) and to-morrow nights, and on Monday evening it will make way for the new "review," of which much is expected. This form of entertainment originated in Paris and was imported to New York three or four years ago, where it has become the most popular form of summer entertainment. Properly, it treats in a humorous way the leading local events of the past year; but, as it has had no predecessors here, it will go much further back in our history for some of its component parts. The plot is, briefly, not unlike that of "A Trip to Chinatown," setting forth the adventures of a millionaire's daughter who runs away from home with two young men and starts to see the sights. Emperor Norton figures as a sort of *deus ex machina* in this escapade, and their itinerary takes them from Chinatown to the Cliff House, and from a Nob Hill mansion to a "hall" at the pavilion.

The cast will include John Raffael as Ned Weanaway, a society leader, with whom Miss "Frisco" Fogg elopes; Rhys Thomas as Lord Albert Klifton, a patron of the turf; Hartman and Darcy as two *chevaliers d'industrie*; W. H. West as Emperor Norton; Thomas C. Leary as a retired millionaire; Kavanaugh as Officer Porter; Myra Morella as Miss Frisco; Elvia Crox-Seabrooke as a dashing Oakland grass-widow who is in reality quite respectable; Josie Intropidi as Mrs. Oceana Fogg; and Misses Schnabel, Stockmeyer, Werden, and Gray as four society budes. In the last act a novel light-dance, entitled "The Whirl of the Spheres," will be executed by Ada Wyatt.

The Orpheum's New Bill.

The leading feature of the entertainment of the Orpheum this week is Adgie, the young lion-tamer. Her trained lions are not the moth-eaten old beasts that generally figure in such entertainments, but are young animals whose sleek coats and generally well-kept condition do not belie the statement that it is made of them, that they have been in captivity only a couple of years. She enters the cage in which they are confined as holdly as a modern Daniel, but the ancient prophet would have been hard put to it to dance as gracefully as she does.

Adgie comes on well toward the end of the programme, but there are a number of excellent features preceding her. Those that are to be retained next week, besides Adgie, are Morton and Elliott, who perform wonders with the harmonica; Jules and Ella Garrison; Billy Carter, an old-time banjoist; and Perry and Lulu Ryan and Emma Wood. The new people for next week's programme are the

Russell Brothers, who appear as Irish servant girls; the Vaidis Twin Sisters, whose aerial performances have been seen several times in this city; Dailey and Hilton, the comedy-sketch team; and Charles Johnson and Dora Dean, who are described as "King and Queen of the colored aristocracy."

Notes.

Eleonora Duse's engagement began in Paris last Tuesday.

Charles H. Yale's "Twelve Temptations" will be seen at the Columbia in the latter part of the summer.

All of Hoyt and McKee's attractions that come to this coast this season are booked for the Columbia Theatre.

"Under the Red Robe" is to receive its first performance on the Pacific Coast at the Baldwin in November.

Joseph Hatton's new play is to develop the idea embodied in Hogarth's series of pictures, "The Idle Apprentice."

Henry Guy Carleton's latest work has been adapting an amusing German farce, "Gamhols," for Charles Frohman's players.

Encouraged by the success of "Signal Service" in London, an American version of "Too Much Johnson" is soon to be produced there, with Paul Arthur as the liar.

As Prince George in "The First Gentleman of Europe," James K. Hackett is said to be an even more gorgeous figure than he is in the court scene in "Ruritania."

When Mrs. Leslie Carter begins her tour at the Baldwin this fall, she will appear in "The Heart of Maryland" at the evening performances, devoting only the matinees to "Canille."

When Primrose and West's Minstrels come here again, they will be seen at the Columbia. Among the white-faced minstrels engaged for next season are Carroll Johnson, Milt Barlow, Raymond Moore, and Ezra Kendall.

Sothern's new play, by the authors of "Rosemary," was originally written for Charles Wyndham, but he will not act in it. Murray Carson, one of the two authors, is coming to this country to superintend the New York production.

The Lilliputians have been here since last Tuesday evening, and have become a familiar feature in the park, at the Cliff House, and at the resorts about the bay. Ebert has been showing himself quite a skillful fisherman and Zink has been snapping his kodak at hundreds of things.

Theodore Hamilton, one of the new members of the Frawley Company, is engaged to appear with Joseph Jefferson's company in Boston in October for a short season, and on December 20th he will begin a starring tour of the south and west in "Pudd'nhead Wilson."

Digby Bell, the former light-opera comedian, has scored a success in another line. He brought out Augustus Thomas's new play, "The Hoosier Doctor," in Chicago a few weeks ago, and the papers speak highly of it. He is hooked to appear at the Columbia early this season.

Gilbert Parker's play, "The Seats of the Mighty," has not met with greater success in London than it did in this country. It is now followed by a pantomime called "The Old Clo'man," which, however, does not interest the audience particularly, though it is from the pen of Catulle Mendès.

Ethel Barrymore is over in London, doing a very small part in "Secret Service" and preparing to accept her fate with resignation if Blanche Walsh or Odette Tyler, for both of whom she is understudy, should fall ill. By way of compensation, however, she had a long and close view of the queen the other day.

As evidence of the curious way in which the lighter class of comedies change in the course of a run, it is recorded that a special rehearsal of "The Man from Mexico" was held recently in New York, at which the actors remained seated but spoke their lines, to have them taken down by a stenographer and written out for the benefit of the prompter.

Maud Odell and Charles Walcott, who will soon be seen here in the Lyceum Theatre Company, will have the same rôles in "The Prisoner of Zenda" that they had when the play was given here last year. They will be Antoinette de Mauban and Colonel Sapt. James K. Hackett will, of course, be the Rasyndal and Mary Mannering the Princess Flavia.

Felix Morris is one of the latest recruits at the continuous-performance houses. He has recently been playing "A Game of Cards" at Keith's, in New York, both afternoons and evenings, and he is so well satisfied that he is preparing an extensive repertoire for use in vaudeville. Among the pieces in which he will be seen are Mrs. Fiske's "The Rose," Forbes Hermann's "The Vagabond," "The Old Comedian," and "Percy Pendragon."

The Lyceum Company are to follow the Lilliputians at the Baldwin. They are to make but one

stop on their way across the continent. That will be at Salt Lake City on June 14th, and a week later they will begin their engagement here. Their return trip will be very different, however, as they are not due at the Lyceum again until November, when Mr. Sothern will conclude his performances of "Change Alley," the new play written for him by the authors of "Rosemary."

Mme. Adelaide Herrmann, the widow of the late magician, claims to be the only person to whom he confided the workings of his most important illusions, and she is going to present them herself this season. "Herrmann the Third," the nephew and successor of her husband, will open the entertainment with a fifteen-minute performance, and another important adjunct to the show will be a Parisian sensation of the Anna Held type, for whom Mme. Herrmann is now negotiating.

It took three hours to kill a vicious elephant in the vicinity of Liverpool, recently, and in assisting to bring about this result a medical gentleman almost succeeded in compassing his own destruction. "Charles II." was the name of the elephant. Two Liverpool physicians were appointed executioners. They fed the beast on aconite concealed in carrots and arsenic sprinkled on buns, which it swallowed pleasantly and asked for more. Then one medical gentleman conceived the idea of loading a syringe with prussic acid, inducing the elephant to open its mouth, and squirting the poison down its throat. Charles II. considered this great sport, but the doctor who was operating the syringe, by reason of his interest in the experiment, momentarily forgot the deadly properties of prussic acid, inhaled the fumes, and fell unconscious. The other physician saved his colleague's life with great difficulty, the elephant looking on with deep sympathy. However, after Charles II. had taken enough poison to kill two thousand men, according to the doctors, and three hours had passed since the first dose, he suddenly toppled over and expired quietly. Like the other Charles II., he had been an unconscionable time dying.

Many diamonds which have been exposed to sunshine give out light on being placed in a dark room. When placed in a vacuum and exposed to a high-tension current of electricity, diamonds phosphoresce, or shine, with different colors. Most South African diamonds, under these circumstances, exhibit a bluish light, while diamonds from other parts of the world shine with such colors as "bright blue, apricot, pale-blue, red, yellowish-green, orange, and pale-green." After reciting the preceding facts, in a recent lecture in London, Professor William Crookes made this interesting statement: "One beautiful green diamond in my collection, when phosphorescing in a good vacuum, gives almost as much light as a candle; the light is pale-green, almost white."

The most terrible duel fought at any time in Paris was the one between Colonel D—, an old Bonapartist officer, and M. de G—, of the Gardes du Corps, a mere youth, but of herculean strength. The two men, lashed together so as to leave their right arms free, were armed with short knives, placed in a hackney coach, and driven at a tearing gallop around the Place de la Concorde. They were taken out of the coach dead. The colonel had eighteen stabs, the youth only four, but one of these had pierced his heart.

In these warm summer days, there is nothing more delightful than to make an excursion on Sunday to El Campo. It includes a pleasant ride on the steamer *Ukiah*, plenty of amusement at the well-known resort, and a generally health-giving day.

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VANITY FAIR.

It is a pity that in American cities there is no established exhibition that calls out *en masse* the fashionable contingent in the spring, as in Paris or London, where the *vernissage* of the Champs de Mars, or the Champs-Elysées, or the private view of the Royal Academy, or the Grosvenor, brings together the smartest women in town, dressed in their prettiest and newest spring gowns, thereby giving an accepted rendezvous where fashion declares itself for the coming season. Society as a class in this country has not even the good taste to pretend to be artistic or cultured, and therefore our spring exhibitions are attended only by those who are really interested, and they are not considered in the light of fashionable functions. The recent *vernissages* in Paris, however, have given the *mot* which all the fashionable world will follow for the next four or five months. In the way of skirts it seems to be an established fact that all of the newest are *flottante*, that is, they are made without lining, the latter being a separate skirt, although they are attached to the same waistband. To quote from one of the best French authorities: "All the fullness is pushed to the back; the circumference of the bottom is about four yards and a half. The skirt hangs loosely over an underskirt of a harmonious color, the latter, to give it shape, having a facing of fibre chamois or hair cloth about a foot and a half deep." The Worth skirts and those of his imitators are nearly all made with the large graduated plait in front, which forms a sort of tablier, but the majority are tight-fitting to the opening at the back. Certainly it seems that the present season leaves nothing to be desired in the way of fashion, and the most capacious can find nothing to complain of—moderate skirts, charmingly cut; sleeves that are becomingly full at the top, but without exaggeration; and the closed front, which gives a particularly youthful look to the figure, while the latitude that is allowed for originality is practically without bounds.

A Kansas school-board has advertised for women school-teachers who will not marry. The fact is women who will marry have been causing an enormous amount of trouble not only to school-boards, but to manufacturers, store-keepers, and theatrical managers for years. A capitalist will invest a great deal more money in the education of a forewoman who will furnish a guarantee that she will remain single than he will in one who is likely to abandon all her industrial training the moment she meets with a man she can marry. If any one will discover a means of preventing comely and healthy young women from getting married, he will do more for woman in the industrial arts than all other agencies put together. But the discovery never will be made. Mrs. Woodhull once claimed to have some kind of a patent, but just as soon as she had perfected it she went off and got married herself.

One of the weaknesses universally attributed to woman is love of flattery, to which man is frequently thought to be rather superior, if not indifferent. This mistake (says the *Bazar*) may have arisen because he assumes, as a rule, that it is a fact. Woman avows her fondness for flattery, and often is not deceived by it, taking it, as intended, as the polite coinage of polite society. Man affects to despise it. Believing that he does, and so insisting regularly, he is under the delusion that it is seldom employed to his disadvantage. She seldom asks herself if flattery pleases her, for she is so accustomed to it, giving and taking, that it is unconsciously included in her daily habits. If some of her intimates or associates should entirely omit it, she would notice it as she would notice an unusual noise in the street or the derangement of her drawing-room. The omission, indeed, she might regard as a rudeness, until a little reflection told her that it was only an infringement of the familiar. The average man of the world imagines that he knows just what flattery is. The moment he hears it he recognizes and rejects it. To his mind it is a complete system, reduced to rules, indexed and codified. He does reject it summarily and sharply, when he recognizes it, it is true. But that is not often. He understands those things on the business side, and is armed against them. But on the personal, the social side he is sadly deficient. In many ways women, trained to society, are believed to be shrewder, more discerning, more wholesomely skeptical, than men of the world. The women have more vanity, more love of praise, more sensibility to admiration, which is purely feminine. But they can not be induced to believe, as men can, that they have qualities they have never possessed and have never claimed. This is explained by man's egotism, which woman does not share with him, and with which her severest critics seldom charge her. She frequently says that man can be flattered into believing anything, if the effort be persistently made and the method adopted be sufficiently artful. There is a limit to her credulity. She will listen by the hour to plausible stories of her beauty, her elegance, her charm of manner, but she can not be persuaded that she is intellectual or scholarly unless the persuasion rests on some basis.

The question, "What shall I do to earn a living?" asked so often by women, was answered the other day by two young Southern women in New York,

very much to their own satisfaction and profit. The senior member of the firm (who was a belle and social leader in her native State two years ago) went to New York and cast around for something whereby she might earn her own bread. A friend of hers, another capable girl, remarked that the ladies of New York looked much better on the streets than in their evening-gowns. "They look fairly well so long as they stick to silks, or satins, or heavy materials, but when it comes to muslins and laces they don't seem to know how to have them made. It is a perfect shame the way they waste their beautiful materials. Ah, if we only had their beautiful goods, couldn't we make lovely gowns of them!" The other girl began to think, and in a few days proposed to her friend to form a partnership as designers of evening and summer gowns. Together they made several rough colored sketches of muslin gowns, which they took to some of their more fashionable acquaintances to see what they thought of them. In almost every instance they received orders for one or more gowns. When these orders had increased sufficiently to make the venture safe, they began work in earnest. They employed competent French dressmakers and fitters, and opened parlors, where their designs and sample gowns are shown. Their customers select their designs and materials from samples shown by the firm, and they guarantee a perfect fit and finish. As they make only one gown after a design, their patrons are certain that no one else will have a garment just like their own. Besides building up a very flourishing business in New York and the vicinity, they have been offered good salaries by several of the large houses which make a specialty of stylish ready-made gowns and waists as designers.

The well-dressed man pays very little attention to the peculiar shapes in collars and cravats that one sees in shop-windows. Men try to dress away from standards that liberal adoption has made common, and consequently cheap. The best-selling articles are not by any means the most fashionable. By following the standards of dealers who seek the trade of the masses, one would be wearing the same things that (as "Him" puts it in *l'ogues*) our domestic steady company wears. We would delight in loud Teck scarfs, enormous puffs and band bows with huge pieces of elastic in the back. The Teck is the bad replica of the four-in-hand and the puff is the bad copy of the Ascot. These made-up cravats are sold to men who do not know how to adjust a cravat. During the last few years, the *ussues* have taken up the tieable cravat, and the demand has become so very large that the haberdasher who sells fine trade finds it hard to secure patterns and styles that will not be duplicated in the cheap class. It is the same in shirts. We find nearly all the nice patterns duplicated in the cheaper grades, and to overcome this and give men something that they may be sure will not be liberally copied, the haberdasher has to use imported stuff of the best quality and he has to insist that whatever he buys shall be confined to him or to an absolute price. You can only avoid common effects by paying good prices. You can readily see that a dealer can not sell his high-class wares at low prices, as exclusiveness and quality must be paid for.

A table of relative heights and weights given by Mrs. Etta Morse Hudders in the May number of *What to Eat* is worth repeating. The weight of ordinary clothing is included in the table. The woman who reaches the minimum or maximum weight for her height is recommended to look carefully after her diet, not only that her figure may be what it should be, but for the sake of her general health. The table is:

Height.	Average.	Minimum.	Maximum.
5 feet.....	115	98	132
5 feet 1 inch.....	120	102	138
5 feet 2 inches.....	125	106	144
5 feet 3 inches.....	130	111	150
5 feet 4 inches.....	135	115	155
5 feet 5 inches.....	140	119	161
5 feet 6 inches.....	143	121	165
5 feet 7 inches.....	145	123	167
5 feet 8 inches.....	148	126	170
5 feet 9 inches.....	155	131	175
5 feet 10 inches.....	160	136	184
5 feet 11 inches.....	165	138	190
6 feet.....	170	141	196

Chicago women are now considering if it would not be a good thing to allow men to become associate members of the Woman's Club. The suggestion was made by Mrs. Farlin Q. Ball, the retiring president of the Woman's Club of Chicago. A preliminary proposition has been made to the men in which they are to have all the privileges of the club except that of voting. There is tea every Wednesday afternoon, with two lumps of sugar, literary feasts, and intellectual conversation. All these things the men can enjoy, but on election day they can only look on and count the ballots after the women have done voting. The women say that the men will not let them vote at political elections and they do not see why the men should be allowed to vote at club elections. Strange to say, most of the men interviewed by the Chicago papers say that they have no desire to join the Woman's Club. Mrs. Lucy Flower is well known in Chicago as a philanthropist. Her husband said: "I don't want to go into the Woman's Club. If Mrs. Flower will keep away from my club I will keep away from hers." Mr. Plummer, the husband of the secretary of the club, said: "I have no doubt they have good tea at the

Woman's Club, but no club has ever been successful without a bar. I guess I will go to my own club and let Mrs. Plummer go to hers." Scarcely a man could be found who was willing to let his wife put him up for membership.

Paris has its share of rain and wet pavements, but the Parisienne never wears rubbers, never seems to wet her feet, and certainly never hedraggles her skirts. Neither does she ask for any patent lifers—ingenuity, a twist of the hips, and one finger are enough. Skirts, rain or shine, are made to be lifted, and jupons are so constructed that the skirt may be properly and becomingly raised. There is no question at all of modesty to be considered, for the jupon is quite as proper an item of street apparel as is the jupe, and more conspicuous. The real Parisienne lifts her skirt high—as high as may be comfortable to carry—and then she gives herself a little shake to make sure the dainty lace-edged petticoat is hanging evenly about her ankles. It shows self-consciousness and lack of skill to look down to see if the petticoat is there, but if doubt exists, it is safer to do so. Then she apparently tiptoes across the street, the gait being sufficiently running and heels a trifle high, so that she hardly touches the mud. Fashions change in lifting the jupe. Last year, a cluster of what dressmakers call "godets" were held in each hand, and a dreadful superfluity of material was lifted high on each side. Now, the dressmakers are putting those godets in another place, and the skirt is lifted from the back. The approved way seems to be to pause a moment while one hand is abstractedly fingering the folds at the back of the skirt. Then, with a quick outward movement—a suggestion of the first figure in a skirt-dance—the drapery is lifted and brought about to one side so the hand may rest on the hip. This gives a long, clinging effect, extremely nice if the wearer has a proper figure.

In the early forties and fifties, almost everybody in American cities "had about enough to live on," and young ladies dressed well on a hundred dollars a year. The daughters of the richest man in Boston were dressed with scrupulous plainness, and the wife and mother owned one brocade, which did service for several years. Display was considered vulgar. Now, only Queen Victoria dares to go shabby; fine clothes have become a necessity to the lesser lights. The greater proportion of people were happier, because there was not such emulation, such vulgar striving, nor such soaring, foolish ambitions. Then, men and women fell back on their own minds for that entertainment which they now seek in fast horses, yachts, great and constant change, journeys to Europe and to Newport. Books took the place of dress and display. When a young lady was introduced into society, one bouquet did duty for the seventy-five which now are considered quite too few. There was a sober elegance among even the first in position and the richest in pocket. There was no talk about money; it has become a subject of conversation since the war.

Just for a joke, Dr. Frank Linbarger, at Asbury Park, in 1895, had a friend introduce him to Miss Mae Sanford, of Red Bank, N. J., as Dr. Lee. Acquaintance ripened into love. Miss Sanford had seventy-five thousand dollars in her own name. The doctor was afraid of "queering" his suit if he told of the deception, so he kept right on and married her under the name of Lee. Now he asks the circuit court of Union County, N. J., to change his name from Linbarger to Lee.

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When the stomach dishonors the drafts made upon it by the rest of the system, it is necessarily because its fund of strength is very low. Toned with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, it soon begins to pay out vigor in the shape of pure, rich blood, containing the elements of muscle, bone, and brain. As a sequence of the new vigor afforded the stomach, the digestive organs perform their functions regularly, and the liver works like clock-work. Malaria has no effect upon a system thus reinforced.

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GET Whilman's INSTANTANEOUS Chocolate Pure, wholesome, convenient—made in a jiffy—NO BOILING.

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526 California Street, San Francisco.
Guarantee Capital and Surplus.....\$ 2,040,201.66
Capital actually paid up in cash.....1,000,000.00
Deposits December 31, 1896.....27,730,247.45

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THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

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Capital.....\$3,000,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits 3,158,129.70
October 1, 1894.

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CAPITAL FULLY PAID - - \$1,000,000

Transacts a general banking business and allows interest
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Acts as Executor, Administrator, and Trustee under
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CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF HARTFORD.
Capital Paid Up, \$1,000,000; Assets, \$3,300,
017.88; Surplus to Policy-Holders, \$1,668,331.50.

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STORYTELLERS.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A number of men were recently discussing present conditions at their club. One of them advanced the proposition that the McKinley administration had not as yet brought about any marked advance in the country's prosperity. "Oh, I don't know about that," observed another; "we are already sending hay to England and porter to France."

One of the many private secretaries at the national capital is still new to his honors (the Washington Post says). One day a newspaper woman, full of business, burst into the office of this secretary's chief. The great man was out. "Can you tell me when he will be in?" she asked. "Really," drawled the clerk, "I haven't an idea." "Well," said the newspaper woman, as she turned to go, "I must say you look it."

A clergyman was one day called down into his parlor to perform a marriage ceremony for a couple in middle life. "Have you ever been married before?" asked the clergyman of the bridegroom. "No, sir." "Have you?" to the bride. "Well, yes, I have," replied the bride, laconically. "But it was twenty years ago, and he fell off a barn and killed himself when we'd been married only a week, so it really ain't worth mentioning."

Colonel Joe Johnston, who has been a post-office inspector for years, is an old chum of Dockery, of Missouri. The other day, after dinner at Willard's, the two stepped over to the cigar-stand. "Let's have some of the kind of cigars Dockery always smokes," said Colonel Johnston; "here, Dockery, take one, and put two or three in your pocket," added the colonel, with much exhibition of liberality. Dockery availed himself of the treat, but without great enthusiasm. "Now," said the colonel, heaving with comfortable feeling, "give me some good cigars for myself."

An old revolutionary soldier in Portland had a small pension, of which he was very proud, and by doing such work as he could, he secured a sufficient income to provide for his modest wants. One day he slipped at the top of a flight of stairs, and fell almost to the bottom. The mistress of the house hurried to him in great alarm, and asked if he thought he was seriously injured. "I guess not, ma'am," he said, rising stiffly to his feet and gasping with fright; "I don't think I'm killed. But when I was half-way down the stairs, ma'am, thinks I, 'I'm a-going to lose my pension, sure!'"

J. A. Murphy, of the West Superior, Wis., bar, recently delivered an address on "Contingent Fees," in the course of which he told a story of a brakeman who was strongly impressed with the fact that his lawyer was the sole repository of his mental and moral being. The man had made a contingent contract with an attorney to develop an ordinary spine into a railway spine and institute a resulting damage suit. During the period of the spinal incubation and the pendency of the suit, the railway superintendent met the brakeman on the street and said: "Good morning, James; it's a fine morning." James, a trifle overtrained, replied: "I neither deny it nor affirm it, sir."

A French politician and bully named Choquart, who flourished some years ago, one morning went into Tortoni's restaurant and said to a waiter: "Bring me the Constitutionnel." "Sorry, sir," said the waiter, "but it's being read just now." He indicated a stout gentleman across the room. Choquart went over where the stout gentleman sat, and after hemming and hawing in a significant way without attracting the man's attention, said flatly to him: "Sir, I want to read the Constitutionnel." The man turned and said: "I am nearly done with it, sir, and in about five minutes I shall have pleasure in delivering it to you." "But I want it now!" said Choquart. So the quarrel went on, until there was a challenge and a duel, in which Choquart received a sword-thrust that kept him in bed three months. As soon as he was able to go out he went one morning to Tortoni's for his chocolate. "Bring me the Constitutionnel," he said to the waiter. "Sorry, sir, but it's being read." And there was the same stout gentleman across the room, tranquilly taking his coffee and reading the Constitutionnel. Choquart glared at him. "Singular individual, that," said he to the waiter; "he reads the Constitutionnel yet, after the lesson I gave him three months ago."

A railroad advance agent in West Virginia, whose business it was to go across the country and win the favor of the residents, struck an inter-mountain region, and found that that particular county was practically dominated by an old farmer away up the ridge. The road wanted something like one hundred thousand dollars from the county, and the old fellow, whose name was Searles, was willing, on one condition, to help out. He wanted the road to come near his own place. Cushman, the agent, looked over the situation, and after a time promised. "The line," he said, "will run within one hundred yards of your front gate. Is that near enough?" Searles

said it was, and an agreement was signed. Then Searles began an advocacy of the bond proposition, and the concession was voted. Two years later another railroad man happened to be hunting in that county, and he stopped at Searles's house. Their conversation turned upon railroads, and the old man, pointing to a long rifle over the mantel, said: "The next railroad man that comes into these hills I'm going to shoot with that." Mr. Smith, who had not yet disclosed his identity or occupation, asked for the reason. The mountaineer told of the bonds. "But," said Mr. Smith, "if there was an agreement, the bonds are invalid." "No, they ain't," the other responded, sadly: "he done it. He run it within the prescribed distance. She's within them one hundred yards." "But I don't see any railroad near here." "Nope. Ye can't. But she's here. She runs through this hill by a tunnel, which starts a mile away. She's inside the named distance, but bein' as I ain't a ground-hog or a rabbit I can't git direct access to her."

SONGS FROM THE CAMPUS.

From "Cap and Gown."

That Sweet Girl Graduate.

So stately and so dignified
She looks in cap and gown,
I hardly dare to speak to her,
This grad. of great renown.

I scarcely can believe my eyes!
I surely can't be she
Who always seemed so very shy,
So very coy to me!

But suddenly the spell departs,
And I give thanks to Fate;
For anxiously she asks me if
Her mortar-board's on straight.

—Harvard Lampoon.

Speed.

They tell how fast the arrow sped,
When William shot the apple,
But who can calculate the speed
Of him who's late for chapel?

—Trinity Tablet.

Comforting Reflections of a Nonentity.

I can not boast of learning deep,
Nor can I much to art aspire;
My poetry loses me no sleep,
Nor oratory's burning fire.

I do not row upon the crew,
Nor on the 'tween glory win;
I am not of the chosen few
Who sing or play the mandolin.

I am not any social star,
But, then—within my certain knowledge,
Like me, unknown to fame, there are
Some fifteen hundred men in college.

—S. M. Williams in Harvard Lampoon.

Tom's Philosophy.

The bridges mingle with the river,
And the river with the ocean;
The lights of Boston mix forever
With a jagged motion;
Not a lamp-post near looks single;
All things, when in town I dine,
With weird, uncanny phantoms mingle,
Why not I with wine?

See the house-tops fall from heaven!
And that chimney hit the other—
A college man would be forgiven
If home he'd help a brother.
Is it the sun that shines on earth,
Or moonbeams that I see?
What are all my struggles worth,
Since I've lost my key.

—Harvard Lampoon.

A Senior Schedule.

We're a-studying of Literature
As hard as e'er we can;
We dote on Revolutions
And the Brotherhood of Man.

We're returning to the People
With a truly Lyric Cry;
And for Democratic Spirit
We'd lay us down and die.

We're a-reading of Philosophy
To find out why we he,
And a-learning that External Worlds
Lie wholly in the Me.

We don't believe in Matter,
And of Mind we're not quite sure;
We're inclined to think Uncertainties
Most likely to endure.

We're a-studying Geology
Of Pre-historic Times,
Before the Tides of Primal Sea
Got written into rhymes;

When the "Old World" spun forever,
And the poets never knew it,—
And all the Rocks, and Stones, and Things,
Were nicely mixed up through it.

We're a-looking at Fine Pictures
Made by People what are dead;
And we criticise Cathedrals
With a Ruskin at our head.

We're a-growing awful learned—
There's lots more of the kind,—
But we do not mind confessing
That it's all a Beastly Grind.

—Mary Hollands McLean in Wellesley Lyrics.

A MARVELOUS PANACEA.

Mother Europa's Renowned "Concert" Curative.

Read the Testimonials from the Faculty.

DOCTOR NICHOLAS writes:—"I have tried the 'Concert Curative,' and found it efficacious where all other treatment had failed to achieve the result I was anxious to obtain. It does not act too violently upon the system, but, after allowing the symptoms to run their natural course, protects the sufferer from an otherwise inevitable collapse."

DOCTOR WILHELM writes:—"I consider this an admirable preparation, and, in the proper hands, absolutely infallible. I take care to recommend it strongly in consultation with all my fellow-practitioners."

DOCTOR FRANCOIS F. FAURE writes:—"I entirely indorse the opinion of my esteemed colleague, Dr. NICHOLAS. A most charming and elegant tonic—with no disagreeable after-effects."

DOCTOR FRANCIS JOSEPH writes:—"It is compounded of several powerful and dangerous ingredients, but so ingeniously combined as to neutralize one another in the happiest manner."

DOCTOR HUMBERT writes:—"Very pleasant to take, as it does not irritate the patient, but acts as an emollient."

DOCTOR SALISBURY writes:—"I confess I have never been a firm believer in the efficacy of patent medicines in general, but in the present instance I feel bound to add my testimony to the almost unanimous verdict of my professional brethren."

"After having, not without hesitation, given my consent to the employment of your remedy in a case which had resisted all previous treatments, my belief is—I hope I do not speak too soon—that it has succeeded in preventing all further effusion of blood and localizing the danger."

"Whatever future changes may take place, I shall still have the satisfaction of believing that they will be under the sanction and augury of the leading European specialists, and that all danger of serious complications has been happily averted."

"If that is the result—I trust I am not premature—I can not help, thinking that it will be a great achievement."

NOW READ WHAT THE PATIENT HIMSELF SAYS!

"A SICK MAN" writes:—"I was almost at my last gasp; I was constantly haunted by a feeling as if I should FLY ALL TO PIECES, and the dread that I should NOT LAST MUCH LONGER. All my European friends declared that I was NOT FIT TO GO ABOUT. I seemed to have lost all control over my movements, and was A MASS OF CORRUPTION."

"Several acquaintances of mine in Armenia told me that I LOOKED LIKE DEATH. None of the physicians who undertook to cure me did me any good. I GOT WORSE EVERY DAY, and could attend to nothing—until at last I was strongly recommended to try MOTHER EUROPA'S RENOWNED 'CONCERT' CURATIVE."

"I resisted for some time, but, discovering it was not unpleasant, I took it regularly during a prolonged residence in Crete, and gradually found myself beginning to return to active life and my ordinary occupations."

"After having been given up as A DOOMED MAN by Dr. SALISBURY and all the LEADING CONTINENTAL AUTHORITIES, I am rapidly getting STRONGER DAY BY DAY, have thrown away my crutches, and am now WALKING OVER GREECE without the slightest difficulty or inconvenience of any kind."

"This happy result I attribute entirely to your INVALUABLE panacea, which I hope to have ALWAYS BY MY SIDE in future, as it has certainly PUT ME ON MY LEGS."

"You are at liberty to make any use you like of this."—Punch.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

"How is a child called that never tells a lie?"
"An enfant terrible!"—German Ex.



Your chimney has as much to do with your light as your lamp has.

The Index tells what Number to get; sent free.

"Pearl top" or "pearl glass."

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Launches and Yachts fitted with Hercules Gasoline Engines, the cheapest, safest, and most economical. No smoke, fire, or heat. No gears; every engine guaranteed. Write for Catalogue.

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Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1897.
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Doric.....Tuesday, July 27
Belgie.....Saturday, August 14

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D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

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SOCIETY.

The Bent-Cohen Wedding.

The First Unitarian Church was the scene last Wednesday evening of the most picturesque wedding of the season. The contracting parties were Miss Emelie Ebel Cohen and Lieutenant Charles Lyman Bent, First Infantry, U. S. A. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. E. G. Cohen, of Farnside, Alameda, and of the late A. A. Cohen, who was, during his life-time here, one of our most prominent attorneys at law. She is a sister of Mrs. Gerrett L. Lausung, of this city, and of Mr. William Cohen and Mr. Alfred A. Cohen, of Oakland. She is very popular in society circles on both sides of the bay. The groom is a native of Massachusetts, a graduate of the Military Academy at West Point, and has been in the service since June, 1895. He is on duty at the Presidio with Troop A of the First Infantry, and is held in high esteem by his fellow-officers.

The decoration of the church, which was done under the direction of Mr. Amadee Joulain, was thoroughly artistic and added to the military aspect of the affair. With the bride and her maids, in their modish, light-tinted gowns, and the groom and his attendants, in the handsome full-dress uniforms of the service, the scene was a brilliant one.

While the ushers were seating the guests, selections were sung by the Lyric Quartet, the words for one number having been written specially by Mr. William Greer Harrison and the music composed by Mr. H. J. Stewart, as a compliment to the bride.

At nine o'clock, as the quartet sang the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin," the bridesmaids, all in pure white gowns, headed by the maid of honor in ciel blue organdie, walked down the central aisle to the entrance to greet the bride. Then the ushers entered, marching through the ranks of the maids, who closed in behind them and were followed by the bride, unattended but looking radiant in an elegant robe of lustrous white satin.

The personnel of the bridal party was as follows: Maid of honor, Miss Emma Butler; bridesmaids, Miss Ida Gibbons, Miss Julia Crocker, Miss Helen Wagner, Miss Marguerite Jolliffe, Miss Bernice R. Drown, and Miss Moffitt, of Oakland; best man, Lieutenant Thomas G. Carson, U. S. A.; ushers, Lieutenant R. C. Croxton, U. S. A., Lieutenant L. F. Kilbourne, U. S. A., Lieutenant S. McP. Rutherford, U. S. A., Lieutenant Rogers F. Gardner, U. S. A., Lieutenant D. E. Nolan, U. S. A., and Lieutenant John P. Hains, U. S. A.

The marriage ceremony was performed by Rev. Horatio Stebbins. Then the bridal cortege left the church for their carriages. The wedding reception was held at the residence of the bride's uncle and aunt, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Gibbons, 920 Polk Street, where the newly wedded couple received the congratulations of about a hundred of their most intimate friends. An elaborate supper was served, and the evening was made one of much enjoyment. Lieutenant and Mrs. Bent left on Thursday on their honeymoon trip, and will reside at the Presidio when they return. Many elegant wedding-gifts were received.

The Macondray-Collier Wedding.

"Villa Ka Bel," the country home of Captain William Bell Collier, U. S. A., retired, on the shores of Clear Lake, Lake County, was the scene of a charming wedding last Wednesday evening. The bride was his third daughter, Miss Mary McPherson Collier, who is well known in this city. The groom was Mr. Faxon Atherton Macondray, a young merchant of this city, who resides in Menlo Park, and is held in high esteem here.

The invitations were limited, but there was a goodly gathering present when the ceremony was performed, at half-past eight o'clock, by Rev. J. T. Shurtliffe. Most of the bridal party were from this city. Miss Dorothy Collier was the maid of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Sarah Collier, Miss Margaret Collier, Miss Mollie Thomas, Miss Emily Carolan, and Miss Edith McBean. Mr. Gerald Rathbone was the best man, and the ushers were Mr. Henry Macondray, Mr. Edward J. Pringle, Jr., Mr. E. C. Sessions, Mr. Robert M. Eyre, Mr. Henry Poett, and Mr. Latham McMullin. After the ceremony had

been performed and the young couple had been congratulated, dancing and an elaborate supper were enjoyed. When they return from their wedding trip, Mr. and Mrs. Macondray will reside in Menlo Park.

The Pearce-Burton Wedding.

The residence of Colonel George H. Burton, U. S. A., 2111 Pacific Avenue, was the scene of a quiet wedding last Tuesday afternoon when his daughter, Miss Minnie Burton, became the wife of Lieutenant Thomas A. Pearce, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A. The bride made her debut in society in Washington, D. C., three years ago. Since her father has been stationed here as Inspector-General of the Pacific Division, she has been very popular through her beauty and accomplishments. The groom is a native of North Carolina and was graduated from the Military Academy two years ago. He is stationed at Fort Logan, Col., whither he took his bride on the evening of the wedding.

There were but a few relatives and very intimate friends present to witness the ceremony, which was performed at half-past one o'clock by Rev. George Edward Walk, of Trinity Episcopal Church. The bride's sisters, the Misses Lulu and Kathro Burton, acted as her maids, and Lieutenant W. G. Sills, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., of Fort Logan, was the best man. From two until four o'clock a reception was held which was attended by some two hundred friends of the contracting parties. Many of the army officers stationed here were present. The bride received a large number of handsome wedding presents.

The Davis-Wright Wedding.

A pretty wedding took place at St. Mark's Episcopal Church, in Berkeley, last Tuesday noon, when Miss Helen Elizabeth Wright was united in marriage to Mr. Charles Lott Davis, of Alameda. The bride is a sister of Mr. Hallock Wright, of this city and Berkeley, and a niece of Mrs. J. A. Paxton, of Headsburg. She is a beautiful brunette and is highly accomplished, having passed several years abroad studying music and art. The groom is a member of the Bohemian Club.

The church was beautifully decorated and was filled with friends of the happy couple at the noon hour when the bridal party arrived. Miss Ella Holmes and Miss Catherine Warfield were the bridesmaids, Mr. Frederick H. Pierson was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Van Zandt Hedley, Mr. George Russell Field, Mr. George B. de Long, and Mr. T. Danforth Boardman. The ceremony was performed by Rev. George E. Swan. Afterward the bridal party and a limited number of guests enjoyed a breakfast at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Paxton Wright. Mr. and Mrs. Davis then went to Belvedere to occupy a cottage during the summer months.

The Durbrow-Grube Wedding.

Miss Anna Grube and Mr. Harry Durbrow were united in marriage last Wednesday noon at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams, 1925 Octavia Street, where the bride has resided for several years. Both the bride and groom are well known in society circles. Mr. Durbrow is a son of the late Joseph Durbrow and is a prominent member of the Bohemian Club.

Rev. Edgar J. Lion officiated at the marriage ceremony, which was witnessed by only a few relatives and intimate friends. A breakfast was enjoyed, after which the newly married couple left for Del Monte. They will reside at San Mateo.

The Irwin-English Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Genevieve English and Assistant-Paymaster John Irwin, Jr., U. S. N., took place last Tuesday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John M. English, in Oakland. The groom is an officer on the *Thetis*, and is a son of Rear-Admiral John Irwin, U. S. N., retired. Only relatives and a few intimate friends were present at the ceremony, which was followed by congratulations and the service of refreshments. Late in the day the newly wedded couple left on a Northern trip. They will reside in Oakland when they return.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Mabel Estee and Mr. Leonard Everett will be married next Wednesday evening at St. Luke's Church. There will be a small reception afterward at the residence of the bride's parents, Hon. and Mrs. M. M. Estee, 229 Sacramento Street.

The announcements that have appeared recently in various papers here and in Oakland regarding the existence of an engagement of marriage between Miss Myra Noyes, of Washington, D. C., and Ensign Yates Surling, U. S. N., have been unauthorized, and the fact of such an engagement existing has been denied by Miss Noyes.

The only paper allowed to have a representative at the great Academy dinners is the *London Times*. Formerly this eclectic honor was conferred upon a weekly critical publication known as the *Observer*. London is not the sort of levitation that can be led about by the journalistic hook to any notable extent.

Keeper—"The giraffe is sick all over this morning." *Doctor*—"Another sore throat, I suppose."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

San Francisco Side-Tracked.

It is continually becoming more apparent that San Francisco has been side-tracked as a way-station on the great highway of travel around the world. San Franciscans must have noticed what numbers of noted people, who formerly passed through here on their travels around the globe, are now going by the Canadian Pacific Railway and over that company's northern steamer route. The following is the passenger list of the *Empress of India*, which arrived in Victoria on May 21st:

Mr. and Mrs. M. Adler, Mrs. Bell-Irving and maid, Mrs. C. H. Blackman, Mr. P. J. Boland, Mr. N. E. Borden, Miss N. J. Borden, Miss C. S. Brayton, H. S. P. Brindley, Lieutenant C. K. Burnett, Marquis of Camden, Miss V. Campbell, Mr. Carter, Major-General Cherry, J. Crossley and wife, Miss Crossley and maid, R. J. M. Danson and wife, E. Schmidt Dargitz, Lieutenant R. N. Dathan, Captain and Mrs. Davey, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Davies and family, Mrs. David, Dr. Donovan, Lord Dornier, Mrs. Eckstein and daughters, A. N. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Martow, David Edward and wife, Miss Edward, Miss Falkner, F. Fanshawe, Mrs. J. E. Farnum and daughter, James Gaunt, Allen Goodwyn, R. S. Gray, Rev. D. C. Greene, wife and family, H. Powys Greenwood and wife, P. Hadow, Mr. and Mrs. Hankey, Dr. Harrison, Lieutenant Harvey, R. N. Algernon Hay, R. R. Heap, R. Tichborne Hinkes, Mr. Hotchkin and wife, Dr. E. H. Morsey, Marquis Ito, J. Johnstone, Marquis Kido, Rev. J. W. Kidsten, G. E. Kirk and wife, Miss Lurman, Mr. Lyell and wife, Rev. J. K. McArthur, wife and family, Mr. Macauliffe, George Main, Mr. Mander and wife, Miss Martin, H. Martin, K. Matsumoto, Misses Matthiessen, E. A. Matthiessen, W. E. Miller, K. Mochizuki, Right Hon. Arnold Morley, A. Nattalie, S. Nicholson, W. D. Oelbermann, E. Oetli, G. R. Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Peabody, A. Peabody, Miss L. Patterson, Miss Pearson, E. C. Riche, Rev. C. A. Ridgeway, J. H. Riley, J. W. Russell, K. Saionji, Mrs. J. B. Sanger, Sir Ernest Satow and valet, Mrs. P. A. Scott, E. P. Seecord, H. Shimamura, W. Sim, Philip A. Small and wife, Lieutenant Sterling, Mrs. Todd and the Misses Todd, J. A. Tustin, Mrs. B. W. Valentine, Mr. H. Valentine, C. Wallace, C. H. Wilkinson, Miss Wilson, Thomas Whitely and daughter, Mr. Woods and wife, Yamaguchi.

Over one hundred and twenty-five saloon passengers arrived on the *Empress*.

By the Pacific Mail steamship *Peru*, which arrived at San Francisco on May 31st, the following was the list of saloon passengers:

Dr. Joseph Neustadt, Captain N. A. Schojring, Rev. W. B. Paisley, S. Arai, Bernard Howaldt, M. Oka, Dr. Van Niekirk, Miss A. Faye, Sir Alfred Crofts, R. K. Bierucki, Gustav Falbaum, G. W. L. Benedict, His Excellency U. G. Matimuri, C. Euaido, C. Macbino, Rev. I. B. Lewis, G. Nagai, W. H. Gill, Pritchard Morgan, Mrs. Benedict, Dr. Otto Seitz, Miss Morgan, Julius Forstman, John Reynolds, H. F. Whelan, L. Kittigiro, I. L. Hamilton, Dr. Power, Rev. E. Platis, G. C. William Marx, Otto Kurtz, Miss C. A. Converse, Mr. Fritz, Colonel I. S. Walter, I. E. Harden, F. A. Haworth, W. D. Massey, G. N. Drewry, Miss Drewry, S. B. Harsaut, Miss Morrill.

Thus the Pacific Mail steamer, it will be seen, carried forty-three first-class cabin passengers—about one-third the number carried by the *Empress*. It is also to be observed that notable travelers, such as Marquis Ito, Sir Ernest Satow, Right Hon. Arnold Morley, and others, traveled by the English line instead of the Pacific Mail line. When Mark Twain and his family sailed from the Pacific Coast, not long ago, they sailed by the *Empress* line. When Thomas Bailey Aldrich and his family sailed for the Orient, not long ago, they sailed by the *Empress* line. Li Hung Chang sailed for China by this British line. Chung, the special ambassador to the Queen's Jubilee, also went via Vancouver.

It is thus evident that the *Empress* line is getting the cream of inter-continental travel, both in numbers and in social distinction. It is not probable that the passenger travel did any particular good to San Francisco, but it is a little humiliating to think that we have been side-tracked by Vancouver. Doubtless, many Englishmen prefer to make the circuit of the globe under the English flag, which, of course, they can do by traveling by the Canadian Pacific and *Empress* lines. But an important factor in the change is the fact that the *Empress* line advertises so extensively on the other side. When you are leaving London for Liverpool, you will find folders and other advertisements of the Canadian Pacific Railroad and the *Empress of India* steamers thrust at you, as also on the transatlantic liners. The Pacific Mail does not make such vigorous efforts.

There has been a big slump in the price of jubilee seats in London, and it is said that seats will be easily obtainable at moderate prices on June 22d. The largest price hitherto obtained was \$1,050 for a shop in the Strand capable of seating 150 people.

One set of London decandats has taken up the worship of the Greek deities. It holds religious services in a place in Holborn fitted up as a temple.

Tragedian—"I was nearly killed once by the bursting of a shell." *Manager*—"Did you ever find out who threw the egg?"—*Judge*.

Moët & Chandon.
Moët & Chandon, White Seal (Grande Cuvée), is unsurpassed in quality, dryness, and flavor.—*New York Times*.

—AN EASTERN WOMAN, TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS of age, and of strong constitution, wishes a place as nursery governess to children under nine. She is competent to take entire charge of children and can give excellent references. Address Susan English, care the *Argonaut*, San Francisco, Cal.

—CAMERA EQUIPMENTS, MODELS 1897—POCO, Premo, Bull's Eye, Bullet. Instruction and dark-room facilities free. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing.
R. P. Hall & Co., Props., Nashua, N. H.
Sold by all Druggists.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee
San Francisco, Cal.

THE WENBAN.

N. W. cor. of Sutter and Mason Sts.

First-class family hotel; single rooms and elegant suites, each provided with private baths. Superior table.
CAROLINE BLITZ, Proprietress.

THE LADIES' GRILL ROOM

—OF THE—

Palace Hotel

A Delightful Place in which to Take Luncheon.

Direct Entrance from Market St.

Hotel Rafael

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

The Society Resort Winter and Summer of the Pacific Coast.

50 MINUTES FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

Average winter temperature 64 degrees. The State Statistics prove the climate to be the healthiest on the Pacific Coast.

IT WILL GIVE IMMEDIATE RELIEF TO THE WORST CASE OF ASTHMA.

The management is personally supervised by General Warfield, of the California Hotel, San Francisco.

R. H. WARFIELD & CO.,
Proprietors.

THE HOTEL RICHELIEU

N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Avenues.

The Principal and Finest Family Hotel of San Francisco
HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

THE WESTMINSTER

614 SUTTER STREET.

First-class Family Hotel.

HOTEL BELLA VISTA

1001 PINE STREET.

THE PIONEER FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. A. F. TRACY.

THE LENOX

628 SUTTER STREET.

First-class quiet Family Hotel.

Subscribers leaving the city for the summer may have the *Argonaut* forwarded to them by mailing us a postal with their new address.

CEO. MORROW & CO.

(ESTABLISHED 1854.)

Hay, Grain and Commission Merchants

Shipping Orders a Specialty.

122 CLAY STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Jane Lathrop Stanford is about to leave for Europe. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett and Miss Caro Crockett will spend the summer at their country-place in Burlingame. They will move down as soon as the furnishing of their house is completed.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant has returned from Portland, Or. Mr. C. P. Huntington is back again in New York city. Prince Luigi of Savoy and his group of Alpine climbers have arrived, en route to Alaska, where they intend to make the ascent of Mt. St. Elias.

Mrs. Frederick Castle, the Misses Castle, and Miss Lizzie M. Bolton are now traveling through rural England. They have been at Exeter, Bristol, Salisbury, Oxford, Leamington, and Warwick, and are now touring in the English lake district, going from there to Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant will be among the season's guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. George A. Newhall is going to Burlingame for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease have returned from a three months' visit to New York and the East.

Miss Molly Thomas was one of the guests at the Macondray-Collier wedding at Lakeport last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden will be guests at the Hotel del Monte during the summer.

Mrs. George Crocker and her daughter, Miss Alice Rutherford, have returned to New York from Europe.

Mrs. Lillie Coit and Mrs. M. Hitchcock have been considering a trip to Europe some time this month.

Mrs. A. N. Tawne is preparing to go to the Hotel del Monte, where she will remain during the season.

Mr. E. W. Hopkins, who accompanied Colonel Fred Crocker East some weeks ago, is about to return, bringing his daughters home from school. They will go to Menlo Park.

Miss Mollie Phelan has returned to San Francisco after a six months' visit in Los Angeles. Her health was greatly improved by the change.

Mr. Callaghan Byrne, of Los Angeles, will leave there shortly with a party for an outing in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin M. Boyd will spend the greater part of June, July, August, and September at their summer residence, "Casa Boyd," in Alameda County.

Miss Edith McBean went up to Lakeport Wednesday to the Macondray-Collier wedding.

Mrs. K. R. Simpkins has decided to move down to the Hotel del Monte for the summer.

Mrs. A. V. R. Pixley has gone to her country-place near Larkspur for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker have engaged rooms for the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Sands Forman and Miss Gertrude Forman are contemplating an outing at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. C. N. Felton, Jr., returned from England on the White Star liner *Majestic*.

Mr. E. A. Bruguière has secured rooms at the Hotel del Monte, and will spend the summer there.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker and Miss Julia Crocker will divide the summer between Santa Cruz and Castle Crags.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckbee will spend the summer at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord will spend the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Tobin came up from Burlingame early in the week, and went to the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn and Miss Florence Josselyn are occupying their country home in San Mateo County.

Mr. A. H. Boomer was reported in Washington, D. C., on May 30th.

Mr. G. W. Grayson arrived from Mexico during the week, and went to the California Hotel.

Mr. G. R. Agassiz, of Boston, was among the week's arrivals at the California Hotel.

Miss Emily Carolan went up to Lakeport Wednesday to attend the Macondray-Collier wedding.

Mrs. M. A. Wilcox, Mrs. M. W. Longstreet, and Mr. Alfred Wilcox, of Los Angeles, are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Foxhall Keene are in New York. They returned from Europe on the *Majestic*.

Mr. A. L. de Lalande went to Los Angeles early in the week.

Mr. D. B. Gillette is in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolf P. Sheld came down from Sacramento early in the week, and are at the Occidental.

Mr. Rolla V. Watt is registered at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Tausig and Miss Josephine Tausig are registered at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Edward A. Belcher is visiting friends in Modesto.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Johnson and Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Johnson, of Sacramento, are guests at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. D. W. James came up from Paso Robles on Thursday, and are stopping at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Babcock have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. A. S. Ralston has returned to Oakland from her Eastern visit.

Judge and Mrs. M. H. Hyland, of San José, were in San Francisco for a few days during the week.

Mr. S. F. Thoro is at "Cragthorne," his Santa Cruz Mountain home.

Mr. Fred Yates has returned from Los Angeles.

Mr. John Birmingham went down to Santa Cruz during the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop E. Lester left on Wednesday for San Mateo. They will spend the summer there.

Mrs. Charles Keeney and Miss Keeney will be among the summer guests at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson have returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan will remain at Burlingame and pass the summer there.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young sailed for Europe on June 2d on the White Star liner *Majestic*.

Mrs. William C. Peyton has returned to Santa Cruz from her Eastern visit.

Miss Agnes Tobin and Mr. Clement Tobin have gone from New York to London. They will see the jubilee celebration.

Colonel William Forsyth, of Fresno, arrived at the Occidental Hotel last week.

General H. H. Markham came up from Pasadena during the week. He is at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. W. H. Shiley, of Des Moines, is the guest of her son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Shiley.

Miss Clark and Miss Elsie Clark are the guests of Mrs. A. P. Redding at Villa la Jota, St. Helena.

Mrs. John H. Jewett has been visiting in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Holbrook Blinn are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Blinn, after an absence of two years.

Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson have engaged rooms for a part of the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Henry McLean Martin is at "The Cabins," Beach Hill, in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Miss Clara Huntington, Mrs.

Withrow, Misses Marie and Eva Withrow, Miss Daisy Hartson, of Napa, and Mr. William T. Andrews left Thursday evening on their way to London.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Walker returned from Salt Lake City on Thursday and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Coleman are among the summer guests booked at the Hotel del Monte.

Colonel and Mrs. W. C. Little, of Oakland, are taking their outing in Napa County.

Miss Crockett and Miss Boss have left Paris for London, where they will pass the season.

Among the week's arrivals at the Occidental Hotel were Mr. H. S. Van Buren, Mrs. Henry Orr, Rev. George F. Nelson, and Mr. Ralph McNeill, of New York, Mr. C. B. Signal, of Knoxville, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Cook, of Toronto, Mr. W. Pritchard Morgan, and Sir Alfred Croft, of London.

Among the late arrivals at the California Hotel were Mr. C. E. Buchanan, of Montreal, Mr. P. S. Fahy, of Portland, Mr. J. B. Fuller and Mr. S. E. Ewell, of Marysville, Mr. L. Aria and Mr. G. Magai, of Japan, Mr. O. A. Hale, of San José, Mr. H. C. Nash, of Stanford University, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Nichols, of New York, Mr. Albert Wharton, of Philadelphia, and Mr. J. J. Nunan, of Stockton.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Colonel Edmund C. Bainbridge, U. S. A., retired, lately commanding the Third Artillery, has moved from Angel Island, and, for the present, is residing in San Francisco.

Mrs. E. W. Eberle and son are at Puget Sound, where they have joined Lieutenant Edward W. Eberle, U. S. N., of the *Oregon*.

Lieutenant F. H. Le Favor, U. S. N., returned from Paso Robles on Wednesday, and is at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant A. G. Rogers, U. S. N., arrived Wednesday at the Occidental Hotel.

Lieutenant J. S. Oyster, First Artillery, U. S. A., and Mrs. Oyster will go to the Hotel del Monte for the season.

Lieutenant Dr. E. P. Stone, U. S. N., arrived at the California Hotel last week.

Ensign Dr. Richard G. Brodrick, U. S. N., is registered at the California Hotel.

Ensign C. L. Hussey, U. S. N., is registered at the Occidental Hotel.

The monitor *Camanche* has been coaled and provisioned for a seven-days' practice cruise on the bay with the Naval Battalion, from July 3d to July 10th.

Lieutenant John D. Miley, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., aid-de-camp on General Shafter's staff, is doing duty as acting assistant adjutant-general during the absence of Major J. W. Groesbeck, Judge Advocate, U. S. A.

Lieutenant Thomas G. Carson, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence until June 6th, on which date he will join his troop at Visalia.

Lieutenant W. P. Hourigan, U. S. N., recently ordered to the newly commissioned *Concord*, arrived at the Occidental Hotel early in the week.

Ensign S. R. Hurlbut, U. S. N., registered at the Palace Hotel early in the week.

Commander Dr. John C. Wise, U. S. N., is a guest at the California Hotel.

Lieutenant Fred Codington, U. S. A., of West Point, is in Los Angeles.

Post-Chaplain William H. Scott, U. S. A., has been ordered before the retiring board at San Francisco for examination for retirement.

Brigadier-General William R. Shafter, U. S. A., has been detailed as president of the army retiring board at San Francisco in place of General Forsyth, retired.

Captain Samuel P. Blair, who died suddenly Monday, May 31st, was interred in Cypress Lawn Cemetery. The funeral took place at Calvary Church and was very largely attended. The Rev. John Hemphill conducted the services. The music included the singing of a solo, "Come Unto Me," by Donald de V. Graham, "Rock of Ages" and "Nearer My God to Thee" by the church quartet, and closed with Beethoven's funeral march. The casket was covered with flowers. The pall-bearers were Mr. L. P. Drexler, Mr. W. W. Dodge, Mr. George Grey, Captain Nelson, Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, Mr. Frank Daily, Mr. Thomas Wallace, Mr. S. G. Murphy, and Mayor James D. Phelan. The remarks of the Rev. Mr. Hemphill were simple, touching, and impressive; he and the dead man had been friends for a quarter of a century. Captain Blair was a kind husband and father, and a good, an upright, and a useful citizen. He will be sincerely mourned by many friends, as well as by his grief-stricken family.

The attention of those intending to go into the country for the summer, and of all persons, in fact, who appreciate an unsurpassed California hotel, is called to the advertisement of the Hotel del Monte, which appears in this paper to-day. This famous hotel is too well known for description to *Argonaut* readers. Its reputation for splendid appointments is world-wide. The climate at Del Monte is the most pleasant and equable on the Pacific Coast. The hotel is the centre of the fashion and wealth of California, and already numbers of San Francisco's best people have gone there for the season to escape the heat and dust and hubbub of the city.

Persons suffering from delirium tremens usually imagine that they are surrounded by snakes. A possible explanation of this hallucination is offered by the result of experiments recently made at the Bellevue Hospital, in New York. Sixteen alcoholic patients were examined with the ophthalmoscope, and in every case it was found that the minute blood-vessels in the retina of their eyes were congested. In this condition they appear black, and are projected into the field of vision, where their movements resemble the squirming and twisting of serpents.

"G. B." will please call for letters held at this office.

COMMUNICATIONS.

In Re "Lieutenant" Peary.

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY, BUREAU OF NAVIGATION, BRANCH HYDROGRAPHIC OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., June 2, 1897.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have seen, in your issue of the thirty-first ultimo, a notice headed "Mr. Peary of the North Pole," which says, in further speaking of Mr. Peary, "He has been invariably known to the press and the public as 'Lieutenant Peary, U. S. N.', the front end of which and the hind end of which do not belong to him." You are partly in error in this. The "front end," as you rightly say, does not belong to him, but the "hind end" does. He is Civil-Engineer R. E. Peary, U. S. A. The corps of civil engineers to which he belongs is a branch of the navy. From my personal acquaintance with Mr. Peary, I feel sure that the fact that "he has been invariably known to the press and the public as Lieutenant Peary, U. S. N.," is due to no fault of his.

Very truly yours, W. S. HUGHES, Lieut., U. S. N.

Nature now supplies the inhabitants of Boise City, Idaho, with hot water. The hot water comes to the surface of the plain at the base of the mountains two miles above the city. Seven years ago, capitalists sunk three six-inch tubes 455 feet, obtaining a steady flow under a strong subterranean pressure of about 1,800,000 gallons daily. The wells are connected with mains, by which the hot water is led to the city, and to which service-pipes are connected, leading the water into the building, where it is made to pass through the coils, similar to steam-heaters. The natural pressure in the city is forty pounds per square inch, and the heat is regulated by waste-cocks, increase of flow increasing heat. Rates are charged on the basis of the size of waste, and are but little higher than coal. Nearly all large buildings and many dwellings use it exclusively for heating. The water leaves the wells at 170 degrees, and loses only 5 degrees traveling two miles, as the mains are substantially non-conductors of heat. The waters are highly mineralized, but are unfit for table purposes, though excellent for skin diseases and bathing.

The most recent idea for the celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of the queen's accession to the throne involves dividing the year into thirteen months and naming the extra one Victoria. The genius who originated this scheme proposes that the old calendar months be reduced to twenty-eight days each, and that the month of Victoria be given twenty-nine days, leap-years being arranged for as formerly by allowing February one extra day every four years. It will interest Americans to know that when the revised calendar goes into effect we shall celebrate the seventeenth of Victoria instead of the Fourth of July.

A Danish scientist, Dr. Johannson, of the agricultural high school at Copenhagen, has discovered that chloroform and ether have a wonderful power in awakening the vegetable kingdom; while they put the animal world asleep, a closed flower can be reopened instantly by either of these agents.

Mourning Stationery.

There is never anything new in mourning papers. The staid style of a century ago is still *en règle*, but Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Market Street stationers, have over 150 different shapes and sizes of black-bordered paper and envelopes and carry in stock everything that is considered the proper thing.

— WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS. MAGNIFICENT assortment to choose from at Art Store of S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary Street.

— EYE-GLASSES WHICH WILL STAY ON ANY NOSE without discomfort. Henry Kahn & Co., Opticians, 642 Market Street.

— GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DESS SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

— FOR HIGH-GRADE DIAMOND-JEWELRY, GO TO Hirschman's, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

CAPTIVE SWEETS



SALE OF THE HAWAIIAN HOTEL PREMISES HONOLULU, H. I.

ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1897, AT 12 O'CLOCK

noon, at the front entrance of the Executive Building, Honolulu, will be sold, at public auction, the Hawaiian Hotel premises at Honolulu.

These premises are centrally located in the city, in the centre of the block bounded by and with entrance drives from hotel, Richards, Beretania, and Alakea Streets, and the grounds contain an area of 17,100 acres.

The buildings consist of the hotel proper, of two stories and basement; built of brick and concrete, with broad verandas at front and rear of each story.

The main building covers an area of 10,800 square feet, with Lania or wing addition on one side 40x24 feet, and wooden addition on opposite wing, for kitchen, 60x18 feet.

There are also four cottages on the premises, with ample provision for bath-rooms and closets.

The main building contains a spacious parlor, public and private dining-rooms, large billiard-hall and bar-room, and forty sleeping-rooms—the cottages contain about twenty additional sleeping-rooms. The main building cost a little over \$100,000 in 1874.

A water-tank, with capacity of 10,000 gallons, is placed on a tower at an elevation sufficient to give a good water pressure in second story of the main building.

This tank is supplied from an artesian well on adjoining premises, owned by Dr. J. S. McGrew.

The buildings and grounds are thoroughly lighted with electric light.

Plans of the buildings and grounds can be seen at Hawaiian Consulate General, 205 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

Terms of sale are cash—in United States gold coin. Upset price, \$50,000.

In case there is no bidder to purchase the property at the above upset price, a lease of the same will immediately be offered for sale at an upset price of \$4,000 a year for a period of thirty years under the conditions set out in Act 7, Laws of 1896, and more particularly of Section 2 and 4 of said act, which reads as follows:

"Section 2. Every such lease shall contain a covenant on the part of the lessee that he shall, during the first four years of the term of the lease, cause to be erected upon the leased premises a fire-proof building of brick, stone, or metal, in a workmanlike manner, satisfactory to the Minister of the Interior, at a cost of not less than fifty thousand dollars; and keep the same suitably insured at not less than two-thirds of its value for the benefit of the lessor; and shall keep the building in good repair during the remainder of the term of lease, reasonable use and wear thereof only excepted; and in case of damage or destruction of such building by fire, shall make good such loss or damage by the necessary repairs or reconstruction, or else surrender the insurance to the lessor.

"Section 4. Every such lease shall also contain a covenant on the part of the lessor, that upon the request in writing by the lessee or his representatives, before the expiration thereof, the premises, with the improvements, shall, if all of the conditions to be performed by the lessee have been satisfactorily performed, be put up at auction for a lease for a term of not over twenty years; or unless said premises shall be required for public uses, of which the lessee shall receive at least one year's notice. Such auction sale shall be held not more than six months nor less than one month before the expiration of said term."

JAMES A. KING, Minister of Interior.

"Tights? Heavens, no!" shrieked the countess at the manager who was considering her application for a place on the stage. "I am a lady. A lady of title." "I know," said the manager, in a cold, professional tone, "that Lady Godiva didn't wear 'em, but times have changed."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.



CHILDREN ALL WANT IT.

To make strong bones, to give vim and cheerfulness and healthy flesh to growing childhood, there is nothing, absolutely nothing on earth, equal to GHIRARDELLI'S COCOA.

30 cups—25c.

SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND THE EAR, THE
BYRON MAUZY PIANO
308-314 POST ST.

GET OUT into the Mountains !
SCENERY—Charming, picturesque, captivating, im- posing, majestic, sublime.
CLIMATE—Genial, bracing, invigorating, rejuvenat- ing, upbuilding.
RECREATION—Rusticating, picnicking, camping, hunting, fishing, horseback-riding, boating, mountain- climbing excursions. Or run down to the

SEASHORE.
Magnificent hotels, tony and life-giving salt sea air, surf-bathing, boating, fishing, driving, wheeling, shell- gathering, and all sorts of pastimes.

The season for this sort of thought and action is upon us. All the world, and particularly that portion of it described by California, takes an outing once a year,—if it doesn't, it ought to.

While making up your mind where you will go, and con- necting your itinerary, keep as many as possible of these places before your mind's eye:

Up Shasta Way—Tavern of Castle Crag, Sweet Brier Camp, Upper Soda Springs, Shasta Retreat, Shasta Springs, Sissons, Mt. Shasta Camp, Klamath Hot Springs, **Lake County and Vicinity**—Geysers, Etna Springs, Harbin, Anderson, Adams, Howard, Siegler, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Glenbrook, Soda Bay, **On Sierra Summits**—Lake Tahoe, Independence, Webber and Donner Lakes, Tallac, Deer Park Inn, Sun- nyside, McKinney's, Rubicon Springs, Campbell Hot Springs, and a score more.

Yosemite and the Big Trees—
Santa Cruz Mountains—Los Gatos, Pacific Con- gress Springs, Glenwood, Felton, Ben Lomond, Boulder Creek.

Southward—Gilroy, Paraiso, Paso Robles, and Santa Ysabel Hot Springs.

Along the Shore—Santa Cruz, Capitola, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Santa Barbara, Santa Monica, Long Beach, San Diego.

There will be **REDUCED RATES** to many of these places. If you haven't all needed information to complete that itinerary, call on the nearest Southern Pacific Com- pany agent, or send to T. H. GOODMAN for resort folders.

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The Tavern of Castle Crag was built in the heart of the Sierras, almost at the foot of Mount Shasta, and amid the most picturesque mountain scenery accessible to the tourist. The eligibility of the place selected was due to a rare combination of flowing water, inspiring mountain scenery, and inviting forests.

The Tavern of Castle Crag, with its splendid en- vironment, it was believed would appeal chiefly to those who seek a summer resort for health, recrea- tion, outdoor sports, sympathy with nature, and in- formal sociability. To emphasize this intention and signify the kind of invitation extended, the name TAVERN of Castle Crag was chosen.

To avoid all implication of sumptuous accommoda- tions or the tyranny of social formalism, and to realize this original conception, the management has decided to make the Tavern of Castle Crag distinc- tively a family resort and especially attractive to those to whom health, recreation and sympathy with nature are paramount considerations. To this end rooms on the first and second floors of this splendid tavern with board will be furnished at a monthly rate of sixty-five dollars a person; and rooms on the third floor with board at a monthly rate of fifty dollars a person.

The accommodations of the Tavern are first class in every particular. Its parlors and halls are elegant and spacious. Its verandas are cool and inviting, placing the guest always in the presence of the most attractive mountain scenery to be enjoyed from the balcony of any tavern in the world.

The opportunity for outdoor sports embraces hunting, fishing, riding, bicycling, walking on mount- ain paths, and driving on picturesque roads. The Tavern is located immediately on the main trunk line of the California & Oregon Railroad, and is fourteen hours' ride from San Francisco, twelve hours from Stockton, ten hours from Sacramento, thirty hours from Los Angeles, and twenty-three hours from Port- land. The Tavern of Castle Crag is reached from San Francisco and Sacramento without loss of time. The train leaves San Francisco at 8 o'clock P. M., ar- riving early the following morning for breakfast, which is always ready upon the arrival of the train. Return- ing, the train time affords equal accommodation. Thus, both in going and in coming, the comfort of the passenger and the economy of his time have been studied. In brief, the Tavern of Castle Crag realizes to its guests the perfect ideal of that spring-time in the high altitudes of the Sierras which never becomes high summer, and is the comfortable home of pleas- ing recreation and restful repose.

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Clara—"Are you not afraid, Maud, to marry old Dodderly? I hear he gets horribly jealous without any cause." Maud—"Don't be anxious, dear; I'll take care he never does that."—Pick-Me-Up.

"Bless my soul!" cried the shade, as he entered the golden gates and they gave him a trumpet; "I never learned to play this thing!" "That's the reason you're here," remarked St. Peter.—Bazar.

"My wife is rearing Hobby very carefully. When he is disobedient he goes to bed without his dinner." "Isn't that rather severe?" "No; she always carries his dinner up to him."—Chicago Record.

"Two hours of sleep before midnight are better than four after that hour." "Fiddlesticks! Two hours of sleep after one is called in the morning are better than all the others."—West Union Gazette.

"Do I get any riparian rights with this wheel?" asked the lady of language. "Get what?" asked the clerk, surprised into rude abruptness. "Riparian rights, I said. Do you repair it?"—Indianapolis Journal.

"So that young man says he would lay his fortune at your feet?" said Mabel's father. "Yes." "But he hasn't done so." "N-no." "And perhaps you can tell why?" "I guess, father, that he hasn't had it told yet."—Washington Star.

"It is the nature of a child to be wanting to do something," said the enthusiastic kindergartner. "As far as I have noticed," said the mother of six, "it is the nature of a child to be wanting to do something else."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Batterton Banged—"No, mum, it's ag'in' me princypals t' chop 'nuff wood fer ye t' cook me bre'kfu'ss wid, but ef you've a mind ter cook it ou dat gas-stove, I'll break de iron-clad rules 'f de asso- ciashun I b'longs to, an' turn on de gas."—Puck.

"Colonel, we are intending to erect an artistic drinking-place in the centre of the park, and thought perhaps you might subscribe a small—"

"The project is sheer nonsense, sir. Do you imagine fo' an instant that the city will grant a license?"—In- dianapolis Journal.

"These stripes," sighed the convict, "make a man feel small." The kind woman who had come into the darksome place to cheer him smiled radiantly. "Only think," she urged, "how much smaller they would make you if they ran up and down your suit."—Detroit Free Press.

"Great Scott, Rastus! You look as if you had been fighting a buzz-saw." "Yessah. I was in dat smash-up in de Bucktown Wheelmen's race." "I heard about that. How did it happen?" "Dollah fell out'n de pacemaker's pocket right in de middle ob de race."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Sparring-teacher—"What? No more lessons? Why, you ooly took two." Amateur (much the worse for wear)—"You see, I wanted to take enough lessons so that I could learn enough about the manly art to lick a man. I've changed my mind now. I guess I will send the fellow down to take the rest of the lessons."—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Photographer (to sitter)—"I saw you at church last Sunday, Miss Skeate." Sitter—"Oh, did you?" Photographer—"Yes; and also your friend, Miss Brown. (If you could raise your chin a trifle. Thanks.) And what an atrocious-looking hat she had on." (After a pause.) "Tbere, Miss Skeate, it is over, and I think we have caught a very pleasant expression."—Punch.

The lady—"I'll give you a good meal if you will cut up some of that wood." The tramp—"Sorry, but I can't accommodate you, madam." The lady—"Too lazy to work, I suppose?" The tramp—"Not that, madam, not that. I would be false to my trust. You see, I'm a member of the Society for the Preservation of the American Forests, and we never cut any wood."—Yonkers Statesman.

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An exciting colloquy took place on the floor of the United States Senate on June 3d concerning newspaper accusations. "Pitchfork" Tillman, of South Carolina, started the discussion by rising to defend himself from newspaper charges relative to his administration as governor of South Carolina. The Senate politely listened to these charges. It did not know that the charges had been made, and did not care whether Tillman refuted them or not. However, when Senator Tillman had finished his "refutation," he moved that the committee in charge of the sugar investigation be discharged and that the matter be brought directly before the Senate, saying that as he had "cleared his character" by refuting

newspaper charges, other senators should do the same. Senator Gallinger, of New Hampshire, replied to "Pitchfork" Tillman. His remarks were so just, so temperate, and so sensible, that they impressed at once the Senate and the country. He referred to the charges against Senator Tillman, which that gentleman had himself read to the Senate from a newspaper clipping, and said:

"Every man in public life feels the sting of false charges, and must the Senate pause every time such accusations are brought up, to spend its time and the money of the United States in pursuing these charges? If that was to be the case, then there would never be a tariff bill or any other bill."

Senator Gallinger further said that he would "decline to enter into any inquiry as to the character of the senator from South Carolina or any other senator." Senator Vest here interposed, stating that there were precedents in the Senate for ignoring charges against the personal character of senators. "The courts," said Vest, "are open for private redress." Senator Tillman at once arose, asking the Senate "to determine the truth of the newspaper accusations that senators were the tools and paid agents of the Sugar Trust." In reply to this, Senator Gallinger said:

"The people of each senator's State must pass upon his character. Intimations and vague charges had been made against the members of the Finance Committee and against the senator from New Jersey (Smith). The senators needed no investigation to show the charges were false. The senator from Rhode Island (Aldrich), a leading member of the Finance Committee, had arisen and made a complete and sweeping denial to the Senate. So that it was the word of Nelson W. Aldrich against that of the correspondent of a New York newspaper. Which was the Senate to accept? Was there to be a moment's hesitation in accepting the statement of Aldrich?"

To this Senator Tillman put the interrogation: "Can Senator Aldrich and the committee deny a hearing when the paper making the charge offered to appear and prove the charge?" Senator Gallinger retorted: "Such an investigation might go on indefinitely. Suppose another paper made another charge. Must the Senate start an investigation of that charge?" Senator Tillman then exploded with this extraordinary outburst:

"If these charges are false, then it is time to stop the lies spread before the public—this slander of ink—and to punish the men guilty of the falsehood; and until you do so you stand convicted before the American people."

Here Senator Gallinger closed the colloquy by informing Senator Tillman that the press could not be muzzled in that manner, and, having threatened to table Tillman's resolution, the latter withdrew it.

This discussion furnishes food for thought. The attitude of Senator Gallinger is that of nearly all public men. The character of newspapers and the character of newspaper correspondents making charges is, as a rule, such as to cause no impression to be made upon the public. Take, for example, the case cited by Senator Gallinger—that of Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island. We know nothing of the charges made against Senator Aldrich, but, whatever they were, they can be received by his colleagues in the Senate in but one way, as Senator Gallinger justly says. The eighty-nine other men in the Senate must certainly know something of Aldrich. They must know whether he is an honest man or a rascal. Therefore, when charges affecting his honor are made by an irresponsible correspondent in a sensational newspaper, how long would they hesitate between the word of such a sheet and the word of their colleague? Further, as Senator Gallinger himself justly said, false charges are continually brought against men in public life. If all public men were to attempt to refute all the charges brought against them, they would have time to do nothing else. As to members of public bodies like the Senate, the character of each individual senator is better known to the people of the State who elected him than to the national legislature as a whole or to the people of the United States as a whole. Take, for example, the case which we have just cited—that of Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island. It is not probable that the people of the State of California know anything specific for or against the character of Senator Aldrich. It is, however, the presumption of most fair-minded men in this State that, having been elected a senator by the State of Rhode Island, Senator Aldrich is an honest and honorable man. We here know

the character of our own senators. We in California know that Senator Perkins and Senator White are honest and honorable gentlemen, though we may differ with them politically, or on questions of Federal or State policy. Therefore the people of Rhode Island could have no better way to pass judgment upon the character of the two senators from California than to accept the estimation in which they are held by the people of their own State.

But underlying all this colloquy in the Senate, the most significant fact is the contempt with which newspaper accusations are received by public bodies, public men, and by the people at large. Such is the irresponsibility of newspaper writers, such the shamelessness and sensationalism of the papers themselves, that no charge, no matter how serious, made against a public man in the columns of the daily press, seems to attract the slightest attention. In fact, such charges are almost invariably disbelieved and fall unheeded on the public ear, unless the person attacked dignifies them with a contradiction through the courts by a suit for libel.

The letter recently written by an officer of the cruiser *Philadelphia*, now stationed in Hawaiian waters, must fill the jingoes of this country with dismay. He admits that he went to the islands prejudiced in favor of annexation. But observation of the actual conditions upon the spot has led him to adopt the contrary view. He does not believe that the United States would be benefited by annexation, since the sole advantage of securing a naval station in mid-ocean would be offset by the assumption of the Hawaiian debt, amounting to \$26.57 per capita, as against \$14.63 in the United States, the sanitary dangers and complications arising from the existence of leprosy among these possible United States citizens, and the political dangers arising from the motley population. In the dispute between Hawaii and Japan he considers the latter in the right, but he declares there is no danger of Japan or any other country attempting annexation. There is far more danger, in his opinion, of the 27,000 Japanese on the islands combining to elect the president and other prominent officials from among their number.

This, then, is the impression that the present condition of the islands makes upon an unprejudiced observer, or, if prejudiced, inclined in their favor. This is the condition at which they have arrived after twenty-one years of fostering and pecuniary assistance by the United States, such as has been extended by this country to no other on earth. The avowed or tacitly understood purpose of the reciprocity treaty was to prepare the islands to take their place among the sisterhood of States. That is the ultimate object of those who favor the continuance of the reciprocity agreement. The Hawaiian planters have received from this government a bounty of \$72,007,156 for the purpose of building up the sugar industry of the islands, to attract a desirable class of immigration, and thereby create a market for the products of the United States. The first object has been secured; the planters have become wealthy—many of them are millionaires—and the sugar industry is established on a firm basis. But the second object is no nearer attainment than it was a quarter of a century ago. In 1878 each thousand of the population was composed of the following elements: Natives, 835; Chinese, 102; Americans, 22; English, 15; Germans, 5; and other nationalities, 21. According to the census of this year the proportions are as follows: The natives have decreased to 362; the Japanese, who did not appear separately in the earlier census, are now represented by 223; the Chinese have increased to 198; the Portuguese, another new element, have 139; the Americans have 28; the English, 20; and the Germans, 13. As a result of the policy of protecting the foreign planters pursued by this country, the American population has increased less rapidly than any of the others, and the classes that are not likely ever to purchase American goods have increased out of all proportion to the others.

From this point of view the policy of reciprocity has been a complete failure. The Hawaiian Islands have been a market for only an infinitesimal part of the surplus products

of the United States. One of these millionaires—created through the bounty of the United States—could purchase all of the goods shipped from this country to the islands in the course of a year. But this is only one side of the question. While this country has been developing millionaires in foreign countries it has closed its eyes to the possibilities of the undeveloped resources at home. While it has paid \$72,007,156 to the planters of the Hawaiian Islands, it has paid only \$1,245,003 to the beet-sugar producers of this State. The per capita bounty to foreigners amounts to \$6,605; that to this State amounts to scarcely one dollar. During the same period, this government has paid to the people of this whole country in sugar bounties \$29,783,603—equivalent to a per capita payment of forty cents, as against a payment of \$6,605 to the Hawaiians.

It is idle to contend that this remission of duties is not equivalent to a cash payment by the government of this country. It has enabled the Hawaiian planters to sell their sugar here at a less price than other foreign sugar or domestic sugar can be sold for and still make a profit: it has assured them of a market for all the sugar they can produce. That they have been willing to remit \$1,135,000 of this bonus to the Sugar Trust does not alter the fact in the least. It has enabled them to retain annually nearly three million dollars of the bonus and to shut off the competition of sugar of domestic production. On the other hand, the customs receipts of the Treasury have been decreased by just that amount, and the government has been compelled to collect it from the people through other sources of revenue. The people of this country are being taxed to support foreign millionaires, who may, if they so desire, spend their money in this country, but the majority of whom actually do not do so, and are not likely to.

This policy might be excusable if it were impossible to produce this sugar in this country, but, with the natural facilities existing here, and only requiring relief from this unnatural competition, it is the extreme of folly to continue it. In the State of California alone there is an abundance of land suitable to the cultivation of the sugar-beet, and to produce all of the sugar now imported from Hawaii. The industry would give employment to thousands of laborers, and would bring millions of dollars of new wealth into the State. The industry has been stifled, however, through the weight of the United States Government being thrown against it. It is time that a sounder, wiser, and more patriotic policy was adopted.

The recognition of the fact that a penitentiary should be a reformatory as well as a penal institution has undoubtedly accomplished some good results in certain parts of the world. The extreme cruelty that filled the criminal with bitterness is now a thing of the past; the torture of unrelieved and long-continued solitary confinement that drove the victim to suicide or insanity is now unknown: corporal punishment is seldom resorted to, and there are cases in which it is not used where it might be employed with beneficial results. But, like all reforms, this feature has been carried to extremes by its ardent advocates. The penal feature, which is the more important, is almost wholly lost sight of. The criminal of to-day is treated more as a man overtaken by misfortune than as a voluntary and self-declared enemy of society. In order that any reformatory work should be permanent in its effects, the penal feature must be kept in view of the criminal; he must realize that he is being punished, not that he is a guest of the State, entitled to live in ease and comfort at the expense of the people.

There is probably no institution in this country, and certainly none elsewhere, where the penal feature of imprisonment is more lost sight of than at the San Quentin penitentiary. The diet furnished to prisoners is one of the most potent aids to prison discipline. The diet allowed to the prisoners at San Quentin is certainly better than most of them would get outside, and more liberal than should be given to prisoners. The Sunday dinner of which Warden Hale speaks with such justifiable pride—"roast beef and gravy, mashed potatoes, beans, stewed apples, gingerbread, and extra good coffee"—includes more luxuries than many honest laborers get.

The question of diet for prisoners, both in quantity and quality, has received close attention in Europe. The aim is to supply a sufficient amount, and of such kinds as to repair the physical waste and keep the prisoner in a healthy condition, without allowing him to experience the pleasures of the palate. By careful observations it has been determined that the involuntary muscular movements of the body—in breathing, circulation, digestion, and minor operations—during the day require a force equal to that exerted in lifting one hundred and forty pounds ten thousand feet. This is taken as the unit, and the amount of heat produced by the various kinds of foods is determined and translated into force by well-known laws of physical science, in order to ascertain the amount of each required to sustain the

human body in health. When muscular exertion is required, a greater amount of food is allowed to repair the waste of tissue. The supply of nitrogenous food, meat preferably, is increased to repair the muscular waste; when this is accomplished, heat and force are augmented by a resort to vegetables by reason of the large amount of carbon contained in them.

Based upon these calculations the various prison diets are determined. The most limited is that known as "punishment diet." It is intended as a substitute for corporal punishment and seeks to make the stomach the agent. It consists of one half-loaf of bread a day, and as much water as the prisoner desires to drink, and is never continued beyond three days, as after that time the senses become dulled and the punishment ceases to be effective. The water is unlimited in quantity, because it makes the suffering more real. It is an extreme punishment and is never resorted to except where unruly prisoners are to be subdued. "Penal diet" is less severe, and allows slightly more nutriment than is required for bare existence. It consists of a small loaf of bread, eight ounces of oatmeal, twenty ounces of milk, and sixteen ounces of potatoes daily. Its infliction is limited to three months, and, while a man under this regimen remains healthy, and can do a fair amount of work, it has the effect of a continued punishment.

For moderate labor, such as is required in most of the work in the jute-mill at San Quentin, the bill of fare is more varied, as a constant repetition of one kind of food tends to exhaust the digestive organs and to retard assimilation. The allowance is made for the week, as some of the articles of food are not given every day. The principal items are one loaf of bread, four ounces of milk, and two ounces of oatmeal daily. One pound of lean meat, without gravy, six pounds of potatoes, eight ounces of soup, one and one-half ounces of suet, five ounces of carrots, onions, and turnips, four ounces of cheese, and between eight and nine ounces of flour are allowed through the week, as well as three and one-half ounces of salt to furnish the necessary mineral matter. Reduced to its elements, this is equivalent to 25,975 ounces of nitrogenous matter, 121,175 ounces of carbohydrates, 10,937 ounces of fats, and 11,316 ounces of mineral matter. For hard labor, such as work in a stone quarry, the allowance of milk is reduced one-half and of meat one ounce, but one loaf of bread is added for each week, the allowance of soup is doubled and of vegetables increased one-half. This decreases the amount of fats allowed, and increases the other elements.

The amount and variety of this diet have been determined scientifically, and it is sufficient to keep the prisoners in health and without loss in weight. It is less than the average laborer gets in this country, and it is considerably less than the inmates of San Quentin receive. It includes no items of luxury, or those articles calculated to tickle the palate; but there is a sufficient amount to repair the bodily waste, and sufficient variety to avoid the feeling of repulsion arising from constant repetition of the same kinds of food. It would improve the discipline and increase the efficiency of San Quentin penitentiary if a similar regimen should be adopted there.

We urge upon all the farmers of the State—and, in fact, upon all citizens interested in the agricultural interests of California—to write at once to the congressional representatives from their districts and to the senators from California, urging them to oppose the Hawaiian reciprocity treaty. If the California delegation in Congress casts its influence on the side where the majority of the producers of the State are, it will be against that treaty. On the other side will be found a number of the merchants of San Francisco. But, inasmuch as the farmers and those loyal to the agricultural interests of the State outnumber the merchants about one hundred to one, the vacillating senator and the wavering delegation may be influenced if the farmers take the matter in hand in time. We urge also upon the many interior journals opposed to the reciprocity treaty to express that sentiment in their columns and send marked copies to the California delegation in Congress.

In reply to the remarks that appeared in these columns recently regarding the forest reservations made by President Cleveland on February 22d, Mr. Boyd J. Tallman forwards to the *Argonaut* from the State of Washington a memorial prepared by the Seattle Chamber of Commerce. As this contains the argument of those who oppose the proclamation, its principal points may be summarized briefly. The reservations to which exception is taken include the Washington (3,594,240 acres), the Rainier (1,267,200 acres), and the Olympic (2,188,000 acres). The Olympic reserve is to the west of

Puget Sound, and includes the Olympic Mountains, the most wildly picturesque and the least known section of the State; the other two reserves are on the western slope of the Cascade Mountains.

The memorial contends that these reservations can accomplish neither of the two ends for which they are intended. For the purpose of preserving the valuable forests of Washington they come forty-five years too late, as all the valuable timber of the Sound country grew within twenty miles of Puget Sound, and for nearly half a century the mill companies have been culling the choicest trees and converting them into lumber. This land has all been surveyed, and nearly all of it patented; therefore it can not be affected by the forest reservations. The reservations include the higher altitudes, where the trees are valuable only for domestic and mining purposes—and that only in patches—and so run little danger from the lumbermen. As to the protection of the water-sheds and the equalization of the climate, the reservations will be equally useless. The Columbia and the Skagit, the two largest rivers in Washington, rise in British Columbia, far from the international boundary, and no reservation of land in Washington can affect the head-waters. Most of the other rivers of the State rise in the mountain glaciers and can not be measurably affected by the prosecution of mining enterprises. At the same time, there is no possibility of an injurious diminution of the rainfall in the Puget Sound country. On the other hand, the reservations include a large part of the valuable mineral lands of the State, and the proclamation will have the effect of retarding their development.

It may be admitted that there is some truth in the contention of the people of Washington as voiced by the Chamber of Commerce, but the *Argonaut* is still inclined to favor the principle involved in the proclamation of the President, and to consider that in the main it is correct. It is true that in the Puget Sound country the larger and more valuable timber is in the region near the shores of the sound, and that as the summits of the Cascade range are approached the timber becomes scarcer and is of smaller growth, as is the case in all mountainous countries. But the fact that it is too late to save the best timber, furnishes no argument in favor of abandoning what remains. The reservations were based on the report of a commission of experts, appointed in accordance with a resolution of Congress. They visited the country, examined into the conditions, and were probably better qualified to arrive at a correct conclusion than business men, as business men would be better qualified than they to decide upon the commercial aspect of a question.

While much timber has been cut since the lumber interests of Puget Sound began to be developed, there are still vast quantities standing. In 1890, Clarence M. Barton, acting as special agent of the government, placed the standing timber in the counties from Pierce to Whatcom—and not including the part of the Mt. Rainier reserve in Lewis County—at 115,000 million feet. This is more timber than was standing ten years earlier in the three States of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. In Clallam and Jefferson Counties, where the Olympic reserve is situated, the same report gives the standing timber as 150,000 million feet. The timber here is yet so thick that it is practically impenetrable, and very few explorers have succeeded in reaching the interior. These two sections include about two-thirds of the timber still standing in the whole State. The preservation of the forests, therefore, cuts an important figure, and the fact that so much valuable timber has already been cut only adds another argument in favor of the reservations.

Nobody familiar with the climatic conditions in Western Washington will claim that the preservation of the forests is necessary to prevent a diminution in the rainfall, but it may serve an equally important function in regulating the flow of the rivers and preventing floods. The people of Seattle are familiar with the troubles caused by the Duwamish, which, with its branches—the Green and the White Rivers—rises within the boundaries of one of these reservations. The Columbia River can not be affected by any of these reservations, but the Skagit is but a small stream before it is fed by the Cascade, Sauk, and Houtlam Rivers, which all rise among the slopes of the Cascades. The Noonsack, Stillaguamish, and Snobomish—the latter furnishing the harbor for the town of Everett—rise in the Cascades. So it is with the Snoqualmie, the Puyallup, the Nisqually, and the Cowlitz.

It is probably true that the reservations set apart by the proclamation of February 22d included lands that would not ultimately form a part of the necessary forest reserve. But the land has not yet been surveyed, and an accurate determination of the boundaries is impossible at the present time. That the reservation of certain tracts of forest is an important and necessary duty of the government is admitted by all who have studied the subject, and it is a far wiser policy to include land that must be released at some future time, rather than to delay until there is no longer any land

HOW FELONS
SHOULD BE
PUNISHED.

subject to reservation. The immense mineral resources of Washington are fully recognized, as well as the desirability of developing them, not only for the people of that State but for the benefit of the whole country; but the question of forest preservation is more important than the immediate realization of the latent wealth of the State.

It is so seldom that the *Argonaut* is able to agree with what is said in the *Examiner* that it is a pleasure to find in that journal an opinion that can be heartily indorsed. Mr. M. M. Hecht, in the latest edition of the *Merchants' Association Review*, enters a plea for the manufacturers of California, and urges the people of this State to patronize them rather than to purchase from Eastern manufacturers. "This is straight talk," says the *Examiner*, "of the kind that ought to be heeded." It then goes on to point out that California sends millions of dollars annually to the East and to Europe to pay for work that could be done here just as well. Wool and hides are shipped to the Atlantic and made into clothing and shoes to be shipped back here, and the people of this State pay for the manufacturing as well as for the double transportation. In the same manner we import preserved fruits, eggs and poultry, and half a hundred other articles of food or apparel that might be produced here, giving to the farmers and manufacturers of this State the profit and to the laborers the wages. This, claims our contemporary, is a result of prejudice; the people prefer an article that is made abroad to one that is made at home. The *Examiner* concludes: "Where a dollar is sent East for an article, the money is gone. Where it is spent with a local manufacturer, it stays here and helps to support a neighbor. We must give the people a chance to make a living, or the State can not grow."

This plea in favor of home manufacturers is eminently sensible, and, in the *Examiner*, it is extremely well placed, since it will help to overcome in the minds of the readers of that journal the specious arguments by which it has sought to uphold the doctrine of free trade. If the purchasers in any community insist upon spending their money abroad, either in the Eastern States or in any foreign country, instead of patronizing those who have sought to build up that community by establishing manufactures in its midst, poverty and general depression are inevitable. When the money is sent abroad, the disaster will be greater than when it is only sent to some other section of the country. All of the people of the United States contribute toward the support of the government and have an interest in its prosperity and perpetuity. The people of foreign countries contribute nothing. The protection of the people of this country against foreign competition is more important than the protection of the people of one State against the competition of other States, though both rest upon the same principles, and therefore the law has placed the tariff in the hands of Congress as a safeguard, while leaving the protection of individual communities to voluntary action. The *Examiner* has heretofore defended the free-trade doctrinaires with arguments that exactly reverse the principles laid down in this indorsement of Mr. Hecht. Now that it has seen the error of its ways and adopted a logical course of reasoning, it will probably abandon its futile course of opposition to the American policy of protection.

But why does the *Examiner* condemn the policy by which California sends millions of dollars annually to the East and Europe to pay for work that could be done here just as well, and still advocate the policy of sending millions of dollars annually to Hawaii to pay for sugar that could be produced here just as well?

We observe that Senator Perkins made an appeal on the floor of the Senate the other day in favor of "extending the protecting arm of the United States in order to allow Adolph Kutner to reënter Russia." It seems that the Russian Government had objected to Mr. Kutner entering Russian territory. The implication was that Mr. Kutner was not allowed to enter because he belonged to the Jewish faith. This, however, the Russian Government does not admit. It seems that Russia objects to Jews, but not to all Jews. What its reasons are for objecting to Mr. Kutner it does not give.

We may point out to Senator Perkins that every government has a perfect right to refuse to admit strangers upon its soil. If we "demand" of Russia that she admit Mr. Kutner, the Chinese Government might "demand" of us that we admit its subjects. As a matter of fact, the United States Government excludes Russian Jews as immigrants who it desires to do so. We may further point out to Mr. Perkins that the Russian Government would refuse to allow him to cross its frontier if he came without a passport. He would find that even a senator of the United States was subject to Russian regulations and Russian law—when in Russia. We may further point out to Mr. Perkins

that, a few years ago, the Austro-Hungarian Government refused to welcome Mr. Keifer upon its soil, although he had been accredited by the United States Government as its minister. It was rumored that the reason Mr. Keifer was not received was because he had a Jewish wife. This statement the Austro-Hungarian Government politely refused either to admit or deny, but contented itself with stating that Mr. Keifer was *persona non grata*. The United States was forced to send another man in Mr. Keifer's place. We may also be permitted to point out to Mr. Perkins that the Turkish Government has as yet shown a marked disinclination to receive Dr. Angell upon its soil, although he bears a commission from President McKinley as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States Government to the Sublime Porte. Mr. Perkins may thus learn that greater and more distinguished individuals than Mr. Kutner have been unwelcome to foreign countries, and he may learn also that even persons accredited by the United States Government can not be forced upon other governments if they do not choose to receive them. We hope that Mr. Perkins will sedulously keep the facts in this Kutner case from the knowledge of Senator Morgan, Senator Mills, and the other jingo senators, lest they should declare war upon Russia and make Mr. Kutner the *casus belli*.

The complications in which the cases of Durrant and Worden have become involved are calculated to confuse a practitioner of the law, and would certainly bewilder the average layman. Durrant, after being tried by the superior court of this county, was sentenced by Judge Murphy, and from this verdict he appealed to the supreme court. The judgment of the lower court was confirmed, but the time originally fixed for the execution of the sentence had passed, and Durrant was brought before Judge Bahrs for a new date to be fixed. From this order, fixing June 11th for the execution, a second appeal to the supreme court was taken, upon the ground that Judge Bahrs was not the trial judge, and therefore not competent to pass sentence. This appeal is still pending. In the meantime, a petition was presented to the governor for a pardon, which was refused.

A new chapter began with the attempt of Durrant's attorneys to carry the case into the Federal courts. A writ of *habeas corpus* was applied for before the Circuit Court, on the grounds that Durrant had not received a fair trial because of prejudice created by the newspaper comments before and during the trial, and that the case had been tried on an "information," instead of an indictment found by a grand jury. The application was promptly denied by Judges Gilhert and Morrow, and the consent of the Circuit Court to an appeal to the Supreme Court, which is required under the court rules, was applied for. This was granted, and a citation was issued to Warden Hale to appear before the Supreme Court on August 3d to show cause why the decision of the Circuit Court should not be sustained. This date was fixed because it is customary to make returns on appeals to the Supreme Court within sixty days, but it is understood that the case will not be heard before the October term.

The case having thus gained a footing in the Federal courts, the question arose as to what effect this would have upon the carrying out of the sentence. The final determination of the matter in the Supreme Court at Washington would not be reached until after the day fixed for execution. The revised statutes provide that, pending an appeal from a decision of the Circuit Court upon an application for a writ of *habeas corpus*, any proceeding against the person so imprisoned by or under the authority of any State for any matter pending under the writ, shall be deemed null and void until the final determination of the application. This provision is held to suspend the execution until the Supreme Court renders its decision. The Worden case stands in a similar position, except that applications for writs were made in the District and Circuit Courts, and appeals were taken from both orders denying the applications to both the Circuit Court of Appeals and to the Supreme Court. Whether sentence in both cases can be indefinitely suspended by a succession of appeals depends upon whether there is time to perfect an appeal between the order of the trial court resentencing and the day fixed for execution. The date fixed for execution in the original order must be not less than sixty nor more than ninety days after sentence. Where the sentence is not executed on the day fixed and remains in force, the court may order its execution at any subsequent date without limitation as to the intervening time.

The governor has now reprieved Durrant until July 9th, to give time for a writ of mandamus to be issued by the State court, ordering Warden Hale to execute Durrant on the day set. The courts of last resort in this State have approved the decisions finding both men guilty of murder. This attempt on the part of the murderers' attorneys to defeat the law is, of course, justifiable from their point of view. But the people of the

State of California do not share their view. We think that the officers of the courts of California should proceed to execute these men on the days fixed. The Federal authorities will not stop them. The point in appeal is not saving the necks of Durrant and Worden, but construing a Federal statute. And the United States Supreme Court will construe the statute, whether Durrant and Worden be dead or alive.

The case of Inspector Dockery—who was arrested at the instance of ex-Collector Wise for attempting to stop the shipment of some hundred barrels of adulterated corn-whisky that were being shipped abroad under the label "pure California grape-brandy"—seems to lag for lack of prosecution.

It is unfortunate that Collector Wise's term should have ended just at the time that he was about to prosecute Inspector Dockery. It is, indeed, a lofty and patriotic occupation—prosecuting a health official for spilling adulterated brandy—aiding the shippers of the poisonous stuff in trying to shield it under the seals of the United States Government. Collector Wise showed such zeal in his curious crusade that he must bitterly regret that he could not have stayed in office long enough to place Inspector Dockery in the dock. Considering the fact that Collector Wise was within a few days of the end of his term, it is remarkable what zeal he showed in arresting Dockery, in stopping the spilling of the brandy, in placing the vile mixture under charge of the United States officials, in seconding the railroad officials in hiding it, in seconding them again in spiriting it out of the State.

These things all bespeak a high order of "zeal" on the part of Collector Wise. But it is reminiscent of Talleyrand's remark to a certain subordinate—"Not too much zeal." We hope the ex-collector's curious "zeal" may result in the amendment of the internal-revenue regulations so that the "rectifiers" who mix cheap and bad proof-spirits with various mysterious concoctions and try to steal the name of the State of California and the seals of the United States Customs Department, in order to ship the stuff abroad that it may deceive unsuspecting people—that such doings may be prevented if not punished. Such a prostitution of the protection of this government should be rendered impossible in the future. And if this shall be brought about by Collector Wise's "zeal," he will not have filled his office uselessly and he will not have lived in vain. If his "zeal" shall result in preventing the government from being in the future a partner in hog-brandy making, then nothing will have so become Collector Wise's filling of his office as his leaving it.

FARMERS AND SUGAR.

The Most Vital Economic Question in America To-Day.

The annexed article is worthy of careful reading by all interested in the farming interests of our State and nation. It is from the *Review of Reviews* for June, and is written by Mr. Herbert Myrick, editor of the *American Agriculturist*. This gentleman is at the head of the Phelps Publishing Company, and directs five agricultural periodicals of very large circulation. For years he has devoted himself to the promotion of agricultural experiment stations, State agricultural colleges, farmers' institutes, and all kinds of associated effort for the furthering of the good of farmers. He organized the celebrated "Five States Milk-Producers' Association," made up of the thousands of dairy farmers who send dairy products to New York city. He is a thoroughly practical man, and from these brief statements it may be seen that he is devoted to his farmer constituency. He has himself worked on a farm, has labored here in the Far West, and has traveled in every State and Territory of the United States. His opinions are worthy of respect.

We premise this article with these statements for the reason that many people here in California seem to believe that all who are interested in the development of our own sugar-beet industry and hence opposed to Hawaiian reciprocity are "tools of the Sugar Trust." The *Argonaut* has already pointed out the folly of this assumption. If the Sugar Trust, for reasons of its own, happens to be opposed to free Hawaiian sugar—whose advocates, in their turn, are inimical to our domestic sugar industry—why should the farmers of the country fight the Trust, when the Trust, however selfishly, is fighting for them? Yet this is almost the sole argument that we have seen advanced by the friends of foreign sugar and the friends of Hawaiian reciprocity—to wit, that the Sugar Trust is opposed to the reciprocity treaty and therefore the farmers should be in favor of it. If the farmers of this State, of this coast, and of this nation can be influenced by such kindergarten diplomacy as this, they deserve to be bamboozled and gulled.

It will be seen from a perusal of this article that not only not friendly to the Sugar Trust, but that

interest of the farmers—that it is in the interest not of the farmers of one State or one section of our vast country, but of the whole. To those narrow-headed and provincial politicians who can see in this issue nothing but a few thousand dollars profit to a few traders in San Francisco, we commend the broad, national view taken of the sugar question in the article which follows. We would also like to point out to them two statements made therein: that “it required every pound of wheat and flour exported by the United States during the fiscal year of 1896 to pay for the sugar imported”; that “under our treaty of reciprocity with Hawaii we have remitted over sixty-one millions of dollars in duties, a direct bounty of this sum to a few of her planters; that such an absurdly one-sided and illogical treaty was never before maintained by a government of reputed sanity.” We further point out to our readers that many of the statements in this article are absolutely identical with the arguments advanced by the *Argonaut* since this discussion began. The stand taken by this paper has been the right one, according to our earnest belief. It has been in the interests of the producers of the nation rather than in the interests of a small knot of middlemen who handle the products of others. We are glad to see that our views are supported by such a journal as the *American Agriculturist*, which represents the vast farming constituency of the United States, and by such a high-class periodical as the *Review of Reviews*.

Herewith Mr. Myrick's lucid and able article is given in full:

Bounties on Cane Sugar.

“To sugar or not to sugar” seems to be the present issue in the United States Senate. The vastness of the agricultural and industrial interests involved has been obscured of late by the complicated way in which the Senate Finance Committee's tariff bill seeks to specially favor the sugar refiners' trust. The case is really a simple one, and has only to be made plain to win support irrespective of party.

The war tariff of four to five cents per pound was a revenue measure that had comparatively little influence in stimulating the cane-sugar industry of Louisiana. Nearly twenty years and the rebuilding of levees at a cost of over \$20,000,000 were required to reclaim the plantations after the ravages of war. By that time the act of 1883, reducing duties nearly one-half, and an era of low prices, brought about a condition of affairs that would have ruined an industry of but ordinary vitality. But Louisiana planters revolutionized their methods, at great cost introduced the central factory system, and established at their own expense a sugar experimental plantation, laboratory, and school. By 1878, Louisiana had got back to her product in the forties—115,000 tons of sugar; and by 1891 the product was doubled. THEN CAME THE MCKINLEY BOUNTY OF 2 CENTS PER POUND ON DOMESTIC SUGAR, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF WHICH THE PRODUCTION JUMPED FROM 165,000 TONS IN 1892 TO 324,000 TONS IN 1895-6, AND PLANS WERE PERFECTED FOR A STILL MORE RAPID DEVELOPMENT, WHEN BROUGHT TO A STANDSTILL BY THE WILSON BILL, WHICH LED TO THE FAILURE OF NUMEROUS LOUISIANA PLANTATIONS AND A FALLING OFF OF ONE-THIRD IN THE SUGAR PRODUCT IN ONE YEAR.

Arrest of the Beet-Sugar Industry.

Sporadic efforts to establish the manufacture of sugar from beets were made in New England, New York, New Jersey, Wisconsin, Illinois, and California during the twenty-five years following one of the earliest attempts in 1853. But other crops were more profitable; farmers did not know how to raise beets; no preliminary experiments had been made to test adaptability of soil and climate to this crop; the early factories were improperly located and poorly managed, and the enterprise was practically a failure. Then came the sorghum craze, during which Federal and State Governments cooperated, at large expense, to enthrone farmers with the idea that sorghum (which is worked by machinery, like corn, instead of requiring the intensive culture of beet-farming) could be utilized as a sugar crop over a large part of the country. This, too, was a fizzle.

But a few farmers and scientists, conversant with the wonderful development of the industry in Europe, stuck to sugar-beets. The pioneer factory at Alvarado, Cal., finally proving successful, Claus Spreckels established a beet-sugar factory at Watsonville, Cal., in 1888. The Oxnards became prominent in the industry at the same time and built their first factory at Grand Island, Neb., in 1889-90. Declining prices of other produce forced the sugar beet to the front. The industry was persistently advocated by one or two leading agricultural journals. Many farmers and experiment stations, also the United States Department of Agriculture, tested the crop, and the result was the McKinley bounty law of 1890. Factories were at once built at Norfolk, Neb., Lehi, Utah, Chino, Cal., and great enterprises for further and vast development of the industry were under way when Democratic victory in the national elections of 1892 stopped all enterprise by insuring an overturn of government policy toward sugar.

Existing factories employed the best machinery and encouraged the best methods in culture, so that the production of beet sugar in the United States rose from 5,000 tons in 1891 to 20,000 tons in 1894, and 40,000 tons in 1896. These practical results, and the outcome of a remarkable amount of work done by the State Agricultural Experiment Stations and by the United States Department of Agriculture, created a public sentiment favorable to the development of our domestic sugar industry, to which in no small measure was due the election of President McKinley.

Effect of the McKinley and Wilson Tariffs.

IT WILL BE SEEN THAT THE BOUNTY ACT STARTED WHAT WOULD HAVE BEEN A DECIDED “BOOM” IN AMERICA'S SUGAR INDUSTRY BUT FOR THE WILSON TARIFF OF 40 PER CENT. AD VALOREM, WHICH WAS FORESHADOWED BY THE ELECTIONS OF 1892, YET THE FREE ADMISSION OF FOREIGN SUGAR UNDER THE MCKINLEY TARIFF WAS AN ECONOMIC ERROR SECOND ONLY TO THE UNWISDOM OF FREE ADMISSION OF SUGAR FROM HAWAII SINCE 1896. Before favoring free sugar, seven years ago, the Washington administration was assured by the German Government that such a policy on the part of the United States would be followed by the aboli-

tion of state aid to Europe's beet-sugar industry, and that Germany would lead off in this reform. The moment this country was opened to free sugar, however, the whole sugar-producing world entered upon a mad scramble for this market. Germany, France, and other European nations added to their direct subsidies and export bounties, and enormously increased the production of sugar. The Wilson tariff would have been a damper on this policy abroad, but the Cuban war afforded another stimulus, and the decline of about 1,000,000 tons in Cuba's annual sugar export was more than made up by the extraordinary increase in European beet-fields and in the cane-plantations of Hawaii, the Orient, China, and Egypt.

The Dingley Bill to the Rescue.

It was shown during the hearings on the Dingley bill, in December last, that “IT REQUIRED EVERY POUND OF WHEAT AND FLOUR EXPORTED BY THE UNITED STATES DURING THE FISCAL YEAR 1896 TO PAY FOR THE SUGAR IMPORTED.” That for the past fifteen years the imports of sugar had averaged nearly \$100,000,000 annually. That reasonable protection against highly fostered foreign sugar was the one thing needed to enable this country to produce its own sugar. That the agricultural and scientific problems involved had been so far solved that it was only necessary to insure the AMERICAN MARKET TO AMERICAN SUGAR IN ORDER TO INDUCE THE SPEEDY DEVELOPMENT OF THE INDUSTRY, especially as American machine-shops and engineers were abundantly able to equip and operate the sugar-factories needed. The Dingley rates did not give quite as much as was felt to be necessary for the best interests of agriculture, and endorsed a continuance of Hawaii's unfair and unjust competition; but they heavily reduced the trust's special favors and were generally recognized as an attempt in good faith to give farmers a reasonable chance, with due regard to consumers' interests.

The Senate's Sugar Schedule.

The changes made in the sugar schedule by the Senate Finance Committee bear on their face evidences that should and will cause their rejection. As a concession to agriculture the Senate bill increases the duties on raw sugar, but so slightly as to be of little practical benefit. The bill points to abrogation of Hawaiian reciprocity, but this was admittedly a subterfuge to capture Senator Jones's vote. Free admission of sugar machinery for two years was inserted at Mr. Spreckels's request, as it would save him large sums upon the plant for the biggest beet-sugar factory in the world, that he is now building at Salinas, Cal. The vicious feature of the Senate bill lies in the extraordinary favors guaranteed to the Sugar Trust, and the complication of phraseology and rates by which it is sought to begot the public upon this point while the bill is pending.

What the Farmers Want.

Our farmers wage no war upon sugar refining as an industry, but they want a policy that will so commend itself to the sober popular judgment as to stand for a period of years. They would be content with the Dingley schedule if the duty of 1 cent per pound began on sugar testing 73 degrees by the polariscope, so as to stand at 1½ cents per pound on the product of domestic cane and beet-sugar factories which averages 90 degrees test; the Dingley rate on this grade is now 1.45 cents. Let the rest of the Dingley schedule stand, except to strike out continuance of Hawaiian treaty, and the eight-tenths of 1 per cent. discount on “reciprocity” sugar. Then all raw sugar imported would pay a duty of 1½ cents (varying as to test), and refined ½ cent additional. This would encourage our domestic industry; it is a simple proposition, the law could not be evaded, and the rights of consumers would be jealously taken care of. This plan is favored by both sugar-cane and sugar-beet growers, and possesses the further advantage that it would command a majority in the Senate and House. This plan is also close to the basis adopted by the sugar trade for both revenue and protection.

Probable Effect of this Policy.

Numerous large factories would be established in time to work up the 1898 crop of beets and cane; it is too late to affect this year's crop. FARMERS ARE SO EAGER TO GROW BEETS AT \$4 PER TON THAT THE AGRICULTURAL QUESTION INVOLVED IS NO LONGER THE UNCERTAINTY IT WAS FORMERLY, WHEN FACTORIES COULD NOT GET THE BEETS. CONSERVATIVE JUDGMENT IS THAT WITH FAVORABLE SEASONS THE UNITED STATES SUGAR PRODUCT WOULD JUMP FROM LESS THAN 300,000 TONS LAST YEAR TO 500,000 TONS IN 1898, AND 800,000 TONS THE NEXT YEAR, WHILE THE CROP OF 1900 SHOULD MAKE NEARLY 1,000,000 TONS, OR HALF THIS NATION'S CONSUMPTION. Further development would be governed by prices, but the close of the first decade of the new century should see this nation producing the bulk of the sugar it consumes.

Nor does such development mean enhanced cost to consumers. European sugar will cut prices in the vain attempt to hold this market, and with an increasing domestic supply, competition at home and abroad will prevent any marked increase in prices. It is shown that even with a duty of 2 cents per pound, the average selling price of vacuum-pan Louisiana sugar would be fully 1 cent below the price under that duty prior to 1890. The consumers' price, around 5 cents per pound, should not be materially affected. The proposed duty in the United States on raw sugar and approximate retail prices compare with Europe as follows:

Countries.	—IN CENTS PER POUND—	
	Duty on raw sugar, standard grades.	Retail prices, granulated.
United States.....	1 to 1½	5
Germany.....	4 to 4½	9
France.....	5 to 7	10
Russia.....	6 to 8	13
Italy.....	5 to 8	14

Past and Future Changes in the Sugar Industry.

European countries impose a heavy tax on sugar consumed at home in order to raise the \$25,000,000 they pay annually in subsidies to promote their export trade in sugar. This and prohibitive tariffs account for the high prices abroad. But our plan of countervailing duties equal to foreign export bounties neutralizes the advantage heretofore enjoyed in this market by export bounty sugars. By this artificial stimulus, aided by science to a degree that is a wonder and delight, EUROPE HAS NEARLY DOUBLED HER BEET-SUGAR PRODUCT SINCE 1880, UNTIL IT IS NOW ABOUT 5,000,000 LONG TONS ANNUALLY. THE WORLD'S CANE-SUGAR SUPPLY, INCLUDING CUBA IN A NORMAL STATE, HAS GROWN ONLY HALF AS FAST OF LATE YEARS, AND IS NOW ABOUT 3,000,000 TONS. IT IS QUITE LIKELY THAT THIS YEAR'S PRODUCTION OF SUGAR FROM BEETS WILL BE TWICE AS GREAT AS FROM CANE, WHEREAS CONDITIONS WERE JUST THE REVERSE ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

This accounts for United States imports of sugar from Europe in-

creasing from 150,000 tons four years ago to 550,000 tons last year, meanwhile decreasing one-half from “the countries to the south of us”—from 1,300,000 tons in 1892 to 700,000 last year. INDEED, ONLY THE YELLOW RACES HAVE BEEN ABLE TO HOLD THEIR OWN AGAINST EUROPE'S HIGHLY SUBSIDIZED BEET-SUGAR INDUSTRY. YET SO QUIETLY HAS THIS APPLICATION GONE ON OF DEGRADED LABOR TO THE SUGAR-CANE THAT IT IS ASTONISHING TO FIND UNITED STATES IMPORTS OF SUGAR FROM HAWAII, THE ORIENT, AND EGYPT JUMPED FROM ABOUT 250,000 TONS IN 1892 TO 700,000 TONS LAST YEAR. THE SANDWICH ISLANDS' PRODUCT HAS NEARLY DOUBLED IN THE FOUR YEARS, DURING WHICH SO ENORMOUS HAS BEEN THEIR IMPORTATION OF COOLIE OR YELLOW LABOR THAT CHINESE AND JAPANESE NOW COMPRISE MORE THAN HALF THE MALE POPULATION. THIS RESULT HAS BEEN FOSTERED BY OUR TREATY OF RECIPROCITY WITH HAWAII, UNDER WHICH THAT SUGAR HAS HAD FREE ADMISSION TO THIS MARKET SINCE 1896. WHILE WE HAVE THUS REMITTED OVER \$61,000,000 IN DUTIES ON HER SUGAR—PRACTICALLY AMOUNTING TO A DIRECT BOUNTY OF THIS SUM TO A FEW OF HER PLANTERS AT THE EXPENSE OF THE UNITED STATES TREASURY AND THE RETARDING OF OUR DOMESTIC SUGAR INDUSTRY—WE HAVE ALSO PAID THE ISLANDS \$140,000,000 FOR SUGAR, WHILE THEY HAVE TAKEN BUT \$56,000,000 WORTH OF OUR EXPORTS. SUCH AN ABSOLUTELY ONE-SIDED AND ILLOGICAL TREATY WAS NEVER BEFORE MAINTAINED BY A GOVERNMENT OF REPUTED SANITY.

What a Supply of Domestic Sugar Means to the United States.

First and most important, it means a NEW AND PROFITABLE CROP FOR AMERICAN FARMERS, occupying many thousands of acres, and YIELDING A NET PROFIT OF \$10 TO \$25 PER ACRE, after paying in cash all expenses of the crop. Contrast this with profits of 10 cents to \$1 per acre on corn and wheat, though many farmers deny that even this small margin of profit exists on these grain crops. The expense in beet culture is mostly labor. And this labor is largely a class that is now unemployed—children, unskilled help, etc. AN IMMENSE ARMY OF LABORERS AND WORKERS WOULD BE REQUIRED TO MAN THE SUGAR FACTORIES, MACHINE SHOPS, FOUNDRIES, TRANSPORTATION, AND OTHER INDUSTRIES needed to build and operate the hundreds of big plants that will be required to make this sugar. It will take some \$250,000,000 of capital to equip these sugar factories. THE \$100,000,000 NOW SENT ABROAD EACH YEAR FOR IMPORTED SUGAR WILL THEN GO INTO THE POCKETS OF THE FARMERS, LABORERS, AND CAPITALISTS ENGAGED IN OUR DOMESTIC SUGAR INDUSTRY. The indirect benefits accruing to people in other branches of farming and business will be correspondingly great, while the industry is too widespread to be manipulated by any trust. It would also help to solve the money problem to KEEP AT HOME THE VAST SUMS THAT NOW GO ABROAD FOR SUGAR. Moreover, America's sugar trade increases about 6 per cent. annually, so that its present enormous proportions will be doubled ere many years.

No Longer an Experiment.

Results already achieved in field and factory on a commercial scale during the past six years, to say nothing of many thousands of farm and laboratory tests, demonstrate beyond question two things: (1) That the sugar-beet can be grown in profitable quantity and quality over a sufficient area in the United States to furnish the world's supply of sugar, and (2) that the cane-sugar industry can also be largely developed. So true is this that it is now recognized, by all well informed about this new industry, that California, Iowa, Nebraska, and any one of several other States could alone supply the United States with all the sugar she consumes. Once firmly established, American genius will so improve upon present conditions that in due time the United States will be an exporter of sugar. For experience has shown that, once established, the beet can more than compete with cane.

No reasonable effort is too great to enable the United States to reap the full benefit of a sugar industry, herein but imperfectly sketched. To this end OUR FARMERS ARE JUSTIFIED IN ASKING AS MUCH HELP AS EUROPE HAS GIVEN HER BEET-SUGAR INDUSTRY. But, authorized as I am to speak for two millions of them, let me say that OUR FARMERS ASK HARDLY ONE-THIRD AS MUCH AS EUROPE HAS DONE, and we ask it in a form that means no added burden to any of our people, but which insures untold benefit to the whole nation. AND NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE ADMINISTRATION WHICH FAILS TO HEED THIS PATRIOTIC, REASONABLE, SENSIBLE, AND BUSINESS-LIKE DEMAND IS FOREDOOMED TO REPUDIATION BY AN INDIGNANT PEOPLE.

The differential duty on refined, or the amount of special protection to the domestic refiner of imported raw sugar, was half a cent per pound in the McKinley tariff.

The Wilson bill apparently reduced this to ½ cent, but in practice that law has operated to give an average protection to refiners of 3/10 of a cent plus ½ cent per pound, or 425/1000 of a cent. In other words, refiners were protected \$4.25 per one thousand pounds in the Wilson law against \$5 in the tariff of 1890.

The Dingley bill (also what the farmers want) gives a straight and specific ½ cent per pound to refiners. That is to say, the Dingley rate of 1.63 cent on 96 degrees test raw sugar is equal to 1.75 cent on unrefined sugar polarizing 100 degrees, or of full saccharine strength, and when refined 1.875 cent. Farmers would concede this ½ cent on refined.

The trust bitterly opposes cutting down its present protection of nearly 7/16 cent per pound to only 2/16 cent, as the Dingley bill proposes. The Senate bill apparently fixes about this ½ cent, but the concealed protection in it is such that on declared values of sugar imported last year the Senate rate would average about ½ cent, and in some cases might reach ½ cent. The schedule is so complicated that no two sugar experts agree as to its effect, and will criticize this exhibit as they do each other's.

Past, Present, and Prospective Duties on Sugar.

	RATES OF DUTIES IN CENTS PER POUND AND AD VALOREM.	
	Raw sugar, 96° test.	Refined sugar.
Prior to 1883.....	3.25	4.00
Tariff of 1883.....	2.20	3.00
McKinley law, 1890.....	Free	0.50
Wilson tariff, 1894.....	40 c/o	40 c/o + ½ c.
On declared import values this averaged		
for 1896 per pound.....	0.87	1.26
Dingley bill.....	1.63	1.875
Senate bill.....	0 95 + 35 c/o	1 16 + 35 c/o
On average import values of 1896 this would equal per pound.....	1.73	2.05
Farmers want.....	1.69	1.935

THE BIG BLUE STEER.

And his Curious Connection with the State House in Texas.

The talk around the camp-fire turned upon the decadence of the range cattle business. Various theories had been broached, but Robert, the oracle, dissented from them all, and gave the following explanation:

"What ails cow-punching nowadays ain't the low price of cattle, for the best times we ever had on the range was ten years before steers went sky-rocketing up to seventy-five dollars. And it is not settlers nor wire fences, though both are bad enough, and ought to be forbad by law. But this is the fellow that is responsible for everything," and Robert held up in the fire-light a tobacco-package showing the figure of a Durban bull.

"When stockmen began to grade up their herds," he continued, "they began to take the wind all out of the business, and the short-horned, short-limbed, short-winded cattle that are raised now can't outrun a three-legged bronco nor go through a three-wire fence. When I first came on to the range, the stock was all Texas and Mexican, and their wind was as long as their horns. You could calculate that every thunder-storm would start a stampede, and I've known 'em to run forty miles without letting up."

"No, sir," he retorted to my expression of a mild doubt; "I couldn't possible do it for less. Why, hoy, you don't know anything about real live cattle. Any school-girl can handle stock now. Ask Scotty."

"Right you are," said Scotty, taking up the word; "you should have been with us down in the Panhandle fifteen years ago. It used to take a grain-fed horse to get near enough a cow to see her brand. Those were the days! Did I ever tell you about the big blue steer? He was a daisy, and cost the outfit more than a thousand dollars."

"About the first year I worked down there, we noticed him on the heef-gather, fat and fine, and we took him in. He stayed in the herd quietly enough for several days; but one morning, after a dark night, he was missing, and we did not see him again until we rounded up the same range for beef again in the following year."

"That time we got him half way to the railroad, when he led a stampede that scattered the herd and cost us near a week of hard work to gather them."

"Every year for five years we found that steer on the same range, and started him out. After his bad character was established, each time that he got away the foreman would say, 'shoot him on sight'; but we never did see him again until the following season, and then we would have another try at him."

"On those days we had a trail to the railroad which crossed a corner of the Indian reservation. It was against the regulations, but by giving them a fat cow occasionally, we were allowed to use it, and saved a long drive around the reserve and forty-eight hours to the stock-yards. One year, some galoot went through with an infected herd, and several head died on the reservation. If the Indians had known it in time, I suppose they would have scalped the outfit. Anyhow, we happened to be the next party through, and they opened fire on us and scattered our stock. The big blue got back to his old hill-side as usual. After that we drove to the railroad on the long trail. The Indians were pretty mean for a few years, and claimed every hoof of stock found over the line. Some of the boys would want to take a pop at the rascals, but the foreman would always say, 'we're in the stock business exclusively. The Indian business is a good thing, but the two won't go together. You let them alone.'"

"About the sixth year that we found the big blue and started him out, we got caught in a bad storm when within twenty miles of the railroad. I remember that night mighty well. We had a lively time and the whole force was out all night, but we got through safely and did not lose a steer. Next day we laid over. The trail was soft from the heavy rain, and we were short-handed on account of sending three men to help out Ranger Jones, who was just ahead on the trail and had lost his horse-herd."

"Our stock grazed all day and hedded down early. At sundown it looked like they were settled for the night. There were about nine hundred heaves in the bunch, and only five men and the cook to handle them. The foreman was with me on first relief. As we rode slowly around the herd, turning back the few stragglers that were still feeding, we noticed the big blue looking for a soft spot to lie down. With a jah of his glossy black horn, he invited first-comers to make way and not to crowd in. He must have been nine years old by that time, and was the biggest ox I ever saw. It is not the least use to tell you about the spread of his horns, because you never will believe it unless you see them, and you never will see them unless you go down to Texas and look them up in the State-house."

"Well, that evening, with everything so peaceful and a cloudless sky, with the bunch only one day's drive from the railroad, it looked like we had a dead cinch on the big blue. 'It's the greatest wonder on earth,' I said to the foreman, 'that he didn't get away in the storm last night.'"

"Oh, he's too fat and lazy this year to do much running, I guess," replied the foreman. "But every man must keep his eye on him to-morrow. When we get in sight of the cattle-pens, he will try to pull out."

"The big blue steer did not wait for a sight of the cattle-pens. That night the second relief was the cook and a sooner. When they turned out and we turned in, every beef was lying down, but I had hardly staked my night-horse and rolled up in my blankets, when, with a crash of interfering horns, every beef was on foot. There seemed to come an instant's pause and silence, then, with a rush and a roar, the whole herd was heading toward the Indian reservation."

"'Every man in the saddle,' bellowed the foreman, springing up, 'and shoot that big blue steer on sight!'"

"If there had been two men on guard instead of a sooner

and a slush, the herd might possibly have been headed—but I don't know. They had rested up all day, and now they were off for a record. By the time the men in camp could get under way, the heaves were three miles ahead, and we never sighted them for five hours. They left a broad, plain trail in the softened ground, which we followed at as lively a pace as the horses could stand up to. About daylight we overtook the first stragglers. We were now in the reservation, with the trail still heading away over the rolling prairie in nearly a straight line. All but two men had exhausted their mounts and fallen behind. For near two hours longer we urged our tired horses on, and at last, sixty miles from last night's camping-ground, we trailed the herd right smack into a big corral, with a big padlock on the gate and a big, grinning huck Indian sitting on each gate-post.

"After a big talk with the Indians at their village near by, the foreman got their demands for trespass reduced from twenty dollars a head down to one dollar and fifty cents. Then they opened the gates and counted seven hundred and sixty head. Those fellows made us hold the stock two days on the reservation while they sent off and cashed the check. The scrape cost about a thousand dollars in money and a week's time in getting back to the railroad. As I tell you, the bunch ran sixty miles without letting up, and they were pretty fresh at the end."

"The big blue? No, he was not in the corral, and I never saw him again."

"How do I know that his horns are in the Texas capitol? Well, I don't exactly know it, but I know they ought to be, for they were the finest, biggest, blackest, longest horns ever worn by a Texas steer."

G. B. DUNHAM.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1897.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, who, in spite of his seventy-five years, is hard at work again after a month's rest in North Carolina, well deserves Dr. Holmes's characterization of him, "the living dynamo," which was embodied in the following poem:

Night after night the incandescent arc
Has fought its dazzling battle with the dark.
Our doubtful paths with purest ray illumed,
Untired, undimmed, unswerving, unconsumed.

A slender wire the living light conveys
That startles midnight with its noonday blaze.
Through that same channel streams the giant force
That whirls the wheels along their clanking course
When, like a mail-clad monster, o'er the plain,
With clash and clamor sweeps the broomstick train.

Whence gains the wondrous wire its two-fold dower,
Its double heritage of light and power?
Ask of the motorman—he ought to know—
And he will tell you "from the dynamo."
And what, again, the dynamo inspires?
"A mighty engine, urged by quickening fires."

When I behold that large, untiring brain
Which seventy winters have assailed in vain,
Toiling, still toiling, at its endless task,
With patience such as Sisyphus might ask,
To flood the paths of ignorance with light,
To speed the progress of the struggling night.

Its burning pulses borrowed from a heart,
That claims in every grief a brother's part,
My lips repeat with reverence, "Even so—
This is in truth a living Dynamo!"

Be ours to heed its lessons while we may,
Look up for light to guide our devious way—
Look forward bravely, look not weakly back;
The past is done with, mind the coming track;
Look in with searching eye and courage stout
But when temptation comes look out! look out!

Heaven grant all blessings time and earth can give
To Him whose life has taught us how to live,
Till on the golden dial of the spheres
The twentieth century counts its gathering years,
While many a birthday tells its cheerful tale,
And the round hundredth shouts All hail! All hail!

When Dr. Schliemann was digging at the supposed site of Troy, he uncovered the remains of several ancient cities which had been built, one after another, on the same hill. In the second layer from the bottom he discovered masses of silver in the form of axe-heads. Dr. Götzke now suggests that these were intended, not for implements, but for money. Bronze axe-heads have also been discovered in ancient remains, mingled with metal pieces in the form of rings, in such a manner as to suggest that all alike were intended to serve as money. After the axe-head had disappeared as actual money, the memory of it was preserved in the coins of Tenedos, which bore the figure of an axe-head. Dr. Götzke also suggests that the "wedge of gold" which Achan stole from the spoils of Jericho, and for the stealing of which Joshua had him stoned to death, was a specimen of the ancient axe-head money.

Australia claims the largest auto-mobile carriage ever constructed for actual service. This car utilizes seventy-five horse-power. The car travels from Coolgardie to the coast for the transportation of merchandise to the mines. Besides the load on the car itself, it drags two "trailers" over a distance of four hundred miles. A railroad was too expensive a luxury to indulge in that country, and so the idea of the big motor was conceived. So scarce is water along the route traveled that the steam is not exhausted into air, but saved, reconverted into water, and thus used over and over again.

A "blue-gum" negro was recently hanged for murder in Georgia. The "blue-gum" negro is rare, but he invariably represents the most depraved qualities of his race. He has light-blue gums and short teeth, and there is a well-grounded superstition among the negroes that a bite from such a person is as poisonous as that of a rattlesnake. In a personal encounter, the "blue-gum" man always bites. It was Jefferson Davis who one time said that there was but one thing worse than a "blue-gum" negro, and that was hell,

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Baron Krupp, the great German iron-master, uses for visiting cards very thin sheets of rolled iron.

John Ruskin spends his time in planting hulbs and pulling them up the next day to see if they are growing.

Mrs. Bergliot Ihsen, daughter of Bjornson and daughter-in-law of the dramatist, has just made her public debut as a vocalist at Christiania.

The Princess Frederick Charles is exceedingly wealthy, and as such is very independent of young Emperor William, whom she persists in treating as a mere hoy, much to his disgust.

An Eastern exchange says that ex-Queen Liliuokalani has been offered a handsome sum to sing on the concert stage. She has written several songs, and is said to have a well-trained voice.

Mrs. John A. Logan claims to have been the first to suggest the observance of Memorial Day. It was her husband, who, as commander-in-chief of the Grand Army, issued the first order for its observance twenty-nine years ago.

The Khedive of Egypt has a private zoo. He calls the horrid and unclean animals after persons and potentates whom he hates, and when he is out of humor after a cabinet council, he makes the wretched animals pay for their oame-sakes.

According to the Washington *Star*, a new hoy of the Western Union Telegraph Company, the other day, strolled languidly into the head-quarters of the national committee and inquired: "Is there a man around here by the name of Hanna?"

Mrs. Clara Fisher Maeder, the once famous actress, has published her memories. She is eighty-six years of age, and first went on the stage when six years old. For seventy-two years she acted continuously, and at the age of seventy-eight retired.

H. B. Chamberlain, formerly of Denver, Col., who died recently in England, made a failure of thirty-six branches of business before he started to hoom Western real estate. He conducted his operations on such a large scale that when he died he owed fifteen millions of dollars.

Alexander Jacobs, the original Mr. Isaacs of Marion Crawford's novel, has a great reputation as a prophet. He has lately declared that Queen Victoria will live until 1911, that the Prince of Wales will die in 1907, and that Sir William Harcourt will become prime minister in 1898.

A. R. Spofford, the Librarian of Congress, was a war correspondent during the late Civil War. At one of the Bull Run battles he had for colleagues Murat Halstead, Villard, Boynton, and Whitelaw Reid. He was appointed librarian by President Lincoln, and for thirty-five years has held the office.

So rich was the Duc d'Aumale that he had to make two wills in order properly to provide for the disposition of his property. One of them relates exclusively to that part of his estate which is in France, while the other deals with the wealth deposited in England, possibly from motives of precaution.

Lord Rosebery is one of the two or three Scotchmen of prominence who do not play golf. He fears that it would engross too much of his time. "When a man in middle life," he says, "makes a deliberate choice of golf as his amusement, he is making a choice second only in gravity to the choice of a wife."

Prince de Sagan, the oldest son of the Duc de Talleyrand-Périgord, who has been at the point of death in Paris, throughout his life was notorious for his extravagance and profligate acts. He was born in 1832, and at the age of eighteen married a daughter of Baron de Seillière, from whom he soon separated. His two sons, Elie and Boson de Talleyrand, are even worse spendthrifts than their father.

Mr. Fairfield, head of the South African department in the British colonial office, and the one man who probably knew the whole truth about the attempted outrage in the Transvaal, died recently in Italy. His leaving England on the plea of illness, a few months ago, was looked upon generally as an excuse to avoid being called upon to testify before the Parliamentary commission investigating the Jameson outrage.

Sir William Clarke, who dropped dead in Melbourne the other day, was the son of a Somersetshire farmer who had emigrated to Tasmania. Sir William accumulated a fortune yielding an income of two millions of dollars a year, but he did not go to England to spend it. Instead, he endowed public institutions in Australia and dispensed a magnificent hospitality there. When he heard that one of his knighted fellow-squatters had become a tenant of Hughenden, he said: "He may have taken Beaconsfield's house, but he will never acquire his manor." One of Sir William's daughters is engaged to Lord Shaftesbury, for whose sake a New York actress committed suicide not long ago.

The original "Allegretti" ice-cream man is now living in Chicago at the age of seventy. Ignazio Allegretti left Italy in 1860 for political reasons, and came to the United States. In the early seventies he came to San Francisco and made money as a confectioner. Five years ago he shipped one million violets from California to Chicago in a refrigerator-car, and, placing them on sale in the Masonic Temple, offered them at prices that broke the market there. In 1895 he went to Chicago and opened a little candy store in State Street. The first day he made fifteen cents. Now he occupies an entire building on State Street, and has a large corps of clerks to attend to his business.

LAMBS IN PASTURES NEW.

New York's Famous Club of Actors Moves into New Quarters—
Comforts of the New Home—Features of the Club
Whose Doors are Always Open.

It seems odd that a club devoted to player-folk should be financially successful. The Players is, of course, an actors' club, but the handsome club-house that Edwin Booth gave it exhales an eminently respectable and rather literary atmosphere, and the actors' club *par excellence* of New York is the Lambs Club. Good fellowship and fun galore one would expect to find among them, for actors are notoriously good company, if one does not mind an occasional display of what they call "the big head"; but financial soundness has not been a prominent characteristic of the profession. Yet the Lambs Club, which is more distinctively an actors' club than any other I know of in the whole world, has not only paid its bills, but it has accumulated a surplus of twenty thousand dollars. That would not seem much for a large aggregation of wealthy men, like the Metropolitan, the Union, the Union League, or the Manhattan Club. But the Lambs, with a membership of four hundred men, most of them actors on salary, has reason to be proud of its achievement.

But the surplus is all spent now, and more beside. In the twenty-five years of its existence the club has changed its dwelling-place seven times, and now it has secured a new home—or "fold," as the Lambs call it—from which it is expected no move will be made for another quarter-century at least. The club has been located at 26 West Thirty-First Street for three years past, but the members have always wanted to own their own house, and last year it was found that there was enough money in the treasury to warrant the accomplishment of this ambition. Accordingly, they cast about them for an available location, and in September bought the property at 70 West Thirty-Sixth Street. A few weeks ago, by the way, they had some trouble with their neighbors, who complained that the members made night bideos with their revels. No such charge will be made against them in their new quarters. It is in about as noisy a location as it would be easy to find. It is in the immediate neighborhood of the elevated and a cable-car junction, with street-cars running by night and a hundred delivery wagons standing in the next block. Nothing less than an explosion in the club-house could make noise enough to disturb the neighbors.

The new house, when the Lambs bought it, was a four-story brown-stone front, such as one sees without number in the other streets of the city, with the very respectable frontage of twenty-five feet, but it has been completely remodeled since then to suit the requirements of the club. Mr. Stanford White, of the firm of McKim, Mead & White, the foremost architects in the country, is one of the non-professional members of the club, and some time ago, when he was called upon to furnish amusement at one of the gatherings of the club, he begged off, but promised, if they ever built a new house, to give his professional services free of charge. It was under his direction and that of Mr. Thomas B. Clarke, chairman of the building and improvement committee, that the remodeling of the house and the decoration of its interior was done.

The result is an ideal club-house. In the first place, the front has been notably changed. The basement and first floor have been built out to the street, and above this the façade of the house rises white and shining among its sombre brown neighbors. It is one of the rules of the club that the club-house shall never be closed. It remains open twenty-four hours a day and three hundred and sixty-five days a year, with an extra day in leap-years, and, with its white exterior, the lateness of the hour or the darkness of the night will be no excuse for the belated member who loses his way. The entrance is down a step or two from the street into a vestibule, with the office on one side and a small reception-room on the other. Behind this is a hall extending from one side-wall of the house to the other and back almost to the end of the lot. It is really two rooms, separated by a wide arch. The first is a café and the second contains a single billiard-table. Both rooms are in Old Dutch style, with great beams showing in the ceiling and furnished with heavy wooden chairs and tables. The most remarkable decoration in the house is the rear end of this room. It is made to represent two huge casks, like the Heidelberg tun. That on the right is cut horizontally at the middle, with the upper half removed, making a unique bar, behind which a white-jacketed expert will concoct Remsen coolers, gin cocktails, or whatever the Thespian thirst dictates. In the other cask-head is a door leading to the kitchen and servants' quarters.

On the floor above is the main room. It is twenty-two feet wide and eighty-six feet deep, extending from the glass windows in the new façade of the building to the rear wall, and covering the entire width of the house, except for the glass-inclosed space at the east side, where a stairway runs up to the third story. At the rear end of this room is a raised stage on which will be performed the burlesques on current plays which are a feature of the "gamhols," as the Lambs monthly meetings of the Lambs are called. These burlesques, written by author-members and acted by such "aggregations of talent" as could scarcely be equaled on any stage in the world, are famous the world over, and to witness one is a privilege eagerly sought. On ordinary occasions a large table will be laid upon this stage for dinners and suppers, for the Lambs do not believe in the little tables that tend to the formation of cliques, but prefer that all members and their guests shall be equally welcome at one generous board. The room is carpeted in a rich red tint and the walls are hung with olive-green tapestries, separated by white pillars. Easy-chairs, lounges, and tables are scattered about the room, and on the walls hang the best of the club's pictures, which include some famous portraits and landscapes.

Above this handsome room, one finds the billiard-room,

filling the centre of the house, with writing and reading-rooms in front and lavatories in the rear, and on the top floor are chambers for the use of such members as care to live there.

The Lambs Club was founded, as I have said, twenty-five years ago. It had its inception in a series of monthly dinners given at the old Union Square Hotel by Harry Montague and Harry Beckett. They had been members of a similar organization in London which has since gone out of existence, and when John Hare was in this country he presented the Lambs with some old silver relics of the English club, which are now among their most cherished possessions. The club's first quarters were in Sixteenth Street, and they have always been within easy distance of the leading theatres. The president—or "shepherd," as he is officially designated—of the club is Clay M. Greene, who came originally from your city. Under his management it has prospered in every way. One of his most successful innovations was the institution of the annual "Washing of the Fold," a midsummer frolic which has generally taken place at his country home at Bayside, L. I. The other officers are Augustus Thomas, "boy"; and a corresponding secretary, a recording secretary, and a treasurer. The members include the most notable actors, managers, and dramatists in the country. Among the first class are John Drew, Maurice Barrymore, E. H. Sothern, George and E. M. Holland, W. H. Crane, Stuart Robson, James K. Hackett, Henry Miller, Harry Dixey, Nat Goodwin, De Wolf Hopper, Edwin Stevens, Walter Jones, Willie Collier, and H. C. Barnabee, Edwin Hoff, and Eugene Cowles, of the Bostonians. The dramatic authors and composers on the roll include Clay M. Greene, Augustus Thomas, William Gillette, Victor Herbert, Reginald de Koven, Charles H. Hoyt, Willard Barton, and Ned Townsend, the creator of Chimmie Fadden. The two most notable foreigners on the list are Sir Henry Irving and John Hare. There are also something less than one hundred non-professional members, a preponderance of three to one being rightly judged to be sufficient to maintain the distinctive character of the club. Among these lay members are Oliver H. P. Belmont, M. Roosevelt Schuyler, R. B. Van Cortlandt, J. R. Drexel, Julian Potter, Daniel B. Fearing, J. Armstrong Chanler, and other representatives of wealth and fashion; Henry M. Gillig and Frank Unger, two clubmen as well known in San Francisco as they are here; Augustus St. Gaudens, the sculptor; Nicola Tesla, the electrician; William M. Harper, of the publishing house of Harper & Brothers; and Barclay Warburton, the "young Greek god" of Philadelphia, who was Dixey's backer and manager for a time, but has now married a daughter of John Wanamaker and become a staid man of family. Take them as a whole, you will find the Lambs a brilliant and entertaining lot of clubmen.

The Lambs have decided to have no formal opening of the new club-house until the theatrical season begins in the autumn. They wish to become thoroughly acquainted with the new fold before they invite strangers to inspect it. There is some talk of giving a "Bo-Peep" party, to which ladies would be invited, but I doubt if it is ever done. The Lambs have lots of fun among themselves, and some of them seem to think they could never purify their home again of the scent of violet perfume if they allowed their fair friends to run riot over the place.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, June 4, 1897.

A piano on an entirely new principle is announced from Germany. The strings are stretched across the sounding-board as in the ordinary piano, but the entire hammer mechanism is absent. Instead, the depressing of the keys puts in action a magnet, which automatically attracts and releases the wire, thus producing vibrations without the metallic stroke which accompanies the sound in the common type. The resulting effect upon the tones is said to be very remarkable. The high notes resemble those of an Æolian harp. The middle and lower notes are like a 'cello or an organ. It responds readily to every variation in power and expression. A note can be sounded for several minutes without varying in quality. So radically different from all existing instruments are the effects that a new style of music is needed to bring out its capabilities.

The fact has come to light that there is in the medical colleges of Cleveland, Ohio, a pool for the collection and distribution of "subjects," otherwise dead bodies for dissection. It has been in existence for a year, and there are four colleges in it. Naturally the members of the pool did not talk about its existence, but the internal dissensions caused the withdrawal of the Cleveland University of Medicine and Surgery, and the result has been that the whole thing has been made public.

Nowhere in Europe are landed estates so vast as in Russia. Striking evidence thereof is furnished by the will of General Maltzeff, of the Czar's army, who bequeaths to his heirs, in addition to other property, no less than twenty-nine mines, fifteen of which are of the first importance. They afford employment to more than sixty thousand workmen. The only person in Russia whose mining properties exceed those of the Maltzeff estate is Elim Demidoff.

By the birth of the Duchess of York's little girl, the number of Queen Victoria's descendants rises to eighty, seventy of whom are alive. She has had nine children—four sons and five daughters—forty-one grandchildren, and thirty great-grandchildren. Two of her children and eight grandchildren have died.

Australia's rabbit plague bids fair to come to an end, owing to the large exportation of frozen rabbits for the London market. From Victoria alone twelve thousand rabbits a day, or over four million a year, are shipped now.

OLD FAVORITES.

Annabel Lee.

It was many and many a year ago,
In a kingdom by the sea,
That a maiden there lived whom you may know,
By the name of Annabel Lee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
In this kingdom by the sea;
But we loved with a love that was more than love,—
I and my Annabel Lee;
With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven
Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born kinsman came
And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
Went envying her and me,—
Yes!—that was the reason (as all men know,
In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we,—
Of many far wiser than we;
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
In the sepulchre there by the sea,
In her tomb by the sounding sea.—Edgar Allen Poe.

Evelyn Hope.

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die, too, in the glass.
Little has yet been changed, I think—
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—
It was not her time to love: beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough, and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir—
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was naught to each, must I be told?
We were fellow-mortals, naught beside?

No, indeed, for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love.—
I claim you still for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few—
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come,—at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me—
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
My heart seemed full as it could hold—
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile
And the red young mouth and the hair's young gold.
So, hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep—
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold band.
There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

—Robert Browning.

The deepest well in the world, near Pittsburg, Pa., is now more than one mile deep, and, when finished, it may reach down two miles into the earth. A comparatively few feet below the surface both gas and oil were struck in paying quantities, but the company owning the plant determined to dedicate it to science, and invited Professor William Hall-ock, of Columbia College, to carry on a series of temperature investigations as the hole is carried deeper and deeper into the earth. The well grows steadily hotter as its depth increases. The gas found near the surface is now used to operate the powerful engines which do the drilling. Thus the natural power already issuing from the well is utilized for the purpose of deepening it.

An "amphibious boat" is an actual fact in Denmark, and last season carried twenty thousand passengers. It operates on two large lakes, the two bodies of water being divided by a strip of land eleven hundred feet in width. It is to cross this strip of land that the boat leaves the water and for a time becomes a locomotive. Her full complement of passengers is seventy, and when she is loaded she weighs fifteen tons.

KIPLING'S AMERICAN STORY.

His Studies of Gloucester Fishermen in "Captains Courageous"—
The Making of a Rich Man's Son—Bits of Fisher
Life and a Forecastle Yarn.

Unusual interest is attached to Rudyard Kipling's latest story, "Captains Courageous." It is longer than most of the tales he has written, and it is in this story that, for the first time, he describes American types. We have not forgotten his cutting letters to the Allahabad *Pioneer*, describing his impressions of this country when he passed through on his way to England, ten or more years ago. But they were the haphazard impressions of a newspaper man, and this story is the studied production of a novelist. Kipling possesses in a wonderful degree the ability to reproduce vividly types and classes of people with whom he has but the most fleeting intercourse; but the Gloucester fishermen he describes in this story he has analyzed with the utmost care, and his reproduction of their characteristics is almost flawless. Captious critics have caviled at the presence of a Gaelic-speaking negro among Massachusetts fishermen, but abundant testimony has been brought forth showing that such cases have existed.

The story is one for boys, and as such it will take its place with Stevenson's "Treasure Island" on the shelf of juvenile classics. Its hero is the spoiled child of an American multi-millionaire, and while on his way to Europe is washed overboard and rescued from drowning by a crew of Gloucester fishermen. He demands that he be taken at once to New York, but the tales of the fabulous reward his father will pay for his restoration are laughed at by the simple fishermen. They are there to begin their season's work, and nothing will take them back to land until it is finished, four months later. Harvey Cheyne, the young aristocrat, is furious at their incredulity, but they lick him into shape in short order; and, as he has the making of a good American in him, he presently turns to his work with a will. It accomplishes wonders in hettering him physically and mentally before he is restored to his parents.

In the following passage Kipling shows how Captain Disko Troop, of the *We're Here*, of Gloucester, seeks new fishing grounds when the other schooners of the fleet crowd him too close:

"Taller!" grunted Disko, peering through the fog as it smoked over the bows. There was nothing to be seen ten feet beyond the surging jib-boom, while alongside came the endless procession of solemn, pale waves whispering and lipping one to the other.

"Now I'll learn you something," shouted Tom Platt, as from a locker by the stern he produced a battered deep-sea lead hollowed at one end, smeared the hollow from a saucer full of mutton tallow, and went forward. "I'll learn you how to fly the blue pigeon. Shoo!"

Disko did something to the wheel that checked the schooner's way, while Manuel, with Harvey to help (and a proud boy was Harvey), let down the jib in a lump on the boom. The lead sung a deep droning song as Tom Platt whirled it round and round.

"Go ahead, man," said Long Jack, impatiently. "We're not drawin' twenty-five feet off Fire Island in a fog. There's no trick to it."

"Don't be jealous, Galway." The released lead plopped into the sea far ahead as the schooner surged slowly forward.

"Soundin' is a trick, though," said Dan, "when your dipsey lead's all the eye you're like to hev for a week. What'd you make it, dad?"

Disko's face relaxed. His skill and honor were involved in the march he had stolen on the rest of the fleet. "Sixty, mebbe—ef I'm any judge," he replied, with a glance at the tiny compass in the window of the house.

"Sixty," sung out Tom Platt, hauling in great wet coils.

The schooner gathered way again. "Heave!" said Disko, after a quarter of an hour.

"What'd you make it?" Dan whispered, and he looked at Harvey proudly. But Harvey was too proud of his own performances to be impressed just then.

"Fifty," said the father. "I mistrust we're right over the nick o' Green Bank on old Sixty-Fifty."

"Fifty," roared Tom Platt. They could scarcely see him through the fog. "She's bust within a yard—like the shells at Fort Macon."

"Bait up, Harvey," said Dan, diving for a line on the reel.

The schooner seemed to be straying promiscuously through the smother, her head sail banging wildly. The men waited and looked at the boys.

"Heugh!" Dan's lines twitched on the scored and scarred rail. "Now haw in thunder did dad know? Help us here, Harvey. It's a big un. Poke-hooked, too." They hauled together, and landed a goggle-eyed twenty-pound cod who had taken the bait right into his stomach.

"Why, he's all covered with little crabs," cried Harvey, turning him over.

"By the great book-block, they're lousy already," said Long Jack.

"Disko, ye kape your spare eyes under the keel."

Splash went the anchor, and they all heaved over the lines, each man taking his own place at the bulwarks.

"Are they good to eat?" Harvey panted, as he lugged in another crab-covered cod.

"Sure. When they're lousy it's a sign they've all been herdin' together by the thousand, and when they take the bait that way they're hungry. Never mind how the bait sets. They'll bite on the bare hook."

"Say, this is great," Harvey cried, as the fish came in gasping and splashing—nearly all poke-hooked, as Dan had said.

It was rather back-breaking work, for in a dory the weight of a cod is water-borne till the last minute, and you are, so to speak, abreast of him; but the few feet of a schooner's freeboard make so much extra dead hauling, and stooping over the bulwarks cramps the stomach. But it was wild and furious sport so long as it lasted; and a big pile lay aboard when the fish ceased biting.

One of the marvelous sights of the fishing season is the gathering of the fleet at the Grand Banks, which is here described:

To the end of his days Harvey will never forget that sight. The sun was just clear of the horizon they had not seen for nearly a week, and his low, red light struck into the riding-sails of three fleets of anchored schooners—one to the north, one to the westward, and one to the south. There must have been nearly a hundred of them, of every possible make and build, with, far away, a square-rigged Frenchman, all bowing and courtesying one to the other. From every boat dories were dropping away like bees from a crowded hive; and the clamor of voices, the rattling of ropes and blocks, and the splash of the oars carried for miles across the heaving water. The sails turned all colors, from black to pearly gray and white, as the sun mounted; and more boats swung up through the mists to the southward.

The dories gathered in clusters, separated, reformed, and broke again, all beading one way; while men bailed, and whistled, and cat-called, and sang, and the water was speckled with rubbish thrown overboard.

"It's a town," said Harvey. "Dan was right. It is a town!"

"I've seen smaller," said Disko. "There's about a thousand men here; an' yonder's the Virgin." He pointed to a vacant space of greenish sea, where there were no dories.

The *We're Here* skirted round the northern squadron, Disko waving his hand to friend after friend, and anchored as neatly as a racing-

yacht at the end of the season. The Bank fleet pass good seamanship in silence; but a bungler is jeered all along the line.

"Jest in time for the caplin," cried the *Mary Chilton*.

"Salt most wet?" asked the *King Phillip*.

"Hey, Tom Platt! Come t' supper to-night?" said the *Henry Clay*; and so questions and answers flew back and forth. Men had met one another before, dory-fishing in the fog, and there is no place for gossip like the Bank fleet. They all seemed to know about Harvey's rescue, and asked if he were worth his salt yet. The young bloods jested with Dan, who had a lively tongue of his own and inquired after their health by the town nicknames they least liked. Manuel's countrymen jabbered at him in their own language; and even the silent cook was seen riding the jib-boom and shouting Gaelic to a friend as black as himself. After they had buoyed the cable—all around the Virgin is rocky bottom, and carelessness means chafed ground-tackle and danger from drifting—after they had buoyed the cable, their dories went forth to join the mob of boats anchored about a mile away. The schooners rocked, and dipped, and courtesied at a safe distance, like mother ducks watching their brood, while the dories behaved like mannerless ducklings.

As they drove into the confusion, dory banging against dory, Harvey's ears tingled at the comments on his rowing. Every dialect from Labrador to Long Island, with Portuguese, Neapolitan, Lingua Franca, French, and Gaelic, with songs, and shoutings, and now oaths, rattled round him, and he seemed to be the butt of it all. For the first time in his life he felt shy—perhaps that came from living so long with only the *We're Here*—among the scores of wild, strange faces that rose and fell with the reeling boats. "Watch out!" said Dan, flourishing a dip-net. "When I tell you dip, you dip. The capelin'll school any time from naow on. Where'll we lay, Tom Platt?"

Pushing, and shoving, and hauling, greeting old friends here and warning old enemies there, Commodore Tom Platt led his little fleet well to leeward of the general crowd, and immediately three or four men began to haul on their anchors with intent to lee-bow the *We're Here*. But a yell of laughter went up as a dory shot from her station with exceeding speed, its occupant pulling madly on the roding.

"Give her slack!" roared twenty voices. "Let him shake it out."

"What's the matter?" said Harvey, as the boat flashed away to the southward. "He's anchored, isn't he?"

"Anchored, sure enough, but his ground-tackle's kinder shifty," said Dan, laughing. "Whale's fouled it. . . . Dip, Harvey! Here they come!"

The sea round them clouded and darkened, and then frizzed up in showers of tiny silver fish, and over a space of five or six acres the cod began to leap like fingerling trout in May; while, behind the cod, three or four broad, gray-black backs broke the water into boils.

Then everybody shouted and tried to haul up his anchor to get among the school, and fouled his neighbor's line and said what was in his heart, and dipped furiously with his dip-net, and shrieked cautions and advice to his companions, while the deep hazed fish freshly opened soda-water, and cod, men, and whales together flung in upon the luckless bait. Harvey was nearly knocked overboard by the handle of Dan's net. But in all the wild tumult he noticed, and never forgot, the wicked set little eye—something like a circus elephant's eye—of a whale, that drove along almost level with the water, and, so he said, winked at him. Three boats found their rodings fouled by these reckless hunters, and were towed away half a mile ere their horses shook the line free.

Then the capelin moved off, and five minutes later there was no sound except the splash of the sinkers overside, the flapping of the cod, and the whack of the "muckles" as the men stunned them. It was wonderful fishing. Harvey could see the glimmering cod below, swimming slowly in droves, biting as steadily as they swam. Bank law strictly forbids more than one hook on one line when the dories are on the Virgin or the Eastern Shoals; but so close were the boats that even single hooks snarled, and Harvey found himself in hot argument with a gentle, hairy Newfoundland on one side and a howling Portuguese on the other.

Worse than any tangle of fishing-lines was the confusion of the dory-rodings below water. Each man had anchored where it seemed good to him; drifting and rowing round his fixed point. As the fish struck on less quickly, each man wanted to haul up and get to better ground; but each man found himself intimately connected with some four or five neighbors. To cut another's rodging is crime unspeakable on the Banks; but it was done, and done without detection, three or four times that day. Tom Platt caught a Maine man in the black act and knocked him over the gunwale with an oar, and Manuel treated a fellow-countryman in the same way. But Harvey's line was cut, and so was Penn's, and they were turned into relief-boats to carry fish to the *We're Here* as the dories filled. The capelin schooled once more at twilight, when the mad clamor was repeated; and at dusk they rowed back to dress down by the light of a kerosene lamp on the edge of the pen.

A strange phenomenon of nature is to be observed here:

The dories roved and fished and squabbled till a swell underderran the sea. Then they drew more apart to save their sides, and some one called that if the swell continued the Virgin would break. A reckless Galway man with his nephew denied this, hauled up anchor, and rowed over the rock itself. Many voices called them to come away, and others dared them to hold on. As the smooth-backed rollers passed to the southward, they bove the dory high and high into the mist, and dropped her in ugly, sucking, dimpled water, where she spun round her anchor, within a foot or two of the rock. It was playing with death for mere bravado; and the boats looked on in uneasy silence till Long Jack rowed up behind his countrymen and quietly cut their rodging.

"Can't ye bear ut knockin'?" he cried. "Pull for your miserable lives! Pull!"

The men swore and tried to argue as the boat drifted; but the next swell checked a little, like a man tripping on a carpet. There was a deep sob and a gathering roar, and the Virgin flung up a couple of acres of foaming water, white, furious, and ghastly against the shoal sea. Then all the boats greatly applauded Long Jack, and the Galway men held their tongue.

"Ain't it elegant?" said Dan, bobbing like a young seal at home. "She'll break about once every ba'f hour now, 'less the swell piles up good. What's her reglar time when she's at work, Tom Platt?"

"Once ivry fifteen minutes to the tick. Harvey, you've seen the greatest thing on the Banks; an' but for Long Jack you'd see some dead men, too."

But it is not all such open work as this. There are many chances of death in the famous fog of the Banks, and one of them is here described:

They found Disko at the bell, which he handed over to Harvey.

"Keep her goin'," said he. "I mistrust I hear somethin'. Ef it's anything, I'm best where I'm so's to get at things."

It was a forlorn little jingle; the thick air seemed to pinch it off; and in the pauses Harvey heard the muffled shriek of a liner's siren, and he knew enough to know what that meant. It came to him, with horrible distinctness, how a boy in a cherry-colored jersey—he despised fancy blazers now with all a fisherman's contempt—how an ignorant, rowdy boy had once said it would be "gay" if a steamer ran down a fishing-boat. That boy had a state-room with a hot and cold bath, and spent ten minutes each morning picking over a gilt-edged bill of fare. And that same boy—no, his very much older brother—was up at four of the dim dawn in screaming, crackling oilskins hammering, literally for the dear life, on a bell smaller than the steward's breakfast-hell, while somewhere, close at hand, a thirty-foot steel stein was storming along at twenty miles an hour! The bitterest thought of all was that there were folks asleep in dry cabins who would never learn that they had massacred a boat before breakfast. So Harvey rang the bell.

"Yes, they slow down one turn o' their blame propeller," said Dan, applying himself to Manuel's conch, "fer to keep inside the law, an' that's consolin' when we're all at the bottom. Hark to her! She's a bummer!"

"Hoooo—whoooo—whupp!" went the siren. "Wingle—tinkle—tink," went the bell. "Graaa—ouch," went the conch, while sea and sky were all milled up in milky fog. Then Harvey felt that he was near a moving body, and found himself looking up and up at the wet edge of a cliff-like bow, leaping, it seemed, directly over the schooner. A jaunty little feather of water curled in front of it, and as it lifted it showed a long ladder of Roman numbers—XV., XVI., XVII., XVIII., and so forth—on a salmon-colored, gleaming side. It tilted forward and downward with a heart-stilling "Ssssooo"; the ladder disappeared; a line of brass-rimmed portholes flashed past; a jet of steam

puffed in Harvey's helplessly uplifted hands; a spout of hot water roared along the rail of the *We're Here*, and the little schooner staggered and shook in a rush of screw-torn water, as a liner's stern vanished in the fog. Harvey got ready to faint or be sick, or both, when he heard a crack like a trunk thrown on a sidewalk, and, all snail in his ear, a far-away telephone voice drawing: "Heave to! You've sunk us!"

"Is it us?" he gasped.

"Shucks, no; some one outside. Ring! We're goin' to look," said Dan, running out a dory.

In half a minute all, except Harvey, Penn, and the cook, were overside and away. Presently a schooner's foremast, snapped clean across, drifted past the bows. Then an empty green dory came by, knocking on the *We're Here*'s side, as though it wished to be taken in. Then followed something, face down, in a blue jersey, but—it was not the whole of a man. Penn changed color and caught his breath with a click. Harvey pounded despairingly at the bell, for he feared they might be sunk at any minute, and jumped at Dan's hail as the crew came back.

"The *Jennie Cushman*," said Dan, hysterically, "cut clean in half—ground up an' trompled on at that! Not a quarter of a mile away. Dad's got the old man. There ain't any one else, and—there was his son too. Oh, Harvey, Harvey, I can't stand it! I've seen—" He dropped his head on his arms and sobbed while the others dragged a gray-headed man aboard.

"What did you pick me up for?" the stranger groaned. "Disko, what did you pick me up for?"

Disko dropped a heavy hand on his shoulder, for the man's eyes were wild and his lips trembled as he stared at the silent crew. Then up and spoke Pennsylvania Pratt, and his face was changed on him from the face of a fool to the countenance of an old, wise man, and he said in a strong voice: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord! I was—I am a minister of the Gospel. Leave him to me."

"Oh, you he, be you?" said the man. "Then pray my son back to me! Pray back a nine-thousand-dollar boat an' a thousand quintal of fish. If you'd left me alone my widow could ha' gone on to the Provident an' worked fer her board, an' never known—an' never known. Now I'll hev to tell her."

There were times when the crew could neither fish nor dress down their catch, and sometimes they whiled away the hours with forecastle yarns. The best of those told, and a very amusing story it is, is as follows:

"There's a power av virtue in keepin' things seprate," said Long Jack, intent on stilling the storm. "That's fwat Steyning of Steyning and Hare's fund when he sent Counahan fer skipper on the *Marilla D. Kuhn* instid o' Cap. Newton that was took with inflam'try rheumatism an' couldn't go. Counahan the navigator we called him."

"Nick Counahan, he never went aboard fer a night 'tought a pond o' rum somewhere in the manifest," said Tom Platt, playing up to the lead. "He used to bum around the c'mission houses to Boston lookin' fer the Lord to make him captain of a tow-boat on his merits. Sam Coy, up to Atlantic Avenoo, give him his board free for a year or more on account av his stories. Nick Counahan the navigator! Tek! Tek! Dead these fifteen year, ain't he?"

"Seventeen, I guess. He died the year the *Caspar McVeagh* was built; but he could never keep things seprate. Steyning tuk him fer the reason the thief tuk the hot stove—bekaze there was nothin' else that season. The men was all to the Banks, and Counahan, he whacked up an iverlastin' herd crowd fer crew. Kum! Ye could ha' floated the *Marilla*, insurance an' all, in fwat they stowed aboard her. They left Boston Harbor fer the great Grand Bank wid a roarin' nor'-wester behind 'em an' all hands full to the bung. An' the heavens looked after him, fer divil a watch did they set, an' divil a rope did they lay hand to, till they'd seen the bottom av a fifteen-gallon cask o' hugg juice. That was about wan week, so far as Counahan remembered. (If I could only tell the tale as he told ut,) All that while the wind blew like old glory, an' the *Marilla*—twas summer, and they'd give her a new foremast—struck her gait and kept ut. Then Counahan tuk the hog-yoke an' thrembled over it for a while, an' made out betwixt that an' the chart an' the singin' in his head, that they was to the south'ard o' Sable Island, gettin' along glorious, but speakin' nothin'. Then they broached another keg, an' quit speculatin' about anythin' fer another spell. The *Marilla*, she lay down when she dropped Boston Light, and she never luffed her lee-rail up to that time—bustlin' on one an' the same slant. But they saw no weed, nor gulls, nor schooners; an' primsly they observed that they'd been out a watter o' fourteen days, and they mistrusted the Bank had suspended payment. So they sounded an' got sixty fathom. 'That's me,' says Counahan. 'That's me, ivry time! I've run her slat on the Bank fer you, an' when we get thirty fathom, we'll turn in like little men. Counahan is the b'y,' sez he. 'Counahan the navigator!'

"Nex' cast they got ninety. Sez Counahan: 'Either the lead-line's tuk to stretchin' or else the Bank's sunk.'

"They hauled ut up, bein' just about in that state when ut seemed right an' reasonable, and sat down on the deck countin' the knots, an' gettin' her snarled up hijus. The *Marilla* she'd struck her gait, an' she held ut, an' primsly along come a tramp, an' Counahan spoke her.

"'Hev ye seen any fishin'-boats now?' sez he, quite casual.

"'There's lashin' av them off the Irish coast,' sez the tramp.

"'Oh! go shake yerself,' sez Counahan. 'Fwath have I to do wid the Irish coast?'

"'Then fwat are ye doin' here?' sez the tramp.

"'Sufferin' Christianity!' sez Counahan (he always said that whin his pumps sucked an' he was not feelin' good)—'sufferin' Christianity! he sez, 'where am I at?'

"'Thirty-five mile west-south-west o' Cape Clear,' sez the tramp, 'if that's any consolation to you.'

"'Counahan fetched wan jump, four feet sivin inches, measured by the cook.

"'Consolation!' sez he, bould as brass. 'D'ye take me fer a dialect? Thirty-five mile from Cape Clear, an' fourteen days from Boston Light. Sufferin' Christianity, 'us a record, an' by the same token I've a mother to Skibbereen!' Think av ut! The gall av um! But ye see he could never keep things seprate.

"The crew was mostly Cork an' Kerry men, barrin' one Marylander that wanted to go back, but they called him a mutineer, an' they ran the old *Marilla* into Skibbereen, an' they had an illigit time visitin' around with friends on the old sod for a week. Thin they went back, an' it cost 'em two an' thirty days to beat to the Banks again. 'Twas gettin' on towards fall by thin, and grub was low, so Counahan ran her back to Boston, an' no more bones to ut."

"And what did Steyning say?" Harvey demanded.

"'Fwath could they? The fish was on the Banks, an' Counahan was at T-wharf talkin' av his record trip east! They took their satisfaction out o' that, an' ut all came av not keepin' the crew and the rum seprate in the first place; an' confusin' Skibbereen wid 'Quecreau, in the second. Counahan the navigator!'

The story ends with the restoration of the missing lad to his parents; but they are away across the continent in San Diego when he reaches Eastern Point and is first able to telegraph to them the news of his return from the dead. But a matter of thirty-five hundred miles is a small obstacle to a man who has sixty-three millions of dollars invested in railways, and he crosses the continent in eighty-seven hours and thirty-five minutes. It is a remarkable run, and Kipling's account of it is one of the best things in the book.

A St. Louis inventor has patented a device by means of which a type-setter, using a machine with keys resembling those of a type-writing instrument, produces a perforated strip of paper each of whose perforations represents a printed character. When the perforated strip is run through an electrical transmitter, connected by wires with distant type-setting machines, properly adjusted for the type, the type can be simultaneously set in as many different printing offices as may be connected in the circuit.

LITERARY NOTES.

Stephen Crane's Summer Girl.

Stephen Crane's latest story, "The Three Violets," will not add to his reputation. It is a mere novelette, and a trivial one at that. In fact, he has brought his photographic method to bear on a very commonplace lot of persons.

His hero is a young artist who makes a summer visit to the old folks on the farm and falls in love with a girl who is spending a fortnight at a neighboring summer resort. His courting is carried on at a picnic and on the veranda, and as he is quite an ordinary young man and the girl has about as much sense as a linnet, their conversation is inane.

The scene shifts to New York before he has declared himself. Here he is shown in "Bohemian" surroundings—the Bohemia of poverty, cheap wit, and the light-heartedness of youth. But here, too, Mr. Crane introduces the one living person among the puppets who fill his stage. She is Florinda, a model, the daughter of a down-town janitor. Her love for the artist is rather prettily revealed through her slangy talk, but it is hopeless, for the struggling artist wins the feather-brained beirress—so one infers from the fact that, in the final pages, she bids him leave her at once, and later informs him that he is "perfectly ridiculous"—and they are left with a roseate future of studio teas before them.

Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

Ballads of the Bush.

Ballads of the bushland of Australia are rare even in these days when every nook and corner of the world is being ransacked for studies of life and manners that are full of local color. Whether these ballads of a new people glint with humor or mirror pathos, the novelty of fresh scenes adds a new element of attractiveness that is sure to capture lovers of unconventional literature. The volume under consideration, "The Man from Snowy River and Other Verses," by A. B. Paterson, has had a very successful sale. Some of the songs have been put to music and many of the others have a tincture of manly dash that accords well with one's idea of what the typical poetry of a new country should be.

Uniform with the above comes a second volume of Antipodean verse, called "When the World was Wide," by Henry Lawson. In these also is reflected the same breezy and vigorous life of the Australian bush that is treated in Mr. Paterson's popular verse.

Published by Angus & Robertson, Sydney; price, 5 shillings each.

Robert Louis Stevenson's Grave.

Two bronze tablets now mark the grave of Robert Louis Stevenson at Vallima. On one is the following inscription from his own writings:

1850. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. 1894.
Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.
This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

The other bears the following from the Book of Ruth in Samoan:

"Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God;
Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried."

More of "The House-Boat on the Styx."

"The Pursuit of the House-Boat," by John Kendrick Bangs, is a sequel to "The House-Boat on the Styx." It relates the capture of the house-boat of the Club of the Associated Shades by Captain Kidd and his gang. The club discuss a method of recapturing their boat under the direction of Sherlock Holmes. When the house-boat was captured, it contained the women members of the Associated Shades, and their debates are chronicled in the latter part of the volume. The boat is finally rescued and Kidd's schemes are defeated. The main interest of the volume lies in its imaginary conversations, which are very clever and amusing. The illustrations, by Peter Newell, are in a happy vein.

Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25.

A Novel by Herbert D. Ward.

Herbert D. Ward has written what may be considered a sequel to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward's "An Old Maid's Paradise." It is called "The Burglar Who Moved Paradise," and describes how Paradise, or, rather, a dwelling bearing that name, was moved by water. The narrative abounds in originality and picturesqueness of treatment, and the humorous delineations of New England character are good reading. The novel is wholesome and optimistic, without weakness, and the local color is that of the sea, shore, and drifting log.

Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Walt Whitman's Letters to a Friend.

"Calculus" is the title of a series of letters written by Walt Whitman to his friend, Peter Doyle. It is an interesting "human document," recording as it does one of the closest of the poet's friendships. To

those who are interested in this unusual personality, it affords opportunity to study his peculiar characteristics. The book has been edited by Dr. Bucke, a man intimately acquainted with the poet and his works and one of Whitman's literary executors.

Published by Laurens Maynard, Boston; price, \$1.00.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

F. Marion Crawford's new novel, "A Rose of Yesterday," is soon to be published in book-form. His readers will recollect a scene in an earlier novel where his feeling toward divorce is shown, and will feel special interest in a book in which divorce has become the main motif.

Of Richard Harding Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune," fifteen thousand copies were ordered by the trade two weeks before publication. A second edition has already been issued.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is in Washington, busily engaged on her new novel, which is called "His Grace, the Duke of Osmonde." It is to be finished in August. Readers of "A Lady of Quality" will remember the Duke of Osmonde, who appears in the latter part of the book and conquers the heroine. That the duke has had a career, and an interesting one, is hinted at in "A Lady of Quality." In dramatizing the latter story, Mrs. Burnett found that the duke was not a sufficiently distinct character for dramatic purposes, and this it was that led her to elaborate him in a new story.

The Macmillan Company announces a new edition, with new stories, of a little book entitled "The Flower that Grew in the Sand," by Mrs. Ella Higginson. The new title will be "From the Land of the Snow Pearls, Tales of Puget Sound."

The next publication of the Caxton Club, of Chicago, will be Derby's "Phœnixiana," edited by John Vance Cheney, in two volumes, 12mo, with an etched portrait of Captain Derby on India paper, by W. H. M. Bicknell after the painting by F. B. Carpenter, and an appendix of several pieces, together with ten humorous pen-and-ink sketches by the author, never before published.

Of the art of Frank R. Stockton, the *Nation* says:

"Mr. Stockton's naively demure treatment of detail is as taking as ever. But it is a mode of writing which, highly effective when it is used to describe incidents in themselves humorous, comes dangerously near inanity when invention flags. So far are we from sympathizing with the reader who said that castaways never would have kept themselves afloat with brooms as Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleschne did, that, on the contrary, it is, to our thinking, such supreme moments which best justify the manner of Mr. Stockton. But when he is describing a morning call or a village dressmaker's parlors, a feeling of desolate flatness sets in which surprises more than his most surprising climaxes."

An edition of ten thousand copies of James Lane Allen's new novel, "The Choir Invisible," was entirely sold out by the day of publication, and a second edition sent to press.

Sienkiewicz's name is pronounced as if spelled "Sen-kay-vich," with the accent on the "kay," according to his translator, Jeremiah Curtin. Mr. Curtin is a Wisconsin man and a Harvard graduate. He and Mr. Brown, of Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, were classmates, and to that fact is due the securing of a publisher for the translations of Sienkiewicz's works.

Stuart Henry, whose "Hours with Famous Parisians" was noticed in the May *Book Buyer*, is not a woman, as conjectured by the reviewer, but a live man, who lives in Topeka, Kan.

Professor Israel C. Russell, of the University of Michigan, has written a book on "Volcanoes of North America," and the Macmillan Company will bring it out simultaneously with the similar work by Sir Archibald Geikie on "Ancient Volcanoes of Great Britain."

An Evanston, Ill., publisher has just published the "Autobiography of a Pocket-Handkerchief," by James Fenimore Cooper, a re-issue, collated from the original manuscript, of an almost unknown novel by Cooper, which has not been published for nearly sixty years. It first appeared in the United States in 1843, as a serial, then as a pamphlet (practically unobtainable now), finally in book-form in England only. No collected edition has ever included it.

The apotheosis of the novel is described by Herbert Paul in the *Nineteenth Century* when he recites that George Moore's "Esther Waters" is credited with having inspired the decision in *Hawke versus Dunn*.

Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston has kept silence only too long, and readers of his delightful "Dukesborough Tales" will rejoice in the appearance of a new book by the author. It is a collection of short stories called "Old Times in Middle Georgia." The Macmillan Company will publish the book.

Ferdinand Brunetiere, the French critic, delivered his recent course of nine lectures at Johns Hopkins merely from notes. Since his return to Paris he has undertaken to write out their substance for publication in serial and book-form. Before this volume appears, however, there will be published from his pen a work on French literature extending to some four hundred pages, the greater part of which is

already in type. It will appear early in the autumn and will be published simultaneously in French and English. His impressions of America, to be printed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, will not be seen for some time; before he left Paris, he had read the proofs for four forthcoming issues of the *Revue*, of which he is editor.

The *Bookman* ventures the opinion that Richard le Gallienne's new version of Omar Khayyam's famous "Rubaiyat" will rank above Fitzgerald's. Mr. le Gallienne's poem will appear in one of the magazines next month, and later in book-form.

It is said that good portraits of Du Maurier and Anthony Hope, drawn from life, appear in one of the sketches in Gibson's next installment of his London drawings.

The new volume by Amos K. Fiske, the author of "Midnight Talks at the Club," "The Jewish Scriptures," and other works, is just ready from the house of the Macmillan Company. Its title is "The Myths of Israel: The Ancient Book of Genesis, with Analysis and Explanation of its Composition."

John Corbin, whose paper on "Two Undescribed Portraits of Shakespeare," in the May number of *Harper's Magazine*, has been highly appreciated, has recently been called from a teachership in Harvard to an editorial post upon *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Corbin is a Chicago man who took his degree at Oxford, and has traveled widely.

The new selection of poems by George Meredith will contain some hitherto unpublished pieces. He has been writing some lines about Napoleon, for whom Mr. Meredith's friends say that he entertains a great enthusiasm.

Curiously enough at the same time that the Macmillan's are publishing James Lane Allen's story of John Gray's life, "The Choir Invisible," they are issuing also a new edition of a book which, according to the novelist's story, exerted a strong influence on his hero at a critical moment in the story. The reference is to Mallory's "Morte d'Arthur."

International comparisons in the bookselling business yield some curious results. Says the *Publishers' Weekly*:

"In England the trade reports chronic demoralization. Prices are cut under, 'department-store' book sales hurt the regular dealer, etc. Pass over to Germany and the prosperous bookseller—there is one of him to each five thousand inhabitants—is encountered on every hand. His success is there ascribed to two rules regulating his relations with the publisher: the maintenance of a fixed retail price and the right of returning unsold copies. In France, however, the complaints and evils known to the English trade re-appear. One remedy proposed is the periodical scaling down of prices of books in stock—on the principle that 'novelties' no longer novel have to be sold cheap if sold at all. The house of Firmin-Didot is about to try the experiment by issuing a catalogue of its standard publications priced according to this rule."

The raising of the price of a modern novel is not a common thing, but that is what Fisher Unwin has done with Mrs. W. K. Clifford's "Mrs. Keith's Crime." It originally appeared in 1885, and can be had at eighteen pence. Mr. Unwin's new edition has been raised to four times that price.

James Whitcomb Riley's book of poetry, entitled "A Child-World," published last Christmas, is already in its thirtieth thousand.

"The Battle of Harlem Heights" will be the subject of a monograph to be issued in the fall by the Macmillan Company for the Columbia University Press. The action occurred on Morningside Heights, under the very shadow of Grant's Tomb and on the sites of Barnard College and Columbia University.

When the Writers' Club—which is composed mainly of women journalists in London—opened new premises in Norfolk Street, Lady Burton presented to their library a set of her husband's translations of the "Arabian Nights."

Alexander Dumas the elder is still the best read story-teller in France, according to the statistics collected by the ministry of public instruction. Zola comes next, and then Alphonse Daudet, who last year passed Jules Verne; then followed Ercmann-Chatrain, George Sand, Chateaubriand, the Goncourts, and Maupassant. Lafontaine leads the classics, and "Robinson Crusoe" is still much read. Victor Hugo is the most popular poet. Next to him come Lamartine and Alfred de Musset.

Forty thousand copies of Dr. Nansen's "Farthest North" were sold in England before the first demand was met. In America the sale, while very good for so expensive a book, has been much smaller. A first edition of six thousand has been exhausted, and a second of twenty-five hundred will doubtless be taken up soon.

The letters on the United States which G. W. Stevens, of the London *Morning Post*, wrote to his journal during the recent political campaign, have been republished in England, where they have been received with some enthusiasm.

Lord Roberts's book has now reached its eighteenth edition.

About the time of the Crimean War, Carl Marx wrote a series of newspaper letters on the Eastern question. His daughter, Mrs. Marx Aveling, has been collecting them, and they are to be published as a book.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Carlyle and his Contemporaries.

Elizabeth Laban Smith has culled from the writings of Thomas Carlyle an interesting series of his pen-pictures of the London *litterateurs*, which she publishes in the current *Book Buyer*. She opens her *tableaux-vivants* with a composite picture made during his early life in the British metropolis:

"Thomas Campbell's head is a shop, not a manufactory; and for his heart it is as dry as a Greenock kipper. He is not so much a man as the editor of a magazine. His life is that of an exotic. His poetic vein is failing or has run out. I sympathize with him. I could have loved him, but he has forgotten the way to love. . . . Coleridge is sunk inextricably in the depths of puerile indolence. Southey and Wordsworth have retired far from the din of this monstrous city; so has Thomas Moore. Whom have we left? The dwarf Opium-eater. He carries a laudanum bottle in his pocket and the venom of a wasp in his heart. Vanity and opium have brought him to a state of 'dog distract or Monkey sick.' Hazlitt is writing his way through France and Italy. The gin-shops and pawn-brokers bewail his absence. Leigh Hunt writes 'wishing caps' for the *Examiner*, and lives on the lightest of diets at Pisa."

Carlyle's biographer says that at that time it is possible he did not know the tragedy lying back of Lamb, but the same harsh estimate was repeated forty years later. This is the drawing:

"Among the scrambling miscellany of notables that hovered about us, Leigh Hunt was probably the best; poor Charles Lamb the worst. He was sinking into drink, poor creature; his fraction of 'humor,' etc., I recognized and recognize—but never could accept for a great thing a genuine but essentially small and cockney thing; and now with gin, etc., superadded, one had to say 'genius'! It is not genius, but diluted insanity."

Mrs. Austin looks out from her frame, soft but dubious:

"Mrs. Austin seems to me in a kind of trial state; risen or rising to where she can not hope to stand; where it will be well if she feels no giddiness, as indeed I really hope she will. A most excellent creature, of surveyable limits; her goodness will in all cases save her."

Not so gently does he handle Margaret Fuller, who turned aside on her journey to Italy, whither she was going to be married to Count Ossoli, to visit the old Seer:

"Yesternight there came a bevy of Americans from Emerson, one Margaret Fuller, the chief figure of them, a strange litling lean old maid, not nearly such a bore as I expected."

Leigh Hunt, his faithful adherent and life-long admirer, was a close neighbor in Chelsea, and admired Mrs. Carlyle as much as her gifted husband. On one occasion he chanced to bring good news to No. 5 Cheyne Row, and Mrs. Carlyle jumped impulsively from her chair, and kissed him. This act called forth that exquisite little poem, "Jenny Kissed Me." This graceful tribute does not stay the old Seer's judgment; he writes of Hunt:

"He is limited, even bigoted, and seeing that I utterly dissent from him, fears that I despise him; a kindly, clever man, fantastic, brilliant, shallow, of one topic, loquacious, unproductive."

The little pen-picture he gives us of Macaulay speaks volumes for the historian's patience, but it leaves the impression that you have seen the man through the reverse end of a telescope:

"Niagara of eloquent, commonplace talk from Macaulay. Very good-natured man; man cased in official mail of proof; stood my impatient fire explosions with much patience, merely hissing a little steam up, and continued his Niagara—supply and demand; power ruinous to powerful himself; impossibility of government doing more than keep the peace; suicidal distraction of new French Republic, etc. Essentially irremediable, commonplace nature of the man; all that was in him now gone to tongue; a squat, thick-set, low-browed, short, grizzled little man of fifty. These be thy gods, O Israel."

We come to the masterpiece of the collection with Walter Scott:

"Walter Scott died nine days ago. A gifted spirit now is wanting among men. He understood what history meant; this was his chief intellectual merit. As a thinker, not feeble—strong rather, and healthy, yet limited, almost mean and *kleinstädtisch*. I have a hundred times seen him, from of old, writing in the courts, or hobbling with stout speed along the streets of Edinburgh. A large man, pale, shaggy face, fine, deep-browed, gray eyes, an expression of strong homely intelligence, of humor and good-humor, and perhaps of sadness or weariness. A solid, well-built, effectual mind, the merits of which, after all this delicious exaggeration is done, and the reaction thereof is also done, will not be forgotten. He has played his part and left none like or second to him. *Plaudite!*"

Carlyle met our Webster at some breakfast, and has left this record of his impression:

"This American Webster I take to be one of the stiffest logic buffers and parliamentary athletes anywhere to be met with in our world at present—a grim, tall, broad-bottomed, yellow-skinned man, with brows like precipitous cliffs, and huge, black, dull, weary yet unweariable-looking eyes under them; amorphous projecting nose, and the angriest shut mouth I have anywhere seen. A droop on the sides of the upper lip is quite mastiff-like—magnificent to look upon; it is so quiet withal. I guess I should like ill to be that man's nigger. However, he is a right clever man in his way, and has a husky sort of fun in him too; draws in a bandfast, didactic manner about 'our republican institutions,' etc., and so plays his part."

Now turn to a little word-pastel. The sitting was at a dinner-party, and the inference is that Dickens smoothed the old Seer the right way:

"Nay, Pickwick, too, was of the same dinner-party, though they do not seem to be bed dim overmuch. He is a fine little fellow—'Boz,' I think. Clear blue, intelligent eyes, eyebrows that he arches amazingly, large, protrusive, rather loose mouth, a face of most extreme mobility, which he shuttles about—eyebrows, eyes, mouth, and all—in a very singular manner while speaking. Surmount this with a loose coil of common-colored hair, and set it on a small, compact figure, very small, and dressed à la D'Orsay rather than well—this is Pickwick. For the last, shrewd-looking little fellow, who seems to guess pretty well what he is and what others are."

Carlyle loved Tennyson—you read it between the

lines. And whether smoking together in the little hack garden or setting down the estimate he holds of the man or his work, the reference is always affectionate:

"A fine, large-featured, dim-eyed, bronze-colored, shaggy-headed man is Alfred; dusty, smoky, free and easy, who swims outwardly and inwardly with great composure in an inarticulate element of tranquil chaos and tobacco-smoke. Great now and then when he does emerge—a most restful, brotherly, solid-hearted man."

The picture Carlyle has drawn of the old Duke of Wellington is charming:

"By far the most interesting figure present was the old Duke of Wellington, who appeared between twelve and one, and slowly glided through the rooms—truly a beautiful old man; I had never seen till now how beautiful, and what an expression of graceful simplicity, veracity, and nobleness there is about the old hero when you see him close at hand. His very size had hitherto deceived me. He is a shortish, slightish figure, about five feet eight; of good breadth, however, and all muscle or bone. His legs, I think, must be the short part of him, for certainly on horseback I have always taken him to be tall. Eyes beautiful light-blue, full of mild valor, with infinitely more faculty and geniality than I had fancied before; the face wholly gentle, wise, valiant, and venerable. The voice, too, as I again heard, is 'aquiline' clear, perfectly equable—uncracked, that is—and perhaps almost musical, but essentially tenor or almost treble voice—eighty-two, I understand. He glided slowly along, slightly saluting this and that other, clear, clean, fresh as this June evening itself, till the silver buckle of his stock vanished into the door of the next room and I saw him no more."

Perfectly recognizable is old Walter Savage Landor in his brusque armor:

"The brave Landor forced me to talk far too much, and we did very near a bottle of claret, besides two glasses of sherry; far too much liquor and excitement for a poor fellow like me. However, he was really stirring company; a proud, irascible, trenchant, yet generous, veracious, and very dignified old man; quite ducal or royal man in the temper of him; reminded me something of old Sterling, except for that Irish-larney you must substitute a fund of Welsh choler."

From the beginning, Carlyle had small tolerance for Christopher North. "Too much whisky today," he would aver, savagely, when speaking of him. But he has painted the man as he appeared on Princes Street, Edinburgh, till he seems to stand before you. "That is Wilson, of the 'Isle of Palms,'" Campbell whispered to him one day:

"A tall ruddy figure, with plementous blonde hair, with bright blue eyes, fixed as if in haste toward some distant object, strode rapidly along, clearing the press to the left of us, close by the railings, near where Blackwood's shop now is. The broad-shouldered, stately bulk of the man struck me; his flashing eyes, copious, disheveled hair, and rapid, unconcerned progress, like that of a plough through stubble. Poor Wilson, I can not remember ever to have had at all much respected his judgment, or depth of sincere insight into anything whatever. He had nobleness of heart, and many traits of noble genius, but the central *lie-beam* was wanting."

Finally, there is this picture of the Grand Old Man:

"Gladstone, en route homewards, called on Monday. Talk copious, ingenious, but of no worth or sincerity—pictures, literature, finance, prosperities, greatness of outlook for Italy, etc.—a man ponderous, copious, of evident faculty, but all gone irrecoverably into the House of Commons shape—man once of some wisdom or possibility of it, but now possessed by the Prince, or many Princes, of the Power of the Air. Tragic to me rather, and far from enviable; from whom one felt one's self divided by abysmal chasms and immeasurabilities."

New Publications.

A good story for summer reading is "A Fiancé on Trial," by Francis Tillou Buck. It is published by the Merriam Company, New York.

"The Dominant Note," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, is the title of a collection of short stories by the author of the well-known "Love Letters of a Worldly Woman." These sketches, on amorous themes, are, as one expects from Mrs. Clifford, full of skillful touches and careful characterization. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

"In Brook and Bayou; or, Life in Still Waters," by Clara Kern Bayliss, is a timely publication of the Home Reading Book Series, meant to stimulate the study of the microscopic forms of animal life. It is well illustrated and calculated to initiate a child into the "poetry of science" and awaken a taste for intelligent investigation on his own account. Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, 60 cents.

"Sweet Revenge," by F. A. Mitchel, is a romance of the Civil War. A Union man from Tennessee, while acting as a spy in Alabama, was wounded by a guerilla. He was taken to a private house, where he met Mary, the daughter of the host. Abducted by the guerillas, he escapes from them, aided by Mary and her cousin. There is another capture, another escape, and finally the union of the man in blue to the girl in gray. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00.

Apropos of the approaching jubilee of the empress-queen, Victoria, comes a timely volume entitled "The Personal Life of Queen Victoria," by Sarah A. Tooley. It makes no attempt to review her reign from any other standpoint than that of the biographer. It retraces the events of her life from her childhood to the present, and dwells interestingly upon her personal tastes and characteristics. The volume is copiously illustrated and well bound. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

"In Plain Air," by E. L. Cahot, is a quiet, simple, well-written novel, which blends the life of the town with country scenes. The heroine, a charming girl whom travel has made broad-minded, returns to her native place, where she is compelled to endure the

captious criticism of the narrow-minded residents. There are no marked emotional crises or dominating character-studies in this love-story; but it is clean and skillful and leaves a pleasant impression. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

An attractive and useful book, calculated to interest young readers, is the "Story of Troy," by M. Clarke. This classical subject has been so treated that its main incidents can be comprehended by young people at the period when their minds are most receptive, and, like the other volumes of the same series, it is adapted to foster a taste for classical literature. The text is plentifully interspersed with poetical extracts and good illustrations reproduced from famous works of art. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 60 cents.

RECENT VERSE.

Euthanasia.

The last poem written by Margaret J. Preston, who died in Baltimore in the latter part of March.

With the faces the dearest in sight,
With a kiss on the lips I love best,
To whisper a tender "Good-night,"
And pass to my pillow of rest.

To kneel, all my service complete,
All duties accomplished, and then
To finish my orisons sweet,
With a trustful and joyous "Amen."

And softly when slumber was deep,
Unwarned by a shadow before,
On a balcony pillow of sleep
To float to the Thitherward shore.

Without a farewell or a tear,
A sob or a flutter of breath;
Unharmd by the phantom of fear,
To glide through the darkness of death.

Just so would I choose to depart,
Just so let the summons be given;
A quiver, a pause of the heart,
A vision of angels—then Heaven.

—Boston Literary World.

A Parting Song.

Dear Giver of Thyself, when at thy side
I see the path beyond divide,
Where we must walk alone a little space,
I say, "Now, am I strong indeed
To wait with only Memory awhile,
Content, until I see thy face,"
Yet turn, as one in sorest need,
To ask once more thy giving grace!
So at the last
Of all our partings, when the night
Has hidden from my failing sight
The comfort of thy smile,
My hand shall seek thine own to hold it fast;
Nor wilt thou think for this the heart ingrate,
Less glad for all its past,
Less strong to bear the utmost of its fate.
—Arthur Sherburne Hardy in June Scribner's.

An Epitaph.

Imperial was the palace of his life;
With memory you may roam its chambers yet.

Here was the throne-room of his intellect,
Sumptuous for purple tapestries; and here
The aerial-domed hall of his eloquence;
And here the innumerable-alcove library
Of his vast erudition; and here drowsed
The rosy and many-mirrored lair of all
His fine poetic visions; and here gleamed
The sanctum of his heartiest friendships, fair
With clustering lights, heaped fruit, and ruddy
wine;

And here, august and sculptural, abode
The shrine of his white honor. Oh, in truth,
Imperial was the palace of his life!

Yet memory, if you will, may lead you past
The cobwebbed gloom of yonder bolted door,
And show you there the assassinated shade
Of Charity. Long since he smote her dead,
And hid her thus, to molder through the years
In that dark haunt, once beautiful, but now
Dolorous with mildewed garniture—sole blot
On this the imperial palace of his life.

—Edgar Pawcett in the Independent.

The Outlaw's Lass.

Duncan's lyin' on the cauld hillside,
Donald's swingin' on the hangman's yew:
Black be the fa' o' the sergeant's bride
Wha broke the troths, to keep ae troyst true.

The red-coats march at the streak o' day,
An' we maun lie wi' the brock to-night;
Then here's tae them safely on their way,
Speed to the mirk brings the mornin's light.

Here's luck to me, if you chance to fa',
An' here's to luck if it favors you;
For she's but ane, an' o' us there's twa,
To bim that's left may she yet prove true.

In days to come, when the reivers' ride,
They'll miss ae sword that was swift an' keen,
An' you nr I, as the Fates decide,
Will curse the power o' a woman's e'en.

A parting cup, we will drink it noo,
Syne break the quich to a shattered faith:
Here's happiness to the lass we loe,
The lying lass wha deceived us baith.

The soldiers drink in the change-house free,
The tinkler's clinkin' a crackit quach,
But cuddin' there on the sergeant's knee
Wha is the lass that is lauchin' laich!
—Charles Murray in Black and White.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

A New Society Play.

The Frawley Company have a good attraction for their third week at the Columbia Theatre. This is a new play, entitled "The Question," which treats of the fads and foibles of fashionable society. Its author is Lorimer Stoddard, a young man who has met with a large share of success in his brief career as a dramatist. His first work in this line was in writing "Napoleon" for Richard Mansfield, but it has been far overshadowed by the great success of his dramatization of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." The author of the novel expressed himself as thoroughly satisfied with it, though he had himself begun the preparation of a stage version before he read Mr. Stoddard's play, and the New York success of the piece, as presented by Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, has justified his opinion.

The scene of "The Question" is laid in Paradise Park—by which one may infer that Tuxedo is meant—and the action follows the experiences of a young couple from the West who invade that holy of holies of the socially elect. The entire strength of the Frawley Company will be called forth by the cast. The young Westerner will be played by J. M. Colville, and Blanche Bates will be his wife. Harry Corson Clarke will have the rôle of Admiral Bing, Thomas W. Ross will be his son, Frank Worthing will have the rôle of Harold Oskamp, and the others in the cast will be Wilson Enos, William Lewers, Georgia Busby, Eleanor Moretti, Phosa McAllister, Mrs. Ada Levick, Alice Perkins, Madge Carr Cook, Dorothy Rossmore, Gladys Wallis, Loretta Grace, Lelia Hill, Margaret Fuller, Cloy Bouton, May Bogart, Effie Bond, Edith Burton, and Mrs. Fred Hill.

The Lilliputians.

In spite of the fact that they speak in German, the Lilliputians are amusing large audiences at the Baldwin this week. Their previous visits to this city left a fame behind them that insured a cordial welcome, and their new piece has been even better received than those which preceded it. It is a fairy-story in which three little ragamuffins, being shown by a sort of cathode ray to be the most virtuous persons in the world, are selected as aspirants for the hand of a modern wizard's daughter, and the tests they are put to furnish the incidents of the play. The little comedians do not give the unpleasant impression most persons of such small stature inspire, and their comedy, especially that of Adolph Zink, is as artistic as the work of some of the best actors of mature size.

The comedians, however, furnish but a small portion of the entertainment. The piece is primarily a spectacle, and several ballets are introduced. The dancing is not remarkably graceful, but the blending of colors in the harvest festival at the end of the first act is unusually effective and characteristic, and the electrical dance and silver-lace ballet are elaborate and gorgeous to a degree.

The Lilliputians will remain at the Baldwin throughout the coming week, and, in addition to the evening performances, will give matinees on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and an extra performance on Sunday evening.

Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theatre Stock Company will begin a four weeks' engagement at the Baldwin on Monday, June 21st. This will be the tenth annual tour of the organization. At the head of the company are James K. Hackett and Mary Mannering, and other members who are well known here are Katharine Florence—a sister of Eleanor Moretti, of the Frawley Company—Elizabeth Tyree, Maud Odell, Mrs. Walcott, and Mrs. Thomas Whiffen and Charles Walcott, Frank R. Mills, and Joseph Wheelock, Jr. The bill for the opening is "The Prisoner of Zenda," which will be given with much the same cast that presented it here last season. Later in the engagement they will present "The First Gentleman of Europe," a costume play, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett; "The Mayflower," by Louis N. Parker, one of the two authors in "Rosemary," John Drew's great success of last winter; and "The Late Mr. Costello," by Sidney Grundy, who is the author of "Sowing the Wind."

The Tivoli's Review.

The Tivoli opera company presented its first "review" last Monday night, and a large audience was present in anticipation of the event. There were a few hitches in the performance, owing to the singers' unfamiliarity with their lines and business, but this is now worn off, and the performance now runs smoothly. "Miss Frisco" is scarcely a review in the sense in which the word is used in Europe.

There it is customary to reproduce in these performances the most striking incidents of the successful plays of the year, burlesquing them, and to introduce skits on the leading events in the boulevard life. This has not been done in "Miss Frisco." The piece bears a resemblance in such plot as it has to "A Trip to Chinatown." Miss Frisco elopes and is abducted, and leads her lover and her abductors a lively dance through the various phases of the surface life of San Francisco. One scene is laid at Lotta's Fountain, another on the veranda of the Cliff House, another at a masquerade ball, and still another in the corridor of Golden Gate Hall during the session of the Woman's Congress. In all of these scenes well-known public characters are introduced, from the white-whiskered policeman of Kearny Street to ex-Mayor Sutro and mine host of his ocean resort.

These local scenes and characters and the local allusions in the dialogue provoke a good deal of laughter, but there is not much else to interest in the piece and the music is not particularly fetching. The ballets, however, are well up to the Tivoli standard of excellence, "The Ballet of all Nations" being very pretty. "The Whirl of the Sphere" is a serpentine performed by a woman standing on a sphere which sparkles with many-colored electric lights.

"Miss Frisco" will be continued throughout next week, and on Monday, June 21st, Edwin Stevens will make his re-appearance on the Tivoli stage. He will be seen first in "Wang," of which an elaborate production is promised, and during his engagement a number of other novelties will be given, including "The Grand Vizier," "The Isle of Champagne," "Angeline," and "The Circus Queen."

The Orpheum.

Adgie and her lions, who have created a good deal of a sensation during their brief stay in town, will begin their last week at the Orpheum next Monday. In addition to dancing in the cage with her savage pets and inserting her head into the mouth of the largest, Adgie will feed the animals in full view of the audience. Other features of this week's entertainment which will be retained in the bill next week are the Vaidis Twin Sisters in their aerial acrobatics; the Russell Brothers, Dailey and Hilton, Johnson and Lean, and a few other specialists. The newcomers are Josephine Sabel, "the little woman with the big voice," and Conway and Leland. These latter are described as "the merry monopedes."

Notes.

Alice Atherton is coming back to this country next season to head one of E. E. Rice's companies.

William T. Carleton is in New York trying to organize a company to sing light opera at Brighton this summer.

William Haworth is writing a new play for the Frawley Company. He has already completed three acts of it.

Percy Haswell has left Augustin Daly's Company and will be with W. H. Crane when he appears at the Baldwin.

Georgia Busby and Phosa McAllister will make their first appearance with the Frawley Company this season in "The Question."

A dramatization of Anthony Hope's "Phroso" will probably be the first play used by Charles Frohman's stock company next season.

Frederic de Belleville will be a member of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske's company for next season's tour of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

"Change Alley," the new play by L. N. Parker, which E. H. Sothern is to produce next season, is founded on the South Sea bubble episode.

Annie Irish will be the leading lady with W. H. Crane this season. She was here with the Empire and Lyceum companies and with John Drew.

Charles Coghlan has written a new comedy which he calls "Dr. Quixote." J. E. Dodson, of the Empire Company, has purchased the right to produce it.

Herbert Kelcey, Effie Shannon, and William J. Lemoyne will venture out as co-stars next season in "A Coat of Many Colors," by Madeline Lucette Ryley.

May Robson was surprised to learn, a few days ago, that her son had been married for six months past. His name is Edward H. L. Gore, and he is only twenty.

"Shenandoah," with Mr. Worthing in the rôle of Kerchival West and Gladys Wallis as the little soldier girl, will follow "The Question" at the Columbia Theatre.

Ada Lewis, the well-known "tough girl," has been engaged by Manager Frawley to play one of the boys in "Two Little Vagrants" when it is presented at the Columbia.

Henri Meilhac, one of the authors of "Frou Frou" and collaborator with Ludovic Halévy in a number of comedies, suffered a stroke of paralysis a fortnight ago, but he has now recovered.

Hope Ross, formerly of the Frawley Company, who has been appearing in "The Good Mr. Best" at the Boston Museum, sailed for London last week

to replace Odette Tyler in the cast of "Secret Service" at the Adelphi.

Gilbert Saroni, the former minstrel, is in a grand spectacular revival of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at the Murray Hill Theatre, New York. He is playing the rôle of Marks, the lawyer, "with songs."

Among the new plays which Mr. Frawley has secured is the one with which Charles Wyndham will open the next season of his Criterion Theatre in October. It is "The Game of Life," by Malcolm Watson.

A young actor who has been doing excellent work in New York during the past season is Edward Morgan, who will make his first appearance here when the Lyceum Company opens at the Baldwin on Monday week.

Four prominent companies will begin their next season's work at the Baldwin Theatre. They are the Lyceum Theatre Company, John Drew, Mrs. Leslie Carter, and W. H. Crane. The latter will have a new play, next season, entitled "A Virginia Courtship," by Eugene W. Presbrey.

Felix Morris does not come to us with the Lyceum Company this summer. He is appearing in the continuous vaudeville theatres, and seems to like it so well that he probably will not return to the stock company next season. Clara Morris is another eminent continuous vaudevillist.

One of the scenes in "The Question," Lorimer Stoddard's new play, which is to be given at the Columbia next week, represents a fancy-dress fête. Gladys Wallis will look very dainty in it in the costume of a Dresden shepherdess, and Blanche Bates will make up as a decidedly fetching Manon Lescaut.

Emily Bancker died in Albany a few days ago. She began her American career in Rosina Vokes's company, where her stately beauty was much admired, and she has since done excellent work in both comedy and emotional rôles. She was to have had the leading feminine rôle in "Christopher, Jr.," next season.

Mary Mannering, the new leading lady of the Lyceum Company, is an English girl whom Daniel Frohman discovered in the English provinces last year. She has been on the stage for fifteen years, though she is now only twenty-one. She made an instantaneous success in New York when she appeared there last fall.

Paris is to have a decided novelty during Eleonora Duse's engagement there. It will be the production of a new drama by Gabrielle d'Annunzio, entitled "A Spring Morning's Dream." It is the first of his plays to be acted. Duse will also be seen in "La Locandiera," "La Dame Aux Camélias," and "Magda." She is supported by a company of young Italian actors who are unknown in their own country.

James K. Hackett, the leading man in the Frohman Company, is the son of James H. Hackett, one of the most famous actors of a generation or so ago. The elder Hackett was married twice. His son by the first marriage is James H. Hackett, a well-known New York lawyer, who was for many years recorder in that city. The younger Hackett graduated to the stage from private theatricals, of which he became enamored during his college days. His first notable success was as Rudolph in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Country Club Trout.

An item of interest to anglers and naturalists is this, which can be proved by the fishing records of the Country Club of Marin County. In April, 1891, the club brought from the East and stocked a lake upon their preserves with Lake Rangely trout. Some of these trout were also placed in a small stream upon the preserve known as Bear Valley Creek. There were no other fish in the lake which was stocked, and which is now known as Trout Lake. In the stream, on the other hand, there was an abundance of animal life, including the native trout. At the expiration of one year, the trout which had been placed in the lake had increased in size to such an extent that they averaged twelve inches in length and three-fourths of a pound in weight. Abundance of food and lack of enemies doubtless account for this. In the stream the same trout, having to fight for their food and for their lives, had increased no more than native trout under similar circumstances, that is to say, they were "fingerlings," three or four inches in length and a few ounces in weight.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

A Poem on the Tariff.

We are in receipt of the following communication from a reader in Los Angeles:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: There is a poem by Rudyard Kipling in the *Argonaut* of May 10th, entitled "Our Lady of the Snows," which has puzzled many of its readers. Can you give me an explanation of it and what you consider the author's idea in the poem, and who or what is "Our Lady of the Snows"? If so, you will greatly oblige a constant reader, and one who thoroughly enjoys every number.

A. L.
405 S. MAIN STREET,
Los Angeles, Cal., June 5, 1897.

Doubtless our correspondent will be a little surprised when she learns what is the *motif* of Kipling's striking poem. It relates to what is known as the "preferential tariff" which Canada is now incubating. This tariff is designed to punish the United States for raising the duties on imports, and also designed, by its preferential duties, to cause Canadians to trade with England rather than with the United States. It has caused hysteric joy in England, and all of the London papers are, so to speak, weeping upon Rudyard Kipling's bosom. The poetic way in which Kipling clothes this extremely prosaic matter of "buying where you can buy the cheapest," and "selling where you can sell the highest," is as follows:

"My speech is clear and single,
I talk of common things,
Words of the wharf and market-place
And the ware the merchant brings.
Favor to those I favor, [England]
But a stumbling-block for my foes, [United States]
Many there be that hate us,"
Said our Lady of the Snows.

It is, of course, unnecessary to add to this explanation that the term "Our Lady of the Snows" is Kipling's pseudonym for the Dominion of Canada. It is not unamusing to add that there has been some indignation caused in Canada over this pseudonym, as it is feared that its Arctic ring may keep away intending immigrants. But one can not please everybody in this world, and Kipling has displeased the United States, partially pleased Canada, and plunged England into a condition of paroxysmal joy.

McKinley's Appointments.

The close of the first three months of the present administration has witnessed the appointment by President McKinley of a large number of the representatives of the United States in the diplomatic and consular service.

The four ambassadorships have been thus filled: Colonel John Hay, of Ohio, to Great Britain; General Horace Porter, of New York, to France; Hon. Andrew D. White, of New York, to Germany; and General William F. Draper, of Massachusetts, to Italy.

There are twenty-six envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary in the foreign diplomatic service, of whom the President has named eleven, the new incumbents being: James B. Angell, of Michigan, Minister to Turkey; Stanford Newell, of Minnesota, to the Netherlands; Bellamy Storer, of Ohio, to Belgium; Charlemagne Tower, of Pennsylvania, to Austria; A. E. Buck, of Georgia, to Japan; Harold M. Sewall, of Maine, to Hawaii; Charles B. Hart, of West Virginia, to the United States of Colombia; Edwin H. Conger, of Iowa, to the United States of Brazil; Henry L. Wilson, a brother of Senator Wilson, of Washington, to Chile; William F. Powell, of New Jersey, to Hayti; and John Leishman, of Pennsylvania, to Switzerland.

Of the twenty-five consuls-general the four following have been definitely selected: William McKinley Osborne, a cousin of the President, for consul-general at London; John K. Gowdy, of Indiana, at Paris; Robert F. Patterson at Calcutta; and Carl B. Hurt, of the District of Columbia, at Vienna. The United States maintains sixty-four consuls in the principal foreign cities, of whom President McKinley has named but seven; they are: Albion W. Tourgee, of New York, consul at Bordeaux, France; John G. Foster, of Vermont, at Sherbrooke, Canada; George N. West, of the District of Columbia, at Pictou, Nova Scotia; James Boyle, of Ohio, at Liverpool, England; E. S. Day, of Connecticut, at Bradford, England; S. Morgan, of Louisiana, at Horgen, Switzerland; and John F. Govey, of Washington, at Kanagawa, Japan. Three additional appointments in the above grades are expected to be announced shortly.

The present complications growing out of the Cuban war render the selection of a minister to Spain to succeed Hannis Taylor, and a consul-general at Havana in place of General Fitzhugh Lee, particularly important. It is positively announced that the former post has been refused by ex-Governor Jacob D. Cox, of Ohio. For the place at Havana the identity of the appointee is not yet clearly foreshadowed. For minister to Greece, a single prominent mention is the name of Professor Manatt, a distinguished classical and archaeological scholar now a member of the faculty of Brown University at Providence, R. I.

President McKinley has had occasion to appoint an unusual number of special foreign commissions which may be fairly added to this list. Among them are ex-Vice-President Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinois, General Charles J. Payne, of Massachusetts, and Senator E. O. Wolcott, of Colorado, who are visiting certain foreign countries in the interest of an inter-

national monetary conference; William J. Calhoun, a special commissioner to Cuba to investigate the Ruiz case and incidentally to gather facts relating to that troublous island; Hon. John W. Foster, a special ambassador to England, Russia, and Japan to negotiate agreements with some or all of those countries for the preservation of the fur-seals; and, lastly, Hon. Whitelaw Reid, a special ambassador to the Queen's Jubilee in London. With the exception of a few secretaries of legations and embassies, and perhaps some minor attachés, the above comprise the foreign appointees thus far named. The personnel displays the exercise of good judgment and a high order of talent worthy the service of a great nation. A comparison of numbers indicates that the administration is making no haste to overturn the diplomatic and consular service.

We may add that the roseate pictures drawn by certain local organs of the success of "Senator Perkins and the California delegation" in reaching the Presidential ear, do not seem to us warranted by the foregoing list. California is utterly unrepresented therein. Even the two diplomatic posts which have hitherto been looked upon as her property—Hawaii and Japan—have been lost to her.

NEW YORK JOURNALISM.

As Seen Through Chicago Spectacles.

James Gordon Bennett returned to New York, a few days ago, to inspect his newspaper properties after an absence of several years in Europe. There have been many changes in New York journalism since he was last in this country, and one of the evidences of their effect on Mr. Bennett is a mournful editorial in a recent issue of the *Herald*. It bewails the present condition of affairs, pointing out the fact that competition between newspaper proprietors has become so brisk, and the practice of seducing clever editors, writers, and artists away from their employers by offers of increased salary has become so general, that the owner of a metropolitan journal does not know where he is at for two minutes together. It has become necessary to secure the services of employees by contract. The managing editor of a New York paper is now under contract, the city editor is under contract, the special writer is under contract, the artists are under contract, and so it goes down the line to the very office-boy. In fact, the only individuals connected with a New York paper who are free nowadays are the proprietors—"and they seem to be under contract to go to the poorhouse," remarks the melancholy *Herald*.

The condition of this warfare among owners of newspaper property has been cleverly satirized by a correspondent of the *Chicago Chronicle* in the following skit—which is not so exaggerated as it may seem to an outsider:

After a week of hard work and constant endeavor the newspaper publishers of this place have failed to secure the services of your correspondent, and I think the interest they displayed should receive some official notice—for instance, in the way of an increase—but of that more later. The dispatches I had sent in from the seat of war in Cuba to your paper attracted the attention of Mr. Hearst of the *New York Journal*, and Mr. Pulitzer of the *World*, and Mr. Dana of the *Sun*. Consequently, the three editors sent a joint note to your correspondent, as the admirals of the powers have been doing in Crete, asking me to come on to New York and talk over business propositions. I left at once on receiving transportation and arrived here early in the week.

The *Journal* is printed in a yellow building in Park Row, near the post-office. In the *Journal* building I got in the elevator, and a yellow kid took me upstairs to Mr. Hearst's private office. The stairways are covered with yellow carpets and the windows have yellow curtains. In fact, there seems to be a streak of yellow about the whole thing.

"I have observed your correspondence for certain Western papers with considerable interest," said the editor, "and I would like to engage your services. You would be required to report at noon every day, go to luncheon at two o'clock, write a few words on the yellow kid's apron, and then go to the Waldorf at my expense until the next day. For this I would pay you three hundred and fifty dollars a week and fifty dollars an hour extra for overtime."

This appeared to be a fair proposition, and your correspondent was inclined to think it over. Before giving an answer, however, Mr. Hearst invited me to look through the establishment.

"We will first go to the local room," said he, and we were whisked upstairs in a private elevator which no one else uses. There is an elevator in the building for each reporter.

"This is where we keep the reporters," said he, throwing open the door. In the room were two hundred and seventy-eight bright young men writing copy. Fifty-six copy readers at long desks were taking the stuff, building heads on it, and then piling it carefully in waste baskets, which eighteen janitors were constantly employed in removing to the furnace in the basement.

"Why do you employ so many men when you can not get their stuff into an eighty-eight page paper?" asked your correspondent.

"Well," said Mr. Hearst, "for one reason they need the money. Then, again, if I did not hire them the *World* would, and, of course, that would not do. You see, my plan is to hire all the newspaper men in the country and thus cripple my rivals. I am getting them, slowly but surely, and in a short time Dana and Jim Gordon Bennett will have to go out and do night police themselves, read their own copy, and carry routes in the morning if they want to get out newspapers."

"Down-stairs we have one hundred and forty-eight artists. Few of them draw anything except salary,

but they can stand it as long as I can. I have the satisfaction of knowing they are not next door making pictures of the Cretan revolution for Pulitzer. The only artist who persistently refuses to join our merry throng is weakening, and I am now out after him. The *World* gives him two hundred and fifty dollars a week and no work Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays. I am going to make him an offer of six hundred dollars a week and no work at all. I think I can land him."

"Where is the mathematical department where the circulation is figured out?" asked your correspondent.

"On the floor below," said Mr. Hearst; "let us go down there for a minute."

In a long room, filled with desks, we found thirty-four men hard at work covering blocks of paper with figures. The editor approached one and asked:

"What will the circulation be to-morrow, Mr. Gesem?"

The lightning calculator placed a lot of figures on a paper, added them up, and said: "Eight million five hundred and forty-five thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine."

"How do you compute it?" asked the editor.

"Well, I usually add a million a day, but on dull days I make the figures odd. It looks better," said the accountant. "The boys are hard at work, and I do not doubt that by Sunday they will have the circulation beyond the ten-million mark."

We left the room, and on the way down the hall I asked the great editor how he managed to get the papers printed in time on the ordinary newspaper press, which does not print more than a million an hour or so in any other city save New York.

"Well, you see, we have seventy-five presses," said he, "and they print about five hundred thousand papers an hour, I think. I believe that is what one of the boys told me. If that is not enough presses we will buy a hundred more."

After viewing the building throughout, I told Mr. Hearst I would look around a little before giving him an answer. Across the way, at Lipton's bar-room, your correspondent found Mr. Pulitzer seated on a high stool at the oyster-counter, eating crackers and waiting for a dry stew. He recognized me instantly, and, moving over a little, made room for me beside him on the stool.

"I suppose them *Journal* fellows have been trying to hire you," said he. "Now, I don't know what they have offered you, but I will give you three hundred dollars a week, one hundred dollars an hour for overtime, and a steam-yacht in the bay to spend the summer with proper ease and dignity. We have a restaurant on the top floor of the building, and I will fix you up with transportation there which can be renewed every week. All our reporters live at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and send their bills to the office. Your days will be full of delight and ease, and you can spend your evenings picking grapes off the grape-vine over which we get our special cables from Europe."

Saying this, Mr. Pulitzer absorbed an oyster and seemed lost in thought.

Your correspondent said he would think the matter over, and in the afternoon called on Mr. Dana, pursuant to the invitation received while in Cuba. The great editor was seated in his office with his lunch-can beside him, and as I entered he was devouring a huckleberry tart.

"If you want to enter the service of the *Sun*," said he, "you will have to report to the city-editor as copy-boy. We raise our staff right here in the office. You will have to begin at the bottom and work up, and with perseverance, energy, and patience, you may get twenty dollars a week in the course of ten or fifteen years. That's how I got my start."

Mr. Dana then fished up an egg sandwich from the bottom of the can, and went at it in a dreamy sort of reverie. Your correspondent had not the heart to disturb him, and gently came away.

As you will observe, I still have the three propositions under consideration, and will make no move until I hear from the *Chronicle*. I am not anxious to engage in yellow journalism, but the salaries offered are very fair, to say nothing of the chances of a raise held forth by Mr. Dana.

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VANITY FAIR.

The Pioneer Club, one of the leading women's clubs of London, suffered a temporary eclipse, a short time ago, but it has been reorganized, and has sent out a circular in the course of which it says: "Within another generation all the great clubs may be open to women as well as to men; and, in view of the enlarged and broad spirit which is uniting men and women, it would be unwise to make a binding legal agreement that the club should never be permitted to have men, as well as women, as its members." Will the "spirit" which is "uniting men and women" go so far (asks L. F. Austin in the *Sketch*) as to close to the clubman all the avenues of escape from woman? Will desperate men seek the North or South Pole because, in civilization, they can not take a meal or smoke a cigar except under feminine supervision? In this aspect, the union of men and women is a fearsome development, which must make the British clubman set his face with greater rigor than ever against the periodical attempt to introduce women into his sanctuary. Now and then, a very young man will suggest the charm of a ladies' dining-room at the club, an apartment which would be hallowed by wives, and saved from too domestic conventions by cousins. The proposal is frowned down by the elders; but who can say what will happen a generation hence, when these conscript fathers are sleeping under veracious epitaphs, and the Pioneer Club has planted emissaries within the citadel?

Mr. Austin would entreat the new organizer of the Pioneer Club to keep this "uniting" spirit within bounds. "Between man and woman," he declares, "there can be no absolute community of interests. A man who was always in the drawing-room would be voted a bore by his womankind; a woman who took to haunting the 'great clubs' would be set down as a nuisance. Don't tell me she would use the privilege in moderation; there is no moderation in emancipated curiosity. Half the domestic trouble of this island springs from the sentiment that 'a wife's place is by her husband's side.' In the average household this fallacy is often made an insatiable idol, to which are sacrificed peace, love, and rational intercourse. A man must have a place where he can discuss with his fellows subjects which he can not discuss with women; and this is one signification of that rooted inequality of the sexes which can never be eradicated. It is true that there are clubs already where men and women meet; but no clubman takes them seriously. He will drink tea, and occasionally dine, at such resorts; these are social duties which have nothing to do with his club life; they employ his superficial accomplishments. Once within the monastic portals of his club, you see the real clubman, not always an imposing creature, but stripped of the minor arts which are well enough for the tea-table, and prompt to speak the thought at the back of one's mind. Absolute candor from man to woman is an unattainable ideal; but 'twixt man and man, the truth is not infrequently conspicuous, especially in the smoking-room."

Mr. Austin's remarks doubtless voice the sentiments of his countrymen, but he can scarcely be allowed to speak for Americans. In this country women occupy a higher plane in the world than do their English sisters. As a result they are far more companionable than Englishwomen, and American men do not feel the need of a safe retreat from their society. The plan of the "ladies' annex" has been tried in many of the leading American clubs, in New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, and other cities, and it has invariably been found an improvement. It affords opportunity for an exchange of social courtesies which has hitherto been wanting, and it has come to stay. Whether the "mixed" club, however—that in which equal privileges are extended to men and women alike—is to be an institution of future social life, time alone will show.

Once upon a time, every country had its summer resort distinctly qualified as fashionable. In England there were at different epochs Bath and Cheltenham and Tunbridge and Brighton. New York, in like wise, knew its Ballston, its Saratoga, its Sharon, its Newport. Clouds of wandering English once on a time darkened the Rhine and went the regular Swiss round. During the last French empire its court bestowed its *souloqueries* upon Biarritz, and enabled that strand to share with Pau the distinction of being fashionable. Again the scene changed, and Nice and the Riviera became fashionable, and more nearly retain that character than any other spot. But the Goths and the Huns are already upon it, and (says the *New York Sun*) the souls of M. le Comte and of Lady Brandyball are all torn up by the presence of her ladyship's *modiste* and the nobleman's apothecary. The truth seems to be that Nowhere is now fashionable, and the conviction that the floodgates are opened and society in but a parlous state, though it may cause a shudder, must be faced. One quite natural result is an increase in the number of country places, though it may be doubted whether the number of these places relatively to the number of persons able to keep them up shows any increase. A certain number of country clubs have come into existence which do fill a void, but they are far enough from being the old thing and are not quite the real thing. The inexorable fact seems to be that the fash-

ionable watering-place of the past, whether sea-side or springs, has gone out of existence. The resort will never go; inland man from the earliest ages has taken his annual dip in the brine; if too far away, he has gone to his chalybeate as systematically as his four-footed neighbors to their salt-licks. But just as all the deer and all the buffalo visited those spots, so now all mankind invades the beaches and places, and *ipso facto* there is an end of fashion.

The preparations for celebrating Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee have brought into prominence the fact that there are persons other than Americans who have objections to recognizing to the full and logical extent the principle that colored men are brothers. The various military and police forces from all parts of the empire are arriving in London in a steady stream, and for the most part are being lodged in ordinary barracks. The privates get along famously with Tommy Atkins, who does not worry much about color provided the colored man is properly deferential, but the officers will not have a colored officer at the same table. In London, so far, the matter has not gained sufficient publicity to cause a scandal; but a somewhat similar difficulty in Dublin has set the newspapers by the ears. The officers of the Royal Irish Constabulary refused to mess with the black officers of the Gold Coast Constabulary, sent over with a squad of men. The result is that the negro officers have to walk something like two miles to their meals. One of them, Captain Willoughby, who is described as "a fine, athletic young fellow, with a pleasing, candid countenance," resents this treatment, and talks of getting it brought to the notice of the queen. Should he succeed there would be pretty serious trouble for the Irish officers, for the queen has fine, old-fashioned notions about the absolute equality of her subjects of all colors and creeds.

Lady Desart has come out in the *National Review* with a defense of the British matron, and incidentally the other matrons who desire first of all a "good match" for their daughter. A mother, she holds, is bound to fight for her daughter's social advancement in marriage, and not to leave the girl to drift into a love-affair in which all the advantages are probably offered on the young woman's side. "If a man," she asks, "is not to consider a girl's value in face, figure, skin, eyes, hair, and general complexion, and is not to be introduced to her at social gatherings, and is not to consider her dowry (or want of dowry), how, in Heaven's name, is he to consider her at all?" Of companionship in marriage, of harmony in mind and temperament, Lady Desart says little, and she probably assumes that the absence of these happy conditions will be no less remarked where money permits husband and wife to go their several ways than when poverty keeps the couple close together. In any case, she finds the London marriage market an excellent institution. "We know," she says, "that London gathers to itself all that is best and most desirable of the manhood of our country, and that our girls will have a larger choice (and the better chance of choosing well that a wider experience gives) in London than elsewhere, so we bring them there. We bring them to the marriage market, but they come to enjoy themselves."

Gibson, Smedley, and Wenzell are the artistic creators *par excellence* of the aristocratic, high-bred type of American girl. The young woman with the haughtily poised and frankly insolent eyes, with whom Mr. Gibson's pencil has made us so familiar; the dainty girl who, in Wenzell's pictures, seems just stepping from the frame of some old family portrait; the thorough-bred and correctly gowned woman to whom Smedley introduces us, are models each in her way, and many women profess to see themselves reproduced in these pictures. By the flattery of judicious friends many a young woman fancies she looks like a Gibson girl or a Wenzell or Smedley girl. Then trouble begins. For directly this hallucination seizes a girl she begins to dress up to the part. She must look the rôle. Mme. Walls, the head of an importing house, said recently to a New York reporter: "As one can tell a Sara Meyer or a Paquin gown at a glance, so one can distinguish a Smedley, a Gibson, or a Wenzell girl without consulting the signature. The yachting and golfing girls, the Horse Show girls, the women at the opera, drawn by these artists, are always correctly gowned, their costumes characterized by a charming and distinguished severity. I have seen their prototypes, although they are very rare. Not one girl in a hundred is a Gibson girl; nor one woman in a thousand is a Wenzell woman. To dress as do these lovely creatures requires regularity of outline and distinction of bearing. The ordinary woman dressed in the close-fitting Gibson garments would be a borror."

All the courts of Europe have been in mourning for the deaths of the Duchess of Alençon and of her uncle, the old Duke of Aumale. True, the mourning was only for a fortnight, but royal relationships nowadays are so extensive that, what with one thing and another, two-thirds of the year may be said to be spent in court mourning. Court mourning (says a writer in the *New York Tribune*) may be described as the nightmare of European court life. No entertainment can ever be organized, no festivity planned, without the everlasting dread of some royal death

taking place to render necessary a postponement or an abandonment of the entire affair. The women never know until the last minute whether they can wear colors. For even when the relationship of the dead prince or princess of the blood is so remote as to render unnecessary the postponement of social and official functions and entertainments, court mourning is, nevertheless, necessary for a period ranging all the way from ten days to three months. During which time every woman with pretensions to social standing is expected to array herself in black and to relegate her diamonds, her rubies, her sapphires, and her emeralds, and her turquoises to her casket, and to wear nothing in the shape of jewelry but pearls, which are the symbol of tears, while the men are expected to add a mourning-band to their hat, to restrict themselves to black ties for day wear, and, if entitled to wear a uniform, to adorn the sleeves thereof with an arm-band of crape.

Men shake hands with strangers of their own sex with far greater readiness than do women. Two men, on being presented to one another, will frequently extend the hand in a grasp of greeting which gives opportunity to form a general idea of each other's make-up and know whether they are attracted or repulsed. Occasionally there is a man with sufficient good nature and courage to refuse another man's hand without causing offense. There are men who have been so impressed with the discoveries of bacteriology that they maintain hand-shaking to be the cause of dissemination of disease germs. The bare hand comes in contact with innumerable germs looking for pasturage on some vulnerable spot of our anatomy. A cut or abrasion on the hand leaves a door open for the admission of the enemy. Therefore it is with reason that men argue against promiscuous hand-shaking out of the home among the men met in business life. Science long ago frowned upon the practice of promiscuous kissing which prevailed among women. Is the ungloved hand-shake also doomed?

An anonymous donor has just given a check for twenty-five thousand pounds to the fund being raised in the name of the Princess of Wales for a banquet to the poor of London on Queen's Day. This vast sum (one hundred and twenty thousand dollars) as the gift of one person to such a cause is generally regarded in London—not as a splendid manifestation of disinterested benevolence, but—as a bold bid for preferment. Mr. Astor, whose craving to secure a peerage is the subject of curious gossip in all grades of society, is conspicuously named among persons who are itching for honors that only their money can gain them. Mrs. Bradley-Martin, too, is suggested by Elwyn A. Barron, writing to the *Chicago Times-Herald*, as one likely to have been moved to this act of singular ostentation. There are no Americans more determined of a mind to break into the charmed circle of London society than this energetic lady and her compliant husband. It has been announced that they intend to make a "sensation" in London (rather a difficult thing to do in the ordinary course of events), and nothing quite so sensational as this munificent subscription could have made legitimate appeal to the well-stuffed purse of the blaze-loving pair. Who did give the money will be kept a secret until wonderment has reached a proper climax, and then the name will be allowed to leak out.

An entirely new idea in tandem-driving has been introduced by Mr. Leopold Wesner, a Vienna whip. He drives ten horses grouped in the shape of a pyramid, and calls the feat driving a ten-in-hand, but an American who witnessed the triumph of the Austrian has dubbed it a pyramid-in-hand. Mr. Wesner arranges his horses as follows: The four heaviest horses, harnessed abreast, form the base of the pyramid. Then three other horses are harnessed in front of these, two more immediately before the three, and a single spirited bay forms the apex. As will be readily understood by all those who have toiled a coach, the principal difficulty is that of controlling animals driven at such a distance. The distance of the leader, as a matter of fact, is fully thirty-five feet. Another problem, that of keeping the horses in a straight line, is decidedly more difficult. Mr. Wesner confesses that, although used to tandem-driving for many years, it took many months to accustom the horses to the arrangement. The idea called for a new arrangement of the ribbons. It also demanded a breaking of habits in estimating turning out acquired by the eye when driving four-in-hands. The sensation of being behind this pyramid is described by those who have had the experience as most novel and exhilarating, but there is little probability that members of American coaching clubs will take it up.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

During the visit to the home of Thomas Jefferson the other day, Representative Tongue, of Ohio, asked the venerable guide whether there were any battles fought around there. "No, sah; no, sah!" replied the old negro; "not since the wah, sah."

General Porter tells a story of his farewell to Mark Twain once when Mark was going away. "I said, 'Good-by, Mark; may God be with you always.' He hopefully replied, 'I—hope—he—will—but—I—hope, too—that he may find some leisure—moments—to—take—care—of—you.'"

Not long ago the Right Reverend William Crosswell Doane, of Albany, paid a visit to the old country, and while there registered as "William of Albany." On his return (says the *Philistine*), he met Bishop Potter, who had also been to Yurruip, but got home first, when the latter said: "Too bad, Doane, that you didn't live in Buffalo; in that case you could have registered as Buffalo Bill."

Senator Cameron once called upon President Lincoln in behalf of an applicant for a consulate who was particularly pestiferous person to him. "Where do you want to have him sent?" asked the President. There was a large globe in the room. The Pennsylvania senator put one arm around it as far as he could reach, and said: "I do not know what my finger is on, but send him there." And he was sent.

Wendell Phillips once, when he was interrupted by an unfriendly audience, stooped down and began talking in a low voice to the men at the reporters' table. Some of the auditors, becoming curious, called "Louder." Whereupon Phillips straightened himself up and exclaimed: "Go right on, gentlemen, with your noise. Through these pencils"—pointing to the reporters—"I speak to forty million people."

A traveling man relates that he was driving across the country to a little town in Western Kansas, the other day, when he met a farmer hauling a wagon load of water. "Where do you get water?" said the traveler. "Up the road about seven miles," the native replied. "And you haul water seven miles for your family and stock?" "Yep." "Why, in the name of sense, don't you dig a well?" "Because its jest as far one way as the other, stranger."

Bishop Potter visited a brother prelate last summer at a popular sea-side resort. As the bishops were walking home from the Sunday morning service, they could not fail to notice the crowds of bathers in the surf, clad and unclad in all manner of costumes. The resident prelate turned to his visitor, saying, with a sigh: "What should you do if you were confronted by a problem like that in your diocese?" "Brother," Bishop Potter quietly replied, "this is not my see!"

While making a post-prandial speech in Chicago, the other night, Colonel Watterson lamented that he was unable to summon to his assistance the comfort which Daniel was able to summon when he found himself in the lions' den. Casting about him and ascertaining that there was no possible means of escape, the prophet folded his arms and turned upon the ferocious beast who was licking his chops preparatory to devouring him, and he said: "There is one comfort, anyhow. After this meal there won't be any speech-making."

The poet Rogers was afflicted with a notably unpleasant, cadaverous countenance, which, with all his intellectual power, was a mortification to him. To hide his annoyance, he joked about his ugliness incessantly. He once turned to Sydney Smith, who was dining with him, and said: "Chantry wants to perpetuate this miserable face of mine. What pose would you suggest that I should take?" "If you really wish to spare the world as much as possible," said the wit, "I would, if I were you, be taken at my prayers; my face buried in my hands."

The other day the heavy downpour and the closeness of the atmosphere in the Rhode Island senator's committee-room (says the *Washington Post*) evolved some marvelous tales about trout. Senator Caffery spoke of a superlative catch in which he estimated his fish at nine pounds. Mr. Aldrich went him one better by putting a certain catch of his down at forty-one inches long. "Where did you catch him?" inquired Senator Caffery, dubiously. "In Rhode Island." "Hm!" said Senator Caffery; "there isn't a river in the State long enough to produce such a fish."

In the Brazilian hotels men are employed to do the chamber work, and they are prone to rush into the bedrooms of the guests when occasion requires without knocking. A prim little Yankee "school-marm" visiting Rio de Janeiro was much annoyed at this custom, and, after mildly protesting several times without effect, she said severely to the boy who did the work in her room: "Juan, be good enough to understand that I will not allow you to open the door of my room without knocking. If you do it again I shall certainly report you at the office."

Why, I might be dressing!" "No danger of that, señora," responded Juan, in his best English, "before I come in I always look me through the key-hole."

Captain Mahan, in his "Life of Nelson," tells the following story of the great sailor. The fleet letters had just been sent off, when Nelson saw a midshipman come up and speak to Lieutenant Pasco, the signal officer, who, upon hearing what was said, stamped his foot in evident vexation, and uttered an exclamation. The admiral called him and asked what was the matter. "Nothing that need trouble your lordship," was the reply. "You are not the man to lose your temper for nothing," rejoined Nelson; "what was it?" "Well, if you must know, my lord, I will tell you. You see that coxswain?" pointing to one of the most exacting of the petty officers; "we have not a better man on board the *Victoria*, and the message which put me out was this. I was told that he was so busy receiving and getting off the mail-bags that he forgot to drop his own letter into one of them, and he has just discovered it in his pocket?" "Hoist the signal to bring her back," was Nelson's instant command; "who knows that he may not fall in action to-morrow? His letter shall go with the rest." And the dispatch vessel was brought back for that alone.

A distinguished-looking lawyer of the old school in southern Kansas was exceedingly near-sighted, but had a habit of laying his glasses on the table during his speeches to the jury. One day, as his back was turned to the other lawyers, one of them picked up the glasses and with a bit of mulligan fastened to the lenses pieces of tissue-paper which exactly covered the glass. Soon the owner of the glasses came back to the table and put them on to examine a paper, adjusted them again—and then a pallor overspread his face that was pitiful to see. "My God, gentlemen, I am blind! I have feared it for years," he exclaimed, and dropped his head on his hands. For an instant the court-room was hushed. Before any one could speak or the sheriff rap for order, the attorney lifted his head, took off the glasses, and had his sight again. His face flushed as he rubbed the tissue-paper from the lenses, and he stood up, an angry and excited man. "If I knew who did that dastardly trick—if I knew who had brought that minute of grief to me," he broke out, "I swear I would kill him." He left the court-room, and the judge adjourned the session for the day.

THE CHURCH-CHOIR TENOR.

Tony Larynx's Airy Confidences to the Soprano.

Maybe I wouldn't like to git out of this old dowdy place and go out in comic opera! Wouldn't you now, Miss Staccato?

Well, you needn't to be so shocked, I'm sure comic opera is just as good as church-choir singing any day, and, heaven knows, there's lots more fun in it. Do you remember Lottie Peachblow, who sang here three winters ago? Well, she's been out with the "Bird of Paradise" company three years, and now she's getting her little hundred per and her pictures in the papers wherever she goes—

Well, I don't know why not. You wouldn't object to having your picture in the paper, no matter what clothes you wore, or didn't wear, either, and with her it's a case of—

I'm not going to say anything naughty, you needn't be frightened. Of course, I'll change the subject if you want to, though it's all nonsense being so particular just because we happen to be in a church basement.

What do I think of Mr. Pedals? Just what everybody thinks of him, and if he says many more things to me, I'll tell him to his face that there isn't a rat in this nasty old damp cellar that we have to sit in that doesn't know more about organ-playing than he does. All he thinks about is the extras he makes out of weddings and funerals, and I do believe he stands in with that dreadful old Peter Skulls, the sexton, so's to have as many of them as possible.

How do they do it? Why, it's easy enough. Old Skulls always contrives to seat the young people together in couples as often as he can. And I know that old Mrs. Squintum would have lived five years longer if that miserable old scoundrel hadn't arranged a draught, with a bit of board stuck in a side window, so it came right down the back of her neck and she couldn't tell where it came from. Didn't you ever notice that it's the rich old people that are gathered sooner in this congregation? Why, there are those poor old Miss Furbelows that sit right under the gallery, they've got more lives than cats. 'Taint worth while opening draughts on them, because when one of them dies it'll be about ten dollars for Skulls and fifteen dollars for Pedals, and not a cent for us, even if we come in and sing our lungs out to get her past St. Peter.

No, I ain't ashamed to talk so. If they ain't ashamed to do such things, and the reverend doctor ain't ashamed to let 'em do it, knowing all the time what's going on—

What do you take me up short that way for? Of course he knows what's going on all the time. But he gets his rake-off for preaching the sermon, and he's got to live the same as the rest of us. There's old Coupon, the banker, who can't live a week, they tell me, and if Surplice doesn't get a trip to Europe

out of the funeral service he'll preach over him, I'm mistaken. He's getting ready for it now, I know that, because I came across some notes he had made, and they were of such a eulogistic nature that I wondered what rich man in the congregation was getting ready to leave us. If old Skulls could manage to get some of that sermon engraved on the coffin-plate it would be money in his pocket.

Well, I'll change that subject, if you like, and get on to some other. What do you think of weddings and funerals? You've sung at both often enough; which do you like best?

You like a wedding best, because it's such a bright, happy occasion? Well, that's just like a woman. I like a funeral best, because it's what I call a bright, happy occasion—that is to say, bright and happy for me, because I get something out of it without much trouble. A wedding, Miss Staccato, may be a good thing for the organist and the parson, but a good funeral suits the choir and the undertaker right down to the ground. That's the reason I always ask old Skulls to drink whenever I meet him outside, and if he'll aim some more of his cold draughts at the rich members of the congregation, I'll be only too happy to express my gratitude.

No, I'm not cynical, either. I am just talking husiness. You remember how happy we all were three winters ago when there was so much pneumonia about? When I look down over the choir-rail at those bald heads, I wonder how long it will be before some of them are carried in feet foremost, and I'm sitting up above singing, "Lead, Kindly Light" or "Beyond the Parting."

Hello, here comes old Skulls. Wonder what he's got to say? Top o' the morning to you, Skulls, old boy! Many things coming your way this week?

What's that! Old Coupon at last! Well, that was a shining mark. And maybe old Surplice will be sorry, and Pedals, too, for that matter.

Wednesday morning at ten? It'll probably be "Abide with Me." That's what they always sing when they're so darned glad to get rid of anybody. They can't think of anything else. Come along, old man, we've just got half an hour before the doors open, and I'm dry as a bone.—James L. Ford in *New York Journal*.

"I'll tell you how it was," said Officer Walling, who was a witness in the general sessions. "It was this way: When the policeman brought her into the Mercer Street Station House on a charge of stealing his hundred-and-fifty-dollar gold watch, I asked her if she did it, and she said: 'I'm a high-born lady, but it gives me extreme pleasure to rob a common damn policeman.' Them was her words."

The *Nation* says that, in England, at the present day, the expression *genteel* is mainly a peculium of the underbred—of those with whom *wives* are ladies, and of those who, in their own sphere, are known as *gents* and the like.

The stopping of a ball game in Cleveland, O., on a recent Sunday, was brought about by a union of the ministers and the saloon-keepers. Both wanted the people who attend ball games to come to their places on Sunday.

An electric mouse-trap is something new. A bit of cheese is attached to an electric wire. The mouse or rat to get at the bait must stand on a metal plate, and the moment he touches the cheese he is shocked to death.

With a piece of string and a little sand and grease some Hindoo convicts recently sawed through an iron bar two inches in diameter in five hours and escaped from jail, according to the *Pioneer Mail*.

A Veil of Mist

Rising at morning or evening from some lowland, often carries in its folds the seeds of malaria. Where malarial fever prevail no one is safe, unless protected by some efficient medicinal safeguard. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is both a protection and a remedy. No person who inhabits, or sojourns in a miasmatic region or country, should omit to procure this fortifying agent, which is also the finest known remedy for dyspepsia, constipation, kidney trouble, and rheumatism.



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SOCIETY.

The Everett-Estee Wedding.

St. Luke's Church was filled to overflowing last Wednesday evening when Miss Mabel Estee was married to Mr. Leonard Everett. The bride is the second daughter of Hon. and Mrs. M. M. Estee and a sister of Mrs. Charles Deering. Mr. Everett is a son of Mrs. E. M. Everett, of Boston, Mass., and is related to Senator Edward Everett, of Boston. The young couple are well known and popular in society circles, as was evidenced by the large number of their friends at the church, many of whom could not obtain entrance.

It was half-past eight o'clock when the bridal party was assembled in the chancel. The bride, in her robe of lustrous white satin and her maids in gowns of green organdie and silk, completed a pretty picture. The bridesmaids were Miss May Lowell, Miss Wanda Brastow, and Miss May Ayres, of this city, Miss Grace Bradford, of San Rafael, and Miss Louise Churchill and Miss Gertrude Thompson, of Napa. Mr. James M. Hobbs was best man, and the ushers comprised Mr. W. F. Wood, Mr. S. A. Wood, Jr., Mr. R. H. Hoitt, Mr. Morton Gibbons, Mr. Henry Nichols, and Mr. Lucien Knight. The bride's father gave her into the keeping of the groom, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Shaw.

After the wedding a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, 2291 Sacramento Street. About one hundred relatives and intimate friends of the newly married couple were present. Music, dancing, and the service of a supper were enjoyed. The wedding presents were numerous and costly. Mr. and Mrs. Everett left on Thursday for a brief trip north, and when they return they will reside at 1908 Baker Street.

O'Sullivan Farewell Dinner.

Mr. Denis O'Sullivan was given a dinner-party last Wednesday evening by some of his fellow-members of the Bohemian Club prior to his departure for England. Since his return to this city he has become even more popular than heretofore with his many friends, and he promises to return within a year or so improved in vocal capacity and with an opera that will show him to even better advantage than "Shamus O'Brien."

The Red-Room was the scene of the dinner, and it was decorated most artistically in the Japanese style. An elaborate menu was served, many toasts were given and responded to felicitously, and the honored guest of the evening sang some of his best songs admirably. Among those present were:

Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, Mr. William Sproule, Mr. George T. Bromley, Mayor James D. Phelan, Mr. James A. Thompson, Mr. C. D. Robinson, Mr. Harry Dimond, Colonel George W. Grannis, Dr. George W. Powers, Mr. Fred Yates, Mr. Joseph D. Strong, Mr. Gordon Ross, Mr. Daniel O'Connell, Mr. H. Marshall, Mr. W. L. Carrigan, Mr. John E. Beck, Mr. Joseph D. Howells, Mr. Amadee Joulion, and Mr. Edward Stevens.

Mr. and Mrs. O'Sullivan left last night for London, and were escorted across the bay by several of their friends. Their drawing-room was filled with floral tokens of regard from friends who wished them a bon voyage and a safe and successful return to their native heath.

The Country Club.

The members of the Country Club gave a bull's-head breakfast on their preserve in Marin County last Sunday which was pronounced the most successful affair of the kind ever held there. Taking the nine o'clock boat from this city, the club-house was reached soon after eleven, when a general inspection of the club, grounds, kennels, etc., was made, which prepared appetites for the al fresco feast that was served at one o'clock.

Every preparation for comfort and pleasure had been made, and an elaborate menu had been prepared by the club's chef, Ramon Valencia. The bull's-head, barbecued calf, chicken, eggs, and tamales were all prepared à l'Espagnole, and there was a comforting liquid accompaniment to these fiery viands. There was more than enough for all, and the country neighbors who had gathered to witness the feast were invited to dispose of the remains.

The Country Club Band, of twenty pieces, played all day. Clay-pigeon shooting was indulged in, and

a number of the members enjoyed a drive through picturesque Bear Valley to the ocean. The party left at five o'clock and came over from Sausalito on a special boat. The day was a perfect one for the outing, every feature of which was highly enjoyed. Among the members present were:

Mr. William Alvord, Mr. Harry Babcock, Mr. William Babcock, Mr. Thomas B. Bishop, Mr. A. J. Bowie, Mr. George D. Boyd, Mr. John Bradbury, Mr. A. Chesebrough, Mr. Joseph Clark, Dr. H. B. de Marville, Mr. Edward Donohoe, Mr. Joseph A. Donohoe, Mr. Charles P. Eells, Mr. C. F. Fargo, Mr. Robert R. Grayson, Mr. C. S. Givens, Mr. J. O. Gunn, Mr. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. Robert Harrison, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. Andrew Jackson, Mr. N. G. Kittle, Mr. William S. Kittle, Mr. Jerome B. Lincoln, Mr. Henry R. Mann, Mr. E. J. McCutchen, Mr. J. J. Moore, Mr. C. F. Mullins, Mr. Daniel T. Murphy, Mr. D. M. Murphy, Mr. J. Leroy Nickel, Mr. Robert Oxnard, Mr. Charles Page, Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, Mr. Joseph M. Quay, Mr. A. W. Rose, Jr., Mr. John I. Sabin, Mr. O. T. Sewall, Mr. J. B. Stetson, Mr. C. B. Stone, Mr. Frederick W. Tallant, Mr. J. E. Terry, Mr. Charles W. Tuttle, Mr. F. W. Van Sicken, Mr. H. Henry Veuve, Dr. F. W. Vowinkel, Mr. Frederick R. Webster, Mr. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. Robert B. Woodward, and Mr. Clinton E. Worden.

On Mt. Tamalpais.

The excursion to the summit of Mt. Tamalpais is becoming quite popular with society people, and the "Tamalpais party" is the latest-devised form of entertainment. The summit is only a couple of hours' ride from the city, and the trip includes a sail across the bay, a breath of Mill Valley's redwood forests, and a ride up one of the most spectacular mountain railways in the world. The view from the summit is magnificent. The bay region is spread like a panorama below, and the eyes wander from the Coast Range and Mt. Diablo to the Farallones.

Sheltered under the rocky crest is the Tavern of Tamalpais, where the visitor may enjoy all the comforts of life and, from the broad verandas, look down upon the distant city through the clear, exhilarating air of mountain and sea. The tavern is thoroughly equipped for the accommodation of guests, and many have availed themselves of the opportunity to spend the night on the mountain and to see the beautiful sunset and sunrise.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. J. S. Severance, Judge W. H. Beatty, Mr. Herbert C. Nash, Mrs. William J. Dutton and Miss Mollie Dutton, Mrs. S. E. Dutton and Miss Edna Dutton, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Bates, Mrs. William P. Shaw, Mrs. C. Wenban, Judge John Hunt, Mr. E. J. McCutchen, Judge Charles W. Slack, Judge J. M. Seawell, Mr. Charles Page, Mr. Hall McAllister, Mr. Charles P. Eells, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Young, Judge and Mrs. Carroll Cook, Mr. H. F. Houghton, Mr. F. M. Michael, Rev. and Mrs. Robert Mackenzie, Mrs. William O. Mills, Mrs. George H. Mitchell, Mr. Jeffrey de Montaigne, Mr. and Mrs. Kohl, Mr. C. W. Brown and Miss Effie Brown, and many others.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Macleay, of Portland, Or., and Mr. Joseph D. Grant, of this city, will take place at noon on Wednesday, June 23d, at the home of the bride's father, Mr. Donald Macleay. There will be no attendants, and the wedding will be a very quiet one. Immediately after their wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Grant will go direct to London, and thence to the Continent. They intend making a bicycle tour of Brittany. They will return some time in October to their home in Burlingame. Consequent upon Mr. Grant's protracted absence from the city, he has resigned the presidency of the Burlingame Club, a position that he has filled with credit to himself and to the advantage of the club. Mr. A. B. Ford, of San Mateo, is his successor.

The engagement is announced of Miss Annie F. Berg to Rev. Dr. Charles Gardner, the rector's assistant at St. Stephen's Episcopal Church. Miss Berg is the daughter of Mr. F. R. Berg, of this city.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and her son, Mr. J. W. Byrne, who have been visiting Los Angeles, were the guests recently at a dinner-party given to them by Colonel and Mrs. John Bradbury at their residence. Covers were laid for eight. They returned to this city last Monday, and expect Mr. Callaghan Byrne here next Tuesday.

Dr. Paolo de Vecchi gave a luncheon at the University Club recently in honor of Prince Luigi di Savoy and his party of mountain-climbers who are soon to attempt the ascent of Mt. St. Elias.

General A. W. Barrett entertained a number of ladies and gentlemen last Sunday by a sail on the bay. The party lunched at the Hotel Rafael, returning to the city in the evening. The guests were: Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. James Keegan, Mrs. W. Beckman, Colonel J. B. Fuller, Mr. John Fuller, and General R. H. Warfield.

Mrs. James Daniell, who will be remembered here as Mrs. Robert P. Hastings, was presented to Queen Victoria at her last drawing-room. Since her marriage to Mr. Daniell, several deaths have occurred among his near relatives, so Mrs. Daniell could not be presented until the mourning period was over. She was formally presented by Mrs. Eaton, daughter of Lord Edward Thynne and a granddaughter of the Marquis of Bath.

El Campo's popularity as a holiday resort is steadily increasing. Situated as it is on the sheltered shores of the upper bay, it offers a charming blending of sea, and mountain, and forest attractions for the pleasure of its visitors. The steamer *Ukiah* plies between here and El Campo.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

By the will of the late Samuel M. Blair the following testamentary provisions were made:

The testator bequeathed to his sister, Mrs. Mary J. Wright, the house and lot where she resides in Seattle, Wash. To another sister, Mrs. Matilda Butler, thirty dollars a month was bequeathed. The residue of the estate was left to his widow, Mrs. Abbie B. Blair. He intentionally made no provision for his son, Mr. William Blair, or his daughter, Miss Jennie Blair, knowing that their mother would properly provide for them. The estate is appraised as worth about \$300,000, but it is probably larger.

By the will of the late Mrs. Rebecca R. Shreve, widow of the late George C. Shreve, the following testamentary provisions were made:

The entire estate was bequeathed to her son and daughter, Mr. George R. Shreve and Miss Elizabeth Shreve. The value of the estate is placed, nominally, at ten thousand dollars.

The Hardships of Convicts.

We note with pain that the State board of prison directors have determined to treat the convicts at San Quentin with savage rigor. Some seven hundred of them rose in revolt against the authorities, smashed the furniture in their cells, tore off some of the iron doors, and barricaded the corridors. In return, the board of prison directors, according to the *Examiner*, intend to keep "forty of the ringleaders in solitary confinement for at least three months." This barbarous punishment will strike with horror every tender-hearted person in the State.

But there is still another punishment to be inflicted upon these hapless men by the prison directors. It seems that the convicts in San Quentin have been supplied with sugar, syrup, and tobacco, which—again on the authority of the *Examiner*—"has cost the State only about twenty thousand dollars a year." We learn with horror that the prison directors intend to cut off the allowance of tobacco and possibly of sugar and syrup. According to the *Examiner* again, "the hope will be held out to the convicts, however, that if the prison discipline is good during the next year, the allowance of tobacco may be resumed." It is very much to be hoped so. Think of the sufferings of these fourteen hundred convicts condemned to live within prison walls deprived of theatres, billiard-saloons, female society, opium-joints, farobanks, dead-falls, and other necessities of life, and also deprived by a hard-hearted board of prison directors of tobacco, sugar, and syrup. We can scarcely believe that this report is true. We learn again from the *Examiner*—which is in a way a San Quentin organ—that "it has been the custom to give each convict a large plug of tobacco every Monday morning." This seems no more than humane. As whisky and tobacco go hand in hand, as an Irishman might say, the benevolent board of directors ought to give the convicts whisky as well as tobacco.

Nothing is said in the *Examiner* touching the quality of the sugar furnished to the convicts. We hope that it is not the coarse, unpleasant, moist brown sugar such as most of our grandfathers and grandmothers had to eat, and which the low, common, ordinary, honest poor people of to-day may possibly still be obliged to eat. But to force these gentlemen of leisure at San Quentin to eat anything but the very best refined cube sugar would be an outrage. We shall look into this matter, and find out whether these wards of the State are being subjected to further hardships by the board of prison directors.

California's Summer Resorts.

A San Franciscan of an inquiring mind, in looking over the advertisements of a number of "summer resorts," the other day, remarked: "What is the reason that all of the summer resorts seem to have changed hands?"

To which a philosopher replied: "In order to attract custom, as you say, they all announce in their advertisements, 'Recently Changed Hands,' 'New Proprietorship,' 'Entire Change of Management.' The reason is that all of the summer resorts in the State are so exorbitantly run, the table is so bad, the beds so hard, the servants so slatternly, and the offices so filthy, that no human being who has been to one of them ever wants to go again. Therefore, in order to lure the hapless flies back again, the managerial spiders spin their webs by announcing a 'Change of Management.' The unfortunate guests hope on, hope ever. Knowing that it could not be worse under the new management than it was under the old, they go. That is the reason you see these announcements in the advertisements of 'changes of management.'"

This statement is true. With the exception of three or four of the larger hotels, the "summer resorts" in California are beneath contempt. Their food and cooking are so bad that they go far to neutralize all the improvement that might redound to their guests from the mineral springs which some of them have and from the fresh air which all of them have.

Good Form in Stationery.

The question has often arisen—"what is the correct thing for polite correspondence?" New fads constantly appear in all colors and shapes and the limit line is difficult to draw. However, pure white is always *au fait*, and the "White Velvet," for which Messrs. Cooper & Co. are agents, is accepted the world over. This, with a dainty monogram in silver, is always in good form.

—FOR HIGH-GRADE DIAMOND-JEWELRY, GO TO Hirschman's, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

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THE PIONEER FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. A. F. TRACY.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee
San Francisco, Cal.

THE WENBAN.

N. W. cor. of Sutter and Mason Sts.

First-class family hotel; single rooms and elegant suites, each provided with private baths. Superior table.
CAROLINE BLITZ, Proprietress.

Hotel Rafael

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

The Society Resort Winter and Summer of the Pacific Coast.

50 MINUTES FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

Average winter temperature 64 degrees. The State Statistics prove the climate to be the healthiest on the Pacific Coast.

IT WILL GIVE IMMEDIATE RELIEF TO THE WORST CASE OF ASTHMA.

The management is personally supervised by General Warfield, of the California Hotel, San Francisco.

R. H. WARFIELD & CO.,
Proprietors.

THE WESTMINSTER

614 SUTTER STREET.
First-class Family Hotel.

THE HOTEL RICHELIEU

N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Avenues.

The Principal and Finest Family Hotel of San Francisco
HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

THE LENOX

628 SUTTER STREET.
First-class quiet Family Hotel.

TO ARGONAUT READERS.

Those among our readers who would like to bring this journal to the attention of their friends may do so by sending a postal card to this office, with the address of the person or persons to whom they desire it sent. On receipt of the postal, a sample copy will be immediately forwarded.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins spent Thursday night of last week at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Colonel C. Fred Crocker and Mr. E. W. Hopkins returned from the East last week in a private car, accompanied by their daughters, whom they brought home from the schools they are attending in the East. The route they selected was the Canadian Pacific.

Mr. Harry Babcock, Mr. Charles Page, Mr. J. Leroy Nicholl, and Mr. James Otis have left for a fishing trip on the Williamson River, in Southern Oregon. They expect to be gone a month.

Mr. Frederick R. Webster leaves this week for the East.

Mr. Thomas Brown, cashier of the Bank of California, has returned from his trip to the Hawaiian Islands.

Mrs. George Crocker, whose return from Europe has been announced, has taken a house at Newport for the season.

Mrs. Irving M. Scott was a guest at the Taverio of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Macdonald will spend the summer at home at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey are visiting Baron and Baroness von Schröder at their ranch in San Luis Obispo County. They will return to the city this week.

Hon. Whitelaw Reid and family sailed on the *Majestic* last week for England.

Mayor James D. Phelan returned last Monday from a Sunday's outing at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Prentiss Selby and family are enjoying an outing in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and family are domiciled at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Watson sailed on the *Queen* from Tacoma on Tuesday on an excursion to Alaska.

Mr. William L. Ashe went to Sacramento last week on business.

Mr. F. M. Smith, of Oakland, has returned from a flying trip to Europe. Mr. and Mrs. Smith and their family will leave very soon to spend the summer at Shelter Island, on the New York coast.

Mr. C. R. Peters is at his home near Monterey for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear, Jr., and family, of Oakland, are at Port Costa, where they will remain for some time.

Mr. O. C. Pratt, accompanied by her son, Mr. Orville Pratt, has gone down to San José for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Miller, Miss Miller, and Mr. Paul Miller, of Oakland, are at Redondo Beach, in Los Angeles County.

Judge Erskine M. Ross came up from Los Angeles early in the week.

Colonel A. E. Buck, of Georgia, the new American minister to Japan, accompanied by Mrs. Buck, sailed on the *Peru* on Tuesday.

Mrs. John E. Plater, of Los Angeles, will spend a month of the summer in San Francisco, going to Santa Monica for the latter part of the season.

Mr. A. C. Bassett, of Menlo Park, was in Santa Cruz last week.

Mr. J. C. Stubbins has returned from the East.

Mr. Leo Cooper has gone to Lake County to spend his vacation.

Miss Throckmorton is sojourning at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. Eugene Kelly went to England last week on the White Star Liner *Majestic*.

Mrs. George McNear, Mrs. P. E. Bowles, and Mrs. Seward McNear, of Oakland, will sail soon on a summer trip to Hawaii.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Osbourne have taken a cottage near Monterey for the summer months.

Mrs. E. J. Pringle, of Oakland, and Misses Lena and Hester Pringle, Miss Quinan, Mr. Charles Pringle, Mr. Berard Ransome, and Mr. Covington Pringle, have gone on a two months' camping trip through the lake region in the Coast Mountains. They are now at the Geysers en route for Clear and Blue Lakes. Mr. E. J. Pringle and Mr. William Pringle will join the party later in the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Livingston Jenks have taken the Crosby cottage in San Rafael for the summer.

Miss Alice Mullins has sailed from New York for Europe. She will attend the jubilee celebrations, and while in London will visit Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wyndham at their home at 39 Finchley Road, St. John's Wood.

Dr. George M. Terrill has returned from a two months' visit to New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.

Mr. Thomas H. Breeze was among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael.

Captain S. B. Peterson and Miss Carrie Peterson expect to leave shortly for a trip to Europe, and Miss Peterson may remain abroad for some time, visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Payot will spend the summer in Haywards.

Mr. and Mrs. Edson Adams, of Oakland, spent last week in the country on a driving trip from their home to Santa Cruz and back, via San José and Pescadero.

Mrs. A. G. Booth and a party of her guests went to Santa Cruz last Sunday from her country-place near Glenwood.

Mrs. George Gift, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Gift, left last Saturday for a two months' visit to the Eastern States.

Mr. Edward Castlen and family are spending the summer in Napa.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore and family, of Oakland, have gone to their ranch at Niles, where they will remain for six weeks.

Mrs. R. G. Brown and Miss Florine Brown, of Oakland, will visit Alaska this summer.

Mrs. Margaret Irvine and Mr. J. W. Byrne have returned from Los Angeles. They expect to leave shortly for Europe, and will be accompanied by Mr. Callaghan Byrne.

Rev. W. I. Kip, Jr., is a guest at the Hotel Rafael.

Prince Luigi of Savoy and his group of Alpine climbers left on Wednesday night for Seattle, where they will take ship for Alaska. They go to climb Mt. Saint Elias.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey Boardman and Miss Julia Crocker are among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael.

The California Hotel is very popular with Hawaiians. Among those at present sojourning there are Judge and Mrs. H. A. Wideman, Miss Wideman, Mr. E. C. Macfarlane, Mr. Harry Macfarlane, Colonel G. W. Macfarlane and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Falk, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Wilder, and others.

Among the week's arrivals at the California Hotel were: Hon. W. H. Alvord, of Visalia, Mr. W. E. Nevills, of Sonoma, Mr. L. P. Lowe, of Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Nesmith, of San José, Mr. D. B. Fairbanks, of Petaluma, Mr. H. J. de Haven, of Paris, and Mr. P. de Long, of Belfast, Ireland.

Among the week's arrivals at the Occidental Hotel were Major Delaford du Bois, from Panama, Mr. Francisco

Alha, of Guatemala, Rev. C. O. Tillotson, of Santa Cruz, Rev. William Lucas, of Fresno, Mr. Milan Soule, of the *Australia*, Mr. H. M. La Rue, Mr. James A. Low, of Honolulu, Dr. R. W. Anderson, of Honolulu, and Colonel George de la Vergne, of Honolulu.

Among the week's guests at the Hotel Rafael from San Francisco are Mrs. W. H. Keith and Miss Keith, Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Payne, Dr. E. K. Johnstone, Mrs. A. von Jessen Loderer, Mr. A. M. Barrett, Mr. Jones Wister, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Thomas G. Pierce, of Denver.

Army and Navy Notes.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., commanding the army, has been ordered to represent the army of the United States on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee celebration. He is now en route to London.

Major-General J. W. Forsyth, U. S. A., retired, left last week for Columbus, O., where he will take up his permanent residence.

Brigadier-General William M. Graham, U. S. A., lately promoted from the colonelcy of the Fifth Artillery, has been assigned to command of the Department of Texas, with headquarters at San Antonio.

Commander William H. Whiting, U. S. N., has been detached from duty as commandant of the Puget Sound Naval Station on June 15th, and has been ordered to the command of the *Monadnock*.

Lieutenant Thomas R. Adams, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been appointed aid-de-camp on the staff of General William M. Graham, commanding the Department of Texas.

Lieutenant S. L. Graham, U. S. N., retired, is in this city.

Lieutenant-Colonel John E. Bahcock, Assistant Adjutant-General, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty at headquarters, Department of California.

Lieutenant E. B. Bahitt, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bahitt sailed on the *Queen* on Tuesday on an excursion to Alaska.

Brigadier-General E. S. Otis, U. S. A., lately commanding the Department of the Columbia, has assumed his new command over the Department of the Colorado.

Captain G. W. Sumner, U. S. N., has been detached from command of the *Monadnock*, and has been granted a month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant F. L. Winn, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., is visiting in Washington, D. C.

Chief-Engineer Richard Inch, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Concord* and ordered to the *Boston*. The latter ship is on the Asiatic Station at Nagasaki.

Captain Cunliffe H. Murray, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., by order of the President, will remain on duty at Brown University, Providence, R. I. The orders detailing him to duty at a college in Connecticut have been revoked.

Lieutenant Thales L. Ames, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence, from June 20th, for two months.

Colonel Marcus P. Miller, U. S. A., promoted from lieutenant-colonel, First Artillery, to the command of the Third Artillery, will join his regiment at the expiration of his present leave.

The battleship *Oregon* and monitor *Monterey* have been ordered to Portland for the Fourth of July celebration.

Lieutenant J. F. Reynolds Landis, First Cavalry, U. S. A., has been detached from duty at the headquarters of the Department of California, and has been ordered to his regiment at Fort Riley, Kan. Lieutenant Landis has been spending part of his leave of absence at Lake Tahoe.

Major John A. Darling, Third Artillery, U. S. A., came down from his Napa County ranch last Sunday, and registered at the Occidental Hotel.

Captain Edmund Rice, Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., military attaché to the American legation in Japan, arrived in this city, with Mrs. Rice, on Sunday, and sailed on the *Peru* on Tuesday.

Lieutenant Allen G. Rogers, U. S. N., of the *Monadnock*, was a guest at the Occidental Hotel during the week.

Major Lewis Smith, U. S. A., promoted from captain, Third Artillery, to the Fourth Artillery, will be assigned to one of the posts in the Department of the East.

Lieutenant Delamere Skerrett, U. S. A., promoted from the Fifth to the Third Artillery, has been ordered to join his regiment. He has been assigned to Battery E.

Lieutenant W. C. P. Muir, U. S. N., who has been spending his leave at his home in Kentucky, has been ordered to the *Detroit*, on the Asiatic Station.

Major E. L. Huggins, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., at Fort Leavenworth, is enjoying a visit from his sister, Miss Huggins, of Berkeley.

Lieutenant-Commander Richardson Clover, U. S. N., accompanied by Mrs. Clover and Misses Dora and Beatrice Clover, arrived in San Francisco last Sunday from Washington, D. C.

Ensign S. V. Graham, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Oregon* and ordered to the *Albatross*.

Chief-Engineer George B. Ransom, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Boston* and ordered to the *Concord*.

Lieutenant James H. Hamilton, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has had his leave of absence extended for three months.

Colonel Henry C. Merriam, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., when his promotion to be a brigadier-general shall have been confirmed by the Senate, will be assigned to the commandancy of the Department of the Columbia.

Captain Charles G. Starr, First Infantry, U. S. A., rode down to Santa Cruz last Sunday on his bicycle.

Rear-Admiral Samuel Phillips Lee, U. S. N., retired, died on June 5th, of paralysis, at his home in Virginia.

Lieutenant Harry George, U. S. N., recently assigned to the *Albatross*, has had his orders revoked.

Major John A. Darling, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been retired, at his own request, after nearly forty years of active service.

Commander J. C. Green, U. S. N., has been ordered to the command of the Puget Sound Naval Station.

Captain C. E. Gillette, U. S. A., and Mrs. Gillette sailed on the *Queen* on Tuesday on an excursion to Alaska.

Among the week's guests registered at the California Hotel were Captain F. de L. Carrington, U. S. A., Dr. R. E. Brodrick, U. S. N., Lieutenant Lloyd England, U. S. A., and Captain Edmund Rice, U. S. A., and Mrs. Rice.

The standing of the graduates of the West Point Military Academy was announced on Wednesday. Following are the first seven men, in order of merit, who have their pick of the engineering corps, ordnance, artillery, cavalry, or infantry: William D. Connor, Clinton, Iowa, John C. Oakes, New York city, Louis C. Wolf, Sheboygan, Wis., Henry S. Morgan, Valdosta, Ga., Sherwood A. Cheney, South Manchester, Conn., Frederick Waldstatter, Gallien, O., and Harley B. Ferguson, Waynesville, N. C.

This year's graduates at the Annapolis Naval Academy have been assigned to their various ships for a year's cruise. At the end of this service at sea, the men will be finally examined for appointment as regular officers. The following cadets were ordered to report as follows on June 15th: Cadets W. R. Sexton, P. L. Pratt, and L. R. Sargent, to the *Monadnock*; Cadets C. R. Miller, W. P.

Giles, H. E. Yarnell, H. N. Jensen, W. D. Leahy, C. S. Kempf, S. G. Magill, and L. M. Overstreet, to the *Oregon*; Cadets J. W. Powell, W. G. du Bose, Albert Kautz, L. C. Richardson, to the *New York*; Cadets W. R. White, I. F. Landis, and D. S. Mahony, to the *Monterey*; Cadets W. McDowell, C. T. Owens, A. St. C. Smith, W. M. Falconer, and E. C. Keenan, to the *Indiana*; Cadets R. W. Henderson, V. S. Houston, W. C. Asserson, A. C. Owen, A. J. Hephurn, J. W. Graeme, and F. L. Sheffield, to the *Iowa*; Cadets D. F. Boyd, O. D. Duncan, and N. L. Jones, to the *Maine*; Cadets W. H. Reynolds, A. W. Pressey, and H. P. Perrill, to the *Texas*; Cadets H. L. Collins, O. G. Murfin, H. Williams, A. T. Graham, and T. C. Hart, to the *Puritan*; Cadets E. F. Eggert, F. R. Holman, and George Wehber, to the *Montgomery*; Cadets A. H. McCarthy, D. E. Theelen, and G. Van Orden, to the *Marblehead*.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The O'Sullivan Concert.

The farewell testimonial concert tendered to Mr. Denis O'Sullivan took place at Native Sons' Hall last Monday evening. The beneficiary was ably assisted by Mrs. Walter McGavin, mezzo-soprano, and Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, pianist. A large and fashionable audience was present and enjoyed the following excellent programme:

(1) Prologo, "Paggiacci," Leoncavallo; (2) "In Questa Tomba Oscura," Beethoven; (3) "Gia La Lina," Rossini; two Bible songs, Dvorak; duets, (1) "Nocturne Pyrenéen," Chaminade; (2) "La ci darem le mano," Mozart—Mrs. McGavin and Mr. O'Sullivan. (1) "To Althea from Prison," Whinfield; (2) "Lizzie Lindsay," Old Scotch; (3) "Why so Pale and Wan," Parry; (4) "Young Herchard," Old Somersetshire; (1) "Unten," Cornelius; (2) "Feldensamkeit," Brahms; (3) recitative and aria, "Flying Dutchman," Wagner; (1) "La Dame de Pique," Tchaikovsky; (2) "L'amour d'une Femme," Schumann; (3) "May Morning," Denza—Mrs. McGavin. (1) "The King of Denmark's Ride," Mary Carmichael; Irish airs, (1) "The Lament of Owen Roe O'Neill," Stanford; (2) "Tis Sweet to Think," Moore; (3) "Savournnee Deilish," arranged by Molloy; (4) "Kitty of Coleraine," arranged by Molloy; (5) "The Low-Backed Car," Lover; (6) Farewell, But Whenever You Welcome the Hour," Moore.

The Westwater Concert.

Mrs. Eunice Westwater, the contralto, gave a song recital at Native Sons' Hall last Wednesday evening, assisted by Mr. Alfred A. Borlini, baritone, Mr. Giulio Minetti, violinist, and Mr. S. Martinez, pianist. A large audience enjoyed the following programme:

Solo, violin, "Eligie," Bazzini, Mr. Giulio Minetti and Mr. S. Martinez; aria, "Ministri dell'Averno" (from "Le Prophète"), Meyerbeer, Mrs. Eunice Westwater; solo, piano, "Scène Dramatique," Kalkbrenner, Mr. S. Martinez; harp solo, "Sie Vendicate Assai" (from "Dinorah"), Meyerbeer, Mr. Alfred A. Borlini; "Il Va Venir" (from "La Juive"), Halévy, Mrs. Eunice Westwater; solo, violin, "Spanish Dances," Sarasate, Mr. Giulio Minetti; duet, "In questo Suol" (from "Favorita"), Donizetti, Mrs. Eunice Westwater and Mr. Alfred A. Borlini; duet, piano and harmonium, Durand, Mr. S. Martinez and Miss Gretchen Sichelau; "Angiol di Dio" (from "Dolores"), Manzocchi, Mrs. Eunice Westwater; "Il Sogno," Mercadante, Mrs. Eunice Westwater (accompanied by Mr. Giulio Minetti and Mr. S. Martinez).

There is a well-authenticated rumor that an engagement of marriage exists between Vos, the well-known New York artist, and Mrs. Graham, of Honolulu. Mrs. Graham is well known in San Francisco, and spent part of last summer as the guest of Mrs. Gus Spreckels at Burlingame. She is an unusually handsome woman. She accompanied Queen Liliuokalani to Washington when she went on there, and she met Mr. Vos in the capital city.

A private letter from Paris says that the news concerning the serious condition of Miss Myra Redding, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Redding, is confirmed. Her case has been in charge of eminent European specialists.

— WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS MAGNIFICENT assortment to choose from at Art Store of S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary Street.

— GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRESS SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

USE ONLY

MURRAY & LANMAN'S



REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

SALE OF THE HAWAIIAN HOTEL PREMISES HONOLULU, H. I.

ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1897, AT 12 O'CLOCK noon, at the front entrance of the Executive Building, Honolulu, will be sold, at public auction, the Hawaiian Hotel premises at Honolulu.

These premises are centrally located in the city, in the centre of the block bounded by and with entrance drives from hotel, Richards, Beretania, and Alakea Streets, and the grounds contain an area of 17,700 acres.

The buildings consist of the hotel proper, of two stories and basement; built of brick and concrete, with broad verandas at front and rear of each story.

The main building covers an area of 10,300 square feet, with Lanai or wing addition on one side 40x24 feet, and wooden addition on opposite wing, for kitchen, 60x18 feet.

There are also four cottages on the premises, with ample provision for bath-rooms and closets.

The main building contains a spacious parlor, public and private dining-rooms, large billiard-hall and bar-room, and forty sleeping-rooms—the cottages contain about twenty additional sleeping-rooms. The main building cost a little over \$100,000 in 1874.

A water-tank, with capacity of 10,000 gallons, is placed on a tower at an elevation sufficient to give a good water pressure in second story of the main building. This tank is supplied from an artesian well on adjoining premises, owned by Dr. J. S. McGrew.

The buildings and grounds are thoroughly lighted with electric light.

Plans of the buildings and grounds can be seen at Hawaiian Consulate General, 206 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

Terms of sale are cash—in United States gold coin. Upset price, \$60,000.

In case there is no bidder to purchase the property at the above upset price, a lease of the same will immediately be offered for sale at an upset price of \$4,000 a year for a period of thirty years under the conditions set out in Act 7, Laws of 1896, and more particularly of Section 2 and 4 of said act, which reads as follows:

"Section 2. Every such lease shall contain a covenant on the part of the lessee that he shall, during the first four years of the term of the lease, cause to be erected upon the leased premises a fire-proof building of brick, stone, or metal, in a workmanlike manner, satisfactory to the Minister of the Interior, at a cost of not less than fifty thousand dollars; and keep the same suitably insured at not less than two-thirds of its value for the benefit of the lessor; and shall keep the building in good repair during the remainder of the term of lease, reasonable use and wear thereof only excepted; and in case of damage or destruction of such building by fire, shall make good such loss or damage by the necessary repairs or reconstruction, or else surrender the insurance to the lessor."

"Section 4. Every such lease shall also contain a covenant on the part of the lessor, that upon the request in writing by the lessee or his representatives, before the expiration thereof, the premises, with the improvements, shall, if all of the conditions to be performed by the lessee have been satisfactorily performed, be put up at auction for a lease for a term of not over twenty years; unless said premises shall be required for public uses, of which the lessee shall receive at least one year's notice. Such auction sale shall be held not more than six months nor less than one month before the expiration of said term."

JAMES A. KING,
Minister of Interior.

Subscribers leaving the city for the summer may have the Argonaut forwarded to them by mailing us a postal with their new address.

SOHMER PIANOS ARE THE BEST.
BYRON MAUZY, 308

GET OUT into the Mountains!

SCENERY—Charming, picturesque, captivating, imposing, majestic, sublime.

CLIMATE—Genial, bracing, invigorating, rejuvenating, upbuilding.

RECREATION—Rusticating, picnicking, camping, hunting, fishing, horseback-riding, boating, mountain-climbing excursions. Or run down to the

SEASHORE.

Magnificent hotels, toning and life-giving salt sea air, surf-bathing, boating, fishing, driving, wheeling, shell-gathering, and all sorts of pastimes.

The season for this sort of thought and action is upon us. All the world, and particularly that portion of it described by California, takes an outing once a year,—if it doesn't, it ought to.

While making up your mind where you will go, and concocting your itinerary, keep as many as possible of these places before your mind's eye:

Up Shasta Way—Tavern of Castle Crag, Sweet Briar Camp, Upper Soda Springs, Shasta Retreat, Shasta Springs, Sissons, Mt. Shasta Camp, Klamath Hot Springs, Lake County and Vicinity—Geysers, Azusa Springs, Harbin, Anderson, Adams, Howard, Siegler, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Glenbrook, Soda Bay.

On Sierra Summits—Lake Tahoe, Independence, Webber and Donner Lakes, Tallac, Deer Park Inn, Sunnyside, McKinney's, Rubicon Springs, Campbell Hot Springs, and a score more.

Yosemite and the Big Trees—**Santa Cruz Mountains**—Los Gatos, Pacific Congress Springs, Glenwood, Felton, Ben Lomond, Boulder Creek.

Southward—Gilroy, Paraiso, Paso Robles, and Santa Ysabel Hot Springs.

Along the Shore—Santa Cruz, Capitola, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Santa Barbara, Santa Monica, Long Beach, San Diego.

There will be REDUCED RATES to many of these places. If you haven't all needed information to complete that itinerary, call on the nearest Southern Pacific Company agent, or send to T. H. GOODMAN for resort folders.

Tavern of Castle Crag.

The Tavern of Castle Crag was built in the heart of the Sierras, almost at the foot of Mount Shasta, and amid the most picturesque mountain scenery accessible to the tourist. The eligibility of the place selected was due to a rare combination of flowing water, inspiring mountain scenery, and inviting forests.

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The major—"No, sah! I don't believe you ever tasted such wine as this!" The young curate—"Is it—er—something new?"—*Puck.*

"An allowance is something like a bicycle." "How so?" "A man can put his wife on it but he can't make her stay on it."—*Ex.*

"Freddie, why did you drop the baby on the floor?" "Well, I heard everybody say it was a bouncing baby and I wanted to see it bounce."—*Punch.*

Ethel—"Did you ever run across a real smart man in your life?" Penelope—"No, indeed; such men jump very quickly when they hear a bicycle-bell."—*Judge.*

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Mikey Dorlan—"Hullo, Bill! How did you like being a caddie?" Billy Nolan—"Ah, I didn't like it at all, at all. First de feller he towld me ter kape me eye on the ball, den he gave me de ball in de eye."—*Bazar.*

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First cyclist—"I always get nervous when I see a woman crossing the street ahead of me." Second bicyclist—"So do I. They have so many pins in their clothes that if a fellow collides with them he is almost sure to puncture a tire."—*Spare Moments.*

Torne Tatters—"Uv course it's none uv my business, pard, but wuz you ever married?" *Rambling Rube*—"No! Wot makes you ask?" Torne Tatters—"Why, I was wonderin' how you ever acquired dat habit uv sleepin' wif' yer hands in yer pockets."—*Puck.*

Stern party—"Well, sir, I don't know as I am particularly desirous of becoming your father-in-law, young man!" Cholly Secker—"Er—eh—I n-ne-never thought of that. You v-wo-would b-be my father-in-law, wouldn't you? I g-guess we'll l-let the—er—m-matter drop; g-good d-day."—*Truth.*

She—"I would like a marriage-license." He—"Well—er—madam, but it is customary for the gentleman to—" She—"Not in this case—the gentleman can't come. He objected, an' for a time it looked as if there wasn't goin' to be any wedding. He'll be able to be around to-morrow; so you can just give it to me."—*Judge.*

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Hon. John Wanamaker, the widely known merchant, in a recent address to the Business Men's League of Philadelphia, enunciated sentiments of a pessimistic character calculated to startle the public mind. Mr. Wanamaker emphasized his belief that "the country is not prosperous," notwithstanding that "half a year has passed since election day, which had been fixed by party, press, and political leaders for good times to begin." Continuing, the speaker averred that "hardly any noticeable improvement of the wretched times is manifest," and he bitterly arraigned the dilatoriness of Congress, "the indifference to Republican principles, with no respect for parties of broken platforms, who use national and State patronage in payment of election contracts," and predicted "a mighty revolt and resistance" of the "patient, suffering, much-promised people, who, betrayed and disheartened, no longer having faith in their own

party, will turn to any leaderships that offer promise of better times."

Sentiments like these, uttered by a business man of Mr. Wanamaker's influence and standing, have naturally caused wide and varied comment. A few extracts indicating the public reception of his views will not be uninteresting. The *Pittsburg Dispatch* (Independent Republican) finds the motive of the speech in the disappointed personal ambition of Mr. Wanamaker, who is well known to have desired Mr. Quay's seat in the Senate and the control of the Federal patronage in Philadelphia, and adds: "So far as the party pledges are concerned, they are being fulfilled as rapidly as a slow and doubtful Senate can be made to fulfill them. The fault in that quarter lies with senators who, like Wanamaker, have become dissatisfied with the Republican party because they have been unable to use it for their own selfish ends." The *Topeka State Journal* (Republican) thinks "it would not be good politics to move any faster in the currency matter so long before another election, and that, when it becomes impossible longer to avoid it and retain any hope of reelection, congressmen will take it up." This may be sarcasm. The *Minneapolis Tribune* (Republican) contends that "so long as the President is straining every nerve to expedite the tariff, it is ungenerous of a man of Wanamaker's standing and antecedents to cast such a slur," and announces that "if he is too good to train longer with his party there is nothing to prevent him from organizing another, or even from flocking all by himself." The *St. Louis Republic* (Democratic) has little faith in the denunciations of a politician who has benefited so largely by his party's policies. "Let him prove his faith by his works," it exclaims, "and the country will be disposed to accept his profession of political repentance and join with him in the work of elevating political religion." A new party has no terrors for the *Richmond Times* (National Democratic). It sees in the future "the earnest, progressive Americans of both the old parties coming together upon the foundation ideas of true Democracy and starting our country upon the new road to progress and prosperity." The *Cincinnati Enquirer* (Bryan Democratic) exults in the mournful wailing of so prominent a Republican. "We must have a government of the bankers, by the bankers, and for the bankers," it says. "So says Wanamaker, and he knows, for the bankers who keep him afloat must have given him the song he sings." The *Providence Journal* (Independent) concurs in the belief that the voters are apt to turn against the party. "They have always rebuked an administration when times are bad, whether it is responsible or not," and adds that "if they experiment with Bryanism as a cure for present troubles, they will find that they have only jumped from the frying-pan into the fire." The *Detroit Tribune* (Silver Republican) sees in it only the natural result of deceptive Republican promises "that prosperity was to date from the morning of November 4th," and the *Indianapolis Sentinel* (Bryan Democratic) sees "the disintegration of the Republican party in the very hour of its triumph." The *Chicago Chronicle* (National Democratic) voices the warning that "if people abandon one party because it fails to work miracles, only to join another promising still greater ones, they will merely go from bad superstition to worse and from deep to still deeper disappointment."

Outside of rabid silver adherents, the weight of opinion is that Mr. Wanamaker's picture is overdrawn; that the volume of business and the circulation of money are steadily if slowly increasing; and that Congress is making as rapid headway as so complicated a measure as the tariff will permit, but that the improvement is largely due to hopefulness of the dawn of returning confidence. Comparing the volume of business in May with that of the unusually prosperous year of 1892, the *New York Tribune* points out that the actual payments were only 8.5 per cent. less, although prices of commodities were in the aggregate 10 per cent. lower, indicating that the amount of business transacted was in reality larger than in the corresponding month of our most prosperous year. Bradstreet says "prices have gone back to the lowest point on record,"

and they can not rise permanently until the tariff furnishes a basis.

The *New York Herald* presents a symposium of business men's opinions, which are of great significance. They are from nearly all large business centres. R. G. Dun & Co. look for higher prices with a new tariff, and say, "when that time comes, works will be better employed and wages more satisfactory." The Chemical National Bank reports "a large business is being done on a small margin of profit." Continental National Bank, Chicago: "The tide has turned, and we have every reason to look for a prosperous era." P. D. Armour's representative: "Business is constantly increasing." Siegel, Cooper & Co. reply: "We are doing better than last year at this time. Confidence is returning and money is freer." A. M. Rothschild & Co.: "The tide seems to have turned." Germania Bank, Savannah, believes "the business situation is gradually becoming normal. The President is right," and the Savannah Grocery Company adds, "The whole business situation has been steadily improving since the election." Richmond, Va., reports "the South moving ahead and business healthy." Merchants at St. Paul say "business is picking up." Louisville business men find "the improvement is decided since April."

Of all the list, containing forty opinions, three only—from Cincinnati—echo Mr. Wanamaker's expressions. While we may conclude that a gradual improvement is setting in, and that the country is waiting anxiously on the tariff, the fact remains that this flutter of business revival may be very easily and suddenly checked. The present administration and the present Congress were elected for the purpose of adjusting our disordered tariff, our disordered revenues, and our disordered currency system. If schemes of foreign intervention and foreign annexation are forced upon the country by the present administration and the present Congress, it will mean the sudden death of any business revival.

To the average observer it would seem that the lawyers, with the able assistance of Governor Budd, have unnecessarily complicated the cases of Durrant, Worden, and Budd. Durrant and Worden. Durrant was tried in one of the superior courts of this State, and convicted by twelve unprejudiced men, who listened to all of the evidence and duly weighed it in the light of all the circumstances. His case was appealed to the supreme court, and that tribunal declared that there was no error in the trial prejudicial to the accused. Upon this conclusion of the legal conflict, the proper judge sentenced him to be banged, and the warden at San Quentin was directed to execute the sentence. If the State law and the State courts have any authority, there is nothing for the warden to do but to carry out the orders of the court. The attorneys have appealed to the Federal courts—under a statute that could never have been intended to cover such cases—to determine whether the State courts are powerless to punish criminals. The inferior Federal courts have decided that there is no merit in the application, and a similar decision is almost inevitable from the Supreme Court. All that is accomplished is an unnecessary delay in the punishment of a criminal whose punishment is already two or three years overdue. If the wardens of the State prisons performed their duty they would hang these two men on the dates fixed for their execution. They would then merely be carrying out the orders of the State judiciary and the State executive. They would have behind them all the authority and all the power of the State government. There is only one question at issue—the interpretation of a Federal statute by the Supreme Court—and that issue can be determined after these men are hung as well as before.

The connection of Governor Budd with the case has not been creditable. His theatrical method of retrying the case when applied to for a pardon was wholly unnecessary, and could accomplish nothing. His appeal to the supreme court for a writ of mandamus at the present time is equally unnecessary. The supreme court and the superior court have already ordered Warden Hale to execute Durrant.

ond order can have no higher authority than the first. At best it can only act as a confirmation of Governor Budd's order of reprieve, and that was equally futile if he does not intend to await the decision of the Supreme Court at Washington. An opinion by the supreme court of this State interpreting a Federal statute will have about the same value and authority as the attorney-general's opinion, and no more. Governor Budd has accomplished nothing in the case except to fill a number of newspaper columns about himself, and the people of California have begun to think that their governor is already too much of a newspaper governor.

The action of the Senate on the clauses of the tariff bill relating to Hawaiian reciprocity has been postponed on account of the preparation of a treaty of annexation by the Department of State under the direction of the President. The newspapers affect to believe, and attempt to spread the belief, that the treaty will be ratified by the Senate as soon as it is considered by that body.

The history of annexation treaties in this country does not justify this expectation. Several treaties have been negotiated looking to the acquisition of foreign territory by this country, and at the time of their negotiation they have appeared to be received with popular favor. But the Senate has always heretofore acted with deliberation when called upon to decide a question involving so radical a departure from the recognized policy of the country, and as the period of sensational spread-eagleism has been succeeded by a consideration of the practical difficulties involved, the treaty has generally been rejected.

The history of annexation in this country divides itself into two periods, with the Civil War as the dividing line. Before 1860 the annexation propositions involved the acquisition of territory contiguous to the United States. Under such treaties Florida, Louisiana, Texas, and the western territory received from Mexico were acquired. After the close of the war the new spirit of accession of foreign territory grew up. The first step in this policy was the negotiation of a treaty with Russia by which the Russian possessions in America were purchased by the United States. The treaty was signed by the contracting parties on March 30, 1867, and was ratified by the Senate on June 20th. Alaska was a part of the American continent, and many thought that the intervening territory would soon become a part of the United States. For these reasons the radical nature of the departure that was proposed did not receive full consideration. There was, however, considerable opposition to the treaty, which expressed itself most strongly in the lower House when a bill was introduced to appropriate the \$7,200,000 necessary to complete the purchase. This bill was not passed until July 25th, and the transfer of possession took place on October 9th. Thus the new policy was adopted under circumstances that certainly weaken its weight as a precedent.

Two years later President Grant sought to extend its application. The government of the republic of Dominica was in an unsettled condition, and the dominant faction applied for annexation to the United States. A certain similarity to the Hawaiian case is found in the fact that the opponents of annexation in this country claimed that this faction was retained in power by the force of the United States, exercised by two war-vessels ordered to Dominican waters. The President appointed Benjamin S. Hunt as commissioner to go to Dominica and obtain information as to the desirability of annexation. Hunt was compelled to resign, and General Bahcock went in his stead. He reported favorably, and a treaty of annexation was signed November 29, 1869. This treaty was sent to the Senate for confirmation and rejected by that body on June 30th, or seven months later. The discussion was in executive session, and, therefore, the debates were not published, but the papers of that day teemed with assertions that an irreparable breach had been created between the President and certain prominent members of his party, particularly Charles Sumner, who was bitterly opposed to the policy of annexation.

The President returned to the subject in his next annual message to Congress, March 5, 1870, and the Hawaiian question is recalled by his argument. After speaking of the natural, commercial, and military advantages of the island, he continued: "I firmly believe that the moment it is known that the United States have entirely abandoned the project of accepting as a part of its territory the island of Santo Domingo, a free port will be negotiated for by European nations in the Bay of Samana." He concludes this subject by asking that the President be empowered to appoint three commissioners to visit Dominica and investigate the questions connected with annexation. In response to this request, Oliver P. Morton introduced a joint resolution granting the desired authority. The commissioners were to investigate the political condition of Dominica, the

desires of the people regarding annexation, their physical, mental, and moral condition, the resources of the country and the debts of the government, the treaty obligations with foreign powers, the extent of territory, and the terms upon which annexation was requested.

The resolution provoked a long and extremely acrimonious debate in the Senate, but was finally passed, several declaring that, while they opposed annexation, they saw no reason for denying the request for a commission of inquiry. Another debate followed in the House of Representatives, which resulted in an amendment to the effect that nothing in the resolution should be construed as committing Congress to the policy of annexation. In this form it passed the House, and the Senate concurred in the amendment. The commissioners presented a lengthy report to the President, who transmitted it to the Senate April 5, 1871. Earlier in the session another bitter debate had been precipitated by a resolution introduced by Charles Sumner asking for an investigation into the conduct of American war-ships in Dominican waters. A motion to print the report was laid on the table, and there the question of annexing Santo Domingo died. A similar treaty for annexing the island of St. Thomas was signed March 23, 1870, but the Senate refused to ratify it, and so the subject of annexing foreign islands was dropped, to be taken up now, after a period of thirty years, by a few sensational newspapers and jingo senators.

If Ulysses Grant, the great soldier and the idol of his countrymen, could not succeed in a project so dear to him as was that of annexing Santo Domingo, we very much doubt whether Hawaii can be annexed by William McKinley.

A most unusual development in daily journalism is the detailed and specific charge of the New York *Sun* that "the New York *Herald*, according to its own statements, received last summer fifteen thousand dollars subscribed by the public" to distribute free ice among the poor; that "the *Herald*, according to its own statements, distributed two thousand eight hundred dollars' worth of ice," leaving "the sum of twelve thousand two hundred dollars in the hands of the *Herald* as the result of its philanthropic transaction." The *Sun* makes this specific accusation, and the *Herald*, although interrogated by the *Evening Post* and other papers as to its truth, refuses to reply.

Without expressing any question as to the truth or falsity of the charges of the *Sun*, this statement is calculated to make the public reflective. It is a very common thing for newspapers to get up subscriptions of all kinds for the "benefit" of all kinds of things, charitable or otherwise. The public naturally takes it for granted that these funds are honestly collected and honestly disbursed. Perhaps they are. But if such accusations can be brought against a paper of the standing of the *Herald* without that paper refuting them or attempting to refute them, what shall he thought of similar subscriptions collected by papers of lesser prominence and lesser worth? However honest the proprietors may be—and no one would suspect a man of James Gordon Bennett's wealth of stealing charitable funds—it is evident that their employees may not be so honest as their masters. Inasmuch as there is absolutely no check upon newspaper subscriptions, and as the character of the employees of daily newspapers is not always of the highest order, we should be inclined to recommend extreme caution to the public in contributing toward such subscriptions.

The movement in favor of the establishment of a free public market on the city front, in accordance with the law passed at the last session of the legislature, is now assuming definite shape. The Farmers' Club of San Francisco is making a study of the various problems connected with the subject, and the result of their investigations will soon be published. The State Grange and the question was discussed from the farmer's point of view, and the harbor commissioners are also considering the problem.

The most serious question that has arisen is that of space. Under existing conditions, the perishable products that come here are shipped by all possible modes of conveyance and consigned to so many different persons that it is impossible to determine accurately the amount that will have to be handled. Commissioner Harney states that 1,600 tons of produce are received on the city front daily during the summer season. The reports of the Southern Pacific Company show that 483,000 tons of perishable products are shipped annually over its lines, while only 57,000 tons come to this city.

The new law provides that the harbor commissioners shall set apart a sufficient number of contiguous docks or piers to receive the perishable products that come to San Francisco by boat, railroad, or other conveyance, and upon

these docks the produce is to be sold for the benefit of the producers. These docks are to be located as near the wholesale business part of the city as is possible, and no rental is to be charged for space for displaying wares, but the commissioners are permitted, in their judgment, to charge tolls to cover the necessary expenses. A superintendent, assistant superintendent, and such other officers as may be necessary are to be appointed by the commissioners.

It is to be hoped that the market will be established without unnecessary delay, though any arrangements to handle the fruit-crop of this year must necessarily be of a temporary nature. San Francisco is almost the only large city that has not the advantage of a free market. Even in Oakland, free market-days have been established, and the farmers who have driven in from the country districts may be seen with their wagons filled with produce drawn up beside the kerbs. On these days they are allowed to sell without any license, and the result is that purchasers get their produce fresher and at a lower price than elsewhere. In New Orleans the old French market is a regular institution and one of the interesting sights of the city, as well as a convenience to the people.

In Europe the markets are largely built by the cities, and are practically free to the producers who offer their wares for sale. The old markets overt in England were recognized in the law, and a sale made there was considered a valid transfer of title. Covent Garden, in London, where vegetables, fruit, and flowers are sold, is probably the most famous of the London markets, but there are a number of others. The horse and cattle market at Copenhagen Fields, Holloway, covers twenty acres, and was erected at a cost of more than two millions of dollars. The Deptford foreign market covers twenty-two acres, and occupies the site of Deptford dock-yard. The Central Meat Market, at Smithfield, occupies an area of about three acres, and was erected at a cost of about one million dollars. A small toll is charged for the use of stalls there. At Leadenhall is the fowl and game market, where a new building was erected by the city in 1881, though the site had been used for a public market since 1411. At Billingsgate is the great fish market of the city, and Tattersall's, Knightsbridge, is the mart for riding and carriage horses.

In Paris the sale of food-stuffs is concentrated at the *halles centrales*, or central markets. These consist of ten pavilions of iron and glass, each covering about one half-acre. They are separated from each other by streets, which are for the most part covered. Connected with the La Villette slaughter-houses is the cattle and meat-market, the whole covering an area of one hundred and eleven acres. The *halle aux blés*, or grain-market, handles a part of the breadstuffs, but the greater part coming to the city is sent direct to the bakers, the general warehouses, or the military stores. There are also the wine-markets, the market for hides and skins, the horse-market, and other smaller ones. All the market-houses and market-places are under the supervision of the prefect of the Seine and the prefect of police. The former has to do with the authorization, removal, suppression, and holding of the markets, the fixing and collection of the dues, and the care of the buildings. The latter maintains order, keeps the roads clear, and guards against fraud. A municipal laboratory has been established here, where any purchaser may have the provisions he has bought analyzed.

The establishment of a free market in San Francisco will have a most beneficial effect. By bringing the customers and producers together, the fish, fruit, game, and vegetables purchased will be improved in character, because they will be fresher and the expense incurred to pay for the services of middle-men will be avoided. The provisions will be sold within a few hours after arrival, and thus the purchaser may be assured as to the quality of his goods, while the producer will not have to wait for payment. The opposition to the enterprise naturally comes from the commission merchants, and it is probable that they will suffer to some extent. But the community as a whole will be benefited, and that is a more important consideration. The discussion of the question has brought out a statement from the farmers to the effect that they do not desire to make sales at retail, but to have the goods sold at wholesale. Such a plan would defeat a large part of the intention of the law. The commission merchants would then be the only purchasers, and there would thus be no reduction in price, nor would the time between the arrival of the produce and its sale to the consumer be shortened.

The *Argonaut* recently remarked that the State of California had better retire from its quarantine fight with the Federal officers. We said at the time that quarantine was a Federal function with which the State had nothing to do. Our views have been corroborated in an unexpected manner. The

City of Para arrived from Central American and Mexican ports this week with yellow fever on board. The master of the ship and a passenger died on the voyage and were buried at sea, while several other passengers were suffering from the disease. The Federal officials at once ordered the ship into quarantine. The Federal quarantine officer stated that while yellow fever could not become epidemic in San Francisco, owing to the coolness of the climate, such was not the case in other cities of the United States, hence it was his duty to keep the *Para's* passengers in quarantine until the period of fever-incubation had elapsed. His point is well taken. Some years ago the United States ship of war *Resaca* came to San Francisco harbor with yellow fever on board, having been ordered north from Central American ports. The fever-stricken ship anchored in the bay, and the disease speedily became extinct under the influence of our cool climate. But while this is true of San Francisco, it is not true of most cities in the United States. It is quite possible that passengers by the *Para*, if passed by the local quarantine officers—we in San Francisco having nothing to fear—might have taken passage by rail direct to Eastern cities, where the fierce heat of summer now prevails. San Francisco might thus have acted as a conduit for contagion. But with the matter of quarantine in the hands of the Federal officials, no such narrow and local views could prevail. Quarantine is in the hands of the general government, where it belongs.

There is no governmental activity in this country that is regarded with more favor than the public-school system. Long before Herbert Spencer and the *laissez-faire* school of economists declared that furnishing an education to the masses was no proper function of the government, this country recognized the fact that a general diffusion of knowledge was a measure of self-defense with a popular government, and the public-school system was established. The wisdom of the measure was soon recognized, and as the nations of Europe have become more democratic, they have one after the other followed the lead of this country and assumed the function of educating the people.

But facilities for popular education are of no value if they are not taken advantage of. This country, following a mistaken policy of hospitality, has opened its doors to the ignorant of all countries, and thus there is a large element who fail to appreciate the advantages of education. The government maintains the public school in order that those who are growing up may be prepared properly to assume the duties of citizenship, and it is just that the power of the State should be exercised to compel the attendance at school of those whose parents are indifferent.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago a law was enacted in this State providing for the compulsory education of all those who are of school age. Until the present time that law has remained a dead letter, and year after year the school census has disclosed the fact that an increasing number of school children are growing up in ignorance.

The law provides that it is the duty of the parents or guardians of children between the ages of eight and fourteen years to require their attendance at public or private school at least two-thirds of the time that the schools are maintained during the year, and that twelve weeks of this time shall be continuous. The clerk of the board of education must enforce this provision by prosecuting any parent or guardian refusing to comply, upon the complaint of any teacher or tax-payer. Non-compliance is made a misdemeanor, and the penalty is fixed at a fine of twenty dollars for the first offense and a fine of from twenty to fifty dollars for each subsequent offense. Children may be excused from attendance by the board of education on the ground that their bodily or mental condition prevents their attendance at school or application to study, that the parents or guardians are suffering from poverty or illness, or that they are studying at a private school, at home, or have already acquired a knowledge of the branches taught at the public schools. In order that there may be no plea of ignorance of the law, the president and clerk of the board of education are required to publish the provisions of the law for at least three weeks during the month of June of each year in a paper of general circulation.

These provisions are not onerous; they can work a hardship to nobody. Exceptions are made in the only cases where harm might possibly result. This city pays over a million dollars annually for the maintenance of a school department that in efficiency is second to none in the world. The State of California spends several millions of dollars more, and furnishes an education extending from the most elementary branches to the most advanced. The efficiency and permanence of the government depend upon the intelligence of the people, and it is but little to ask that the children who are growing up to take their part in public affairs should take advantage of the educational facilities that

are offered. The question of the enforcement of this law has been brought up in the board of education, and it is to be hoped that the board will proceed to enforce it with energy, and at once.

While the same thought has doubtless occurred to many thousands, we can not refrain from drawing a comparison between the murder cases of Butler in Australia and the murder cases of Durrant and Worden in California. It was in the month of April, 1895, that Murderer Durrant foully did to death the unfortunate victims of his murderous lust—for although he has been found guilty of but one murder, that of Blanche Lamont, there is no doubt that the blood of Minnie Williams also cries to heaven for vengeance upon him. It was in the month of July, 1894, that Murderer Worden carried out his diabolical and cowardly scheme of derailing a train, by which crime Engineer Clark and a number of United States soldiers met a sudden and awful death.

Over two years have elapsed in the one case, nearly three in the other, and yet these men are apparently as far from execution as they were two years ago. Note the difference between criminal justice in the Australian colonies and criminal justice in the western part of the United States of America. It is but a few weeks since Frank Butler was arrested in San Francisco by the detective police of New South Wales. Fortunately for them, they succeeded in getting their man out of the country before our local pettifoggers enmeshed him in our local law-nets. Only three weeks after he arrived in Sydney his trial was begun, and only three days after his trial was begun the jury found a verdict of guilty. It is probable that he will be executed in a few weeks more.

When we contrast the swift and sharp justice of the English colonies with the slow and snake-like movement of criminal justice in the United States, can it be wondered at that lynch law prevails here? Can it be wondered at that even in old and long-settled communities like the State of Ohio, the populace should flame into sudden wrath, and take life illegally, when the lives of criminals are more sedulously protected by the law than are the lives of honest men and honest women?

We have followed with much interest the wanderings of the adulterated brandy which was shipped from San Francisco by the connivance of ex-Collector Wise, despite the protestations of Naval Officer Irish and the active personal efforts of Food Inspector Dockery. We regretted at the time that Collector Wise should have allowed the concocters of this vile and poisonous stuff to get it out of the jurisdiction of the State. But Naval Officer Irish and Inspector Dockery have hung on like two bull-dogs. They telegraphed the Treasury Department, the collector of customs at New York, the naval officer at New York, and even President McKinley. Such, however, is the inertia of all these great bodies, such the intertangling of red tape which binds down our department officials at Washington, that the brandy, we hear, got out of the United States before the heads of the circumlocution offices there found time to read the dispatches from this city. But Naval Officer Irish has notified the British customs officers of the poisonous nature of this shipment, and is informed that upon its arrival at Liverpool it will be immediately seized and destroyed.

We shall make it our business to see that the facts in this case are thoroughly known in England. It would be difficult to appraise the injury that could be done to the fair fame of California by the success of ex-Collector Wise's attempts to aid adulterators in exporting this vile stuff. But possibly the efforts of the naval officer and food inspector to prevent this fraud and swindle may convince British consumers that this State is not trying to poison those who purchase its products.

While there are no interpellations of Cabinet ministers in this country, there are, none the less, certain members of Congress who "want to know, you know," at times, much as opposition members do in the English House of Commons. The two most inquisitive persons at present in Congress are Tillman in the Senate and Simpson in the House. We would suggest to these gentlemen a topic for "appealing to the people." It is stated on the authority of the *Washington Post* that General Miles—now abroad on leave at his own request and by permission of President McKinley—is traveling *en grand seigneur*. The *Washington* journal states that the general's mission was to observe the war between Greece and Turkey, which was terminated before he got there. None the less, the general is continuing his "mission," and having a remarkably good time. But what the *Washington Post* objects to is the fact that the general is traveling at the ex-

pense of this government, and that he paid \$500 for the "bridal stateroom" on the steamer *St. Paul*. The *Post* hints that \$750 really was paid for the stateroom, the general adding \$250 from his own purse to the \$500 of government money. This we consider a calumny—we do not believe that any major-general in the United States army would cough up \$250 for a stateroom, even when the government had already paid the other two-thirds of his passage-money. The *Post* further says that Captain Maus, General Miles's special aid-de-camp, drew from the office of the paymaster-general "\$3,000 as a starter" to be paid out for transportation, and \$1,000 from the quartermaster-general's department for subsistence, and that he requested both officers to remit promptly further funds in reply to his cablegrams.

On the same steamer with General Miles, Ambassador Hay crossed, but he paid his own passage. Is the United States Government in the habit of paying not only the salaries of its army officers while on leave, but their other expenses as well? We are not familiar with the customs of the War Department in this regard. Therefore we recommend that Tillman in the Senate and Simpson in the House should request the War Department to furnish information to the American people as to how much money they are paying for General Miles's pleasure trip. Whatever may be the outcome of this inquiry, it would add to the gayety of nations.

This journal has frequently observed that the sensational attacks of American newspapers upon the new ships of the American navy might be believed abroad. We further said that so little credit attached to the statements of American daily newspapers in the minds of Americans that they could do little harm here. Our statement is corroborated by a recent issue of a German newspaper. A German naval engineer writes to the *Berlin Echo*, refuting the statements that the United States war-ship *Indiana* is not seaworthy—statements which were widely made by the American press and which have been widely reprinted in Germany. This naval engineer has followed closely all the trial trips of the American navy, and says that with the exception of some slight defects on their initial voyages, "the modern ships of the United States navy are very solidly built, designed according to the best rules of the art of ship-building, and are perhaps the best in the world." This is a striking commentary on the American press—that a foreign naval officer should be obliged, in a foreign newspaper, to defend the United States navy from the sensational and mendacious attacks of American newspapers.

A few weeks ago, the community was startled by the report that a man had committed a crime for the expressed purpose of being sentenced to a term of imprisonment at San Quentin. He declared that he preferred to live at that institution rather than to enjoy the doubtful blessings of liberty. Upon the heels of this extraordinary story came the revolt at San Quentin and the demand upon the part of those who are supposed to be there undergoing "punishment," not only that they should receive a better quality of food, but that they should be allowed to appoint the *chefs* who were to prepare that food for them. These facts point to a system of gross mismanagement at that institution, and indicate that it fails in the fundamental purpose of inflicting a punishment upon those who have voluntarily classed themselves as enemies of society.

The fiscal year is drawing to a close, and the prison directors are now receiving bids for furnishing supplies to the two State penitentiaries. The items contained in the list of these supplies clearly prove that the prisoners receive both in quality and variety far better fare than should be given to them. The inmates of a penal institution should be given a sufficient amount of wholesome food to sustain life and to repair the waste of bodily tissue resulting from the work required of them. Very few of the prisoners at San Quentin are required to perform more than what is classed as light labor, and they should be given a light-labor diet. When they receive anything in excess of this, and particularly when their bill of fare includes luxuries, the penal element is lost sight of and discipline must suffer.

The supplies that are to be furnished to San Quentin next year include luxuries such as are never seen upon the table of a workingman, and such as the prisoners would never get outside of the walls of the penitentiary. In the prison diets of Europe, carrots, turnips, and onions are included in limited quantities to give needed dietetic variety. At San Quentin there are to be purchased—presumably for the prisoners—tins of asparagus, tins of sweet corn, evaporated apples, table fruit, fruit for pies, jelly in cans, jam in glasses, fancy dried peaches, dried seedless raisins, tinned oysters, ripe olives, 73,500

of sugar, and 3,050 gallons of syrup. In order that this food should be properly relished, the proper supply of spices and condiments are included. There are 120 pounds of allspice, 100 pounds of citron, 225 pounds of cinnamon, 10 pounds of cloves, 15 dozen tins of ground cloves, 50 pounds of chocolate, 100 pounds of dainty chips crackers, 1,000 pounds of cream tartar, 8 dozen bottles of India currie, 500 pounds of ginger, 24 pounds of mace, 3 dozen bottles of French mushrooms, 15 pounds of nutmegs, 15 dozen bottles of pure olive oil, 60 gallons of pickles, 25 dozen bottles of Worcestershire sauce, and 12 dozen bottles of tomato sauce. The contract for tobacco for these pampered pets was not let on account of the uncertainty of the tariff, but we are assured that they are not to be deprived of that luxury.

The list reads more like the provisions that would be required for a swell boarding-house than the fare to be provided for prisoners, but the same policy is seen in the conduct of the San Francisco county jails. In Europe, the fare at the houses of detention—which correspond to the county jails here—is limited to what is required for bare subsistence. The term of imprisonment is always short, and there is no labor to be performed. An attempt is therefore made to render the fare a part of the punishment. The opposite policy seems to be favored in the jails here. The best quality of beef, mutton, bread, potatoes, vegetables, and milk, which would form a sufficiently varied diet without anything else, is furnished. In addition to this, each one hundred inmates receive monthly 200 pounds of coffee, 61 pounds of split peas, 150 pounds of sugar, 76 gallons of syrup, 6 bottles of tomato-catsup, 3 bottles of chow-chow, 30 dozen eggs, 12 bottles of flavoring extract, 60 pounds of canned fruit, and 100 pounds of fresh fruit when in season, 18 pounds of assorted jellies, 5 pounds of raisins, 24 boxes of sardines, 3 bottles of Worcestershire sauce, 15 pounds of tea, 15 pounds of tomatoes, and 20 pounds of tobacco.

These lists show a practice in the handling of prisoners that is wholly wrong and should be abandoned. The average criminal is drawn from a class of society to whom these luxuries are wholly unknown. To deprive him of them would not work the hardship that might otherwise result, and, even if it did, it would be no more than a just punishment. The criminal rightly regards imprisonment as a brief period of restraint that is not irksome, during which he is clothed and fed at the public expense far better than he could feed or clothe himself. Such treatment encourages rather than restrains crime, and defeats the purpose for which prisons are instituted. The practice has grown up through the well-meant but misdirected efforts of those whose sympathy leads them to forget that the criminal has voluntarily placed himself in his unfortunate position. With full knowledge of the consequences, he has attacked society and property rights, and his punishment should be such as to deter him from a repetition of the offense. The events at San Quentin have had the effect of fixing public attention upon the management of that institution, and this should result in a reform in the system of prison diet, both in the State penitentiaries and in the county jails.

But it is barely possible that we are taking too severe a view of the prison directors' benevolence toward these wards of the State. Let us examine in detail some of the items in the bill of fare of San Quentin prison. We may remark that these selections are made from the regular specifications issued by the prison directors under the heading, "Proposals for Supplies for the State Prison at San Quentin." Among the long list of items, the ones that strike us most are these: "peeled asparagus," "evaporated apples," "pearl barley," "standard Java coffee," "tinned corn," "Eagle chocolate," "desiccated shredded cocoanut," "dainty chips crackers," "common soda crackers," "Star butter crackers," "thin water crackers," "table fruit," "pie fruit," "jellies in cans," "jellies in glass," "jams in glass," "French mushrooms in glass," "English walnuts," "paper-shell almonds," "pure olive oil," "latest crop dried prunes," "oysters in cans," "fancy dried peaches, latest crop," "sweet pickles," "Le Marchand sardines," "powdered sugar in barrels," "granulated sugar in barrels," "cube sugar in barrels," "sugar Golden C in barrels," "maple syrup in tins," "maple sugar in cakes," "seedless Sultana raisins," "ripe California olives."

After perusing the foregoing list, the tax-payers of California will be gratified to observe that whatever luxuries may be lacking upon their tables, few are lacking upon the tables of the felons whom they support. We notice a fine discrimination in the catering of San Quentin prison, from which points may be taken by club caterers and others. For example, it will be observed that "dainty chips crackers" are purchased for San Quentin as well as "common soda crackers." It is probable that the gentlemen recently sent to the dungeons on "punishment diet" are condemned to eat the "common soda crackers" which honest workmen,

by the way, are very glad to get, and that the well-behaved convicts in "Murderers' Row"—such as Durrant and others—are regaled with the "dainty chips crackers" of the specifications. We may recommend to the Board of State Prison Directors a very fine article in this line, known as the "five-o'clock-tea biscuit." It is frequently used by the ladies of San Francisco at afternoon teas. The directors will find it very much more toothsome than the "dainty chips cracker," and we are confident that it will commend itself to the convicts.

We observe also that in addition to the "jellies in cans," the prison directors solicit bids for "jellies in glass." We suppose that the prisoners on punishment diet are forced to eat "jellies in cans." This we can hardly approve. It is a notorious fact that the "jellies in glass" are not only superior in flavor to those in tins, but are more wholesome, as the fruit acids frequently act upon the tins in such a way as to cause prejudicial chemical combinations; it is not improbable that some of the convicts who eat the "jellies in cans" may have stomach-ache in consequence.

The item "French mushrooms in glass," however, shows that the directors are careful of the stomachs of the convicts, as the small French *champignon* is, as a rule, safer than the *agaricus campestris*, or common California mushroom. The latter, while savory and agreeable, is apt at times to be confused with the non-edible fungi which are so dangerous. The prison directors, by purchasing the high-priced "French mushrooms in glass," thus avoid the danger of some convict succumbing to mushroom poisoning—which would be bad.

We observe in the list the item "sweet pickles." While the cheap pickle or gherkin made from the common cucumber is at times apt to be highly indigestible, owing to adulterations in the vinegar, the "sweet pickle," being differently preserved, is not open to this objection. We are glad to see that the directors prefer that the convicts should take no chances on pickles.

Another instance of the keen, almost motherly, interest taken by the directors is shown by the item "seedless Sultana raisins." The brutal prison directors of Europe would doubtless force prisoners under their charge to eat the ordinary raisin of commerce. It is a notorious fact that many people have died in consequence of the seeds of raisins having become lodged in the appendix vermiformis, thereby causing acute cases of appendicitis, which cases involve surgical operations often resulting in death. The fact that the prison directors purchase the "seedless raisin" instead of the dangerous seed raisin, eaten by honest but poor people, can not fail to commend itself to the humanitarian. There is thus removed from the prisoners at San Quentin the danger of their insides being attacked by that fashionable yet deadly disease, appendicitis.

Another item is a pleasing one, that of "ripe California olives." The "ripe California olive" is a comparatively new delicacy. It is quite possible that there are thousands of honest people in California who have never had the advantages of the San Quentin table, and who are unfamiliar with the ripe olive. We may inform them that the ordinary hard pickled olive of commerce is now being supplanted in clubs, expensive hotels, swell restaurants, on the tables of the rich, and in the California penitentiary by what is known as the "ripe California olive." It is only partially cured instead of being pickled like the ordinary olive, and is indeed a most toothsome delicacy. The cost of the ripe olives, however, puts them beyond the reach of most people. The only drawback that we can see to their use at San Quentin is that the convicts there may acquire such a pronounced taste for them that on their discharge from the prison they may suffer the hardship of being unable to obtain this expensive luxury.

The item, "maple sugar in cakes," is a little surprising at first glance, since we find elsewhere the item, "maple syrup in tins," and if the convicts have maple syrup to eat upon their hot buckwheat cakes in the morning, it is not immediately apparent what they want the maple sugar for. But it is possible that it may be served out in lieu of candies. We have carefully examined the document, "Proposals for Furnishing Supplies to the State Prison at San Quentin," and we find absolutely no mention of candies. It is barely possible that the almost prohibitory prices charged by the confectioners of San Francisco for chocolate creams, chocolate caramels, marshmallows, nougat, and candied violets render it impossible for the prison directors to supply them to the convicts. But we are pleased to see that they at least have made an effort. They have furnished to the prisoners "maple sugar in cakes," and as those unfortunate men munch their maple sugar, with tears running down their prison-pallid faces as they reflect on their deprivation of chocolate creams, they should find comfort in the fact that few of us in this world can have everything that we desire, and that there are many thousands of people in California who are debarred from the delicacies of San Quentin.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. McKinley is said to like hot weather, and to look forward to her summer in Washington with genuine pleasure.

Ex-Secretary John G. Carlisle, in practicing law in New York, will devote himself to pleading cases in court instead of confining himself to office work.

Count Nicholas Esterhazy, who died recently at Totis, in Hungary, was well known on the turf in England, France, and Austria. He gave orders that he should be buried in a red hunting-coat, with all the honors of the chase.

Congressman Walker, of Massachusetts, is the President's almost daily companion, when in Washington, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon. The tie between the two men is their mutual fondness for horseback-riding.

Colonel R. G. Shaw, in whose memory Boston has unveiled a statue, was rather a poor student while at Harvard and excelled in athletics more than in any study. He was extremely popular and believed in having a "good time."

Bavaria's representative at Queen Victoria's celebration will be Prince Ruprecht, eldest son and heir of Archduchess Maria Theresa of Modena-Este, who, according to the Legitimist Kalendar, should by rights be in Victoria's place.

Among the new recipients of honorary degrees from the University of Oxford are Wilfrid Laurier, premier of the Dominion of Canada; Sir William V. Whiteway, premier of Newfoundland; and E. L. Godkin, editor of the New York *Evening Post*.

Richard le Gallienne seems anxious to take the place formerly held in London society by Oscar Wilde. He appeared recently on a bicycle in a black silk costume trimmed with cream-colored lace, according to the London *Figaro*, which also asserts that his father is a respectable brewer.

Ross Bengé, a reputed son of Governor Sam Houston, the noted Texan, is to be hanged in Oklahoma on July 9th for a murder committed some months ago. He is a half-blood Cherokee Indian, and his half-brother, George W. Bengé, is Cherokee Indian representative at Washington.

The mysterious donor of the "record subscription" of £25,000 to the Princess of Wales's fund has been found in T. James Lipton, a London tea-merchant. The son of poor Irish parents, he has made his own way, until now he has a business for which he recently refused an offer of \$12,500,000.

Rumor has it that, now that Mrs. Langtry has secured her divorce, she will soon marry an Englishman of position equal to the task of restoring her to her place in society, in order that she may introduce her daughter. The girl, who has been very carefully brought up, is now of an age to go into the world, and, as she has some of her mother's beauty and will probably be quite an heiress, her possible marriage is becoming an important question.

Paul Laurence Dunbar, the young negro poet, has not been financially successful as a reader in England, but he seems to be enjoying himself in other ways. "The American colored man here," he writes, "is a good deal like a boy just out of school. When one has not been allowed to stick his nose inside the Hotel Waldorf in New York, and is refused entertainment at the best hostilities of his nation's capital, to be welcomed at the Hotel Cecil or at Frascati's in London is perhaps a little upsetting."

Alvan Graham Clark, the maker of the Lick and Yerkes telescopes, died a few days ago at his home in Cambridge, Mass. He was the head of the great firm of telescope-makers, Alvan Clark & Sons. Mr. Clark was also an astronomer of high standing. In 1870 he accompanied the total-eclipse expedition to Jerez, Spain, and he was a member of a similar expedition to Wyoming in 1878. He discovered fourteen double stars, including the companion to Sirius, for which the Lalande gold medal was awarded to him by the French Academy of Sciences in 1862.

Henry L. Tanner, a young colored man, who was born in Philadelphia, has been paid the compliment of having the French government purchase one of his pictures, "The Raising of Lazarus," for the Luxembourg Gallery. Only on two or three previous occasions has this honor been bestowed upon an American artist, and never before on a negro. The young artist is a son of Bishop Tanner, of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. His popularity among his fellow-students in Paris has been demonstrated by his election to the vice-presidency of the Society of American Arts.

A sensation has been created in Vienna, where society is more aristocratic than in any other capital in Europe, by the betrothal of Magda Fuchs, a maid in the employ of Princess Ferdinand of Bulgaria, to Count Henry Taaffe, the only son of the late prime minister of Austria. He is a chamberlain of the emperor, and, in addition to being a member of the Austrian House of Lords, he is a British peer, being Viscount Taaffe, of Ballymote, in Ireland. One of the features at his country-seat in Bohemia is a reproduction, itself more than two hundred years old, of the ruins of his ancestral castle at Ballymote.

Mrs. Fannie Myers, projector of the dry-goods house of Bloomingdale Brothers, died recently in New York. Mrs. Myers, who was the daughter of Benjamin and Hannah Bloomingdale, was, on the death of her husband in 1854, left with three small children and little means. She opened a small dry-goods store, and was successful from the outset. A few years later her brothers established a store in the same thoroughfare. The two businesses were soon consolidated under the firm name of Bloomingdale Brothers, and Mrs. Myers retained her interest in the house until her death, having acquired a large fortune.

MONSTERS FROM THE DEEP.

From "Thirty Strange Stories," by H. G. Wells.

Until the extraordinary affair at Sidmouth, the peculiar species *Haploteuthis ferax* was known to science only generically, on the strength of a half-digested tentacle obtained near the Azores, and a decaying body pecked by birds and nibbled by fish, found early in 1896 by Mr. Jennings, near Land's End.

In no department of zoological science, indeed, are we quite so much in the dark as with regard to the deep-sea cephalopods. A mere accident, for instance, it was that led to the Prince of Monaco's discovery of nearly a dozen new forms in the summer of 1895—a discovery in which the before-mentioned tentacle was included. It chanced that a cachalot was killed off Terceira by some sperm-whalers, and in its last struggles charged almost to the prince's yacht, missed it, rolled under, and died within twenty yards of his rudder. And in its agony it threw up a number of large objects, which the prince, dimly perceiving they were strange and important, was, by a happy expedient, able to secure before they sank. He set his screws in motion, and kept them circling in the vortices thus created until a boat could be lowered. And these specimens were whole cephalopods and fragments of cephalopods, some of gigantic proportions, and almost all of them unknown to science!

It would seem, indeed, that these large and agile creatures, living in the middle depths of the sea, must, to a large extent, forever remain unknown to us, since under water they are too nimble for nets, and it is only by such rare unlooked-for accidents that specimens can be obtained. In the case of *Haploteuthis ferax*, for instance, we are still altogether ignorant of its habitat—as ignorant as we are of the breeding-ground of the herring or the sea-ways of the salmon. And zoologists are altogether at a loss to account for its sudden appearance on our coast. Possibly it was the stress of a hunger migration that drove it hither out of the deep. But it will be, perhaps, better to avoid necessarily inconclusive discussion, and to proceed at once with our narrative.

The first human being to set eyes upon a living *Haploteuthis*—the first human being to survive, that is, for there can be little doubt now that the wave of bathing fatalities and boating accidents that traveled along the coast of Cornwall and Devon in early May was due to this cause—was a retired tea-dealer of the name of Fison, who was stopping at a Sidmouth boarding-house. It was in the afternoon, and he was walking along the cliff path between Sidmouth and Ladram Bay. The cliffs in this direction are very high, but down the red face of them in one place a kind of ladder staircase has been made. He was near this when his attention was attracted by what at first he thought to be a cluster of birds struggling over a fragment of food that caught the sunlight, and glistened pinkish-white. The tide was right out, and this object was not only far below him, but remote across a broad waste of rock reefs covered with dark seaweed and interspersed with silvery, shining, tidal pools. And he was, moreover, dazzled by the brightness of the further water.

In a minute, regarding this again, he perceived that his judgment was in fault, for over this struggle circled a number of birds, jackdaws and gulls for the most part, the latter gleaming blindingly when the sunlight smote their wings, and they seemed minute in comparison with it. And his curiosity was, perhaps, aroused all the more strongly because of his first insufficient explanations.

As he had nothing better to do than amuse himself, he decided to make this object, whatever it was, the goal of his afternoon walk, conceiving it might perhaps be a great fish of some sort, stranded by some chance, and flapping about in its distress. And so he hurried down the long steep ladder, stopping at intervals of thirty feet or so to take breath and scan the mysterious movement.

At the foot of the cliff he was, of course, nearer his object than he had been, and he perceived that it was made up of seven rounded bodies, distinct or connected, and that the birds kept up a constant croaking and screaming, but seemed afraid to approach it too closely.

Mr. Fison, torn by curiosity, began picking his way across the wave-worn rocks, and, finding the wet seaweed that covered them thickly rendered them extremely slippery, he stopped, removed his shoes and socks, and coiled his trousers above his knees. His object was, of course, merely to avoid stumbling into the rocky pools about him, and perhaps he was rather glad, as all men are, of an excuse to resume, even for a moment, the sensations of his boyhood. At any rate, it is to this, no doubt, that he owes his life.

He approached his mark with all the assurance which the absolute security of this country against all forms of animal life gives its inhabitants. The round bodies moved to and fro, but it was only when he surmounted the boulders that he realized the horrible nature of the discovery. It came upon him with some suddenness.

The rounded bodies fell apart as he came into sight over the ridge and displayed the pinkish object to be the partially devoured body of a human being, but whether of a man or woman he was unable to say. And the rounded bodies were new and ghastly-looking creatures, in shape somewhat resembling an octopus, and with huge and very long and flexible tentacles, coiled copiously on the ground. The skin had a glistening texture, unpleasant to see, like shiny leather. The downward bend of the tentacle-surrounded mouth, the curious excrescence at the bend, the tentacles, and the large, intelligent eyes, gave the creatures a grotesque suggestion of a face. They were the size of a fair-sized swine about the body, and the tentacles seemed to him to be many feet in length. There were, he thinks, seven or eight at least of the creatures. Twenty yards beyond them, amid the surf of the now returning tide, two others were emerging from the sea.

Their bodies lay flatly on the rocks, and their eyes regarded him with evil interest; but it does not appear that

Mr. Fison was afraid, or that he realized that he was in any danger. Possibly his confidence is to be ascribed to the limpness of their attitudes. But he was horrified, of course, and intensely excited and indignant at such revolting creatures preying upon human flesh. He thought they had chanced upon a drowned body. He shrank to them, with the idea of driving them off, and, finding they did not budge, cast about him, picked up a big, rounded lump of rock, and flung it at one.

And then, slowly uncoiling their tentacles, they all began moving toward him—creeping at first deliberately, and making a soft, purring sound to each other.

In a moment Mr. Fison realized that he was in danger. He shouted again, threw both his boots, and started off, with a leap, forthwith. Twenty yards off he stopped and faced about, judging them slow, and, behold! the tentacles of their leader were already pouring over the rocky ridge on which he had just been standing!

At that he shouted again, but this time not threatening, but a cry of dismay, and began jumping, striding, slipping, wading across the uneven expanse between him and the beach. The tall red cliffs seemed suddenly at a vast distance, and he saw, as though they were creatures in another world, two minute workmen engaged in the repair of the ladder-way, and little suspecting the race for life that was beginning below them. At one time he could hear the creatures splashing in the pools not a dozen feet behind him, and once he slipped and almost fell.

They chased him to the very foot of the cliffs, and desisted only when he had been joined by the workmen at the foot of the ladder-way up the cliff. All three of the men pelted them with stones for a time, and then hurried to the cliff top and along the path toward Sidmouth, to secure assistance and a boat, and to rescue the desecrated body from the clutches of these abominable creatures.

And, as if he had not already been in sufficient peril that day, Mr. Fison went with the boat to point out the exact spot of his adventure.

It required a considerable detour to reach the spot, and when at last they came off the ladder-way, the mangled body had disappeared. The water was now running in, submerging first one slab of slimy rock and then another, and the four men in the boat—the workmen, that is, the boatman, and Mr. Fison—now turned their attention from the bearings off shore to the water beneath the keel.

At first they could see little below them, save a dark jungle of laminaria, with an occasional darting fish. Their minds were set on adventure, and they expressed their disappointment freely. But presently they saw one of the monsters swimming through the water seaward, with a curious rolling motion that suggested to Mr. Fison the spinning roll of a captive balloon. Almost immediately after, the waving streamers of laminaria were extraordinarily perturbed, parted for a moment, and three of these beasts became darkly visible, struggling for what was probably some fragment of the drowned man. In a moment the copious olive-green ribbons had poured again over this writhing group.

At that all four men, greatly excited, began beating the water with oars, and shouting, and immediately they saw a tumultuous movement among the weeds. They desisted, to see more clearly, and as soon as the water was smooth, they saw, as it seemed to them, the whole sea-bottom among the weeds set with eyes.

"Ugly swine!" cried one of the men. "Why, there's dozens!"

And forthwith the things began to rise through the water about them. Mr. Fison has since described to the writer this startling eruption out of the waving laminaria meadows. To him it seemed to occupy a considerable time, but it is probable that really it was an affair of a few seconds only. For a time nothing but eyes, and then he speaks of tentacles streaming out and parting the weed-fronts this way and that. Then these things, growing larger, until at last the bottom was hidden by their intercoiling forms, and the tips of tentacles rose darkly here and there into the air above the swell of the waters.

One came up boldly to the side of the boat, and, clinging to this with three of its sucker-set tentacles, threw four others over the gunwale, as if with an intention either of oversetting the boat or of clambering into it. Mr. Fison at once caught up the boat-hook, and, jabbing furiously at the soft tentacles, forced it to desist. He was struck in the back and almost pitched overboard by the boatman, who was using his oar to resist a similar attack on the other side of the boat. But the tentacles on either side at once relaxed their hold at this, slid out of sight, and splashed into the water.

"We'd better get out of this," said Mr. Fison, who was trembling violently. He went to the tiller, while the boatman and one of the workmen seated themselves and began rowing. The other workman stood up in the fore part of the boat, with the boat-hook, ready to strike any more tentacles that might appear. Nothing else seems to have been said. Mr. Fison had expressed the common feeling beyond amendment. In a hushed, scared mood, with faces white and drawn, they set about escaping from the position into which they had so recklessly blundered.

But the oars had scarcely dropped into the water before dark, tapering, serpentine ropes had bound them, and were about the rudder; and creeping up the sides of the boat, with a looping motion, came the suckers again. The men gripped their oars and pulled, but it was like trying to move a boat in a floating raft of weeds. "Help here!" cried the boatman, and Mr. Fison and the second workman rushed to help lug at the oar.

Then the man with the boat-hook—his name was Ewan, or Ewen—sprang up with a curse, and began striking downward over the side, as far as he could reach, at the bank of tentacles that now clustered along the boat's bottom. And, at the same time, the two rowers stood up to get a better purchase for the recovery of their oars. The boatman handed his to Mr. Fison, who lugged desperately, and, meanwhile, the boatman opened a big clasp-knife, and, lean-

ing over the side of the boat, began hacking at the spiring arms upon the oar-shaft.

Mr. Fison, staggering with the quivering rocking of the boat, his teeth set, his breath coming short, and the veins starting on his hands as he pulled at his oar, suddenly cast his eyes seaward. And there, not fifty yards off, across the long rollers of the incoming tide, was a large boat standing in toward them, with three women and a little child in it. A boatman was rowing, and a little man in a pink-ribboned straw hat stood in the stern, hailing them. For a moment, of course, Mr. Fison thought of help, and then he thought of the child. He abandoned his oar forthwith, threw up his arms in a frantic gesture, and screamed to the party in the boat to keep away "for God's sake!" It says much for the modesty and courage of Mr. Fison that he does not seem to be aware that there was any quality of heroism in his action at this juncture. The oar he had abandoned was at once drawn under, and presently re-appeared floating about twenty yards away.

At the same moment Mr. Fison felt the boat under him lurch violently, and a hoarse scream, a prolonged cry of terror from Hill, the boatman, caused him to forget the party of excursionists altogether. He turned, and saw Hill crouching by the forward row-lock, his face convulsed with terror, and his right arm over the side and drawn tightly down. He gave now a succession of short, sharp cries, "Oh! oh! oh! oh!" Mr. Fison believes that he must have been hacking at the tentacles below the water line, and have been grasped by them; but, of course, it is quite impossible to say now certainly what had happened. The boat was heeling over, so that the gunwale was within ten inches of the water, and both Ewan and the other laborer were striking down into the water, with oar and boat-hook, on either side of Hill's arm. Mr. Fison instinctively placed himself to counterpoise them.

Then Hill, who was a burly, powerful man, made a strenuous effort, and rose almost to a standing position. He lifted his arm, indeed, clean out of the water. Hanging to it was a complicated tangle of brown ropes; and the eyes of one of the brutes that had hold of him, glaring straight and resolute, showed momentarily above the surface. The boat heeled more and more, and the green-brown water came pouring in a cascade over the side. Then Hill slipped and fell with his ribs across the side, and his arm and the mass of tentacles about it splashed back into the water. He rolled over; his boot kicked Mr. Fison's knee as that gentleman rushed forward to seize him, and in another moment fresh tentacles had whipped about his waist and neck, and after a brief, convulsive struggle, in which the boat was nearly capsized, Hill was lugged overboard. The boat righted with a violent jerk that all but sent Mr. Fison over the other side, and hid the struggle in the water from his eyes.

He stood staggering to recover his balance for a moment, and as he did so, he became aware that the struggle and the inflowing tide had carried them close upon the weedy rocks again. Not four yards off a table of rock still rose in rhythmic movements above the in-wash of the tide. In a moment Mr. Fison seized the oar from Ewan, gave one vigorous stroke, then, dropping it, ran to the bows and leaped. He felt his feet slide over the rock, and, by a frantic effort, leaped again toward a further mass. He stumbled over this, came to his knees, and rose again.

"Look out!" cried some one, and a large drab body struck him. He was knocked flat into a tidal pool by one of the workmen, and as he went down he heard smothered, choking cries, that he believed at the time came from Hill. Then he found himself marveling at the shrillness and variety of Hill's voice. Some one jumped over him, and a curving rush of foamy water poured over him, and passed. He scrambled to his feet, dripping, and without looking seaward, ran as fast as his terror would let him shoreward. Before him, over the flat space of scattered rocks, stumbled the two workmen—one a dozen yards in front of the other.

He looked over his shoulder at last, and, seeing that he was not pursued, faced about. He was astonished. From the moment of the rising of the cephalopods out of the water, he had been acting too swiftly to fully comprehend his actions. Now it seemed to him as if he had suddenly jumped out of an evil dream.

For there were the sky, cloudless and blazing with the afternoon sun, the sea, weltering under its pitiless brightness, the soft, creamy foam of the breaking water, and the low, long, dark ridges of rock. The righted boat floated, rising and falling gently on the swell, about a dozen yards from shore. Hill and the monsters, all the stress and tumult of that fierce fight for life, had vanished as though they had never been.

Mr. Fison's heart was beating violently; he was throbbing to the finger-tips, and his breath came deep.

There was something missing. For some seconds he could not think clearly enough what this might be. Sun, sky, sea, rocks—what was it? Then he remembered the boat-load of excursionists. It had vanished. He wondered whether he had imagined it. He turned, and saw the two workmen standing side by side under the projecting masses of the tall, pink cliffs. He hesitated whether he should make one last attempt to save the man Hill. His physical excitement seemed to desert him suddenly and leave him aimless and helpless. He turned shoreward, stumbling and wading toward his two companions.

He looked back again, and there were now two boats floating, and the one farthest out at sea pitched clumsily, bottom upward.

New York is to have the "Bacchante" which Boston was too prudish to tolerate. C. F. McKim, of the firm of McKim, Mead & White, was presented with the statue by the sculptor, Frederick Macmonnies, and offered it to the Boston Public Library, which he had designed, but the trustees declined it. Mr. McKim has now presented it to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where it will be placed. It is valued at thirty-five thousand dollars.

THE TERRY DIVORCE.

The Paris Court Grants the Wealthy Cuban's Petition, and he is Free to Marry Sibyl Sanderson—A Few Facts Concerning his Career.

The interest of the American colony and of many persons prominent in the artistic and fashionable world was focused on the Palais de Justice during the last two days of last week, and though the hall in which the Fourth Chamber of the Civil Tribunal of the Seine sits was not by any means crowded, a very lively interest was taken in what was going on there. The occasion was the hearing of the Terry divorce case, and as the papers here are not permitted to print reports of divorce cases, we have all been on the *qui vive* to hear the details of it. The case began in the States fully four years ago, and it has been dragging its weary length along in the courts on both sides of the water ever since. There is every probability, however, that it is now finally settled, for an appeal is not likely. Antonio Terry, the plaintiff, has been granted a decree against his wife, and is free to marry Sibyl Sanderson, the American prima donna, and his divorced wife has been awarded alimony double the sum that satisfied her a year ago. She has all along expressed her indifference as to what Mr. Terry did, so long as she was comfortably provided.

The case has attracted unusual attention, owing to the prominence of the parties directly and indirectly interested in it. Mr. Terry is a Cuban millionaire who has made his home in this city for ten years past. He is by no means a *rastagouère*, as we call the black-bearded gentlemen who seem to bring all the gold of the Brazils to Paris to wear upon their persons and to scatter broadcast among *ces dames* and whomsoever else will scramble for it. True, he is dark, even for a Cuban; but he is a dapper little fellow; a sportsman, with an excellent stable of blooded horses, a kennel of dogs, and a stable full of smart equippages; and he is a lavish but never ostentatious host. He is one of the half-dozen children of the late Don Tomas Terry, the Cuban sugar-planter, who left fifty or sixty millions of dollars to be divided among them at his death in 1886. Antonio's share is now estimated at about five millions of dollars, which would indicate that he has not let the grass grow under his feet when it came to spending money. In 1876, when he was a youth of twenty, he married Miss Grace Secor, a New York girl two years his junior, and they were very happy for a time. Early in the eighties a daughter was born to them, and a few years later they separated, owing to Terry's attentions to other women. It is said that the particular object of Mrs. Terry's jealousy was an American actress named Martinot. The separation, however, was not a legal divorce, but merely an agreement to go their ways, Terry giving her an allowance of six thousand dollars a year, with an additional two thousand dollars annually for the maintenance of their daughter. All this was ten years ago, and soon after, like all good Americans with money to spend, they became familiar figures in Paris—though, of course, they were never together.

It may have been Mr. Terry's announcement of his intention, contingent on obtaining a divorce, to marry Sibyl Sanderson when she was singing in New York two years ago, or it may have been due to some other cause, but the fact remains that Mrs. Terry at last sued for a divorce, naming six co-respondents, though their identity was not revealed at the time. She was awarded her decree, with alimony set at two thousand francs. Mr. Terry took an appeal from this and got an increase of alimony to five thousand francs for his pains. Then there was a battle of the law, in which he invoked the aid of the police, charging her with gross immorality, and she retorted with similar charges; but the police expressed absolute unbelief in the testimony of the witnesses on both sides, and the proceedings were allowed to drop.

The latest move was the suit just terminated. It was brought by Mr. Terry some two months ago, the co-respondent being some gentleman not named, and was adjourned until after Easter. The plaintiff was represented by Maitre Waldeck-Rousseau, a former minister of state and one of the most eloquent pleaders at the Paris bar. His opponent is Maitre Allain, a leading Franco-American advocate, who distinguished himself recently in his defense of the Princesse de Caraman-Chimay's interests in the Brussels courts. In the proceedings, which were opened last Friday by Maitre Allain, the identity of four of the six women whom Mrs. Terry names as co-respondents were revealed. They were the Miss Martinot I have already mentioned; Aimée Aymond, formerly a bright light of the Gardenia and Parthenon clubs in London; Gabrielle d'Allemagne, who was formerly a "friend" of the titled dentist, John Evans, Marquis d'Oyley, and whose sister, Marie, sustained a similar relation to Prince Hatzfeldt before his marriage to the daughter of the American railroad king, Huntington; and, finally—and this is the first time she has been brought into the suit—Sibyl Sanderson. Maitre Allain charged Mr. Terry with having accompanied Miss Sanderson everywhere and showering his gold on her, while his wife was left penniless. Mr. Terry certainly has been the American sioger's shadow for a number of years. His presence in New York during her season there was well known—indeed, the announcement of their conditional engagement was made there—and two months ago he was with her in St. Petersburg. But the course of their true love has not been free from bickerings, for in New York his attentions to Mrs. Langtry were so pressing that the fair singer was quite jealous, and at St. Petersburg the Czar's admiration, which drew him to the imperial box every night when Miss Sanderson sang, gave the Cuban Lothario a lively tussle with the green-eyed monster.

The case became rather nasty when the charges against Mrs. Terry—habitual drunkenness and enacting disgraceful scenes before their sixteen-year-old daughter—were brought

and discussed, and I shall not weary you with details of the two days' trial. It is enough to record the results, a decree granted Mr. Terry—each party has now been granted a decree on statutory grounds—but he is ordered to pay the defendant alimony to the amount of four thousand francs a month. The daughter is given into the custody of her grandmother, who is to put her into a convent until she shall have married or attained her majority, now only two years distant, the mother being allowed to visit the child meanwhile, and her vacations to be divided between the two parents.

There is, of course, the possibility of an appeal, and the case may go on for from one to five years longer. But, as I said before, it is not probable. If the former Mrs. Terry was satisfied with two thousand francs alimony, she ought to be more so with four thousand francs; and Mr. Terry has reduced the sum he has to pay by one thousand francs a month. Moreover, the impatient lover should be tired of the law's delays. We are all anxiously looking for an announcement of the day when Miss Sanderson is to make him happy, in spite of the fact that with their marriage, so it is said, will come her retirement from the stage.

PARIS, May 26, 1897.

ST. MARTIN.

A hospital has been opened in London for the treatment of wounds, ulcers, and kindred ailments by oxygen gas. The new method of treatment was suggested by the Zulus. When they are wounded, they climb an eminence and expose their wounds to the pure air of the mountain-tops. After the Turco-Russian War, it was noticed also that the invalids sat with their wounded limbs bare on the deck. Scientifically developed, and with the addition of oxygen—one part of oxygen to one part of purified air—that is the principle now adopted at the Oxygen Home. Boxes are filled with the mixture at the gasometer, and attached to the chambers, which inclose the wounds. When a London *Mail* representative visited the hospital, a merry little lad, afflicted with discharges from the ears, was running about with a tube in each ear, attached to a gas-bag, hung like a school-satchel across his back. A man, with a diseased eye, wore an appliance little larger than the ordinary shade. Patients lay in bed with diseased limbs inclosed in glass cases, fed automatically with the mixed gas. Comparisons with the photographs of the original wounds showed that remarkable improvements had been effected in a very short time.

A sensible suggestion for California fruit-growers is made by Alfred P. Griffith, in the *Land of Sunshine*. He points out the defects of sulphur-dried and sun-dried fruits—the former being tasteless, if not unwholesome, and the latter being unsightly and possibly impregnated with moth-eggs—and continues: "We must find some plan by which we can dry our fruit that will not horrify the eye and will please the palate, and yet not cost too much. By the evaporator process I produce a superior article of dried fruit. The rapidity of the process prevents the loss of much fruit-flavor, and of course the flavor is not destroyed by sulphur fumes, and drying with a high degree of artificial heat, in twelve hours, is a sure preventive of worms in the fruit. I shall put up this season fruit on my ranch by this process, and am sure all who buy it will want more of it. I shall package the fruit in pound packages, sealed, thus insuring the quality of the contents and cleanliness, and with each package will go directions for proper preparation for the table; and I am sure if this process were generally adopted, our dried-fruit business would experience quite an improvement."

The proposed Jungfrau Railway, for which the Federal Government of Switzerland has lately granted a concession, will attain an extreme height of 13,430 feet, from which point the summit, 230 feet beyond, will be reached by a spiral staircase and an elevator. Nearly the entire course of the line will be above the snow level. Starting from the summit terminus of the Wengern Alp Railway, there will be seven stations, in the form of excavated but partly open galleries. Electricity will be the motive power, the Lüt-schinen torrents being harnessed for that service. The total length of the line will be about twelve kilometres, and the estimated cost four hundred thousand pounds. On the basis of forty francs for a return ticket, the promoters hope to carry to the summit ten thousand passengers yearly. The undertaking has the indorsement of the Swiss Alpine Club, who certify, through a committee, not only that the rarity of the air will do no harm to tourists, but also that "on returning from those ice-bound peaks we always feel as fresh and more fit for work than when we started."

That little mistake of Miss Margaret Williams, the type-writer, which necessitated the calling of an extra session of the New Jersey legislature, instead of costing the State several hundreds of dollars, as was expected, has saved the commonwealth about \$45,850. Miss Williams, by substituting the word "provided" for "prohibited" in an anti-gambling bill, made pool-selling in New Jersey a possibility. The bill provided for a special election, so that the people could approve of the amendments to the constitution, which passed two legislatures. The new bill provides for only one day for registration. Under the bill which passed the legislature the election would have cost about \$102,000. Under the bill passed because of the error it will cost \$56,150.

Snoring has at last proved fatal—not to the snorer but to the snoree, so to speak. The victim was a three-year-old girl in Canarsie, N. Y. She found a man lying asleep in a building on her father's property, emitting such terrific noises that she was thrown into convulsions and died a few hours later. The cause of the trouble was a drunken man, and the heaviest punishment that could be meted out to him was ten days' imprisonment.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Field of Waterloo.*

Fair Brussels, thou art far behind,
Though, lingering on the morning wind,
We yet may hear the hour
Pealed over orchard and canal,
With voice prolonged and measured fall.
From proud St. Michael's tower;
Thy wood, dark Soignies, holds us now,
Where the tall beeches' glossy bough,
For many a league around,
With birch and darksome oak between,
Spreads deep and far a pathless screen,
Of tangled forest-ground.

A brighter, livelier scene succeeds;
In groups the scattering wood recedes,
Hedge-rows, and huts, and sunny meads,
And corn-fields glance between;
The peasant at his labor blithe,
Plies the hooked staff and shortened scythe—
But when these ears were green,
Placed close within destruction's scope,
Full little was that rustic's hope
Their ripening to have seen!

Now, see'st thou aught in this lone scene
Can tell of that which late hath been?
A stranger might reply,
"The bare extent of stubble-plain
Seems lately lightened of its grain;
And yonder sable tracks remain
Marks of the peasant's ponderous wain,
When harvest home was nigh."

So deem'st thou—so each mortal deems,
Of that which is from that which seems—
But other harvest here
Than that which peasant's scythe demands,
Was gathered in by sterner hands,
With bayonet, blade, and spear.
No vulgar crop was theirs to reap,
No stinted harvest thin and cheap!
Heroes before each fatal sweep
Fell thick as ripened grain;
And ere the darkening of the day,
Piled high as autumn shocks, they lay
The ghastly harvest of the fray,
The corpses of the slain.

Ay, look again—that line, so black
And trampled, marks the bivouac,
Yon deep-graved ruts the artillery's track,
So often lost and won;
And close beside, the hardened mud
Still shows where, felloek deep in blood,
The fierce dragoon, through battle's flood,
Dashed the hot war-horse on.
These spots of excavation tell
The ravage of the bursting shell—
And feel'st thou not the tainted steam,
That reeks against the sultry beam,
From yonder trenched mound?
The pestilential fumes declare
That Carnage has replenished there
Her garner-house profound.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Waterloo.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear? No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance, let joy be unconfeined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within the windowed niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amid the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! they come!"

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshaling in arms; the day
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

* Fought on Sunday, June 18, 1815.

—Lord Byron.

THE LAND OF THE CZAR.

"In Joyful Russia," by John A. Logan, Jr.—Pleasant Pictures of the People and their Institutions, as Seen by an American Visitor.

It is an unusual view of the land of the Great White Czar that John A. Logan, Jr., presents in the book in which he has recorded his impressions during his attendance at the coronation ceremonies. The very title, "In Joyous Russia," is in sharp contrast with the conception of Russia that Mr. Kennan and others have left in our minds, and it is to be taken into consideration that Mr. Logan saw the country and the people at their best, when the unsightly features of Russian life had been swept back into the dark corners and when the people had put on shining faces to do honor to the "little father."

In his opening pages Mr. Logan explains his aims in preparing his book:

I am writing primarily to please myself, moved to do so by an irresistible and almost juvenile impulse to make for myself and even more for my mother, who was with me, and for my wife, who was detained in Paris, a permanent record of a superbly enjoyable holiday. Secondly, I am writing in the hope of pleasing, or, at least, interesting, others; emboldened to hope so because I felt and feel that an American who had never witnessed any function at all analogous to the coronation festivities of Nicholas the Second, seeing them with fresher eyes, might retain a more vivid and detailed impression of them than could a more gifted European, accustomed more or less to such sights from his birth. Even my republican but much-traveled mother was often reminded of some state banquet at Vienna or court ball at Madrid. But I was reminded of nothing. I had no standard of experience with which to compare anything. I saw everything for the first time.

This modestly presented work is a volume of two hundred and seventy-five pages, and the coronation ceremonies fill but a comparatively small number of them. The same scenes have been described by a dozen other writers, and Mr. Logan's account has only the distinguishing element due to his personal point of view. But he had his eyes open from the time he entered the Czar's domain until he left it, and many are the vivid little pictures of Russian institutions that he presents. Such, for example, is this account of the Russian policeman:

It is the duty of the *gorodovoy* to keep peace and order in the streets, and to awake those who fall asleep there if they seem in danger—not of being run over, but otherwise. The *ivoshchik* and the drosky horse that will knock down and run over a pedestrian as a matter of course are scrupulous about not disturbing the slumber of a street sleeper. The middle of the busiest street is by common consent the appointed and chosen place of repose for the peasant classes, and at noon in summer time you will see scores of men, women, and children with one accord lie down in the centre of the roadway and go to sleep in the most business-like way. Then for an hour or two some of the chief streets are almost impassable. No one dreams of disturbing the seventy times seven sleepers. All Russia knows that, eat he ever so much, man does not live by bread alone, but even more by sleep. But in winter the street police are very busy arousing those who should freeze to death if they slept on. An old pilgrim woman, on the way to say her prayers, offer her *kopecks*, and tell her every trouble to the Mother of Iberia or some other saint, sits down to rest. She dozes off, and soon the policeman shakes her gently, helps her up, and starts her on. But for him she would die. The streets of the Russian cities, especially during the carnival times and on the frequent fête days, are full of drunken men, nor freed from drunken women. In the summer they are left where they fall to sleep themselves sober. In winter they must be made to move on, or they will sleep but to awake in eternity. Then the *gorodovoy's* billet is no sinecure. A drunken man, roughly roused from his first slumber, is never a pleasant person to deal with, and in Russia he is superlatively unpleasant. The Russian peasant sober is patient, plodding, dumb, and docile. The Russian peasant mad with drink (or with his mind poisoned by fanatic nihilistic teachings) is an uglier customer than any enraged wild beast. Fortunately, *vodka* is as apt to stupefy as to excite his heavy senses. But perhaps the sleeper whom the police have most often to awaken is the poor *ivoshchik*. He has sat for hours in his sleigh waiting for the "fare" that never came. He has fought with sleep, and sleep has conquered. He is so muffled up in his padded *kaftan* and his great shaggy cap that the *gorodovoy* must be very vigilant of eye and mind to discover that the *jehu* has dropped off into the land of "Nod," and summon him quickly back to the Russia of the living and the awake; for in Russia, out-of-doors and in the winter, the land of "Nod" is the narrow, abruptly downward-sloping bank of the River Styx.

Mr. Logan was much impressed by the beauty of the Russian women's toilets. Apropos of the trip to the coronation ceremonies, he writes:

It was a holiday crowd. All laughed and chatted and crashed into each other, and made way for each other with the frankest, happiest, most cordial air of good-fellowship. The upper ten were there *en masse*. Four-fifths of the men were in uniform. A Russian officer is never seen in mufti—in Russia, at least. Some of the ladies were young, many of them were old. Some were handsome, others very plain. But all were gowned in triumphs of Paris's greatest art. Most Frenchwomen dress well, and many Americans; but the Russian gentlewomen excel them both. I never saw a Russian lady who was not exquisitely robed. The dowager-empress, Her Imperial Majesty Marie Feodorovna, was for fifteen years conceded to be the best-dressed woman in Europe. The lovely Empress of Austria excelled her in beauty, but no one touched her in frocks. A *grande dame*, who was intimate with Worth (almost from the first days of his reign), told me the following little anecdote and vouched for its accuracy:

"A client of Worth's, a lady of birth and rank equal, or very nearly equal, to that of her Russian majesty, once charged the grand old man of Paris with partiality. 'Why will you never create for me the *chefs-d'œuvre*, the sublime triumphs that you make every week for the Empress of Russia?' was her question.

"Madame, it is impossible. I do my best for every one, but I can do but little alone. It is not enough that you pay me when your robe is accomplished—*un fait accompli*; it is necessary first that you inspire me before your robe is begun here, tapping his brow and then his heart. 'Her majesty, the Empress of the Russians, she gives me the inspiration sublime, divine. And when she carries my work, she improves it, I go with difficulty recognize it. Bring to me any woman in Europe—queen, *artiste*, or *bourgeoise*—who can inspire me as does Mme. Her Majesty, and I will make her confections while I live and charge her nothing.'"

It occurred to me when I heard this that every Russian *mondaine* must have something of the same effect upon her own particular milliner.

The "zakuska," the Russian equivalent of the American ante-prandial cocktail, is an institution which must awe the visiting foreigner. It is universal, and the Russians are very hospitable hosts. Here is Mr. Logan's description of a *zakuska* and subsequent luncheon on a train:

Down the centre of the table I counted ten kinds of liquor. About the drinkables were ranged the eatables. The Russians take a glass of one liquor and then a generous snack from one dish. They follow this with a glass of some other liquor and then a snack from another dish. And so on until they feel that their appetites are stimulated up to a pitch that will enable them to do justice to the long and heavy meal which is sure to follow. The Russian liquors are fiery and potent; and at first I did not care to toy with more than two or three of them at a time. The

vodka—the rival of tea with the Russian masses—I did not like. It was rough and disagreeable of aroma. *Litsjka* I thought decidedly good. I liked the flavor, which was unlike any I had known before. It was partly due, I learned, to the steeping of young black currant-leaves in the fermenting spirits. The solids of the *zakuska* I tasted one after the other, led by curiosity to run the risk of spoiling my real meal. Radishes, olives, and smoked salmon I skipped. I had tasted them many a time and oft. And I also knew several of the pickles and all the cheeses, and passed them also by. The raw sucking pig was good. It does not sound nice, but I can not help that; it was distinctly good. It was served in very small cubes, highly seasoned, and laid on toast. The smoked goose was aggravatingly tasty, for you could not manage much of it—at least I could not. The uncooked fish was not bad. But it was the fresh caviare that I reveled in; it was spread on bread or on toast. In either case it was put on thick, and was sprinkled with chopped onion and lemon. They removed the *zakuska* and brought the soup. It was ice-cold and delicious, the perfection of soup to follow the fires of the *vodka*, the delightful torments of the cayenned fish, and the accentuated caviare.

It was *okroshka* they served us—the king of *potages*, barring stilet soup. *Okroshka* is largely made of a fermented rye wine called *kvas*. There were slices of cucumber, shreds of fish, and scraps of meat floating in it. It was colder than any ice, and, as I heard a small countryman of mine remark some weeks later in a St. Petersburg restaurant, "it was better than ice-cream!"

The fish which they served us looked for all the world like bleached doughnuts. It was, in fact, patties of sturgeon and isinglass, served with an excellent sauce—a sauce highly flavored with the sturgeon.

From that on our luncheon became very cosmopolitan. We might have been eating in New York or San Francisco, in Paris or Vienna, in London or Venice, except that we would most certainly have had fewer courses and less of each. We had the invariable Russian salad—eggs, beet-root, lettuce, onion, radishes, capers, tomatoes, celery, chicken, and salmon, smothered in rich *mayonnaise*. For *oué jarkoe*, or roast of game, they served young blackcock with a salad of salted cucumber. Several of the sweets were new to me; but I passed them by for the favorite goods of my Chicago boyhood, Nesselrode pudding, *Liqueurs*, and coffee, and cigarettes followed the lunch, which had been almost a dozen courses, and which every one but I had washed down with oft-repeated bumpers of champagne. Wines of every kind and vintage were to be had for the asking, however; and when I selected a claret, they brought me something very sound and with a perfect bouquet.

The Logans took a furnished house for their stay in Moscow, and we are afforded this brief glimpse of its interior:

Our house itself was most comfortable and spacious. We had rooms enough. They were all large and well furnished. The floors were of different patterns, but all of inlaid oak. There was not a carpet in the place, except a bright-blue Persian square on the floor of a delightful little boudoir, which was quite a gem of a room. Figures in scenes *à la Watteau* smiled and courted from the walls, and on the ceilings quite an army of howled and aroused Cupids waged their pretty warfare and pursued their harmless *amourettes*. There was a bit of gilt everywhere on ceiling and wall; there were dainty gilt ornaments on the crystal candelabras, delicate threads of gold woven in the rose brocade that hung at window and door and covered the chairs and couch. Every room on the entire floor opened into at least one other. This is usual in the houses of the Russian better classes. Such an arrangement lends itself to lavish entertaining and to display in perspective effects. In front of each bedroom door stood a large screen. And into each room an enormous porcelain stove projected. These stoves are built so as to heat two rooms.

Of the favorite form of entertainment enjoyed by the *jeunesse dorée* of the Russian metropolis, Mr. Logan says:

I have heard a great deal of the grace and beauty of the gypsy dancers—the "Tsiganes," as they are called—but I must confess that those that I saw were neither fascinating from the standpoint of beauty nor hewitching from the standpoint of grace. I believe it is considered quite the thing for the *jeunesse dorée* of the capital to engage these gypsy dancers to assist at such entertainments; but to me they were a distinct disappointment. They wear short skirts and jackets of bright colors, knee-boots of red, yellow, green, or bronze, and bright-colored handkerchiefs about their heads and necks. They sing and dance to wild Tartar music, swaying their bodies as they do so. The chief characteristic of the dance is that it proceeds in a constantly increasing ratio of noise and motion until it reaches the climax of a final crash. They were very popular with our hosts, who applauded vociferously and bestowed much largess upon them.

Mr. Logan gives his own account of the terrible disaster of the Khadynski Plain, prefacing it with this picture of the Russian peasant:

Once within the city, this village Ivan, his tributary "souls" and his patient, plodding wife, stalk about its streets as the Huns might have done in ancient Rome, only far less haughtily. Still they trudge and trudge, and still wonder. They seldom speak. Language is but a poor and feeble instrument to express such amazement as they experience. If the stern *gorodovoy* bids them clear the path, they move, like dumb cattle, aside, and look upon him as upon some lesser god. If he beats or kicks them, like the patient ox, they move on but a shade faster, and almost think themselves raised in dignity that they have lived to be kicked in Moscow. . . .

Day after day the streets of Moscow were filled with crowds of just such peasants and pilgrims. They were like sheep without a shepherd. In the churches they kissed anything and everything pertaining to a saint; they bowed willing knees at every shrine, gaped in wonder at every gaudy equipage; and when, perchance, the word was passed along that the emperor was coming, their dull eyes would light up—almost flash—and as he swept by, they would gaze like lost souls upon a saviour god, and, having seen that imperial face, straightway fall upon their knees in the midst of all the throng and begin to offer thanks to their Maker that they had seen the Czar! Match that if you can outside of Russia. I know not of its equal. It stands unique for blind political and religious devotion to the person of a monarch.

The book is copiously illustrated with reproductions of interesting photographs of persons and places described, and contains three plates printed in colors.

Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, \$3.50.

The Women's Club, of Des Moines, has chartered the street-car system and will operate it on June 24th. The enterprise is undertaken as a means to assisting in raising a fund of fifty thousand dollars to endow the local Home for the Aged. The women will put on the prettiest girls in town for conductors, but will continue the services of the regular motormen. No transfers will be given during the day, and it is said that no girl who can make change correctly will be accepted for service. A number of entertainments will be arranged at the terminals of the suburban lines, and everything possible will be done to make the travel the largest ever known.

The Marquis of Lorne, son-in-law of Queen Victoria and former Governor-General of Canada, in a review of the progress and present position of Canada, published in the London *Daily Graphic*, says: "The half-veiled proposal to repudiate debts owing to the British investors, heard from the platforms of some of Bryan's supporters in the election contest, should make us cherish more than ever the field of investment in our own colonies."

BICYCLING IN JAPAN.

Tourists Should Take their Wheels to the Land of the Mikado—Good Roads and Few Restrictions—An Outing on the East Sea Road.

Tourists to Japan are beginning to learn that it is a mistake to leave their bicycles at home. There is much to see in the land of the chrysanthemum, and there is no better way to see it all than by bicycle. The roads are generally macadamized and kept in excellent condition for wheeling, there are few police regulations against the unrestricted use of the wheel—you must carry a light after dark and keep off the sidewalks that grace a very few progressive streets—and the natives, though curious as children, are kindly and courteous.

There is a bicyclists' club of long standing in Tokio, and it makes frequent excursions into the interior. One of these is described by Dr. George W. Knox in a recent issue of the *Independent*. "Making an early start," he writes, "we rode the historic East Sea Road to *To-kai-do*. For sixty miles we followed the old highway, with noisy welcome from the tea-house girls and interested groups of peasants in the villages. Great ranges of mountains drew nearer and nearer upon our right, and on the left were glimpses of the wide Pacific, and all along were tiny farms and deep-thatched farm-houses, and well-trimmed hedges, and groves of pines and cedars; with here and there a temple, with its sweet, deep-toned bell, or some tiny shrine with wayside Buddha. At last, after sixty miles, we left the road of Odawara.

"Here the *To-kai-do* leaves, for a little, the sea and climbs Hakone Pass, over a range of mountains which, from the great central ridges which constitute the back-bone of Japan, runs out through a peninsula to the sea. The pass is paved with rough stones impossible for wheels. So we leave it and take another, which still skirts the sea, which winds in and out and up and down between the mountains and the sea. A good road this, now along the beach and then, with well-considered curves and grades, winding up the mountain-side, until it hangs over a precipice three hundred feet or more above the sea, then down, then up again, and down and up with never-ending loveliness, mountains, sea, and orange-groves, for fifteen miles to Atami, where we spend the night. Our seventy-five miles of road wearied our untrained legs, and there was talk of giving up the trip and returning ignominiously by stage and rail next day.

"But only for a little. Atami is famous for its springs, its great geyser being chief. It blows off its fury with roaring steam each four hours. The hot water is captured and carried in bamboo pipes to the bath-rooms of the inns. But let the foreigner beware! The bonorable hot water is very, very honorably hot, and he would better have some commonplace cold water added, diminishing the honorable heat. But only in moderation. Let the hot water still be hot, hotter than he has thought his barbarian flesh could stand. First the hot water, then a cold-water douche, then listen to the whistle of the blind shampooer. Call him in for a half-hour of the very best massage (it will cost three cents), and after that supper, a cigar, and bed. There is no more talk of going home, but the most tired man of all is fit for anything—even for the next day's trip. We have not circumvented the mountains by coming round. There they stand, rising from our inn, the summit of the pass four thousand feet toward heaven and six or seven terrestrial miles away. But no man faltered. At the foot of the pass we had a vision of angels who should bear us up toward heaven, say two-score pullers of *jinrikishas*, all eager for a job. One glance enough! The bargain was soon made, two coolies hitched tandem to each wheel, and the long line was off at once. Feet off pedals at our ease, for our long coast up-hill. And the human steeds kicked up their heels in joy, two men to each vehicle and never before wagons of such fairy weight. Cheap labor makes life easy for the man who rides.

"At the top we saw the full glory of the Lord. Great Fuji towering, snow-capped, eight thousand feet above, and the blue Pacific flecked with sails four thousand feet below, and all the spurs of land and tiny plateaux were covered with garden farms and toy-like villages.

"But the wheelman can not stop long. Waiting is not his virtue. The coolies are paid off, and we glance at the road. It winds down with longer curves and gentler. Then we examine brakes (what evil genius first left them off tourists' wheels, saving a pound in weight and losing a thousand opportunities for sport?) and find them, too, all right. So feet on coasters, brake well in hand, and away. For miles and miles we coast down the curving mountain side. It is a holiday, and the peasants are resting from their labors. They see us far above, and line their village streets all dressed in their best, silent, respectful, hesitant, as the strange procession of visitants from the clouds glides past.

"Down we go for miles, and then one brief stretch of level ground brings us to our nooning-place. Our welcome over, we are led to a suite of clean, white-matted rooms in the second story, overlooking the tiny garden full of quaint shrubs and trees. Barefooted, deft-handed maidens bring lacquer trays with dainty dishes full of soup, rice, fish, and eggs, with chopsticks, best of implements for such fare, and bountiful supply of fragrant, straw-colored tea. So we rest an hour content, at the foot of Fuji San, before the wheels go on again."

French nerve, unappreciated, has put an end to a Paris engagement, according to the English newspapers. A young woman was at the Bazar de la Charité with the young man she had accepted, when the fire broke out. He ran at the first alarm, leaving her alone, but she managed to get out and go home. There, she found the young man, who had politely called to see if she was safe. He came down to the door.

LITERARY NOTES.

Not for Night Reading.

A book in which San Francisco may take a justifiable pride is "The Ape, the Idiot, and Other People," by W. C. Morrow. It is a little volume of short stories which was published with little or no blowing of horns or preliminary puffery a few weeks ago, and, in spite of the fact that the author's name was but little known except on the Pacific Coast, it has already gone into a third edition—in itself strong evidence of unusual qualities.

There are fourteen tales in the book, and of these only one was first printed in an Eastern publication. Of the others, nine appeared originally in the *Argonaut*, the first of them in the early eighties. It is fair to presume that the author thinks most highly of "The Resurrection of Little Wang Tai," which has first place in the book. It is a strange conception and is developed with unusual power; but, to our mind, Mr. Morrow is seen at his best in "His Unconquerable Enemy"—which readers of the *Argonaut* will recall as "The Kajah's Nemesis"—an extraordinary study of the means by which the victim of an Eastern potentate's cruelty, though reduced to a mere trunk by the amputation of all his limbs, nevertheless contrives to kill his tormentor. "The Monster-Maker" is another characteristic story—telling how a surgeon revenges the desecration of his home by decapitating the seducer, but still keeping the senseless hyk alive, and is himself finally crushed by his monstrous creation. Like these, too, is "The Faithful Anulet," a weird and ingenious tale of a Malay thug and a potent charm.

We are surprised that Mr. Morrow has not included in the collection "The Red Strangler," printed in the *Argonaut* in 1891. It brings out in the strongest light his ability to conceive a horrible possibility and to develop it, by unflinching logic as regards both psychological motives and physical possibilities, to an intensely dramatic dénouement.

But it must not be thought that the contents of this book are all tales of the greswome and horrible. "The Hero of the Plague" is a painstaking presentation of a pathetic character made unusual by certain psychological eccentricities. "The Permanent Siletto" is an absorbing study of the influence of mind over matter. "Two Singular Men" has for its motive love in a dime museum.

Taken as a whole, the book is not one for nervous persons to read at night, but the stories are intensely interesting and will long cling in the memory.

Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

A Beautiful Buccaneer.

"The Beautiful White Devil" is a spirited and dashing tale by Guy Boothby, the young Australian novelist. It belongs to the school of romance and adventure made immortal by Sylvanus Cobb. The beautiful white devil is a famous female pirate, a strangely beautiful buccaner. Instead of a swaggering swashbuckler, "full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard," this mysterious plunderer possesses every womanly grace in addition to the sterner attributes that made her so formidable on the high seas.

De Normanville, a young doctor, who has become much interested in the accounts of this mysterious woman, is persuaded by a stranger to go to a distant island to combat an epidemic. This stranger is the confidential agent of the beautiful white devil. What befalls the young physician, his shipwrecks, escapes, and various adventures, the author relates in a manner sure to arouse the vivid interest of the reader.

Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

A Woman's Influence for Good.

"Derelicts," by William John Locke, is the story of a human castaway and his restoration to society and self-respect by the grace of a woman's love, Stephen Chisley, after having expiated his crime, is released from jail, and drifts slowly downward to the lowest depths. A woman extends to him the first word of kindness, and gradually, after many lapses, under the encouragement of her influence, he rehabilitates himself in the eyes of men. He soon finds her indispensable to his happiness, and after many vicissitudes the story ends as the sympathetic reader desires. The situations are developed with care and delicacy, and many of them are strongly emotional, without a trace of mawkishness.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

A Woman Opposes Woman Suffrage.

A book that is of unusual interest to thinking men and women at this time is "Woman and the Republic," by Helen Kendrick Johnson. It is a careful study of the subject, from the historical point of view and philosophically, and considers it in connection with philanthropy, the laws, the trades, the professions, education, the church, sex, and the homes. The work is an impartial one, and the author well maintains her opinion that "woman is to implant the faith, man is to cause the nation's faith to show itself in works"—two duties which can not become interchangeable while sex continues to divide the race into two halves of what should become a perfect whole. Finally the author condemns the "ignorant persistent zeal of some women" as an "un-

patriotic, unintelligent, and unjustifiable assault upon the integrity of the republic."

Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

"Svengali's Diary."

The plan of writing up a character who is already famous in fiction is an old one and one not to be commended. It smacks too much of the methods of the pilot-fish, which attaches itself to a larger denizen of the deep and trusts to the other's powers to be carried to a fat feast. But if ingenuity can excuse such a proceeding, there is excuse for Alfred Welch, who professes to have translated and edited "Svengali's Diary." It purports to be the diary of the musician who hypnotized Du Maurier's heroine of the Latin quarter, and Mr. Welch shows much ingenuity in analyzing the motives of the Jew, who emerges from the purlieus of a Polish village into the brilliant life of Paris and succumbs to the temptation to turn to account the magnificent voice that Trilby possesses but has not the art to use.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

An Ode by Aldrich.

The unveiling of the Shaw Monument on Decoration Day was an event at Boston, Mass. The hero whom it honored, Colonel Robert Gould Shaw, was the first officer to command a regiment composed entirely of colored men during the war, and he died on the ramparts at Fort Wagner, whither he had gallantly led his command. A part of the ceremonies was the reading of an ode by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, which has been copyrighted by Mr. Aldrich, but is printed in the *New York Herald*. The second stanza reads as follows:

"Time was—time was, ah, unforgotten years!—
We paid our hero tribute of our tears.

But now let go

All sounds and signs and formulas of woe;

'Tis Life, not Death, we celebrate;

To Life, not Death, we dedicate

This storied bronze, whereon is wrought

The libe, immortal figure of our thought,

To show forever to men's eyes,

Our children's children's children's eyes,

How once he stood

In that heroic mood,

He and his dusky braves

So fair of glorious graves!—

One instant stood and then

Drove through that cloud of purple steel and flame,

Which wrapt him, held him, gave him not again,

But in its trampled ashes left to Fame

An everlasting name!"

And the poem concludes with these lines:

"O soul of loyal valor and white truth,

Here, by this iron gate,

Thy serried ranks above thee as of yore,

Stand thou forever more

In thy undying youth!

"The tender heart, the eagle eye!

Oh, unto him belong

The homages of song;

Our praises and the praise

Of coming days

To him belong—

To him, to him, the dead that shalt not die!"

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Alphonse Daudet announced that there is no longer doubt that the Goncourt Academy will be established; the lawsuits brought by distant relatives, he says, will have no bearing on this determination. The sale of the collections realized about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and, with the proceeds of the house at Auteuil and some seventy thousand dollars left by De Goncourt, will be sufficient to insure an annual income for all the purposes of the new academy. If by any chance the contestants should break the will, Alphonse Daudet and his associates will establish the academy out of their own resources, though, of course, it will not be on so extensive a scale as the Goncourts intended.

The Hungarian painter, Munkacsy, who was recently stricken with paralysis, is said to have been writing his memoirs when he was overtaken with illness. Whether or not he had neared the completion of the work is not made known, but fragments of the writing are promised to appear soon in Paris.

Rolf Boldrewood's new novel is called "My Run Home," and it pictures the impressions of an Australian upon visiting England and Ireland.

Mr. le Gallienne's "Quest of the Golden Girl" has inspired an amiable enemy to write the "Quest of the Gilt-Edged Girl." John Lane, who published the first book, will also publish the second. He published Grant Allen's "British Barbarians," and brought out, not long after, the exquisite travesty by Mr. Traill, called "The Barbarous Britishers." As the publisher of "The Yellow Book," too, he gladly published the "Battle of the Bays," that little collection of parodies in which Mr. Owen Seaman has immortalized more than one of Mr. Lane's protégés.

On July 1st William H. Rideing will retire from the associate editorship of the *North American Review*, to which he was appointed nine years ago by the late Allan Thorndike Rice. He is also associate editor of the *Youth's Companion*, which post he will retain. Mr. Rideing is a "feature" editor, thinks up good ideas and sees they are carried out.

Mr. Blackmore's new book, "Dariel," which has been running through *Blackwood's Magazine*, and which is considered one of his best novels, will be published in the autumn. It was found impossible to publish the story in an American magazine, as

the American magazines are more and more unwilling to print long serials—a fact which is exerting its influence in the reduction of the length of novels.

Since the subsidence of the "Trilby" craze there has been no fad book that has sold up into the hundreds of thousands merely because "everybody is reading it." But a glance at the current *Bookman's* lists of best-selling books shows "Quo Vadis" at the head of almost every list throughout the country.

That there is an amount of "log-rolling" going on in New York is evidently the opinion of a writer in the *Chicago Tribune*, who says:

"If there were not so much of the family party about a certain literature that emanates from a New York coterie—on wheels—if Richard Harding Davis's heroes and heroines were not Mr. and Mrs. Gibsons, and Gibson's heroes were not R. Harding Davises and friends—a small-sized irritation would be chainained from the mixed group of sensations evoked by the writings of Davis and the pictures of Gibson. Subtract, too, a smugness as of snobs, which treats 'faulless evening-dress,' and knowing how to rest one's opera-hat at the correct angle of one's hip, even in deserts, above intrinsic virtues, and a general air of rating knowledge of conventions as above riches, and there would be positively no fault to find with Mr. Davis's last and best effort, called 'Soldiers of Fortune.'"

E. F. Benson, author of "Dodo," "Limitations," and other popular stories, has written a novel, entitled "The Vintage," on a subject of public interest at this time, the Greek war of independence, to begin serial publication in a few weeks. Mr. Benson is familiar with his ground, as he has passed several winters in Greece studying.

Arthur T. Quiller-Couch—or, as he is better known "Q"—it is said on good authority is to finish Robert Louis Stevenson's "St. Ives."

Robert Johnstone Finley, manager of the McClure newspaper syndicate, died in New York on the eighth instant, aged twenty-nine years. He was associated with Albert Shaw in building up the American edition of the *Review of Reviews*.

On the same morning, in Chicago, the *Tribune* and the *Times-Herald* reviewed Robert Hichens's novel, "Flames," and the phrasing was somewhat amusing. Said the *Times-Herald*: "'The Green Carnation' was a green lily pad floating on the surface of stagnant slime and ooze, compared with this, which is ooze itself down to the very bottom of the pool." The *Tribune* said: "For the healthy adult mind, 'Flames' is as pure and elevating as the lily that elevates itself out of ooze and slime."

Herbert Spencer is anxious to bring the biological part of his work up to date, and has five secretaries at work helping him. His health is so feeble that he is only able to manage at intervals an hour's work in a day.

W. T. Stead fears that the growth of dialects and of slang will split the mother-tongue up into so many portions that before we know it people who have always been understood of one another will have to converse with the aid of an interpreter. The London *Spectator* says that no academy for the preservation of the English language is needed, and continues:

"We do not believe that any need exists, because we entirely deny the proposition that the English race, in its various habitations, is taking to unintelligible dialects. We have never met with a newspaper article in modern English, much less a printed book, whether hailing from America or Australia—if not intended to be a skit on current local slang—which was not perfectly intelligible to any educated man who uses the English language as his mother-tongue. The marvelous thing about the free trade in words which has been employed in the English language is the manner in which it has kept the English language steady. Books written in the Elizabethan Age are still perfectly intelligible. There is going to be no English Tower of Babel. Instead, the language will broaden and deepen, and yet remain as clear as ever it was."

It is rumored that Emile Zola will base one of the chapters of his new novel, "Paris," on which he is now working hard at Medan, upon the Charity Bazaar fire.

Mrs. Craigie ("John Oliver Hobbes") is still very delicate and incapable of much bodily exertion, and she consequently leads the life almost of a recluse. She spends most of her time in her library, but occasionally writes in bed. She never goes to dinner-parties or receptions, but retires early to rest.

The history of the house of Blackwood, which Mrs. Oliphant has been engaged on for a long time, will appear in three, if not four, volumes, the first of which need not be expected until the autumn.

Chester Bailey Fernald will tell in a forthcoming work how, when wheeling in Japan, the children tried to feed his bike with carrots.

Sarah Grand has spent most of the winter and spring in the south of France, all the time working steadily at her new novel, upon which she has now been engaged for eighteen months. She will finish the book for the autumn book season. She is reticent about the nature of the novel, stating only that it is not another "Heavenly Twins."

F. Hopkinson Smith has just finished a novel entitled "Caleb West, Master Diver." It will appear serially, probably beginning in October.

An advertisement in the London *Daily News* offers for a history of California fifty dollars. It must be compiled from materials in the British Museum. The length of the history is also laid down at four hundred thousand words. It could be produced, at the rate of two thousand words a day, in two hundred days, or in nearly seven months.

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LITERARY NOTES.

A Modern View of the Book of Genesis.

"The Myths of Israel," by Amos Kidder Fiske, author of "The Jewish Scriptures," is a work that will be read with interest alike by the Biblical scholar and the layman who takes an interest in the religious controversies of the time. It is an analysis of the book of Genesis and an explanation of its composition.

Mr. Fiske declares that the moral tone that pervades the book is not high and the ethical conceptions of the writers are not elevated, but that they loomed vastly above the moral and religious gloom of the time, and he is grateful for the glamour of sanctity that has preserved it to us. He shows it to be a composite production, made up of myths and fragments of myths embodying the conceptions of the earliest writers of Israel regarding the relations of that people to their deity. After an introductory chapter on "Modern Light on Ancient Scriptures," the author devotes some thirty pages to the material and composition of the Book of Genesis, and then considers *seriatim* its tales and myths. The volume concludes with a paper on "The Unknown Homer of the Hebrews."

Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Short Stories by "George Egerton."

After "Discords," this artistic writer gives us "Symphonies." There is a grim irony in her choice of a title; for these tales resemble more dissonance than harmony, the play of jarring passions than gentle romance. They are unusually strong stories, full of well-conceived situations, frank analysis of female character, and bits of description wrought with a master hand. "Pan" and "At the Heart of the Apple" are powerful and full of color, while "Sea Pinks" and "A Chilean Episode" disclose the author's flexibility in adapting her style to its subject; the very atmosphere of "A Nocturne" reflecting London, while "Pan" mirrors the sunshine and vivacity of the south of France.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.25.

Old-World Essays by Miss Guiney.

Full of the flavor of the eighteenth century are the essays by Louise Imogen Guiney, collected from various magazines and published under the title of "Patris." They are written in a picturesque and original style, somewhat resembling that of the last century. Many of the titles are quaint, such as "On the Rabid versus the Harmless Scholar," "An Open Letter to the Moon," or "On Teaching One's Grandmother How to Suck Eggs." The volume concludes with an "Inquiring into the Wit and Other Good Parts of His Late Majesty, King Charles the Second."

Published by Copeland & Day, Boston; price, \$1.25.

A Writer's Suit for Libel.

Stephen Bonsal, who has been secretary to the United States legations at Madrid, Tokio, and Peking within the last four years, and who is also well known as a newspaper man, is about to bring suit for fifty thousand dollars damages against the New York *Evening Post* for libel. This sample paragraph refers to testimony Mr. Bonsal had been invited to give before a Senate committee:

"We have allowed bungling and mendacious correspondents to lead us into a ridiculous position. We have flown to relieve distress which was the creature of our own imagination—or, rather, of the 'faking' reporters' imagination. One of them, a confessed liar and thief, who published in *Harper's Weekly* an account of things in Cuba which was a lie on its face, has now, we understand, been gravely summoned to Washington to open a new budget of inventions before gaping senators."

In explanation of this, Mr. Bonsal said recently to a *Sun* reporter:

"I'll tell you what the *Post's* charge that I am a liar and a thief is based on. In a book of mine, published several years ago, there was an account of the way Sir Charles Ewen-Smith, Winthrop Chanler, and myself had bought a lot of books that had been taken from the Kairouin Library in Fez, Morocco. This library is said to be made up of relics from the burned Alexandrian libraries, but the books were being hawked about the streets of Fez. Merchants were using their leaves as wrapping-paper. We bought all we could. Sir Charles Ewen-Smith's collection went to the British Museum. Mine, with the full understanding and consent of President Gilman, was to go to Johns Hopkins University, but was lost at sea. The first of the *Post* people's howl of 'liar and thief' was contained in what purported to be a review of that book in the *Nation*. At the time of that attack I was up for nomination to be secretary of legation at Madrid. I always believed the object of the attack was to head off my nomination. I was nominated the next day. In order to avoid a libel suit, the *Nation* made a satisfactory compromise with me at that time. The *Post* intimates that I did not go near the scenes of horror and suffering in Cuba. I did go, and I went as Consul-General Lee's assistant and companion. What the *Post's* animus against me is I do not know."

A Friend to Americans.

A pleasant anecdote is revived from an old scrap-book by a writer in the *Bookman*. It dates back to 1851, when the late Samuel McLean, of Brooklyn, was visiting London with his bride, who was Miss Chapman, of Hartford, Conn. It was the year in which the Crystal Palace was opened, an opening graced with the presence of royalties, great personages, and celebrities generally; but only holders of season tickets, costing £50 each, were admitted. The price seemed a little too steep for Mr. McLean, as he had seen pretty much everybody at one time

or another, but he wanted Mrs. McLean to go. So he bought a season ticket for her and sent her with some English friends.

Mrs. McLean was a short, slight woman, and when she reached the Crystal Palace on the day of the opening, the crowd completely hemmed her in. She could not catch a glimpse of a single royalty or celebrity. Tears of chagrin sprang to her eyes as she realized her disappointment and the price of it. A "distinguished-looking Englishman," as she afterward described him, who stood beside her, grasped the situation at a glance, and saying, "Permit me, madam," he closed his hands around her waist, and lifted her, as he would a child, above the crowd, holding her there as long as he could, and pointing out the queen, the prince consort, and the other royalties and celebrities. After he had set her down and rested himself, he raised her again, and then a third time. When she thanked him, he said simply: "I am always glad to do a favor for an American." All that summer she tried in vain to identify her "distinguished Englishman," but finally came home without learning who he was.

Years afterward, in Plymouth Church, when the lecturer of the evening entered with Henry Ward Beecher, she turned to her husband and exclaimed, "That's my Englishman!" It was Thackeray, whom she met later and entertained at her home, recalling the incident to their mutual satisfaction.

A Young Writer's Experience.

Influenced by an advertisement in the *Editor*, stating that *Romance*, a monthly magazine "portraying the romantic side of modern life," "wants strong, dramatic, romantic stories," a young writer sent Gilson Willets, editor and publisher of *Romance*, a story of the length and variety usually remunerated, in her experience, to the extent of at least thirty-five or forty dollars. Mr. Willets's reply was printed in imitation of type-writing, and reads as follows:

"DEAR SIR: Your story is quite acceptable to *Romance*, and if you will send one dollar for a subscription to make you a member of the Contributors' Club, I will print your story in an early number. I am obliged to ask you for the subscription, in order to print your story, because the membership of the Contributors' Club has become so large that I have decided to print henceforth, beginning with April number, stories only by members of the Contributors' Club. As I have such a stock of manuscripts on hand, it is not at present practical for *Romance* to pay cash for contributions.

"A great many authors are availing themselves of this arrangement, as all members of the Contributors' Club are entitled to service No. 1 of the Literary Bureau free of charge, and from all the letters in my possession it seems that the arrangement is satisfactory. Hoping that you will join us, I am, faithfully yours,

"GILSON WILLETS, Editor and Publisher."

Accompanying the "letter" was a rate-card, of which the young writer gives the gist in the following words:

"A member of Mr. Willets's Contributors' Club writes, let us say, a story of three thousand words. (It is far more likely to be ten thousand if the writer is of the bureau-victim variety, but we will say three thousand, which is extremely moderate.) Mr. Willets, or some one associated with him, will read this manuscript for fifty cents, according to advertisement. For fifty cents more a 'letter of general advice' may be had, and for a dollar additional the 'correction and revision' of the manuscript may be secured; while for a third dollar Mr. Willets's bureau will type-write this story and render it fit to pass under the eye of Mr. Willets for a final reading, and a probable reward of being accepted for *Romance* at a cost of one more dollar to the ambitious author."

New Publications.

"The White Hecatomb and Other Tales," by William Charles Scully, are stories of South Africa that narrate in bold, vigorous language tragedies of the Transvaal. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, 75 cents.

"The Earl's Atonement" and "Which Loved Him Best?" by Bertha M. Clay; and "For Life and Love," a story of the Rio Grande, by Richard Henry Savage, have been issued by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents each.

"Ripple and Flood," by James Prior, is an interesting novel of the cottager classes of England. There is love and mystery in the book and several murders. It is dramatic from beginning to end. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00.

"The Revolutionary Tendencies of the Age: Their Cause and their Ultimate Aim" maintains the theory that the diffusion of knowledge is producing a revolution and will result in the triumph of a substantial, and not merely formal, democracy. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"Rosa Bonheur" is the latest issue in the series of Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Women which Elbert Hubbard has written. It is a bright little sketch and presents a vivid picture of the home life of the famous woman painter. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, 10 cents.

"Broken Away," by Beatrice Grimshaw, relates the story of two rival writers, one of whom is madly jealous of the other and even attempts to kill him. It derives its title from the fact that an author who has written himself out breaks away from the maddening crowd, and seeks rest and refreshment in the wilds of the Wicklow Mountains. Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.50.

Two little histories, meant to interest young readers, are the "History of Germany," by K. F.

Kroeker, and the "History of England," by F. E. Cooke. They are written in simple language, and are likely to give to a child's mind a clear conception of the growth of the nations whose life they chronicle. Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, 60 cents each.

There is an esoteric quality about the "New Poems," by Francis Thompson, that makes them caviare to the general. They sing of the mysteries of nature, of beauties that are not for the common eye, of love that is past comprehending, and, though there are some fine passages in his odes, notably in the "Ode to the Setting Sun," one inclines to rank Mr. Thompson with the Postlethwaites and Bunthornes of a forgotten fad. Published by Copeland & Day, Boston; price, \$1.50.

"The Hidden Truth and Other Poems" is the title of a volume of verses by Dixie Nokaed—which is palpably a pseudonym. The contents purport to be the diversions of a busy man in his intervals of leisure, and it is apparent that the author has occupied his time otherwise than in the cultivation of the muses. His initial poem is on the theme that "gods move in a mysterious way their horrors to perform," and the others, when not celebrating some local happening of little interest to the outside world, are similar efforts to startle by contravening an accepted belief. Published by W. Stewart & Co., London.

"My Lord Duke," by E. W. Hornung, recalls "The Bride of the Bush," an earlier story by the same author. It contrasts in a similar manner the crudeness of the natives of the bush with the deportment of English high life. The story turns upon the question who is the rightful heir of St. Osmond's. It relates how a ducal coronet went begging for a while, and much of the amusement of the novel follows upon the violent efforts of a match-making mamma to ally her daughter to one or the other of two claimants, according as fortune varies. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25.

Kipling's "Vampire."

Some weeks ago we printed a portion of "The Vampire," the poem Rudyard Kipling wrote for the remarkable picture his cousin, Philip Burne-Jones, is exhibiting in the New Gallery in London. Later we reprinted the same stanzas as an epigraph to the production of one of the parodists. Mr. S. O. Howes writes to us from Galveston, Tex., inquiring about the omitted stanzas. As the poem has excited unusual interest, we reproduce it here in full:

THE VAMPIRE.

A fool there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I!)

To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care),
But the fool he called her his lady fair
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste
And the work of our head and hand,
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods be spent
(Even as you and I!)

Honor and faith and a sure intent
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant),
But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I!)

Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost
And the excellent things we planned,
Belong to the woman who didn't know why
(And now we know that she never knew why)
And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide
(Even as you and I!)

Which she might have seen when she threw him aside—
(But it isn't on record the lady tried)
So some of him lived but the most of him died—
(Even as you and I!)

And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame
That stings like a white hot brand—
It's coming to know that she never knew why
(Staring at last she could never know why)
And never could understand.

A little girl in Chicago has recently published a volume of verse, to be sold for charity. She was only six years old when she undertook this literary labor, or, as she says, "I talked it, and mamma wrote it down for me just as I talked it." In one story she tells how typhoid fever broke out among the fairies. When the fairy doctor came, he talked to the fairy godmother about microbes and germs, and "told her to boil the water." Then she, who was of an inquiring mind, asked if a hair was a side-walk for a microbe. "Oh, no," said the doctor, "they are much smaller." "But if the germ had the fever," persisted the godmother, "why didn't the fever, which killed little boys and girls, kill the germ? And if the germ didn't have the fever, how could it give the fever? How could a thing give a thing it didn't have?" This was too much for the fairy doctor, who could only answer, "Nobody knows but God!" Later the child breaks out into verse:

The flower that bends down to the earth
Will soon go back to God;
But never again will it return
The same as it was.

In an apparently much-needed foot-note the author explains that "this poem, which came into my head quick and sudden, doesn't make sense, because the word 'plod,' which rhymes so nicely with God, doesn't mean what I want it to."



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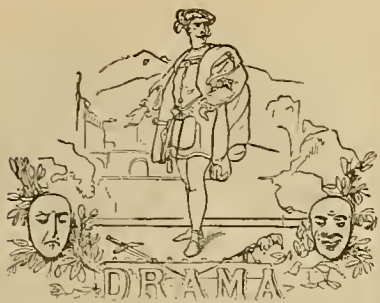
—THE—

Argonaut

Clubbing List for 1897

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Argonaut and St. Nicholas.....	6.00
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Argonaut and Harper's Magazine.....	6.50
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Argonaut and North American Review.....	7.50
Argonaut and Cosmopolitan.....	4.35
Argonaut and Forum.....	6.00
Argonaut and Vogue.....	7.25
Argonaut and Littell's Living Age.....	9.00
Argonaut and Leslie's Weekly.....	5.50
Argonaut and Illustrated American.....	3.75
Argonaut and Internationalist.....	4.00



There are seventeen female characters in "The Question," and yet Mr. Lorimer Stoddard has for the last sentence of his play a remark on the folly of a man's ever trying to understand a woman. With seventeen women to understand and make understandable, Mr. Stoddard has tackled a task before which a more experienced playwright might stand alarmed. In the first two acts it looks as if he had been worsted, but in the last he triumphs, and the inscrutable seventeen are analyzed in a way which delights the audience and is more or less true to a certain sort of human nature.

Mr. Stoddard has a delicate and somewhat effeminate type of mind and point of view. There are scenes in his play which might have been written by a woman. He has a feminine sympathy for a woman's grievances and a feminine insight into the methods of women's silent warfare. Where he is not feminine is in his attitude toward the little lapse in the matter of manners which he permits his heroine. The gentler half of the audience—and, after all, that is what the dramatist, like the novelist, must try to please—will neither excuse nor overlook the love-scene in the garden, in which Mrs. Annie Cannon permits Mr. Harold Oskamp to kiss her.

This Western heroine of Mr. Stoddard is the work of an Eastern man who has seen the West from the safe distances of a Pullman car window. Her behavior is as inconceivable as only a man who knows women more through novels than through life, who, perhaps, has had no sisters and only knows his girl cousins in a dignified, distant way, would have dared to make it. Most women, though the club's manner of procedure would offend them, sympathize with the organization in its desire to expel Mrs. Annie Cannon. Had the love-scene and the kiss been the climax of a several months' flirtation, during which the unscrupulous Mr. Oskamp had subjected the neglected and repining Mrs. Cannon to an impetuous and high-handed wooing, the matter would have been very different. The Daughters of Old New York might have overlooked Mrs. Cannon's weakness and confidentially said to her, "Now, my dear, don't let this happen again; or if it should, please remember not to let him kiss you in a garden at a ball where everybody can see you."

But the wild, untutored child of nature from Morris, Ill., had never seen the gentleman until the afternoon before the ball. Mr. Stoddard knows that in the West all the world hurries and grass grows under no one's feet, still the progress of Mrs. Cannon's and Mr. Oskamp's flirtation was astonishingly swift. A meeting in the drawing-room of the country club house, a dinner together, and then love-making in the garden under the Japanese lanterns, and that unlucky kiss with people looking on from behind every shrub! Mrs. Annie Cannon is in reality an impossible person. She is neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring. If Mr. Stoddard wants us to believe that she is a simple, guileless girl, who believes that all men are angels, we will have to tell him, in our vulgar Western way, to "tell that to the marines." In the West, that sort of person is extinct as the dodo. The only writer that ever seems to have seen any of the species was Fenimore Cooper, and he was a man with a lurid imagination.

The defect of these first acts, in which the dialogue is excellent and the scenes and grouping gay and picturesque, is an insufficiency of plot. There is no strong thread of story leading up to the original and cynically humorous situation of the last act. Hundreds of plays show this defect of a fine climax resulting from insufficient imbroglío. The flirtation between Annie Cannon and Oskamp should have been of a longer duration. The jealousy of the Western wife for her husband's attentions to the beautiful and aspiring New York heiress should have been working for many weeks upon her in silent exasperation. The slights and snubs to which the Daughters of Old New York subject the interloper should have been old questions. Then the curtain would have risen upon the core of the story, and we would have been spared the first confusing introduction of the various plots and sub-plots in which the seventeen ladies are all inextricably involved.

The last act contains the gist of the comedy, and is smart, brewed, and flavored with a tincture of feminine malice. It is extremely amusing, and, more than all, not too much exaggerated. The author's women friends have revealed to him those mystic rites which women's clubs celebrate with so much pomp. No mere man has ever gazed upon these solemn celebrations; but Mr. Stoddard has evidently had some irreverent female friends, who have told him what goes on when a special meeting is convened and the club is just fresh from a course of parliamentary law. The arrangement of the act,

the inconsequent chatter, the working up of the situation to the double climax of first the wife's and then the husband's entrances, is all admirably managed. A suggestion of bitterness, a spiteful delight in the cruelty of the situation, seems to be the one blight on an excellent and original scene.

To supply the seventeen women characters the Frawley Company has had to draw upon its reserve forces, and for the first time we met the entire organization. The new members, in more playable parts than those under which they languished in "The Fatal Card," prove themselves clever and capable—in some instances, more so than the old players whose places they have taken. Miss Wallis as a soubrette and ingénue is superior to Hope Ross. She was charming as Sue Quintard—as trim and fresh and pretty as an English daisy. There was a drunken scene for her at which we trembled. Since Maud Adams tried to prove that a lady, like a gentleman, can preserve her refinement even in her cups, drunken scenes have been popular with soubrettes. But it is risky work, and Miss Wallis had sense enough to make her little spree short and somewhat sad. She had *le vin triste*, which is more becoming than either gaiety or the more respectable sleepiness.

The other new members, Miss Moretti and Miss Busby, were the devilish heroine and the angelic heroine, respectively. Miss Moretti played the she-devil woman well, but not so well as she played "Roxy." Roxy is a real character, and Mrs. Stone-Marble is not, and so Miss Moretti plays Roxy better than Mrs. Stone-Marble. It seems as if Mrs. Stone-Marble should have been a foreigner of some sort—these tigress women in plays always ought to be foreigners. Miss Moretti is built to play such a part, if it were written with a consideration for character, rather than for stage effect. She is so slender, so lithe, so soft and swift. She has the long, serpentine figure which suggests the panther-type of woman, the stealthy foot-fall, the gliding, undulating gait. She has fierce eyes that slant up on the outer corners, and wide-cut nostrils, and flexible brows that arch up or come down in level, close-drawn lines, hiding the fire of the glance beneath them. Altogether, she is one of the most dramatic-looking women on the stage. Her looks and style of the enchantress and the witch will be, if she does not take care, injurious to her art. Already she shows signs of posing as the side-looking, hoarse-laughing sorceress. The low, chuckling negro laugh that was so effective in Roxy is not in place in the elegant, languid Mrs. Stone-Marble. It is an astonishing laugh—such as Vivian might have given when she sat with Merlin in the wood and beguiled his secrets out of him, but in a New York Knickerbocker it is rather too *bizarre*.

Opposite this elfin figure, with its crafty eyes and its tight, smiling mouth, its feline smoothness of motion and its creeping noiselessness of gait, Miss Busby is almost commonplace. That is, on the first glance; on the second, we realize that she is just what the author intended her to be, what all well-bred, well-brought-up, well-trained girls should be—a sweet, simple, natural creature, with no nonsense about her. Miss Busby is an acquisition in this line, for she has the sense to be simple, to know that a girl like Virginia Van Rensselaer would be perfectly frank, natural, and unaffected. Sense like this is rare on the stage. The noble heroine is generally so sickeningly self-conscious that we turn with relief to the she-devil heroine and even the inebriated soubrette. But Miss Busby does not act at all, and in consequence acts very well. Then she is very pretty and wears some lovely clothes. Altogether, the new actresses are a success, and Mr. Frawley has shown his customary good taste and good sense in getting together so many pretty people, who are clever as well.

The old stand-bys did not have the best of the entertainment by any means. Miss Bates had the impossible Western woman, and struggled with her courageously, but the part was poor and nothing could be made of it. It was rather severe when she alluded to "the wilds" from which she had come. You would never hear a real Westerner allude to his home as "the wilds," if he came from a cabin on the slope of Mount St. Elias, or a crevasse in the Muir Glacier.

The *California Sugar Beet* is the name of a new fortnightly journal announced for immediate publication by A. C. Unsworth and George F. Weeks. It will make a specialty of all matters pertaining to this industry, and it will give translations of the best French and German articles on the subject. In addition to the news of the industry in California particularly, and throughout the United States and Europe secondarily, experts in the preparation of soil, in the cultivation of the beets, and in the manufacture of sugar will contribute articles founded on their experience. An effort will also be made to show that sugar-beet factory machinery can be made here as cheaply and as well as in Germany, and that an import duty should be placed on the German machinery that is being brought into this country.

England will collect the most powerful fleet the world has ever seen for the naval review at Spithead on June 26th. There will be gathered together one hundred and sixty ships of war, including the channel squadron, the reserve squadron, and many ships that will be sent on foreign service as soon as the manoeuvres are over.

Death of George Barnes.

George Eustace Barnes, the dean of dramatic critics on this coast, died at his bachelor rooms on Wednesday morning.

He was a native of St. Johns, New Brunswick, and, as an employee in the public library of that city, he early acquired a taste for literature. While still a young man he went to New Orleans, where he worked as a compositor, and, coming to this city in 1854, he joined Messrs. Ayres & Foster in establishing the *Morning Call*. The three proprietors were practical printers, and in the beginning wrote and set up the paper themselves. When Loring Pickering purchased the *Call* in 1868, Mr. Barnes went to South America. Disastrous speculation in mines ate up the money he had made from the *Call*, and, returning to this city, he engaged in general newspaper work.

For twenty-five years he has been the dramatic critic of the *Call*. His judgments were able and just, and his knowledge of the theatrical history of San Francisco for the last forty years was nothing less than encyclopedic. In all his social relations he was a kindly gentleman, and his death will be sincerely mourned by his many friends in the dramatic and newspaper professions and in private life.

His funeral took place last Friday from the rooms of the Press Club, under whose directions the services were held. Peter Robertson, representing the press, and George Osborne, representing the theatrical profession, paid feeling tributes to his memory.

Is New York a "Jay Town"?

S. H. Friedlander, of the Columbia Theatre, who is still in the East, has added another feather to his cap by securing the Western rights to "A Social Highwayman" for the Frawley Company. It will probably not be seen here this season. Mr. Friedlander, by the way, must be getting himself disliked in New York for his impolitic patriotism. He has even called New York a "jay town" to its face. He was interviewed, a few days ago, by one of the New York papers, and said:

"There is one thing I have always said concerning New York city. It may be due to the great number of strangers in the city, or the transient trade, as they call it, but certainly New York will accept anything from the attractions now running at some of the leading theatres. The San Francisco people may be hypercritical, but they never would accept or patronize quite a number of the entertainments that I have seen since my arrival in New York. Long ago I came to the conclusion that, after all, New York, as far as amusements are concerned, is the biggest jay town in the country, and that San Francisco is, without doubt, the best-educated city in America, viewed from a theatrical standpoint."

Fay Templeton's Fortune.

It looked as if Fay Templeton were at last to come into the snug fortune Howell Osborn left her in his will. By the terms of the will made by Howell Osborn's mother, he was not to receive anything from her estate in case he married "an actress or any person connected with the stage." Whether he did marry Miss Templeton or not has not been divulged, but by his will he left her one hundred thousand dollars. Recently his aunts brought suit against various heirs of his mother's estate, among them Fay Templeton, to break the old lady's will on the ground that it did not conform with certain statutory requirements. A counter-suit was brought by the executor of Howell Osborn's will, seeking to have his mother's will affirmatively established, and the case has now been decided in his favor. In view of these facts, the sloe-eyed soubrette will probably soon come into her money and retire from the stage.

A Wise Child.

The San Francisco *Call* of June 9th says: "Lorimer Stoddard is assuredly 'the son of his father.' Charles Warren Stoddard stands in the first rank of American men of letters, and his young son has already won an enviable position as a maker of successful plays. He is the dramatizer of 'Tess.'"

It will be news out here that Lorimer Stoddard is the son of Charles Warren Stoddard. The latter gentleman has never been married, and of late years has inclined more to monkishness than matrimony. If he has any children, the fact is unknown to his friends on the Pacific Coast, and if he has, they must be by-blows. But the *Call* has probably made a mistake. Lorimer Stoddard is not the son of Charles Warren Stoddard, but of Richard Henry Stoddard.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

The Lyceum Company at the Baldwin.

The Lyceum Theatre Company is arranging its programme in such a way as to draw crowded houses throughout the four weeks of its engagement at the Baldwin Theatre. During the first week, commencing next Monday, they will present "The Prisoner of Zenda." We all saw it when the company was here a year ago; but in it we shall now have our first opportunity to see the new members of the company. James K. Hackett we have already seen as Rudolph, Charles Walcott as Sapt, and Maud Odell as Antoinette. But Mary Mannering will make her first appearance in San Francisco as the Princess Flavia, the rôle taken by Isabel Irving before, and Edward Morgan, a young man who has made quite a name for himself in New York, will be the Black Michael. The other new-comers in the cast will be William Courtleigh, Grace Root, and Joseph Wheelock, Jr.

For each of the three remaining weeks a new play has been assigned. They are "The First Gentleman of Europe," a costume play, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett; "The Mayflower," with scenes in Holland, England, and New Amsterdam, by Louis N. Parker, one of the two authors of "Rosemary"; and "The Late Mr. Costello," which enjoyed long runs in London, New York, and Boston.

Ed. Stevens at the Tivoli.

Next Monday night will be an occasion of unusual importance at the Tivoli Opera House. It will mark the re-appearance of Edwin Stevens at that house, and there will doubtless be a large audience on hand to greet him. Mr. Stevens is a Californian by birth and completed his education at the University of California; but he had an ambition to go on the stage, and made his debut at the Tivoli twelve or fifteen years ago. He met with a kindly reception, and soon became one of the most popular comedians who have appeared at the Tivoli. In the East he also won many admirers, both in comic opera and in the Daly Company.

Mr. Stevens has been engaged by the Tivoli management for a short season, during which many late Eastern successes of the lighter operatic line will be given. He will make his first appearance in "Wang," written by J. Cheever Goodwin, with music by Woolson Morse. Mr. Stevens starred in the title-rôle for more than a year. The Tivoli company will be further augmented by the re-appearance of Miss Helen Harrington as Widow Frimousse and Irma Fitch as Gilette, the widow's daughter. Myra Morella will be Mataya, the dainty Crown Prince of Siam; Elvia Crox-Seabrooke, Marie, the widow's step-daughter; John J. Raffael, the dashing Lieutenant Jean Boucher, of the French garrison; W. H. West, the instructor of the Siamese troops, Colonel Robert Fracasse; Thomas C. Leary, the negro keeper of the Royal Elephant, Pepat; and Maurice Darcy, Chow Suri, the innkeeper at Pechaburi. The smaller rôles will be in competent hands.

The Frawley Company in "Shenandoah."

The fact that the Frawley Company is to revive his "Shenandoah" at the Columbia next week recalls the existence of Bronson Howard, the dramatist. Five or six years ago he was at the pinnacle of his fame, and the royalties he received from half a dozen plays gave him a princely income. But the income was too princely, and he has felt the lack of a spur to work. He has hardly been heard of since he started off with Mrs. Howard on a bicycle tour of Europe last summer, and play-goers are sad in consequence. For, while he never rose to great heights, he is a master of his craft, and knows how to present a story so that the audience will hang breathless on every word and go away satisfied with the confusion of villainy and the happy union of the lovers.

In "Shenandoah" there are lovers galore. It is a "war drama," and one lover is a Southerner who sighs for a Northern girl; another is a Federal officer who has lost his heart to a daughter of Virginia; and a third couple are both on the Union side. There is little of villainy in the play, but the war element brings in enough excitement, and Mr. Howard has varied this with some delicious comedy scenes.

As presented by the Frawley Company, "Shenandoah" should be a strongly interesting play. The leading members of the company are capable of handling the principal parts with admirable effect, and among the minor actors are Harry Corson Clarke as Sergeant Barket, Theodore Hamilton as the general, and Phosa McAllister as Old Margery.

A Good Bill at the Orpheum.

The bill at the Orpheum this week has been one of the best it has presented. Adgie and her lions, at the end of the programme, have been the great attraction, especially as this is their final week. The magnificent brutes and their daring trainer will be seen for the last times at the matinee and evening performances this (Saturday) and to-morrow evenings.

Among the other notable features of the programme are the Russell Brothers, in their amusing impersonation of Irish chambermaids; Dailey and Hilton, a Weary Raggles comedian and a young woman to sing and help out his dialogue; Josephine Sabel, a pretty little woman who sings French songs

and popular airs of the day, with the gallery to help her out in the choruses; and Conway and Leland, two one-legged men who ride a bicycle built for two and do surprising acrobatic feats.

All of these, except Adgie, will be retained on the programme next week, and to them will be added Lew Dockstader, the famous minstrel who for years managed the San Francisco Minstrels in New York; Caron and Herbert, comic acrobats; Alex. Heindl, a young Boston cellist who is said to be a remarkable executant; and John Canfield and Violet Carlton, formerly with Frank Daniels in "The Wizard of the Nile," who give burlesque and comic-opera scenes.

Notes.

When Eleonora Duse reached Paris, she was received with open arms by Sarah Bernhardt as the representative of the French stage.

The two final performances of the Lilliputians in "The Merry Tramps" will take place at the Baldwin Theatre this (Saturday) and to-morrow nights.

Isabel Irving has made a decided comedy hit in "Never Again," but she will leave the cast shortly to take the position of leading lady in John Drew's company.

In spite of the impossibility of jealousy between comic-opera queens, Della Fox has decided not to remain with Lillian Russell in "The Wedding Day" next season.

Louis James is to come to the Columbia Theatre in the fall. He will bring two new plays in his repertoire, "A Cavalier of France" and a comedy entitled "Twin Saints."

"A Social Highwayman," the dramatization of the clever novel of the same name, in which the Holland brothers made such a success, will follow "Shenandoah" at the Columbia.

The fourth play on the Frawley Company's list will be "Christopher, Jr." Frank Worthing will be seen in John Drew's part, and Blanche Bates will take that played by Maud Adams.

Helen Tracy, an actress whom many old-timers in San Francisco will remember, and her daughter Virginia are to be in the cast of "The Heart of Maryland," in which Mrs. Leslie Carter will begin her season at the Baldwin.

John Drew, who seems to like San Francisco as much as it likes him, will spend a portion of his vacation in and about this city before the commencement of his engagement at the Baldwin in August. His opening play will be "Rosemary."

"Lorenzaccio," Sarah Bernhardt's mediaeval play, is to be presented in London, not only by the famous French actress, but also in an English version by George Alexander, who will play the part of the youth in which the Bernhardt has been such a success.

Yvette Guilbert has declared her intention of never coming to America again. She found the voyage too fatiguing. It is not likely that she will attempt "Camille," and she will probably retire from the stage at the expiration of her present contract with Marchand, of Paris, in 1900.

Louis N. Parker, a dramatist who has come into prominence of late, will be represented by two plays within a short time at the local theatres. He is the author of "The Mayflower," which the Lyceum Company is to present, and he also wrote "Rosemary," John Drew's new play, in collaboration with Murray Carson.

Julia Marlowe Taher and Robert Taher have decided that the public does not care so much to see a husband and wife acting together so much as when they are in different companies. Accordingly they will separate next winter, and Mr. Taher will try his luck as the star of a new romantic melodrama by Lorimer Stoddard.

Daniel Frohman is so well satisfied with "The Prisoner of Zenda" that he has purchased the American rights in a drama founded on Anthony Hope's "The Heart of Princess Osra." The dramatization has been done by the author in collaboration with E. E. Rose, who worked with him in making the stage version of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

A new member of Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Company next year will be Julie Opp, the American girl who has made such a success in George Alexander's "St. James Company." She was understudy to Julia Nielson in the leading rôle of Pinero's comedy, "The Princess and the Butterfly," in London, and will create the same part in this country. They say she has quite supplanted Miss Nielson in the estimation of London play-goers as Rosalind.

The post of soubrette in the Frawley Company seems to be something of a mascot. Hope Ross, who held it last year, is taking Odette Tyler's place in the London production of "Secret Service," and now Gladys Wallis, the present incumbent, has been cabled for by John Hare to create a rôle in "A Bachelor's Romance" when it is produced in the same city in October. Like "Secret Service," the latter is also an American play, being one of Martha Morton's productions.

The reason ascribed for the retirement of Marie Shotwell from the Lyceum Company is that her nose

was put out of joint by Mary Mannering's success. She has now joined Fanny Davenport's company for next season, and will have the part of a royal favorite in a new French drama by Margaret Merrington. At present accounts, Melbourne McDowell is not to star, but will have a good part in the cast.

Our old friend Colonel Mapleson seems to have lit upon his feet again. His three weeks' season of Italian opera at Drury Lane has every apparent prospect of success. Mme. Melba and Mme. Nordica are to head its list of women singers. This will be the first time in several years that Mme. Melba has not sung at Covent Garden. It is said that her reason for the change is that the new syndicate that manages that theatre declined to pay the salary she expected. She is, moreover, anxious to let London hear her as Violetta in "La Traviata." Colonel Mapleson's conductor for the season will be Signor Bevnigani, who has been dismissed from Covent Garden after thirty years' service.

The anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill was observed last Thursday at Los Gatos by the dedication of Bunker Hill Park. The orators of the occasion were Judge Edward A. Belcher and Mr. W. S. Barnes, who delivered stirring patriotic addresses.

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VANITY FAIR.

There is an excellent suggestion for the Burlingame Club in the polo gymkhana recently held by the Paris Polo Club. The items in the programme were a cigar race, a hoop race, a polo-ball race, handkerchief, potato, apple, letter, doll, costume, buffet, balloon, and cravat races. Baron Lejeune won the cigar race and also the paper-hoop race, in which the contestants had to throw three polo balls through paper hoops placed at intervals of sixty yards. In the handkerchief race nine ladies each chose a knight to whom she gave the handkerchief, which was placed on a little flag thirty centimeters from the ground, at the far side of the course. Each lady on the tent side of the course stood opposite her handkerchief. On a signal being given, the knights started across the ground to where the handkerchiefs were lying, and, picking them up, returned as fast as they could. He who was first back, after fulfilling all the conditions of the race, was the winner. In the potato race, tubers were placed at intervals of ten meters, and in line with them, at the end of each row, was a pail. Each rider had to dismount on reaching the potatoes, remount, and, going to the pail at the end of each row, drop the potato into it. This process was repeated until all the potatoes were safely lodged in the pail. Baron Lejeune won the apple race, in which the riders had to dismount, seize an apple from a bowl of water with their teeth, and gallop home. Lord Shrewsbury got back first but was disqualified owing to his pony having smashed the bowl. But the feature of the day was the manikin race. A number of ladies furnished a number of immense dolls, for the best of which a prize was offered, and which the contestants had to catch up from the chairs on which they had been placed and gallop home. Mlle. Lejeune supplied an extraordinary darkey in amazing green. Mrs. Barton furnished a Queen Ranavara, Baronne Henri de Rothschild provided a funny ballet-dancer, and Lady Carnarvon won the prize with an elaborate model of the dressmaker's art, dubbed Mlle. Antonio Guzman Blanco. This contest, which afforded unlimited fun, was won by Charles Raoul Duval. Various other contests brought a most enjoyable afternoon to a magnificent conclusion.

The great ladies of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries gave far more attention to the adornment and care of their beauty than women do nowadays (writes the Comtesse de Champagne in *Vogue*). The first thing in the morning was the bath—not the English highly inconmodious tub, but a *baaignoire* shaped like a wooden shoe—hence its name of "sabot"; it was provided with a cover, and was brought full of warm and highly scented water into the bedroom. The fair one used to recline in this strange-looking object for over half an hour, and after being dried with perfumed batiste sheets, would don the most elegant of negliges, richly and profusely trimmed with lace of priceless value. The night-pillows were removed from her couch and replaced by white satin cushions, fluffy with gauze and embroideries, and after having been rouged, perfumed, and powdered, she would return to her lace-draped bed, and was ready to receive her most intimate friends. At twelve o'clock the *grande dame* would rise and repair to her luxuriously appointed dressing room, where her women would busy themselves with her filbert-shaped nails, her silky tresses, and the adjustment of those marvelous gowns which have retained the model of elegance and magnificence to the present time. As a general rule, a young *abbé*, with powdered head and dainty clothing, would sit in the dressing-room chatting with or reading aloud to the *grande dame*.

The *dessous* were in perfect keeping with all this exquisitely pleasing state of affairs (continues the countess)—petticoats of the finest tissues covered with cobweb-like embroideries, silken hose which seemed spun by the fairies, under-skirts of brocaded silks and satins, scented with verberna, marjoram, lavender, or violet, corsets clasped with precious stones, and garters which were nothing else but veritable *chefs-d'œuvre* of the jeweler's art. Later, when the fashions of the Directorate resolved themselves into short-waisted, clinging *fourreux*, the great question was to combine underclothing which took up but very little place; and consequently the petticoats and other articles of underclothing were replaced by long slips of pale-tinted Florence taffetas, which molded the form admirably, and which in no way interfered with the statuesque kind of draperies of the day. All these ladies possessed to a singular degree the sweet, lovable, enticing femininity, which attracts masculine admiration much more than the ball-fellow-well-met, boisterous, knickerbockered independence of the new woman. Some women, it is true, have discovered the difficult secret of uniting the delicate elegance of by-gone days with the more practical, perhaps healthier outdoor life of our *fin-de-siècle*; but they are few and far between.

At the Fifth Avenue entrance to Central Park stand three tall and elegant hotels, which are of the very highest rank in New York and are patronized by wealthy and fashionable people. At one of these hotels a little room on the seventh floor, with one window, two closets, and in one of them a stationary bathtub, costs, with board for two, \$11.50 a day;

for one person, \$8.50; for two persons, without board, \$6 a day, and for one person, without board, \$5 a day. This is a small and cheap room. If a man and his wife want to live somewhat elegantly, they will have no trouble at all in paying \$50 a day at either of these hotels facing the park. You get the luxury, however, when you descend to the lower floors of the hotel, and find that you pay, not for your little room, but for the beautiful parlors, the comfortable lounging and writing-rooms, the army of well-trained servants always ready to attend your slightest wants, and all expecting a tip; the really good oil-paintings on the walls by first-rate French artists, and the general air of quiet, dignity, and exclusiveness which pervades the whole place. The landlord pays \$300,000 a year rent for the hotel, and has over 300 servants. The restaurants at these upper-class hotels have prices which appall an economical man from the West. A dish of strawberries costs 50 cents; three boiled potatoes are 30 cents; for a few stalks of asparagus they charge 75 cents; any sort of a steak will cost you from \$1.50 to \$2.50, and the only merit you see in the whole scheme is that two can eat for exactly the same price as one. The custom of half portions is coming in, but this is of no use to ladies, for it is applied only in the cafés where the bachelors resort. It is very difficult in one of these fine restaurants to figure out any kind of a full meal for less than \$2, and then it will consist of very plain dishes.

Among women cyclists in Paris there are three distinct styles in dress—the French, the English, and the American. The Frenchwomen wear bloomers. Not light knickerbockers, but bloomers cut very full at the knee, growing more scant toward the waist. This gives them the look, when a girl is standing or walking, almost of a skirt. When these are perfectly made, and worn by a *petite* little person, they are very jaunty. But they are too often "home-made," and all the figures, even of Frenchwomen, are not perfect. The general average of bicycle suits worn by the "best dressed women on earth" are what we would call "frights." A correspondent tells of a young French girl, in the Bois de Boulogne, who watched the cyclists speeding by. She would say: "Those are English; those others are French; those two are Americans." "But how can you tell?" she was asked. "It is easy enough," she said; "watch, and you will see for yourself. There come two long, flopping dresses. Look how red those girls are in the face, how tired they look. They are English. Look how low they have their saddles, and how far back from the pedals they sit. Englishwomen all ride a bicycle as if they were ashamed of it and had only half got their own consent to do it. They wear their long street-dresses the regular width, and then they incur their machines with guards enough to sink a boat in order to keep their dresses out of the wheels. If they were not as strong as animals, it would kill them, they make such hard work of it. Here come two Americans," she continued; "see how straight they sit over the pedals and how high their saddles and handle-bars are. They ride like the wind, and are so independent. Look at their short, neat skirts and tailor jackets. Look at their fresh shirt-waists and bright ties. But look at the heavy leather leggings they have on. That is the only silly thing the Americans do, I think." Frenchwomen not only do not wear leggings, but they very commonly wear some kind of fancy colored stockings with their low shoes. A Frenchwoman can do this, however, and not be as conspicuous as would an American, for reasons anatomical. The American woman buying her hose in Paris learns to look out for extra elastic ones, or else has the embarrassment of calling for out-sizes.

Henry Guillaume Marie, who says he is the Comte de Comble and the sole survivor of an old and noble French family, has inserted this advertisement in the New York Herald:

FOR SALE—TITLE OF NOBLE FRENCH family of Bretagne, origin May, 1445; coat of arms, Comte. For all information, etc., every day, between 2 and 6 P. M., Henri de C., 222 West Thirty-Seventh Street.

De Comble is an elevator-man in an apartment-house, and is anxious to dispose of his title and position as representative of a noble family for a sum sufficient to maintain himself and his wife in comfort during their old age. De Comble showed a reporter the evidence of his title—a large sheet of heavy, time-stained parchment, on which is written the record of the De Comble family for nearly five hundred years. Near the top of the sheet is the name of François de Comble of Barcelona, and it was in the month of May, 1445, that he, then the *procureur* of the Department of d'Anceville, received his title, after he had been, according to the record, a commander and governor for the King—Charles the Seventh—who bestowed the title upon him. "I will turn over all the medals, insignia, and papers," said De Comble, "to the purchaser of the title, except my mother's wedding-ring." The person who purchases the alleged title will have to be adopted by De Comble, so that the title may be legally transferred.

The young woman of the present day is very much taller, and more robust, has bigger feet and hands, and is more masculine generally than was her grandmother. This state of body has its advantages; but it has its drawbacks, too, or at least that is what some

marriageable young men say. Said a bachelor, the other day: "If you ask the average man, in his sane moments, whether he prefers a large woman or a dainty little creature, he will choose the small one every time. Men like to be protectors and not protected, and a man certainly can't feel that he must care for a great, big, strapping woman, who could throw him in a fair fight. Large women, as a rule, are masculine in their manners and tastes, and few men like that—in their wives. Masculine women are, as a rule, good sports, and you can have a good time with them occasionally, but they pall on one. Men prefer as wives distinctly feminine women. You never know what to expect of such a woman, and she is always interesting. You love to study her womanish moods and outbursts. Never a day passes but what you hear some man say, 'She is so deliciously feminine.' Not once out of a hundred times are those words applied to a big, buxom woman." From which it would seem that the young man of to-day admires the modern girl as a splendid creature, but he does not feel sentimental toward her. She is not calculated to inspire sentiment.

THE MECCA OF MODE.

They say that, when she dies,
The Yankee belle
To Paris hies,
And not to Heaven, or—hell!

In early days primeval man

Was dressed in very simple taste;
His wife would wear a palm-leaf fan,
A string of shells about her waist;
Her bodice was a happy smile,
Her petticoat a tinge of woad!
But this is not the latest style
In Paris, Mecca of La Mode.

The early female form divine,

By Nature's clumsy hand, was trained
Upon the out-of-date design,
Whose full perfection was attained
By Milo's Venus, straight and thick!
But now Miss Cléo de Mérode*
Is held the model super-chic
In Paris, Mecca of La Mode.

The latter-day Parisian helle

In figure strives to emulate
The Venus of la "Pilotelle"—
The phantom of the fashion-plate!
The siren of the hour-glass waist,
Whose crick-necked head supports a load
Of straw and feathers, hits the taste
Of Paris, Mecca of La Mode.

Manhattan's dainty damsels wear

Confections of the smartest kind;
Their faultless style excites despair
In those whose taste is less refined.
On Broadway, too, are fine displays
Of latest fashions. Yet she's owed
A longish hill, la *Neuyorkaise*—
In Paris, Mecca of La Mode.

In Boston, as we're well aware,

Refinement's culture-cult prevails;
The universal "Huh" is there,
Round which the World's great Wind-mill sails.
Yet fair Bostonians, who would know
The latest laws of fashion's code,
Upon a pilgrimage must go
To Paris, Mecca of La Mode.

And London is a little place

That's sometimes held of some account—
The goal of every merchant's race.
Of gathering wealth the fog-locked fount.
Yet Bond Street does not dare rely
On merely reaping what she's sowed;
So Cockney dames must also hie
To Paris, Mecca of La Mode.

No Hadji's robe of hiliious green,

Nor Moslem abstinence from wine,
Denotes the pilgrim who has been
To worship at Lutetia's shrine.
In gayest garb that happy hand
Goes tripping gayly down the road,
Arrayed in faultless fashions planned
In Paris, Mecca of La Mode.

What woman's heart can e'er forget

How, robed in her first Paris gown—
Straight from the brightest star that's set
In fashion's richly jeweled crown,
The Temple of the World's Toilette—
Her cup of vanity o'erflowed?
For ever since she's been in debt
To Paris, Mecca of La Mode.—The Sketch.

*The supposed model of Falguère's statue, "La Danseuse."



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Once a friend was accompanying Professor Jowett on a long walk. Arriving at Tewksbury, the quaint Old World town seemed asleep in the summer sunshine, and his companion rashly ventured to say: "I believe that there are more dogs than people in the streets this morning." Jowett instantly awoke from his reverie and replied, "If you have nothing more sensible to observe, you had better be silent altogether!"

A lawyer brought a suit against a rich corporation for a man of good standing in the community. In the course of his argument, he declared in a loud voice, for the purpose of gaining the sympathy of the jury: "Gentlemen of the jury, who are the parties to this important litigation? Why, on the one side there is a powerful corporation, with an overflowing treasury, and on the other side there is my poor, simple, uneducated client." "Did you win your suit?" inquired a friend of the plaintiff, a few days after. "Yes," was the reply, "I won my suit; but I shall never employ that lawyer again. He called me a fool, and the jury believed it."

A performance of "The Barber" was being given in honor of Rossini in the local theatre. While the overture was in full swing, he noticed a huge trumpet in the orchestra, manifestly blown with remarkable force and continuity by a member of the band; but not a sound in the least akin to the tone of that instrument could be heard. At the close of the performance, he interviewed the conductor, and asked him to explain the purpose of the noiseless trumpet. He answered: "Maestro, in this town there is not a living soul who can play the trumpet; therefore I specially engaged an artist to hold one up to his lips, hindering him by an oath not to blow into it, for it looks well to have a trumpet in an operatic orchestra."

The younger Dumas, exasperated by the particularly severe criticisms of a noted journalist on his famous father's work, sent two chums to arrange for a duel with the offender. Calmly the journalist listened to what they had to say. When they had concluded, he called a servant, directing him to tell his son to come to the study. "Gentlemen," said he, "as this appears to be an affair of sons, and not of fathers, etiquette would seem to demand that you should arrange your matter with my son. He will be here directly, and no doubt will give you the satisfaction you wish." So saying, he left the room, and a moment later the journalist's son entered—a child of three years, in the arms of his nurse.

A certain Southern author had a manuscript accepted by a Northern periodical that pays only on publication. He went North, and, getting hard up, called on the editor, who would neither return his manuscript nor guarantee him a day of publication. He repaired to his hotel and wrote the editor a threatening letter, in which he mentioned pistols and coffee, etc. Shortly after, he was arrested and taken to the station-house, where he remained all night. The next morning he sent the following message to the editor: "I didn't know the rules up here. For Heaven's sake, come down and pay my fine, and take the manuscript as security." The editor was unmoved by this appeal, and replied, briefly: "We can not violate the rules of our office. We will pay your fine when we publish your story. We wish you well."

It needed no experienced eye (says a writer in the Washington Star) to determine that he was distinctly rural. After watching me season my meat with a judicious quantity of Tabasco, curiosity got the better of his hashfulness. "Stranger, is that there stuff good to put on meat?" he inquired. "Yes, indeed, if one likes seasoning," I replied. He appeared satisfied, and proceeded to try the condiment. With reckless liberality, he took the small bottle and shook out a quantity upon his plate. He cut off a large mouthful of meat, rolled it about in the red liquid until thoroughly saturated, popped it into his mouth, and bolted it. What followed may be safely left to the imagination. When at last the power of speech returned to him he turned to me. There was more of sorrow than anger in his mind; and there was compassion in the tone in which he said: "Stranger, when yer time comes an' yer gits ter bell, yer'll think yer've struck a snow-bank."

A Chicago novelist, who has recently been pressed by his publishers for the concluding chapters of a story (says the Times-Herald), sent his wife and children into the country in order to secure a chance to work undisturbed. The first night he was alone he settled down to write. Suddenly the roomers in the flat below his began a terrible racket. At last, when forbearance ceased to be a virtue, the author went into the hallway and accosted a man who was carrying an armful of things out of the lower flat. "Hello!" he exclaimed; "what in thunder are you trying to do down there, anyway?" "Don't worry," replied the fellow on the landing below; "we're doing the best we can." "This is no joke, I tell you; I can't do my work properly so long as you act like this." "We can't do our work properly, either," answered the mover, with a laugh, "unless you go

back into your room now and leave us alone." The novelist retired into his flat, closed the door, and began to write. A half-hour later he was suddenly aroused by the loud clanging of a police patrol-wagon's bell. A wagon-load of bluecoats stopped in front of the building. The flat below had been stripped clean by burglars during the temporary absence of the family at the theatre.

Senator X. made it known (says the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune) that he was looking for a furnished residence. He was accordingly beset by agents and the owners of houses. A woman of wealth, who owns a very handsome house, followed the senator from pillar to post, and finally, to get rid of her, he promised to go through the house. "Now, senator," said she, when they had thoroughly inspected it, and had stopped in the drawing-room to talk the matter over, "I am going to rent this house to you for a mere song, because I am so anxious to have some one in it who will keep things up." "How much, madam," demanded the senator, "do you propose to ask for your house by the year?" "Four thousand five hundred dollars," said the lady, "and at that price I think it is the most reasonable house in town." The senator walked to the window, and stood with his hands in his pockets, looking out. He remained in this attitude for so long a time that his guide went up to him. "What are you looking at, senator?" she asked. "I am not looking," said the senator, "I am thinking." "Well, what are you thinking about?" "My dear madam, I am thinking," replied the senator, courteously, "if I took this house, what in the world I would do with the remaining five hundred dollars of my salary."

THE PRESIDENCY OF SNOOZER.

A Remarkable Deal in Railroads.

He looked meditatively into the tomato-can and sighed.

"Ah, Shorty," he said, "I don't wonder you gets kinder sad-like, thinkin' of them good old days. Same with me; 'n that makes me t'ink, did I ever tell you how I was onct president of a railway?"

"No, Snoozer," said Shorty, knocking a little of the dust out of his whiskers. "You has tolt me plenty of queer things, but not that."

"Well, it's straight, all right. It happened here in California about ten years ago. I was 'lected president of a railroad, and was puttin' on style to beat the hand. If you had known me in them days, Shorty, you might have been ridin' on a pass like a real gent, instead of poundin' ties like the low-down bum that you is."

"Say, wot kind of a railroad wuz it that 'ud have you for its president, Snoozer?"

"It was a good enough railroad, all right, Shorty, with rollin' stock and genuine steel rails, and a hran' new right of way—and I owned the hull shootin' match, so that wuz why they had to 'lect me president."

"Snoozer, wot do you mean hy tryin' to give me a fill like that?"

"It ain't no fill, Shorty. It's all straight goods."

"Well, how did you get them things you say you had?"

"I stole 'em."

"That begins to sound more probable," said Shorty, propping himself up against the straw. "I knowed you would swipe anything, Snoozer, if it could be reached, and I been readin' right along in the newspapers about how people is stealin' railroads from one another."

"Yes," said Snoozer, with a grin, "hut I recko n none of 'em ever stole a railroad, just like I done it. I'll tell you, Shorty; it was down near to Colton, and my line was a connection of the Santa Fé. There wuz a gang of us wot come out from Kansas that winter for our healths. In them days the brakies wuzn't so mean to us, and we had a box-car to ourselves all the way through. We lived high, let me tell you, for old Jonesey—you know him—he was a carpenter afore he took to the road, and I had nipped the tools and other things for him to fit this car up with bunks and seats; and at Las Vegas I got hold of some oil-stoves, and a fellow by the name of Tony—an Eyetalyan—he was a good cook. I was captain of de gang, and it was just like a railway president travelin' in his special. I suppose it was that wot put the idea into my head to have a line of my own. The boys, they wuz heart-busted w'en we got to Colton and the brakies told us they wuz goin' to hold the car there to be filled with fruit. They just hated to give it up. So I sez to 'em, 'Let's swipe the car for our own.' They thought I had hugs, till I showed 'em how it could be done. I seen some light rails and ties lyin' there, which was to be used in layin' a street railway. We lifted a lot of 'em and carried 'em down to the willows by the arroyo, and there we fastened the rails to the ties in three big hunks, each one about half as long as the car. Then, when it was dark, we cut the car out and shoved it down the track some ways to where there was a siding, that run down toward the willows. We picked the switch-lock and let the car out on to the siding, and when we came to the end of the rails, we just put down our own patent adjustable track and started off across lots. Them sections of track was pretty heavy, hut it was a husky gang, and they picked 'em up behind and carried them to the fore and laid 'em down, shoving,

the car along, at a lively rate. I wuz sittin' in the car, givin' directions."

"I'll het you wuz," interjected Shorty. "Nobody ever caught you workin' like that way."

"A man in a zecutive position isn't expected to work," said Snoozer, scornfully. "Did you ever hear of President Muir, of the Southern Pacific, or President Beamer, of the Santa Fé, doin' any work?"

"Go on," said Shorty. "you would be a good president, all right."

"When we got down into the willows, where the brush wuz high enough to hide the car, we jest stopped there and took it easy for a time. We had a reg'lar meeting of all the stockholders, which wuz the gang itself, and I was yunanimously 'lected president of the road. To show that there was nothing mean about me, I fust thing issued free passes to 'em all."

"Passes for wot?" asked Shorty, "to carry them rails and things?"

"Next mornin'," continued Snoozer, ignoring the question, "there was naturally a heap of trouble among the brakies over at Colton. Looked like one car bad clean evaporated off the road. I never hearn such cussin' an' swearin' in all my life, Shorty, and several fights was pulled off in the course of the day between the men on the two lines that runs in there. The hull town was tore up, and wherever we stopped at a house to get a hand-out we would have to listen to the story. That winter we lived high. We worked one place after another through Southern California, moving the central offices of the road and the bulk of the rolling-stock and right-of-way just where we needed it most. Ah, Shorty, them was great days! It makes me sad to think of 'em."

"Well, wot come of it, finally?" asked Shorty.

"Jest like everything else in that line," said Snoozer, "the stockholders got to fightin' and wanted to throw me out as president and put in their own man, Tony, the cook. Course I wouldn't stand no such treatment, and I sez to myself, sez I, if I can't run this yer road, I can do the next best thing, and I takes and throws it into the hands of a receiver."

"Why, how was that?"

"Oh, I jest tips the wink to a deputy-constable, an' he goes down an' pulls the bull gang and 'trows 'em into the Los Angeles county jail, that's all. An' then he takes the car himself, moves it into a back street, and opens it up for a poker joint. For all I know, it is there yet."

"Whist, Snoozer, there's the cove that owns the brindle hull-dog. Lay low! Lay low!"

And they dived down into the straw.—C. D. W., in Los Angeles Express.

A Stout Backbone

Is as essential to physical health as to political consistency. For weakness of the back, rheumatism, and disorders of the kidneys, the tonic and dietetic action of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the one thing needful. The stomach is the mainstay of every other organ, and by invigorating the digestion with this preparation, the spinal column, and all its dependencies, are systematically strengthened. The dyspeptic and bilious will find it a pure vegetable stimulant and tonic.

NEW SAFE-DEPOSIT VAULTS.

Safes \$4.00 to \$150.00 per Annum.

The Union Trust Company's new safety vaults, corner of Market and Montgomery Streets, are the strongest, best guarded, and best lighted in the city. Superior accommodation for its patrons. Ladies will find apartments for their exclusive use. The company transacts a general banking, trust, and savings business, and acts as executor, administrator, trustee, and as custodian of wills, and consults as to trust matters without charge. Valuations of all kinds taken on storage.

After teething is finished, Steedman's Soothing Powders will be found useful to correct the minor disorders of children, up to ten years.

"She"—"I hear Sam is hatching up a new scheme." "He"—"Yes, he has set his heart upon it."—Yale Record.



No lamp is a good one without its particular chimney.

The Index tells what Number to get; sent free.

"Pearl top" or "pearl glass."

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PLEASURE BOATS.

Lanterns and Yachts fitted with Hercules Gasoline Engines, the cheapest, safest, and most economical. No smoke, fire, or heat. No gears; every engine guaranteed. Write for Catalogue.

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SAN FRANCISCO.

Makers of Metallic Vault and Office Furniture, Shannon Files and Cabinets, Card Index Cabinets, Document Filing Cabinets, Rapid Roller Copiers, Schlicht's Standard Indexes.

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OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets, at 1 P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONG KONG, Calling at Kobe (Hio), Nagasaki and Shanghai, and connecting at Hong Kong with Steamers for India, etc. No cargo received on board on day of sailing.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hong Kong, 1897. Coptic..... Thursday, June 17

Gaelic..... Wednesday, July 7

Doric..... Tuesday, July 27

Belgie..... Saturday, August 14

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

For freight and passage apply at company's office, No. 421 Market Street, corner First Street.

D. D. STUBBS, Secretary.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

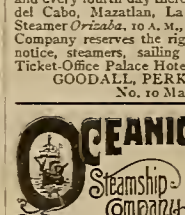
Steamers leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco, for ports in Alaska, at 9 A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, and every fifth day thereafter.

For B. C. and Puget Sound Ports, at 9 A. M., June 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, and every fifth day thereafter. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Steamer Pomona, at 2 P. M., June 11, 5, 9, 14, 18, 22, 26, 30, July 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 30, Aug. 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27. For Newport, Los Angeles, and way ports, at 9 A. M., June 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, and every fourth day thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford, Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles), and Newport, at 11 A. M., June 11, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, and every fourth day thereafter. For Ensenada, San José del Cabo, Mazatlan, La Paz, and Guaymas (Mexico), Steamer Orizaba, 10 A. M., the second of each month. The Company reserves the right to change, without previous notice, steamers, sailing dates, and hours of sailing.

Ticket-Office Palace Hotel, a New Montgomery St.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,

No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.



S. S. Mariposa sails via Honolulu and Auckland for Sydney, Thursday, June 24, 1897, at 2 P. M.

S. S. Anstralla for Honolulu only, Tuesday, July 13, at 2 P. M. Special party rates.

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International Navigation Co.'s Lines

AMERICAN LINE.

New York and Southampton (London, Havre, Paris). Twin-screw Express Steamers St. Paul, St. Louis, New York, Paris. Sailing from New York each Wednesday at 10 A. M. Shortest and most convenient route to London. Close connection at Southampton for Havre and Paris.

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Every Wednesday at 12 noon.

Special Vestibule Train, Liverpool to London in 3 1/2 hours.

ADRIATIC..... July 21.....

BRITANNIC..... June 23..... July 28..... Aug. 25

MAJESTIC..... June 30..... Aug. 4..... Sept. 1

GERMANIC..... July 7..... Aug. 11..... Sept. 8

TEUTONIC..... July 14..... Aug. 18..... Sept. 15

First Cabin, \$75 and upward; very superior Second Cabin, \$45 and upward; Steerage at low rates.

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S. TENNEY FRENCH, Gen. Agent, Chicago.

For passage apply to G. W. FLETCHER, Market Street, or to official railway and steam agent.

SOCIETY.

The Burlingame Club.

The Burlingame Club is becoming more attractive each succeeding season. The erection of costly and attractive cottages there, the fostering of healthful outdoor sports, and the good-fellowship that exists among the members has had much to do with this. The latest innovation is that every fortnight there will be luncheon and music at the club-house on Saturday and Sunday. The retirement of the former efficient president, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, is a matter of regret, but the appointment of Mr. A. B. Ford as his successor is looked upon as a wise proceeding, for, like his predecessor, he has the best interests of the club at heart.

It is expected that there will be a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen at the club to-day and tomorrow to enjoy luncheon and the music. It is possible that there will be some pigeon-shooting and polo. Swimming at the beach, which is but half a mile distant, is becoming popular.

At the Bohemian Grove.

The Ladies' Society of St. John's Presbyterian Church gave a delightful basket-outing last Saturday at the Bohemian Grove, near Guerneville. It was practically a private picnic, as the attendance was limited to five hundred and no tickets were sold to people who were not known by the committee. A baggage-car conveyed the baskets to the grounds. Music, dancing, and the usual pleasures of these affairs were enjoyed, as well as the natural beauties of the grove and the picturesque journey to and from the grounds.

The patronesses of the affair were Mrs. H. J. Crocker, Mrs. H. M. Newhall, Mrs. Frank Whitney, Mrs. J. D. Thornton, Mrs. N. G. Kittle, Mrs. James Goodman, Mrs. Sidney M. Van Wyck, Mrs. Edgar M. Wilson, Mrs. F. N. Woods, and Miss Buckbee.

Tennis at San Rafael.

Considerable interest is being taken in lawn-tennis just now, and several of our best players are in active training for the coming "Singles" championship games at the Hotel Rafael courts. Last Sunday many admirers of the game had the pleasure of witnessing a spirited contest there between Mr. R. M. Whitney and Mr. George Bradshaw and Mr. Stetson and Professor Joseph Daly. The first-named gentlemen won, the score being six-two, six-four. To-morrow the same players and others will contest again.

The Hotel Rafael Club has engaged Professor Daly to instruct the members in tennis, and upon application to Mr. J. J. Crooks, president of the club, his services may be secured by others when not engaged by club members. Everything points to a successful tournament, particularly so as it is firmly believed that the championship will change hands.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant, of this city, will be married next Wednesday noon to Miss Macleay at the residence of her father, Mr. Donald Macleay, in Portland, Or. The wedding will be quietly celebrated. In the evening the newly married couple will depart for New York city, and will sail from there June 30th, on the steamer *Majestic* of the White Star Line, for England. They will return here in October to reside at Burlingame.

Miss Jessie Coleman and Mr. Harry J. Knowles will be united in marriage next Wednesday afternoon at the home of the bride's mother in Oakland. Miss Coleman is the daughter of the late John W. Coleman, of Oakland. Mr. Knowles is the son of the late Captain J. N. Knowles, of Oakland. The maid of honor will be Miss Donaldson, of Philadelphia, and the bridesmaids will be the bride's two cousins, Miss Dickens and Miss Smith. The groom's brother, Mr. Thomas Knowles, will act as best man. Only relatives and a few intimate friends will be present.

Great Britain's sons and daughters, resident in San Francisco, will celebrate the diamond jubilee of their queen to-day (Saturday) at the Chutes. The morning will be occupied by athletic sports of various kinds, followed by literary exercises, consisting of an address by Mr. William Greer Harrison; the singing

by a choir of two hundred and fifty voices of "Victoria," an anthem written by Mr. George A. Adams and composed by Mr. H. J. Stewart; an oration by General W. H. L. Barnes; and a benediction by Rabbi Nieto. The American and English national anthems will both be sung. On Sunday there will be a musical service at the Metropolitan Temple, attended by the diplomatic corps, and on Monday a banquet at the Palace, which will be attended by Consul-General Warburton, Governor Budd, and other prominent citizens.

The officers and ladies at the Presidio entertained a number of their friends last Saturday afternoon by giving a dance at the hop room at the post. The attendance, though not large, was congenial, so the afternoon was passed most delightfully.

The recent dispatch concerning the suit of Colonel Myron P. Walker against his wife for a divorce and half of his wife's fortune is interesting, not only from the fact that the point of a husband claiming money on the ground of promises of division made in love-letters is unusual, but by reason of the fact that the lady's family is well known here. Mrs. Walker was the daughter of Judge E. B. Crocker, of Sacramento, by his first marriage. After the death of his first wife, the judge married the lady who is now his widow, Mrs. Margaret Crocker. Thus Mrs. Walker is a half-sister of Mrs. J. Sloat Fasset, of Elmira, N. Y., of Mrs. H. M. Gillig, of Larchmont, N. Y., and of the late Mrs. J. O'B. Gunn, in her life-time a resident of San Francisco. The first husband of Mrs. Walker was Charles Scudder, who was well known in San Francisco, being a prominent member of the Bohemian Club years ago, and at one time private secretary to the late Charles Crocker. After his wife secured a divorce from him, Mr. Scudder went abroad as secretary of legation to General Lucius H. Foote when that gentleman was appointed minister to Corea. After her divorce from Mr. Scudder, Judge Crocker's daughter married Colonel Myron P. Walker, and has lived ever since in the East as his wife up to a recent period, when differences arose which led to the present divorce suit.

The third session of the Highland Grange Summer School of Economics and Husbandry will open Monday, June 27, 1897, and continue three weeks. The lectures of the first week, by Mr. F. T. Bioletti, instructor in the University of California, will be devoted to a study of the plant, the chemical and mechanical processes of its growth, the causes of disease and the methods of treatment. Those of this week will be in the general domain of practical economics. Among the lecturers expected are Professor Carl H. Plehn, of the University of California, Professor E. A. Ross, and Dr. David Starr Jordan, President of Stanford University. The lectures of this week will be devoted to the rational feeding of man and domestic animals, and will be given by Professor M. E. Jaffa, of the University of California. For further information address the secretary, Carl H. Allen, at Wrights, Cal.

The recent decision of an English court, that a doorstep is a public place, was foreshadowed years ago extrajudicially. James Payn relates that two members of an aristocratic club—Howard and Spencer, let us call them—had a feud, and never spoke for twenty years, though they met every day in the same reading-room, dining-room, smoking-room. One day a namesake of Spencer, his cousin, in fact, was accused of murder; on the day he was committed for trial, Howard met his enemy on the club doorstep, and broke silence: "Well, shall you go to see your brother hung?" For this insult Spencer brought him before the committee; no member of a club is allowed, of course, to insult another within the club precincts; but the committee decided that the doorstep was outside the club, and, in fact, a public place.

Mrs. Cave Coutts, who died at Los Angeles, recently, aged seventy years, was famous for her beauty, as Ysidora Bandini, before the American occupation, and she is mentioned by Dana in his "Two Years Before the Mast." She married Colonel Cave Coutts. Ysidora and her two sisters stitched the first American flag made in California, which her father hoisted in Los Angeles. It was Cave Coutts's Rancho Guajome, in the San Luis Rey Valley, that Helen Hunt Jackson made the scene of "Ramona."

El Campo is beautifully situated on the bay shore, under the sheltering hills on the north side of the long point behind Angel Island. Its attractions are numerous and delightful. The sail up the bay on the steamer *Ukiah* is not the least of the pleasures of an excursion to this favored and popular retreat.

Frith, the painter of the "Derby Day," wrote in his autobiography: "It was just a toss-up whether I became an artist or an auctioneer." Whistler's comment on the passage was: "He must have tossed up!"

Officers of the army who have received leave of absence to go abroad have in every instance been warned by the War Department not to visit the Island of Cuba during the progress of the insurrection.

Tips on Mexico.

A well-known San Franciscan, who is an old traveler, writes recently the following details in a private letter which will be of interest as showing the changes in the accommodations for travelers to be found in the City of Mexico. "Since I was last here, two new hotels have been opened, the Coliseo and the Hotel Sanz. The latter is the best, and is very swell. The *litrubide* is very bad, as it always was. The Hotel Jardin, once the best, is now third-rate, but is being improved in order to catch the tide of travel. These hotels appeal to the American trade and have English-speaking servants. The Gillow seeks for high-class Mexican patronage, and has no restaurant. It also has no English-speaking men-servants and has no women-servants at all. People who can speak Spanish even a little find it much to their advantage to go to the hotels frequented by the Mexicans, such as the Gillow. It will force them to speak the language, and will give them a much better insight into the people and the customs than they will obtain if they frequent the hotels where they would find Englishmen and Americans principally. The Hotel Sanz has doubled the usual Mexican prices, and has given a corresponding return in comforts. The price of the *café table d'hôte*—*sin vino*, or without wine—in a first-class restaurant is one dollar Mexican money. The Sanz charges two dollars. You can tip or not, as you please. The Sanz, Coliseo, and Jardin have suites with bath-rooms. So has the *litrubide*. But in all the hotels the bath-rooms are few. There are only four of them in the Sanz and less in the others, so travelers should arrange ahead for their baths, as one does on an ocean steamship."

The many uses to which the old horse-cars have been put in San Francisco are indeed striking. In this city the horse-cars have almost entirely disappeared before the cable and electric cars, and as a result the street-railway companies found themselves with a large number of cars upon their hands. They were slow of sale until some enterprising genius hit upon the idea of utilizing them for house-boats. This pioneer purchased four of these street cars at fifteen dollars apiece. He then took off the trucks and running-gear, and fastened the bodies of the cars upon a flat boat or scow thirty-six by fifty-four feet over all. They are partitioned off, so that they make two large, airy rooms, eighteen by twenty-four, with one small room for a bath closet and kitchen. In each of the large rooms four double berths are placed, and in the kitchen is a cot for a servant. The sleeping-rooms are divided off by curtains descending from the ceiling. All the rooms are well-ventilated, as the car-ventilators have not been removed. A railing is placed around the outer edge of the house-boats, and there are davits for boats and a naphtha launch. Such a house-boat costs about nine hundred dollars, and the owner gets good value for the money. The old street-cars have also been turned into cheap summer cottages, small conservatories, and children's play-houses, and they have been used for small shops in the suburbs of San Francisco. Out on the ocean beach there is quite a large colony of them. Some of them are used as shops for purveying to the needs of bicyclers, and a number of others are utilized by bicyclers as club-houses. They are comfortably fitted up with baths, and lockers for their clothes, and racks for keeping their wheels. Some of them even have small kitchens for the serving of luncheons. While they are not highly ornamental as an addition to a landscape, they certainly serve a very useful purpose.

Ideal Champagne.

In order to capture the trade of the California champagne consumers, Messrs. Moët & Chandon, who, as is well known, are the largest shippers of champagne in the world, are now sending their renowned "White Seal Grande Cuvée" to this coast. This brand is celebrated as a great favorite amongst the select circles in London and other large cities in Europe, as well as in this country, and to judge by this year's importation of 2,600 cases up to June 1st, Messrs. William Wolf & Co., agents for Moët & Chandon, White Seal, are bound to bring the brand to the front on the Pacific Coast.—*Pacific Wine & Spirit Review*.

—WANTED—SECOND-HAND BICYCLE TRUNK. Address, with terms, "Bike," Box 17, *Argonaut* office.

—FOR HIGH-GRADE DIAMOND-JEWELRY, GO TO Hirschman's, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

—GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRESS SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

Dividend Notices.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb.—For the half-year ending with the 30th of June, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and two-tenths (4.2) per cent. on term deposits and three and five-tenths (3.5) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1st, 1897.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN Francisco, 33 Post Street.—For the half-year ending June 30th, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on term deposits and three and one-third (3.33 1/3) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1st, 1897.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER

Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing.

R. P. Hall & Co., Props., Nashua, N. H. Sold by all Druggists.

MONT-ROUGE VINEYARD,

Livermore Valley, California.

PARIS EXPOSITION 1889 GOLD MEDAL THE HIGHEST AWARD.

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The Principal and Finest Family Hotel of San Francisco

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THE PIONEER FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

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OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee San Francisco, Cal.

THE WENBAN

N. W. cor. of Sutter and Mason Sts.

First-class family hotel; single rooms and elegant suites, each provided with private baths. Superior table.

CAROLINE BLITZ, Proprietress.

THE WESTMINSTER

614 SUTTER STREET.

First-class Family Hotel.

HOTEL VENDOME

SAN JOSE, CAL.

This beautiful hotel is in the "Garden City"—itself in the centre of a beautiful park—lawn, flowers, shade, rest—affording every comfort and enjoyment. For rates, illustrated souvenir, etc., address

GEO. P. SNELL, Manager.

Hotel Rafael

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

The Society Resort Winter and Summer of the Pacific Coast.

50 MINUTES FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

Average winter temperature 64 degrees. The State Statistics prove the climate to be the healthiest on the Pacific Coast.

IT WILL GIVE IMMEDIATE RELIEF TO THE WORST CASE OF ASTHMA.

The management is personally supervised by General Warfield, of the California Hotel, San Francisco.

R. H. WARFIELD CO., (Incorporated) Proprietor.

THE LENOX

628 SUTTER STREET.

First-class quiet Family Hotel.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Jane L. Stanford is in London, having sailed from New York on June 9th on the American line steamship *Paris*.

Mrs. Hitchcock and her daughter, Mrs. Lily H. Coit, leave for Europe this week. Mrs. Coit, who has been ill for many weeks, has not yet recovered her health, and has been ordered abroad by her physician.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Tevis, of Bakersfield, will spend part of their summer at Santa Monica.

Mrs. Pedar Sather, of Oakland, has returned home from a visit to Mrs. P. N. Remillard, near San José.

Misses Carrie, Hattie, and Maria Longstreet, of Los Angeles, who have been passing the winter in Paris, will spend the summer in Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheldon Borden have returned to Los Angeles from their visit to the East.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Carpenter and Miss Carpenter have returned to Los Angeles from Yosemite Valley. They will occupy their cottage at Redondo Beach during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith have returned from Europe, and are in New York city. They are expected to go to Santa Cruz for the summer.

Mrs. Richard Cbenery returned from Europe last week on the White Star liner *Tautonic*.

Mr. William Northrop Cowles is in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Goewey, Miss Goewey, Master Herbert Spencer Goewey, and Mrs. L. S. Spencer, will pass the summer at the Tavern of Castle Crags.

Mrs. W. E. Sharon, of Oakland, is with a camping party in Mill Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Glascock, of Oakland, are visiting their niece, Mrs. W. E. Rollins, in Portland.

Miss Hattie Hilton, of New York, is visiting Mrs. Ellen Wetherbee, in Oakland.

Mr. F. Ostrander returned from Europe on the *Tautonic* on her last home trip.

Miss Ardella Mills has returned from a visit to Portland.

Mrs. W. C. Ralston and Mrs. Lucie Hayes have returned from Georgetown, where they were the guests of Mrs. Ralston, Sr.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Ralph, of New York, accompanied by Mr. Ralph's cousin, Miss Clara Rice, of San Francisco, were among the American visitors recently arrived in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, of Oakland, are spending a month on their ranch near San José.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry P. Carlton, of Oakland, are enjoying an outing in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Colonel and Mrs. John Bradbury, of Los Angeles, are now domiciled in their cottage at Santa Monica.

Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, of New York, has engaged rooms at Hotel El Paso de Robles, Paso Robles, for two months, and will go there to take the waters.

Miss Fannie Danforth, who was for several weeks the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire in Los Angeles, has returned to San Francisco.

Miss Carrie Waddilove, of Los Angeles, is visiting in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan have gone East on their way back to London.

Mrs. P. N. Remillard, of Oakland, is spending part of the summer at her country-place near San José.

The Earl of Westmeath returned to England last week on board the American liner *Paris*.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant went to Portland on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Sullivan have gone to their summer home at Phelan Park, Santa Cruz, for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dodge have taken a cottage at San Rafael for June and July.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Glenn and Miss Glenn sailed for Europe on June 9th on the White Star liner *Germanic*.

Mr. Louis B. Parrott, who was recently taken seriously ill, is able to be about and is improving in health. He suffered from an attack of a nervous nature, caused by overwork.

Mr. Rudolph Spreckels is in Hawaii. He will return early in October. Mrs. Spreckels is spending the summer at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant were among the week's visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jewett will sail on Wednesday, on the *Queen*, on an excursion to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Jerome, of Oakland, were guests, during the week, at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman and Miss Hellman will sail on the *Queen* on Wednesday, on an excursion to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing were guests at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett and Miss Caro Crockett have moved down to Burlingame for the summer.

Mr. James L. de Fremery registered at the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey returned on Sunday from their visit to Baron and Baroness von Schröder in San Luis Obispo county, and left again on Wednesday for the Yosemite Valley. They will return about July 1st and may then go to Belvedere for part of the season.

Mr. Lovell White was a visitor at the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Mr. and Mrs. William L. Gerstle are going to Lake Tahoe for the month of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Y. S. McClatchy, of Sacramento, are guests at the California Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Fitzhugh are at Blithedale.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills and the Misses Mills are at San Rafael where they will spend a month at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. Clinton E. Worden have gone to the Hotel del Monte for the summer. Mr. Worden will join them within a few days.

Mrs. John Hunt was a guest at the Tavern Tamalpais during the week.

Mrs. Homer S. King and the Misses King are at Wawona, en route, with party of young people, for the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. King have just returned from the East. Miss Genevieve King accompanied them home. They will probably spend the summer at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. John S. Hager and the Misses Hager are among the summer guests at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. Charles H. Shiels is a guest at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. Dixwell Hewitt, of Chicago, is a guest at the California Hotel.

Mrs. B. W. Paulsen, accompanied by Miss C. Lehnhardt and the Misses Tay, spent the month of May in Paris. From there the Misses Tay proceeded to London, while Mrs. Paulsen and Miss Lehnhardt went to Holland.

Mrs. S. G. Murphy and Miss Ethel Murphy are guests at the Hotel Rafael.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge are guests at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. Ira G. Hoitt, of Burlingame, is at the Occidental Hotel.

Among the Pacific Coast people going abroad, there sailed last week on the American liner *Paris*, Mr. and

Mrs. W. D. Fraser, Miss Louise West, Mr. and Mrs. Robertson Bertram, Mr. G. S. E. Colville, Professor Vernon L. Kellogg, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McDonnell, Mr. James McGowan, and Mr. Henry Robinson.

Among the week's arrivals at the Occidental Hotel were Mr. Henderson Hayman, of Los Angeles, Colonel William Forsyth, of Fresno, Mr. Lee L. Gray, of Fresno, Mr. Thomas Minturn, of Minturn, and Mr. A. C. Hihn, of Santa Cruz.

Among the week's arrivals at the California Hotel were Mrs. S. B. de Noon, of Los Angeles, Mr. F. A. Carroll, of Washington, D. C., Mr. Thomas A. Lewis, of Los Angeles, Mr. P. C. Bates, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Clark, of San José, Professor J. M. Stillman, Professor O. L. Elliott, H. C. Nash, S. W. Young, and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hudson, of Stanford University.

Among the later guests at the Hotel Rafael are: Mr. T. D. Boardman, Mr. George S. Bradshaw, Mr. R. N. Whitney, Dr. E. K. Johnston, Mr. Charles E. Thomas, of Washington, D. C., Mrs. L. B. Chinn, of Pleasanton, Mr. and Mrs. William Murray, Mr. J. T. Pendergast, of Pleasanton, and Mr. and Mrs. T. E. M. Gurrin, of Salt Lake City.

Among the week's visitors at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Colonel and Mrs. Frank W. Sumner, Mrs. H. Clay Miller, Miss Edith Buckingham, Miss Alice Hooper, Miss Gertrude Church, Miss May Ayers, Miss Jean Hand, Miss Mary Whitney, Miss Ethel Kittredge, Miss Harriett Kittredge, Miss Ethel Whitney, Miss Edith Holt, Miss Grace Holt, Miss Carolyn Simmons, Mr. Samuel H. Perkins, Dr. A. B. McKee, Mr. George B. Somers, Mr. James M. Hobbs, and Mr. John L. Clark.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Colonel William H. Bisbee, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted a month's leave of absence. Colonel Bisbee has just been promoted from major, Eighth Infantry, to his present rank.

Lieutenant-Colonel John B. Babcock, U. S. A., has been announced in the general orders as adjutant-general of the Department of California. He is now on duty at headquarters.

Captain Cassius E. Gillette, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., who will be relieved from duty in this department on July 7th, will then proceed to his newly designated station at Savannah, Ga.

Lieutenant James H. Reeves, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted leave for one month, from September 1st.

Chaplain Thomas A. Gill, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Ensign Francis Boughter, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Thetis*, ordered home, and granted two months' leave.

Lieutenant John D. Miley, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., aid-de-camp on General Shafter's staff, has been announced as acting engineer officer of this department.

Major Charles E. L. B. Davis, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has been ordered to relieve Captain Cassius E. Gillette, in this department, on or before July 7th.

Lieutenant John H. Wholley, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wholley arrived from Vancouver on Wednesday, and registered at the Occidental Hotel.

Ensign C. L. Hussey, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Thetis* and ordered to the *Oregon*.

Sergeant T. M. Anderson, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been promoted to be a second lieutenant.

Lieutenant Charles G. Lyman, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Lyman are guests at the Hotel Rafael.

Among the week's arrivals at the California Hotel were Dr. J. W. Baker, U. S. N., and Mrs. Baker, Paymaster J. R. Stanton, U. S. N., and Lieutenant J. N. Pickering, U. S. A.

The full list of cadet graduates from the Military Academy is as follows, in their order of merit: Engineer Corps, Ordnance, Artillery, Cavalry, or Infantry—William D. Conner, Iowa; John C. Oakes, New York city; Louis C. Wolf, Wisconsin; Henry S. Morgan, Georgia; Sherwood A. Cheney, Connecticut; Frederick Waldstatter, Ohio; and Harley B. Fergus, North Carolina.

Ordnance, Artillery, Cavalry, or Infantry—Charles D. Roberts, Ohio; Robert S. Abernethy, Texas; John K. Moore, Ohio; and Francis H. Pope, Ohio.

Artillery, Cavalry, or Infantry—Edwin O. Zaratt, South Carolina; Albert J. Bowley, San Francisco, California; Matthew E. Hanua, Ohio; Berham C. Gilbert, New Mexico; Lawrence S. Miller, Connecticut; George E. Mitchell, Michigan; Winfield S. Overton, Jr., Long Island; Pierce A. Murphy, Vancouver Barracks, Washington; and Mervyn C. Buckley, Washington, D. C.

Cavalry or Infantry—Frederick T. Arnold, Iowa; Frederick E. Johnston, Iowa; Claude H. Miller, Virginia; James N. Munro, Minnesota; Harold B. Fiske, Salem, Oregon; Earl D. Pearce, Georgia; William S. Valentine, New York; Arthur S. Conklin, New York; Henry C. Smith, Colorado; Roy B. Harper, Illinois; John H. Hughes, New York city; Thomas A. Roberts, Illinois; Edgar A. Seymour, Michigan; Frank R. McCoy, Pennsylvania; George W. Helms, Virginia; Chalmers G. Hall, North Carolina; Rufus E. Longen, Missouri; Frank M. Savage, Alabama; Thomas T. Frissel, Missouri; Edward O. Roche, Rhode Island; William M. Fassett, New Hampshire; Henry M. Dichmann, Wisconsin; Halstead Dorey, Minnesota; Clarence R. Day, Kentucky; George T. Balzelt, Florida; Benjamin M. Koehler, Iowa; Willard H. McCormick, Illinois; James F. Brany, New York; Hugh Applewhite, Missouri; Seth M. Milliken, Maine; Edgar T. Conley, Maryland; John C. Raymond, Pennsylvania; Roderick L. Carmichael, South Carolina; Harry G. Bishop, Indiana; Henry Abbott, Illinois; Andrew Moses, Texas; Edgar T. Collins, Pennsylvania; Fred A. Pearce, Texas; Seahurn G. Childs, Florida; Lyman M. Welch, San Francisco, California; Thomas L. Ashburn, Ohio; Samuel F. Bottoms, Texas; Warren S. Bartow, Illinois; John G. Workizer, Missouri; Willard D. Newbell, Virginia; Charles H. Bridges, Illinois; and Harold Edoke, New Jersey.

Francis Alexander, of Caracas, Venezuela, who received instruction under provisions of a joint resolution of this class. There have been fewer vacancies than usual in the army this year, and more appointments from the ranks than is usual. It appears that for the Military Academy graduating class there are no vacancies waiting to be filled. It is likely to be a year and a half before all its sixty-five members get their commissions.

It's a Fad, and It Goes.

Young ladies of the East have found a new craze—collecting monograms and crests of prominent people—for bric-a-brac decoration. The miss who has not a monogram fan or frame should make one at once. Collections can be bought from Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers on Market Street, who have made some specially pretty designs for this purpose.

—WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS. MAGNIFICENT assortment to choose from at Art Store of S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary Street.

TWO JUBILEE HYMNS.

O King of Kings.

Following is the full text of the Bishop of Wakefield's jubilee hymn, written at the request of the Prince of Wales, and set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan by the desire of the queen. It is to be sung at all the commemoration services in the Episcopal churches to-day, the Jubilee Thanksgiving Day:

O King of kings, whose reign of old
Hath been from everlasting,
Before whose throne their crowns of gold
The white-robed saints are casting.
While all the shining courts on high
With angel songs are ringing,
Oh, let thy children venture nigh,
Their lowly homage bringing.

For every heart, made glad by Thee,
With thankful praise is swelling;
And every tongue, with joy set free,
Its happy theme is telling.
Thou hast been mindful of thine own,
And, lo! we come confessing—
'Tis thou hast dowered our queenly throne
With sixty years of blessing.

Oh, royal heart, with wide embrace
For all her children yearning;
Oh, happy realm, such mother-grace
With loyal love returning!
Where England's flag flies wide unfurl'd,
All tyrant wrongs repelling;
God made the world a better world
For man's brief earthly dwelling.

Lead on, O Lord, 'Thy people still,
New grace and wisdom giving.
To larger love and purer will
And nobler heights of living.
And, while of all Thy love below
They chant the gracious story,
Oh, teach them first Thy Christ to know,
And magnify His glory.

"Victoria, the Great."

The following is the telegraphic version—cabled to the New York *Independent*—of the "Jubilee Hymn" written in honor of the queen, by Alfred Austin, the poet laureate:

The dew was on the summer lawn,
The roses bloomed, the woods were green,
When forth there came, as fresh as dawn,
A maiden with majestic mien.

They girt a crown about her brow,
They placed a sceptre in her hand,
And loud rang out a nation's vow:
"God guard the lady of the land."

And now the cuckoo calls once more,
And once again June's roses blow,
And round her throne her people pour,
Recalling sixty years ago.

And all the goodly days between,
Glorious and sorrow, love and pain,
The wifely mother, widowed Queen,
The loftiest as the longest reign.

She shared her subjects' bane and bliss,
Welcomed the wise, the base withstood,
And taught by her clear life it is
The greatness to be good.

Yet while for peace she wrought and prayed,
She bore the trident, wore the helm,
And, Mistress of the Maid, she made
An empire of her island realm.

So, gathering now from near, from far,
From rule where never sets the day,
From Southern cross and Northern star,
Her people lift their hearts and pray.

Longer and longer may she reign,
As through a summer night serene,
Whence day doth never wholly wane,
God spare and bless our Empress-Queen.

Mount Tamalpais, the stately height, the "Sleeping Goddess" of Tamal Indian legend, is now so accessible by means of the scenic railway from Mill Valley that every one who can do so is availing himself of the opportunity to make the ascent and enjoy the air and view from the tavern at the top.

—DR. JAS. HUSTON HEPBURN, OF WASHINGTON, D. C., the eminent specialist, has invented a new toilet soap which is pronounced in the U. S. Health Reports to be simply perfect. Its use insures a beautiful complexion. Greenbaum & Co., 128 Post Street, are the agents, and the soap will be mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents for a cake, or 65 cents for box of three.

CAPTIVE SWEETS



SALE OF THE HAWAIIAN HOTEL PREMISES HONOLULU, H. I.

ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1897, AT 12 O'CLOCK noon, at the front entrance of the Executive Building, Honolulu, will be sold, at public auction, the Hawaiian Hotel premises at Honolulu.

These premises are centrally located in the city, in the center of the block bounded by and with entrance drives from hotel, Richards, Beretania, and Alakea Streets, and the grounds contain an area of 17-10th acres.

The buildings consist of the hotel proper, of two stories and basement; built of brick and concrete, with broad verandas at front and rear of each story.

The main building covers an area of 10,800 square feet, with Lanai or wing addition on one side 4004 feet, and wooden addition on opposite wing, for kitchen, 60x18 feet. There are also four cottages on the premises, with ample provision for bath-rooms and closets.

The main building contains a spacious parlor, public and private dining-rooms, large billiard-ball and bar-room, and forty sleeping-rooms—the cottages contain about twenty additional sleeping-rooms. The main building cost a little over \$100,000 in 1874.

A water-tank, with capacity of 10,000 gallons, is placed on a tower at an elevation sufficient to give a good water pressure in second story of the main building. This tank is supplied from an artesian well on adjoining premises, owned by Dr. J. S. McGrew.

The buildings and grounds are thoroughly lighted with electric light.

Plans of the buildings and grounds can be seen at Hawaiian Consulate General, 206 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

Terms of sale are cash—in United States gold coin. Upset price, \$60,000.

In case there is no bidder to purchase the property at the above upset price, a lease of the same will immediately be offered for sale at an upset price of \$4,000 a year for a period of thirty years under the conditions set out in Act 7, Laws of 1896, and more particularly of Section 2 and 4 of said act, which reads as follows:

"Section 2. Every such lease shall contain a covenant on the part of the lessee that he shall, during the first four years of the term of the lease, cause to be erected upon the leased premises a fire-proof building of brick, stone, or metal, in a workmanlike manner, satisfactory to the Minister of the Interior, at a cost of not less than fifty thousand dollars; and keep the same suitably insured at not less than two-thirds of its value for the benefit of the lessor; and shall keep the building in good repair during the remainder of the term of lease, reasonable use and wear thereof only excepted; and in case of damage or destruction of such building by fire, shall make good such loss or damage by the necessary repairs or reconstruction, or else surrender the insurance to the lessor.

"Section 4. Every such lease shall also contain a covenant on the part of the lessor, that upon the request in writing by the lessee or his representatives, before the expiration thereof, the premises, with the improvements, shall, if all of the conditions to be performed by the lessee have been satisfactorily performed, be put up at auction for a lease for a term of not over twenty years; unless said premises shall be required for public use, of which the lessee shall receive at least one year's notice. Such auction sale shall be held not more than six months nor less than one month before the expiration of said term."

JAMES A. KING,
Minister of Interior.

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The season for this sort of thought and action is upon us. All the world, and particularly that portion of it described by California, takes an outing once a year,—if it doesn't, it ought to.

While making up your mind where you will go, and concocting your itinerary, keep as many as possible of these places before your mind's eye:

Up Shasta Way—Tavern of Castle Crag, Sweet Briar Camp, Upper Soda Springs, Shasta Retreat, Shasta Springs, Sisson's, Mt. Shasta Camp, Klamath Hot Springs.

Lake County and Vicinity—Geysers, Atna Springs, Harbin, Anderson, Adams, Howard, Siegler, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Glenbrook, Soda Bay.

On Sierra Summits—Laker Tahoe, Independence, Wheeler and Donner Lakes, Tallac, Deer Park Inn, Sunnyside, McKinney's, Rubicon Springs, Campbell Hot Springs, and a score more.

Yosemite and the Big Trees—

Santa Cruz Mountains—Los Gatos, Pacific Congress Springs, Glenwood, Felton, Ben Lomond, Boulder Creek.

Southward—Gilroy, Paraiso, Paso Robles, and Santa Ysabel Hot Springs.

Along the Shore—Santa Cruz, Capitola, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Santa Barbara, Santa Monica, Long Beach, San Diego.

There will be **REDUCED RATES** to many of these places. If you haven't all needed information to complete that itinerary, call on the nearest Southern Pacific Company agent, or send to T. H. GOODMAN for resort folders.

Tavern of Castle Crag.

The Tavern of Castle Crag was built in the heart of the Sierras, almost at the foot of Mount Shasta, and amid the most picturesque mountain scenery accessible to the tourist. The eligibility of the place selected was due to a rare combination of flowing water, inspiring mountain scenery, and inviting forests.

The Tavern of Castle Crag, with its splendid environment, it was believed would appeal chiefly to those who seek a summer resort for health, recreation, outdoor sports, sympathy with nature, and informal sociability. To emphasize this intention and signify the kind of invitation extended, the name TAVERN of Castle Crag was chosen.

To avoid all implication of sumptuous accommodations or the tyranny of social formalism, and to realize this original conception, the management has decided to make the Tavern of Castle Crag distinctively a family resort and especially attractive to those to whom health, recreation and sympathy with nature are paramount considerations. To this end rooms on the first and second floors of this splendid tavern with board will be furnished at a monthly rate of sixty-five dollars a person; and rooms on the third floor with board at a monthly rate of fifty dollars a person.

The accommodations of the Tavern are first class in every particular. Its parlors and halls are elegant and spacious. Its verandas are cool and inviting, placing the guest always in the presence of the most attractive mountain scenery to be enjoyed from the balcony of any tavern in the world.

The opportunity for outdoor sports embraces bunting, fishing, riding, bicycling, walking on mountain paths, and driving on picturesque roads. The Tavern is located immediately on the main trunk line of the California & Oregon Railroad, and is fourteen hours' ride from San Francisco, twelve hours from Stockton, ten hours from Sacramento, thirty hours from Los Angeles, and twenty-three hours from Portland. The Tavern of Castle Crag is reached from San Francisco and Sacramento without loss of time. The train leaves San Francisco at 8 o'clock P. M., arriving early the following morning for breakfast, which is always ready upon the arrival of the train. Returning, the train time affords equal accommodation. Thus, both in going and in coming, the comfort of the passenger and the economy of his time have been studied. In brief, the Tavern of Castle Crag realizes to its guests the perfect ideal of that spring-time in the high altitudes of the Sierras which never becomes high summer, and is the comfortable home of pleasing recreation and restful repose.

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Mrs. Newed—"Was I nervous, dear, during the ceremony?" Miss Spitegirl—"Well, a trifle at first, darling, but not after William had said 'yes.'"
—Truth.

Mrs. Watts—"Does your husband ride his wheel on these rainy days?" Mrs. Potts—"No; he just stays at home and works the cyclometer"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"Doesn't it make you sad when you think of the poor?" "Why, no, not particularly. It makes me mad, though, when I think of the rich."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

He—"My darling, I always feel like taking off my shoes when I enter your sacred presence." She—"Well, I would rather you did it now than after we are married."—*Life*.

"I heard you fought a duel with Parker?" "I did." "Weren't you afraid to stand up before a loaded pistol?" "Not with Parker holding it. I'm insured in his company."—*Tit-Bits*.

"I wish you would make a picture of the Sultan of Turkey for to-morrow's paper." "I am afraid I have no photograph, sir." "What of that? You know how to draw a fez, don't you?"—*Puck*.

New servant—"I found this coin upon your desk, sir." Master—"I'm glad you are honest. I put it there purposely to test your honesty." New servant—"That's what I thought."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Willie—"Say, pa." Pa—"Well, what is it?" Willie—"Why do they always weigh the babies as soon as they are born? Do people pay for them by the pound, the same as for raw meat?"—*Cleveland Leader*.

In order not to be an exception to the rule, Guibolard ran down his mother-in-law. "Briefly, what have you against her?" asked his friend, impatiently. "Her daughter," was the laconic reply.—*L'Illustré de Poche*.

"I don't know why the papers should speak so harshly of General Weyler. The dispatches say he was at the head of his troops at the last battle." "Yes. Which way were they going?"—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer*.

Jack Wyld—"That young Simperly seems such a fragile fellow I should hesitate to touch him, for fear he would break." Tom Fax (who has had experience)—"He wouldn't hesitate about touching you, if he was broke."—*Puck*.

Tourist (in Jersey, apprehensively)—"How about the Jersey mosquitoes? Don't you find them pretty vicious creatures?" Jersey native (indifferently)—"Not at all! Not at all! Why, they'll eat right out of your hand!"—*Puck*.

"You will be sorry for the way you have neglected me when I am silent in the tomb," said Mrs. Peck; "think of that." "My dear," said Mr. Peck, as innocently as he could, "I can not imagine such a thing."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"Did you tell that young man not to call here any more?" asked Mabel's father, severely. "N—no." "Why not?" "I didn't think that it was necessary. I don't see how he could call any more, now. He calls seven times a week."—*Washington Star*.

"How foolish I!" said the good old minister; "do you not realize that the chances are 99,999 to 1 against you?" "Of course, I do," answered the young man who had bought a lottery ticket; "and yet my hopes are not half as ridiculous as those you raised in the hearts of the Sunday-school boys when you told them that every one of them had a chance at the Presidential chair."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

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In last week's issue we printed an article summarizing the history of annexation projects in the United States. The *Argonaut* is not so feverish a journal as its daily contemporaries, and not quite so much disposed to go off half-cocked. Therefore, when the announcement was made that President McKinley contemplated sending an annexation treaty to the Senate, the *Argonaut* did not assume that this meant the immediate ratification of such a document by the Senate. We recalled the fact that even Texas, a country which had been conquered from the Mexicans by men of our own race and blood, knocked vainly for admission at the doors of the United States for over six years—from 1839 to 1845; that even the annexation of Alaska, the purchase of which was a cold, commercial proposition, hung fire for a time, and that after the Senate had ratified Mr. Seward's pet project, the House took umbrage, feeling that its dignity had been

wounded through not having been consulted, and refused to appropriate the seven millions required by Mr. Seward. There was really no opposition to the measure further than this question of *amour propre* on the part of the House, and when the ruffled sensibilities of the lower House had been smoothed down, the money was at once appropriated. But even this took months. We also showed that General Grant's favorite project of annexing the island of Santo Domingo hung fire most lamentably; that the President sent to the Senate a treaty of annexation signed by his Secretary of State and the president of the Dominican Republic on November 29, 1869; that it was discussed by that body for seven months and rejected on June 30th; that in the following year, on March 5, 1870, President Grant sent a message to Congress again urging the annexation of Santo Domingo, and recommending the appointment of commissioners to that country. Congress consented to the commission, but expressly stipulated that it did not commit this country to annexation. The commissioners reported on April 5, 1871, and Congress tabled their report. Thus it will be seen that an annexation project warmly espoused by so popular a President as Grant was held by the Senate from November 29, 1869, until April 5, 1871, when the President was exposed to the humiliation of its rejection by Congress. Another attempt was made to annex the island of St. Thomas by a treaty sent to the Senate on March 23, 1870. This also was kept over for months and finally tabled.

For these and other reasons we did not imagine that President McKinley's Hawaiian annexation treaty would be at once successful with the Senate. But we were scarcely prepared for the child-like credulity of our daily contemporaries. Those extraordinary journals began throwing their caps in the air and announcing that the treaty would be ratified "while you wait." Yet in less than a week they have been forced to announce that the treaty "will not be ratified this session."

It is needless to recapitulate here the arguments against annexation. The *Argonaut* has frequently stated them. They are imbedded in the history of the American people. This country is unalterably opposed to colonization; it is unalterably opposed to the annexation of mixed races; it is unalterably opposed to the annexation of non-contiguous territory. The various extensions of our national domain have invariably been of contiguous territory, with the exception of Alaska, and when that was purchased from Russia, it was believed that the strip of British territory between Alaska and the United States might some day pass into our hands. Florida, Louisiana, Texas, and the Mexican territory of which California is now a part—all of these have been extensions of contiguous territory, which have made the United States a well-rounded and homogeneous whole. Alaska, too, is on the same continent, and, as we say, separated from us only by a strip. But when it comes to annexing a group of tropical islands, in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, inhabited by varying races and mixtures of races, two thousand two hundred miles away from the Pacific Coast, the advocates of such a scheme will find it a very different matter from the annexation of contiguous territory.

As to the question of races, the Hawaiian Islands are inhabited by over a hundred thousand Kanakas, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, and half-breeds, in addition to the meagre number of whites. The United States already has race problems enough. Over one race problem she fought a bloody war costing thousands of millions of dollars and hundreds of thousands of lives. That race problem is as yet unsettled. We will have it with us for centuries to come. And yet, with this unsettled race problem staring us in the face, the annexationists wish to plunge us into additional race problems.

Another argument of the annexationists is the fact that the islands would form a "strategic point" for the defense of this coast. "What would we do," they cry, "if the islands were to fall into the possession of Great Britain?" This argument of the annexationists is so preposterous that it is

hard to believe that they believe it themselves. Immediately north of us, within two hours' steam of American ports, within two days' steam of San Francisco, the metropolis of the Pacific Coast, there lies the naval station of Esquimaux, where the British Government has docks, coal-yards, naval entrepôts, ships, guns, torpedo-boats, and munitions of war. Why should a British, a Japanese, or any foreign naval station, half-way across the Pacific Ocean, be a menace to us when there is already one at our very doors? This is indeed midsummer madness.

"But," say the annexationists, "the islands should be fortified by the United States as a measure of protection to this coast." We fail to see how fortifying a group of islands twenty-two hundred miles away is calculated to protect the Pacific Coast. It would be as sensible for the United States to buy Ireland from England and fortify it to protect the Atlantic Coast. It is about as far from the Atlantic Coast to Ireland as it is from the Pacific Coast to Honolulu.

But suppose we did fortify these islands. There are eight of them, and they extend over nearly four hundred miles of sea, and one of them has a coast-line of two hundred and twenty-five miles. Every one of these eight islands would have to be fortified. The smallest of them, Kahului, would, when annexed, become an integral part of the soil of the United States. Its invasion by a foreign power would be as humiliating to this country as would be the seizure of San Francisco. All these islands would have to be fortified, and for the defense of the island of Hawaii alone at least twenty batteries would be required. For the whole group at least forty-four batteries, with their earth-works, masonry, and magazines, would be required, and it would cost many millions of dollars to do this work. It would require a fleet larger than the entire fleet of the United States to protect these islands when once fortified. If the islands are so valuable as a naval station as the annexationists claim, they would be a vital strategic point. Therefore, if we placed coal-yards, docks, and naval stations there, a hostile power with a large fleet could at once seize them unless we defended them with a larger fleet. The inter-island channels of the Hawaiian group would have to be patrolled by United States ships of war, from Nihaui on the north to Hawaii on the south. The shore batteries would require at least ten thousand troops, about half the size of our present standing army. The necessary fleet would require at least four thousand officers and men. There would be, in addition to the vast original outlay, an annual outlay of many millions of dollars for maintaining these shore batteries with their garrisons and these fleets of war with their officers, blue-jackets, and marines. The United States has as yet inadequately defended her own great seaports and her own coast line. Is she going to begin by annexing a group of tropical islands seven days' steam away from her shores and fortifying these islands before she fortifies her own sea-coast?

But there is another phase of this annexation matter which we have not seen touched upon. The arguments which we have already mentioned are familiar. They are based purely upon political and military considerations. There are other arguments which are continually presented—purely commercial and material ones—and most of them, we are sorry to say, come from California. Those are the arguments of traders. The policy of the United States in regard to colonization and the confining of its territory to the limits of the American continent is now a century old. This policy is inextricably bound up with the Monroe doctrine. We can not believe that a country with the lofty traditions of the United States can allow those traditions to be overridden for purely commercial considerations.

But the phase of the matter to which we refer as being as yet untouched upon is the moral phase. We have read much and heard much during the last few years concerning Hawaiian annexation. We have heard the matter discussed in all its phases—political, social, financial, naval

—but we have yet to hear from the lips of any public man, we have yet to see in any public journal, a reference to the moral side of the question of annexation. Have we a right to annex these islands? Have the Hawaiian people asked us to annex them? If so, how have they asked us? Are the present political adventurers who have hatched the monstrosity which they call the "Hawaiian Republic" the genuine representatives of the Hawaiian people? How have they made themselves so? If any man believes that the present oligarchy represents the Hawaiian people, let him see how the workings of that government are effected. Let him go to Honolulu. There he will find at every entrance to the Government House the frowning muzzles of Gatling guns. Around every government building, at the entrance of every government bureau, there paces night and day an armed sentry, his rifle loaded with ball cartridge. The exploiters of the Hawaiian "republic" are sleeping on a volcano, and they know it. There are forty thousand Kanakas in the islands and there are not to exceed two thousand whites who uphold the present government. A revolution is likely to break out at any day. Were it not for the fact that the present government overawed the native population by seizing all the artillery and fire-arms in the country—with the aid, we are sorry to say, of the United States navy—the revolution would have come before. It would come now but that the natives believe the "republic" is backed up by the United States navy.

But these men know that a day of reckoning is close at hand. The only safety for them is in annexation, if not to the United States to some other power. They fear this day of reckoning. They fear more than the loss of their property, they fear for their lives, and hence their anxiety to entangle the United States. Hence their endeavors to embroil Hawaii with Japan in order to force the United States to annex them.

Such a "republic" as this is a caricature upon republican government. These usurpers do not represent the Hawaiian people. They represent nothing but themselves.

For many years the course of England in seizing upon the possessions of weak nations has met with the severest condemnation from the United States. From the pulpit, from the rostrum, from the editorial tripod, there has poured forth denunciation of the "grasping policy of England." The United States has always claimed to be the friend of the poor and oppressed of every nation, kindred, and tongue. Is the United States about to abandon that hereditary policy, and take up the grasping policy of England which it has so long denounced? Is the United States going to annex the Hawaiian people for the reason simply that the Hawaiian people are too weak to resist them? Is the United States going to accept these islands as a gift from a gang of adventurers who do not possess them to give?

We can not believe it. We do not believe it. Whatever Mr. McKinley and his Cabinet may think, we believe that the honor and good faith of the American people will not let them consent to any such bargain. Before this country can honorably annex the Hawaiian Islands, the Hawaiian people must signify their desire to be annexed, and it must be a desire which shall be signified honestly and unmistakably. There must be no meddling with the franchise. The present adventurers who control the "Hawaiian Republic" have so restricted the franchise that not one in ten of the natives possesses a vote. Before the United States can with dignity and honor annex the Hawaiian Islands, they must do so with the desire and consent of the Hawaiian Islanders. That desire and that consent they have not yet obtained.

The Los Angeles press and people seem to be hypersensitive on the question of their recent census. This is odd. If they are satisfied with their census—and they seem to be—what difference does it make to them what the rest of the State thinks? There is no way of settling the matter until Uncle Sam's next census, which is three years off. The rest of us will all believe what Uncle Sam says is the population of Los Angeles. As to what Los Angeles says herself, some of us may be permitted to doubt. The Los Angeles *Times* comments on the San Francisco *Chronicle's* recent estimate of the population of San Francisco, based on the new issue of the San Francisco Directory. The *Chronicle* took the 152,370 names in the directory and multiplied them by two and one-half, giving a population to San Francisco of 381,820. The *Chronicle* claimed that this was a moderate multiple, as Chicago uses four in multiplying its directory population, while other cities use multiples varying from three to five. But the Los Angeles *Times* says that 12,457 names of corporations, firms, societies, churches, places of business, etc., in the new San Francisco Directory should be deducted, leaving a total of 137,913 as a basis.

From the Los Angeles Directory there were deducted 4,961, and the Los Angeles Directory publishers multiplied by two and a quarter. Using the same basis and the same multiple as in Los Angeles, the *Times* finds that the population of San Francisco would be 310,304, or just about three times the population of Los Angeles, which, according to the recent "census," was 103,079. We are inclined to think that the Los Angeles *Times* is more correct than the San Francisco *Chronicle* in its estimate of San Francisco's population. We think 381,820 is much above the mark for this city. But correspondingly we would be more inclined to believe the San Francisco *Chronicle's* estimate of the population of Los Angeles than we would that of the Los Angeles *Times*.

After a number of names of prominent Republicans in California have been mentioned in connection with diplomatic posts in foreign countries, it is now announced that this State must be satisfied with the third-class mission to Peru, which goes to Dudley, of San Diego.

It has hitherto generally been accepted that certain diplomatic positions should be given to the Pacific Coast on account of its geographical position and commercial relations. Former administrations have recognized this fact, and have selected Californians to represent them in Japan, China, the Hawaiian Islands, and other countries bordering on the Pacific Ocean. Not a few first-class appointments in Europe have come to residents of this State in recognition of their services to the party.

During the last election this State was rightly regarded as doubtful ground. When the campaign opened, the Democratic party had the advantage, and had the election occurred at midsummer, the vote of the State would certainly have gone to Bryan. The Republicans made an uphill fight, and succeeded in turning the tide of battle. California was ranged under the McKinley banner. Under these circumstances it was reasonable to expect that the administration would give some recognition to those who had won the victory. But, instead of recognition, this State is to be neglected. The announcement is made that "having received a Cabinet appointment, California should be satisfied." Waiving the prospectively temporary character of that appointment, this seems but a slight return for what has been done.

A review of the appointments of residents of the Pacific Coast by former administrations serves to emphasize the slight that has been put upon this section of the country. When President Hayes assumed office he found the following Californians in diplomatic positions: Felix A. Matthews, consul-general at Tangiers; George F. Seward, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to China; D. S. Richardson, secretary of legation to Mexico; John A. Sutter, Jr., consul at Acapulco; and D. J. Williamson, consul at Valparaiso. President Hayes did not disturb the tenure of any but the last named, and he was succeeded by General Lucius H. Foote, another Californian. In addition, the following residents of the Pacific Coast were appointed: Thomas M. Dawson, consul-general at Apia; Owen N. Denny, consul-general at Shanghai; David A. McKinley, consul at Honolulu; Benjamin F. Peixotto, consul at Lyons; and Bret Harte, consul at Glasgow.

The next administration, under Garfield and Arthur, saw but few changes in the diplomatic service, but California was recognized by the appointment of A. A. Sargent, as minister to Germany. General Foote was promoted to the post of minister to Corea; Rollin M. Daggett, of Nevada, was made minister resident to Hawaii; James C. Zuch was appointed consul at Tien-tsin; and Robert J. Stevens, consul at Victoria. Thus, with those who held by earlier appointment, Californians represented this country in the principal Pacific ports.

In 1885 the executive department of the government passed into the control of the Democratic party, and many changes were made in the diplomatic service. The appointees from the Pacific Coast were: Major J. L. Rathbone, consul-general at Paris, the second consular post in the world, that at London being the first; Clarence R. Greathouse, consul-general to Japan; B. F. Bonham, Oregon, consul-general to India; B. Greenebaum, consul-general at Apia; George W. Merrill, Nevada, minister resident to Hawaii; M. J. Newmark, consul at Lyons, succeeded by Edward H. Bryan, another Californian, about a year later; George T. Bromley, consul at Tien-tsin; John B. Hawes, commercial agent at Reichenberg, Austria; J. P. Campbell, consul at Tamatave; and John T. Campbell, consul at Auckland.

During the next four years, under Harrison's administration, the following Californians held diplomatic positions: John F. Swift, minister to Japan; Romualdo Pacheco, minister to the Central American States, and succeeded during the administration by Lansing B. Mizner; Solomon Hirsch, Oregon, minister to Turkey; Truxton Beale, min-

ister resident to Persia; Henry W. Severance, consul-general to Hawaii; Charles T. Grellet, consul at Algiers; John D. Connolly, consul at Auckland; Louis Gottschalk, consul at Stuttgart; John T. Campbell, consul at Foo Chow; and Joseph Viosco, consul at La Paz.

In 1893, Cleveland again came into office, and appointed the following residents of the Pacific Coast to diplomatic posts: Thomas L. Thompson, minister to Brazil; W. D. Tillotson, Washington, consul-general to Japan; L. A. Lathrop, consul at Bristol, England; J. Alexander Forbes, consul at Guaymas; Richard Lambert, consul at Mazatlan, succeeded later by Arthur de Cima; William Newell, Washington, consul at Managua; John A. Sundberg, consul at Bagdad; Frank C. Zimmerman, deputy consul-general to Germany; Charles G. Ewing, vice-consul at Sydney; John McLean, deputy consul-general at Kanagawa; James W. Jeffries, commercial agent at Tehuantepec; John Barrett, minister resident to Siam; D. V. Spagnoli, consul at Milan; and E. Germain, consul at Zurich.

In the face of this list, the recognition proposed by President McKinley seems very insignificant. It is true that he is continually heset by those asking appointments for themselves or their friends. Under this pressure it is but natural that the President should husband his resources, and give as little as he can. It is evident that our Republican senator, Mr. Perkins, and the Pacific Coast delegation generally, are not as successful in securing recognition for California as other delegations have been. Were they as able as their predecessors, this State would obtain the recognition that is her due, instead of being stripped of all the offices of honor and trust that have hitherto been looked upon as hers.

Even should that shipment of "pure California grape-brandy," in which ex-Collector of the Port Federal Protection from Adulteration, Wise showed such an active interest, he destroyed upon its arrival in England, as has been promised, little will be accomplished if the matter is allowed to drop there. The question of disputed authority remains, to crop up whenever a customs official desires to assert himself. Inspector Dockery claims that he has authority to seize and destroy any food products found in the city and labeled with a false brand. If he has not this authority the value of his office becomes seriously impaired. Collector Wise claimed that the adulterated goods were in the custody of the United States Government and in transit, the destination being beyond the boundary of the State. As the Federal Government is given exclusive control over inter-State commerce, there is some legal authority for this contention. The controversy raises a point that has already been insisted upon in these columns in connection with the enforcement of the pure-food law. As the greater part of the adulterated food manufactured in this country is shipped beyond the boundaries of the State in which it is made, the only effective stand that can be made against the sale of these fraudulent goods must be made by the Federal Government. No officer of this State can prevent goods being shipped here from the East and sold in the original packages. The brandy incident shows that there will be at least a conflict between State and Federal officials when an attempt is made to prevent shipments at the initial point. In order effectually to destroy the trade in fraudulent goods, there should be a Federal bureau of food inspection, charged with the duty of examining all products suspected of adulteration, and stamps showing the quality of the goods should be affixed in order to protect purchasers.

We observe that the *Examiner* is procuring interviews from various persons on the question of Hawaiian annexation. Most of them are engaged in trade, and their views regarding the matter are naturally colored by their interests. As we have before remarked, the agricultural and laboring classes in California outnumber the mercantile class a thousand to one, and it is our belief that they are opposed to annexation.

But we observe that the *Examiner* has carefully refrained from interviewing any politicians or office-holders on this question. Why not? While we do not regard the opinions of that class as of any greater value than those of other citizens, it is none the less true that they carefully keep their fingers on the popular pulse. The average politician sedulously refrains from saying anything which he believes will cause him to lose votes.

We have therefore a suggestion to make to the *Examiner*. Governor Budd is its bosom friend. In fact, he is said to be an ex-officio editor of the *Examiner*. That journal stands by the governor through thick and thin, and in return forces the governor to stand by it. Governor Budd has political ambitions, like most politicians, and he is anxious not to endanger them. Therefore, we urge the *Examiner* to interview its friend, Governor Budd, upon the question of annexation. If the governor believes

in annexation, and believes that the people of California believe in it too, he will say so at once, and thereby add to the force of the *Examiner's* editorial arguments. If he believes that the people of California are opposed to annexation, he will say nothing in its favor, whether he believes in it or not. Therefore his silence will be significant. We strongly urge the *Examiner* to interview its friend, Governor Budd, and find out what he thinks about annexation.

According to the law enacted at the last session of the California legislature, the Torrens land act is to go into effect on Thursday next, July 1st. The provisions of this act were fully described in these columns when the law was passed, but several important questions must arise before the law can be put into effective operation. The initial step must be taken by three State officials—the attorney-general, the controller, and the secretary of state. They are required to prepare a uniform system of books, blanks, and forms, and these forms must be used for recording all land titles. Until these have been prepared, nothing can be done under the law by the county recorders. After this there will be questions of construction and interpretation to be decided by the courts. A similar law was declared unconstitutional in Illinois on the ground that the registrars were endowed with both ministerial and judicial functions, and they could not constitutionally perform both. An attack will probably be made upon the law in this State on similar grounds, and it will be well to have the question settled as early as possible in order to prevent confusion that may have serious results. It is doubtful, however, whether the point that was made in Illinois would be valid here. The California law leaves the judicial functions to the courts. The owner of any title to land may apply to the superior court of the county in which the land is situated to obtain a decree declaring in whom the fee-simple title stands, and the holders of lesser estates, including all liens or incumbrances of any kind. A copy of this decree is filed with the county recorder, and upon it he issues his certificate setting forth the essential facts. Any instrument creating an interest in the land subsequent to this must be filed with the recorder, who changes the certificate to show the new condition of the title. Other questions will undoubtedly arise, but the framers of the law claim that they have effectually guarded against any repugnance to constitutional provisions.

Considered solely as a question of Republican party policy, the action of President McKinley's administration in advocating the annexation of Hawaii is suicidal. In this country what appears to be popular clamor is often unreal. The annexation noise which is filling the country's ear emanates almost wholly from an irresponsible press which is ever ready for a new sensation. When this whooping and hallooing is checked by some new journalistic nine-days' hullabaloo, there will come the sober judgment of the farmers, the business men, and the workmen of the land. The workmen have just begun to take up the subject, and the first note of warning appears in the recent resolutions of the Lahor Council of San Francisco. They recall the beginning of the anti-Chinese agitation here in California in 1876, and the long years of struggle before Chinese immigration was checked.

The population of the Hawaiian Islands is about 109,000, fully 100,000 of whom are servile laborers. Of this number, 40,000 are Kanakas, or natives of various colors, from the various Pacific Islands, 24,000 are Japanese, 21,000 are Chinese, and the remainder consists of the lowest classes of European pauper labor, including the Portuguese. Annexation will make it possible to bring into the United States every one of these servile laborers, and the workmen who will feel the effect first, and most disastrously, are those of the Pacific Slope. Annexation will be a practical invitation to the 21,000 Chinese now in the islands to come and settle here, and, as in the past, California will get the bulk of them. In the decade between 1880 and 1890, the Chinese population of this State decreased some 3,000, but if we now throw open the Golden Gate to those in Hawaii, it will rise again to a far greater number than that which caused the first agitation and resulted in our present exclusion acts. Then we may look for more anti-Chinese agitation, accompanied by more violence and rioting. "But," says one, "the United States will frame laws excluding them, and will send those that are there now back to China." It is sufficient to reply that the United States can not constitutionally deny to residents in any part of our domain the right to go freely wherever our flag floats. It makes no difference that the Chinese are not citizens of Hawaii. Our constitution draws no line between the migratory rights of citizens and aliens. The same right which permits a California Chinaman to migrate to Nevada, or any other State he chooses, will permit

the Hawaiian Chinaman to migrate to the States when the islands become a part of our territory. This right can not be denied. With all the violent agitation we have experienced, there has been no deportation of Chinese from the United States. The 21,000 Chinese are lawfully in Hawaii, and we can not lawfully load them on ships and dump them again on the shores of their native land.

Equally with the workmen, the farmers will be irritated by Hawaiian annexation, because not only California, but nearly half the States have been found to be adapted to the culture of sugar-beets. The sugar-beet industry is in its swaddling-clothes in this country. During the next ten years, unless throttled, it will sustain an enormous expansion. It is of vital interest to farmers in more than half the States. They are already impatient with the reciprocity treaty, which encourages competition from Hawaii with its cheaper labor, and they will be more impatient with a party which makes Hawaiian competition permanent and more aggressive.

The subject of Chinese exclusion is a settled one. It began in California in 1876. It spread to every Western State and Territory, as evidenced by anti-Chinese mass-meetings and riots in California, Oregon, Nevada, and Colorado. By 1880 it had entered national politics, and nearly defeated the election of President Garfield. For at least ten years it occupied a prominent position in the party platforms of all parties, both State and national, and culminated in the exclusion acts of Congress in 1882 and 1892, and the Gresham act of 1894. Eastern States which did not directly incorporate it in platforms indorsed the national platform which contained it. It is settled. The States of California, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, Montana, Idaho, Oregon, and Washington, with their thirty-six electoral votes, will repudiate a party which directly or indirectly maintains a policy that will re-open the question of Asiatic labor in the United States.

The last election shows that the Republican party has urgent need of winning back the adhesion of the West. On the silver issue the party lost the former Republican States of Nebraska, South Dakota, Montana, Kansas, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Washington, and Nevada, and held California and Oregon only by the infinitesimal majorities of 1,800 and 2,000, respectively, after the most strenuous efforts to keep Republicans in line. Were it not for the *Argonaut's* organization of a non-partisan sound-money league in this State and the votes of sound-money Democrats, California also would have been lost to the Republican party.

We have already shown in these columns how a change of 25,000 votes would have elected Bryan. A change of less than 2,500 votes would have thrown the electoral vote of every State west of the Mississippi to the Popocratic party, except Minnesota and Iowa. In the face of such a defection, the Republican party can not afford to alienate the farmers, artisans, and workmen of the West by this annexation project, with its threat of Asiatic servile labor competing with the free white labor of the land.

The great Republican silver vote in the West is trembling in the balance. It is largely made up of the bone and sinew of the country—of the farmers, of the mechanics, of the laborers. They should be brought back to the party fold. But if the Republican party, through the present administration, declares itself in favor of annexation and servile Asiatic labor, they never will come back. The working classes of the West will be hopelessly lost to the Republican party.

We observe that "The Social Democracy of America"—which is Mr. Debs's Democracy—met in Chicago on June 1st, and elected the following officers: E. V. Debs, chairman; Sylvester Kelleher, secretary; James Hogan, vice-president; William E. Burns, general organizer; and Roy N. Goodwin, treasurer. These gentlemen were all sent to Woodstock jail at the time of the railroad strike in Chicago in 1894. It seems that the prerequisite for holding offices in Mr. Debs's Social Democracy is to have been in jail. According to that, there will be a large number of gentlemen eligible.

Mr. Debs made a "fiery speech" at the meeting of the Social Democracy, and explained at length the aims and purposes of his cooperative commonwealth. It seems that he has finally decided on beginning his commonwealth in the State of Washington, from which place, he says, "an official invitation has been received." This is true. The Popocrats elected a governor there last fall, who has invited the Debs gang to settle in his State. It is evident that he and his Popocratic confederates foresee that at the expiration of their terms they will be hurled out neck and crop by the people of Washington. If, however, they can import one hundred thousand tramps, they may prolong their lease of power.

Mr. Debs thus outlines his plan of campaign in Washington. He says: "After starting our cooperative com-

monwealth, we will secure control of the politics of the State. Then we will call a special session of the legislature. Afterward we will call a convention and revise the constitution, and get all the rot out of it. We will then have control of the taxing power, and drive tax syndicates and land-sharks out of the State. We will have trusts, nothing but trusts in our State, but we will all be in the trust. The operatives will not work twelve or fourteen hours a day, but four or five."

This is irresistibly reminiscent of another reformer, dating back some hundreds of years, whose name also was monosyllabic—Jack Cade. How like Cade is to Debs. How like Debs is to Cade. With the difference in environment, how similar the promises made by Cade and the promises made by Debs. Listen to the first reformer:

"There shall he, in England, seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer; all the realm shall be in common. There shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score." And when Mr. Debs speaks of "driving land-sharks out of the State" and "getting all the rot out of the constitution," how similar to this remark of Mr. Cade: "Let us kill all the lawyers. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man." Altogether, there is a most remarkable similarity between Mr. Debs and Mr. Cade. Even to the threat of Debs: "If they send military to invade our rights, then there will be an army of three hundred thousand patriots on the State line to meet them on that issue." To carry out the parallel, Mr. Cade attempted the same thing, and, if we remember rightly, according to the chroniclers, he came to great grief—to very great grief. And so, we think, will Mr. Debs.

The policy of forest reservation is justly popular in this State, and the national government has set apart vast areas along the slopes of the Big Trees. Sierra Nevadas that will remain as monuments to its wisdom and its appreciation of the grand and beautiful in nature. A project, advanced several years ago, to establish a State park in the "Big Basin" has recently been revived, and should receive hearty support. The Big Basin is located about the point where the boundaries of Santa Cruz, Santa Clara, and San Mateo Counties come together. It contains about ten thousand acres of land, surrounded by high mountains on all sides except at the point where the water-shed finds an outlet to the ocean on the west. There are sparkling trout-streams, and beautifully wooded cañons, and game abounds there. The wood-chopper has not yet invaded the basin, with the exception of a few gatherers of oak-bark for tanning, and the country is almost unknown, save to residents in the neighborhood. Not the least attractive feature of the basin is the forest of big trees, which have attained dimensions that dwarf the big-tree grove, near Santa Cruz. The "Mother of the Forest," the first large tree met on the trail from Boulder Creek, has been hollowed out by fire, and the opening is large enough to contain two men on horseback. Other trees in the group are larger than this. The great advantage of this park is that it would furnish a resort easily accessible to the people and would preserve some of the most beautiful natural scenery in California.

Some confusion has been caused by the fact that certain San Francisco newspapers have referred to the section of the county fee bill of 1895 as the inheritance-tax law. It does not impose any inheritance tax, and is wholly distinct from the collateral inheritance law of 1893. The fee bill provided that on the filing of a petition for letters of administration, letters testamentary, or letters of guardianship, the county clerk should charge a fee of five dollars, and where the value of the estate exceeded three thousand dollars, an additional fee of one dollar for each one thousand dollars in excess was to be charged. The constitutionality of this law was brought before the supreme court by an application for a writ of mandate to compel the clerk of the superior court for Santa Clara County to file an appraisal in an estate without the payment of fees amounting to two hundred and forty dollars.

The supreme court held that this was an attempt by the legislature to impose an extraordinary tax under the name of a fee. A fee is a payment made to an official for services performed. As the services are the same whether an estate is large or small, it was improper to graduate the tax or fee in proportion to the value of the estate. Further, as the money was to be paid into the county treasury, it is an attempt by the legislature to levy a tax for county purposes, which is expressly prohibited by the constitution. Nor is it an inheritance tax, or at all analogous to an inheritance tax, since it applies to guardianship matters and taxes of minors and incompetents, as well as those of

and it also applies to the whole estate, and, if valid, would be a charge upon insolvent estates, as well as upon those with no liabilities. For these reasons it is held that the law is unconstitutional, and it is clear from the reasoning that the decision would not affect the inheritance-tax law.

The inheritance-tax law in this State was enacted in 1893, in response to repeated suggestions made in the *Argonaut*. It imposed a tax of five per cent. upon all collateral inheritances in excess of five hundred dollars in value, from a person resident in this State or leaving property in this State at the time of his death. It exempted from its operation all inheritances to all near relatives by blood or marriage, and to corporations exempt by law from taxation. At the last session of the legislature the law was amended to exempt inheritances received by charitable, social, religious, or educational institutions not conducted for pecuniary profit, and those received by nephews and nieces. The amount of the tax is to be turned into the State treasury. Similar laws have been enacted in eighteen different States, and they have proved to be an important source of revenue. They differ rather widely in their provisions, some imposing a tax upon both collateral and direct inheritances, the former being fixed at a heavier rate than the latter, some tax only collateral inheritances, some levy a uniform tax without regard to the amount of the inheritance, and some impose a graduated tax, the rate increasing as the amount increases. In most of the laws small inheritances are exempted, because the tax would not be sufficient in amount to justify its collection.

The law in this State has just been declared constitutional. The estate of Wilmerding, in which there was an inheritance to a nephew of the deceased, was made the test case. The attorneys claimed that the tax was unconstitutional, first, because it taxed the inheritances of nephews and nieces, while those of brothers and sisters are exempt, and, second, because it exempted inheritance of a less value than five hundred dollars. On the first point, they cited a section of the code placing brothers and sisters in the same class as nephews and nieces for purposes of succession, and claimed that the inheritance tax was not equal because it distinguished between relatives of the same degree, as defined by the code. The case arose under the law as it existed before the amendment exempting the inheritances of nephews and nieces.

The court, in its opinion, first considers the question of the power of the legislature to impose a tax on inheritances. All right to acquire property by will or by succession is derived from the statutory law. It is not one of those rights that belong to a person as a member of society and recognized by the common law. Fixed and absolute rules are prescribed as to the form and manner of making a will, as to how it is to be proved, and what proceedings are to be had in probating it. If the decedent dies intestate, elaborate provisions are made regulating who shall succeed to the property, and how their rights are to be enforced. These rules are rigid and must be strictly followed. It is competent for the State, in its sovereign capacity, to modify, amend, extend, or absolutely repeal these laws as it sees fit. It is governed only by a broad sense of what will serve its best interests. Experience has shown that a realization that he may during his life-time make provision for those who are nearest to him, after his protection and support have been withdrawn by death, spurs a man on to his best endeavors. This principle applies with the most force in the case of direct inheritance; but, when the property descends to those who are distantly related, or are strangers to the blood, the consideration loses much of its strength. The person who inherits property without having taken any part in its accumulation can, without embarrassment, pay for the privilege, and thus the burden upon the rest of the community is reduced.

On the point that nephews and nieces stand upon the same footing as brothers and sisters under the law of succession, the court holds that there is no necessary connection between the laws of inheritance and those of taxation, and the legislature is not required to consider them both together in making laws on either subject. In framing the laws of succession, the legislature did not limit its right to distribute the burdens of taxation. The grouping of nephews and nieces with brothers and sisters in the code section is merely incidental to the law of succession, and does not purport to make a classification with reference to any other legislative action. In regard to the exemption of inheritances of less value than five hundred dollars, it is pointed out that the tax is imposed, not upon the estates but upon the inheritances; it is an excise tax upon the right of succession, not a tax upon property. The constitutional provision that all property shall be taxed in proportion to its value, therefore does not apply. The right to impose an excise tax includes the right to determine upon what subjects the tax shall be imposed.

The validity of the law has thus been upheld, and, as this was made a test case, it is probable that the question will

not again come before the courts. The *Argonaut* has followed the course of this law with considerable interest, because it feels responsible for its enactment. It is a good measure, considered from the standpoint of law, justice, or policy. It is certain in its action, it imposes a burden where it will be least felt and most easily collected, it brings to the State treasury a revenue that reduces the burden of taxation upon all other tax-payers. We rejoice that the supreme court has interpreted the law to benefit the people and uphold a righteous enactment.

An English paper sarcastically commiserates the Hawaiian Islanders, saying that "the islands would be at the mercy of the Spanish fleet in the event of a collision over Cuba, or at the mercy of any other moderate-sized fleet in the event of a rupture between the United States and any other country." There is food for thought in this suggestion. While we do not think that Spain will become involved in war with the United States, still it will not be for lack of taunting on the part of Congress. We should imagine that the islanders would feel a little dubious about ranging themselves under the stars and stripes when the senators and representatives of the United States are perpetually engaged in throwing down gauntlets to foreign nations and shouting, "War! War!" For however sacred the United States might consider the soil of Molokai, Hamakua, or Iihiihilaauakea, it would feel in honor bound first to defend New York and San Francisco, Seattle and Savannah, San Diego and Nantucket. They have been with us longer. They are more American. The Yankee islanders of Nantucket may smell of tar, but we think they are better worth defending than the Yankee islanders of Honolulu who expatriated themselves for revenue only. Even Great Britain with her immense fleet has recognized the fact that her outlying colonies are sources of danger in case of war. How much the more would that be true in the case of the United States with her small fleet. She would have to let the islands go, and look out for her own. While the remark of the English paper may be merely a British sneer, there is much truth behind it.

When the well-to-do Democrats holted the Bryan ticket last year, they left the Democratic campaign committee with open mouths and empty coffers. Therefore the adhesion of Charles D. Lane, the wealthy mine-owner, was hailed with frenzied joy among the Popocrats. Mr. Lane is not an orator, but his briefest remarks at the Popocratic love-feasts were received with wild applause. The reason was plain. Mr. Lane constituted the financial "angel," the head and front of the Popocratic party in California.

When Mr. William J. Bryan announced his intention of visiting this coast in July, there was much agitation among the faithful Popocrats, for there were no rich Democrats to call upon, the Popocrats had no money, and there were no Democratic office-holders to assess. In their extremity, they turned again to Angel Lane. Angel Lane talked enthusiastically but vaguely of the reception of the Boy Orator, and left an impression on the minds of the committee—which is said to have consisted of W. W. Foote and Frank Moffitt—that he would put up about five thousand dollars for paying the expenses of the Boy Orator's reception. Upon this basis, Committeeman Foote proceeded, like Alnaschar, to erect fairy-like fabrics. It is said that the phantasmagoric reception which the Boy Orator would have received was to close with a grand apotheosis, in which the figure of Foote crowning the Boy Orator of the Platte with a laurel-wreath of fire was to have been devised by cunning artificers in pyrotechnics.

But it seems that Angel Lane repented him of even his vague promises. He decided to "go East." This is a convenient refuge nowadays for gentlemen who wish to evade effusive friends or shake persistent poor relations. It is much more convenient than the "going to the springs" of twenty years ago. Angel Lane, when he took wing, left a letter for the reception committee, which they opened with high expectations. A check was expected to fall fluttering to the floor when the letter was opened. But nothing fell—nothing but the spirits of the committee. The letter was merely a glowing tribute to the Boy Orator, and a warm commendation of him to the hospitality of the committee. That was all.

It is said that the grief and rage upon the faces of the committee when this letter from the fleeing angel was read would be impossible for the most skillful painter to depict. Their rage at the angel's flight is easy to understand. Their grief, however, was more complex. They had, it is said, haughtily declined several offers of small subscriptions—among others one from the State committee—deeming them unworthy of their consideration when there was five thousand dollars in sight, and now they see themselves confronted with the dreadful alternative of paying the expenses of Bryan's reception themselves.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Adelina Patti's husband, Nicolini, is seriously ill at her Welsh castle of Craig-y-Nos. He is suffering from cancer of the liver.

James B. Eustis, General Horace Porter's predecessor as ambassador to the French Republic, has decided to give up his residence in New Orleans and will practice law in New York city.

The Shah of Persia is fond of rough hunting-trips, and is said to be the best gun-shot in his domain. He has bagged quantities of big game, and one of his favorite tricks is to shoot a hole through a copper coin tossed into the air.

Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson is the only member of the Cabinet of foreign birth. He was the oldest of the fourteen children of an Ayrshire farmer, in Scotland, and is almost entirely self-taught. He has, however, been an excellent professor in the Iowa Agricultural College.

A. D. Bartlett, who died recently in London, acquired international fame through the fact that he was superintendent of the London Zoological Gardens when the well-known elephant, Jumbo, became so uncertain of temper that it was unsafe for children to go near him. Mr. Bartlett sold the brute to Barnum for ten thousand dollars, and the storm of protests that followed almost ousted Mr. Bartlett from the Zoo.

Captain Boycott, from whose name the phrase "to boycott" is derived, died a few days ago. He was a land-agent in County Mayo in 1881, and he was the first man on whom the Irish experimented when, in response to Mr. Parnell's speech, they adopted the policy of sending harsh landlords and agents to Coventry. A subscription was raised for Captain Boycott some ten years ago, but it did not indemnify him for the losses sustained in his single-handed fight. Nevertheless, in his latter days, he was a very popular man in Ireland.

The late Matthew Lafin, a Chicago millionaire, who died a few days ago, possessed many eccentric ideas concerning dress. It is related of him that when his sons made private arrangements with their swell tailors to pay the difference between the cost of a good suit of clothes and the sum of fifteen dollars the old gentleman was willing to give for a suit, he would no sooner get the suit than he would dispose of it for twenty dollars or so, and congratulate himself on his extraordinary ability to make money, even by dealing in second-hand clothes.

The only American woman who was at the front during actual fighting between the Turks and the Greeks is Miss Harriet A. Boyd, of Boston. She was a student at the American Archaeological School at Athens when the war broke out, and she volunteered her services as a nurse. They were at first refused, but, through Queen Olga's influence, she was soon sent to the front, where she had charge of a hospital in which were more than fifty wounded soldiers. Once she took entire charge of eight delirious men. Miss Boyd was offered large sums of money to send dispatches to English and American war correspondents, and such money as she received from this source she gave to Greek hospitals.

Mme. Marchesi has a daughter, the Baronne Anzon Caccamicci, who has lately made her debut as a singer in London under her maiden name of Blanche Marchesi. Her father, who is still alive at the age of 75, is an Italian nobleman who was exiled in 1848 for political reasons. He studied singing in Milan and later sang in New York. In 1852 he married Mathilde Graumann, a concert-singer from Frankfurt, who is the present Mme. Marchesi, one of the ablest singing teachers of this century. They sang together for two years and then became vocal teachers in various European cities, finally settling in Paris in 1881. Signor Marchesi's name and title are Salvatore Marchesi, Cavaliere de Castrone, Marchese della Rajata. He sang under the name of Signor Castrone.

Barney Barnato, the South African "diamond king," committed suicide, a fortnight ago, by jumping overboard from the ship on which he was returning from Cape Town. His early life is wrapped in mystery. He is said to have been a harber, a drummer, a street-fakir, a circus-performer, and other strange things. It is said that he made a fortune in the illicit diamond trade in Africa, and it is also said that when he entered the speculative field in London he was practically penniless. At any rate, he made his appearance in London some few years ago. Owing to the depression in "Yankee rails," English capital was eagerly looking for fields for investment. The reports of increased yields of gold in the South African gold-fields turned attention to that country, and soon "the Kafirs," as African stocks were called, became the most exciting feature of speculation. It was then that Barney Barnato, a Hebrew less than forty years of age and unprepossessing in appearance, came upon the scene. He plunged heavily into speculation and made enormous winnings. Then he formed the Johannesburg Consolidation Investment Company, capitalized at \$3,000,000, and followed it with other equally successful ventures. In 1895 he established a bank capitalized at \$12,500,000, and there was an indescribable frenzy to buy shares, which were soon quoted at four hundred per cent. His fortune has been estimated at from \$25,000,000 to \$50,000,000, but how much he will actually leave is problematic. His fortune is largely on paper, and the dementia in which he committed suicide was the result of business worry. At the funeral in England, Fourth-Officer Clifford, who had bravely leaped into the sea after Barnato when the latter threw himself overboard, and almost died in his unsuccessful attempt to rescue the diamond king, was a conspicuous figure, being dressed in the deepest mourning. It is expected that Barnato's heirs will do something handsome for him—that is, if there is anything left of the estate.

THE DWARF'S LITTLE BROTHER.

A Girl's Adventure in a Mexican Town.

Miss Stanley was a pink-and-white English girl, very tall and shapely. The Mexican girls, who ordered out their carriages if they had a block to go, used to look upon her with amazement as she tramped down their steep streets with a fine, swinging, heel-and-toe gait.

She was picking her way one day among the vendors in the plaza, stopping once in a while to give some whining beggar or tattered monstrosity a centavo, when she felt her skirt pulled. Looking, she saw a tiny hand held out, and a childish voice piped the usual formula for alms. The little creature was no taller than a child of four. But the face! It was old and withered. The eyes were sunken and so old! Miss Stanley pulled back the *rebozo*—the hair was gray.

"A dwarf," she thought, with a little feeling of repulsion. "How old are you?"

"Fifty-four," piped up the wee thing. Then, true to her sex, "The priest will tell you fifty-eight, but I am not; I am only fifty-four." She said her name was Rosita.

Rosita, it appeared, did nearly anything for a living, beggaring preferably, although that is a somewhat over-crowded profession in Mexico. Sometimes she sold chickens or vegetables on a commission. She had another source of income, being pensioner on the bounty of a young man—a centavo a week—but she confessed sadly he made her jump for the coin, and if he held his arm out straight she might jump in vain, she could not reach it.

"The brute!" said Miss Stanley. Rosita did not know the meaning, but she looked up, pleased. That was good, the English lady was taking an interest in her, for the expletive sounded profane, and profanity from a feminine source indicated strong emotion, which she construed favorably.

The poor in Mexico are always hungry, and Miss Stanley, knowing this failing, took Rosita to a little one-room restaurant. The menu was confined strictly to Mexican dishes.

Miss Stanley noticed that Rosita put half her dinner to one side, wrapping the *carne* and *frijoles* in *tortillas*. When she came to a *dulce* of some tropic fruit, boiled in a syrup of cane-sugar, her little wrinkled eyes looked wistful.

"How can I take some to my little brother?" she asked.

Miss Stanley asked another question: "Is this food you have put away for your brother?"

"Yes," answered Rosita, in her squeaky voice, "I take all the care of him. We are alone, and I work for him. He is locked in the room now, see," and she held up the massive key peculiar to Mexican doors.

"Why is he locked in?" asked Miss Stanley, as she directed the *mozo* to put the dinner in a couple of *ollas* for Rosita to take to her brother.

"He has combats with the children in the street, and I am afraid some one will get hurt," she answered.

Miss Stanley watched her trot away, laden with the dinner for her brother. So little and so old, unlike many dwarfs not bulky—indeed, pitifully thin. It was not until she reached her home that Miss Stanley remembered she had not asked how old the "little brother" was.

She often met Rosita after that, sometimes in the Jardin, where the roses nodded overhead, and violets bloomed underfoot, and the hand played softly and sweetly, as Mexican hands do. Rosita would dart from the circling stream of *pelado* into the inner circle, where the quality walked under the trees or sat on the iron benches. Miss Stanley could seldom resist the little, dirty, badly worked square of drawn-work held out by the tiny hand.

Sometimes in the plaza, where the vendors called their various fruits and vegetables with long-drawn, wailing cries, Miss Stanley would suddenly hear at her elbow the shrill squeak of Rosita as she praised the virtues of an attenuated hen. "*Muy gordo, niña!*"—take it—weigh it in your hand—it is heavy beyond belief!" she would insist, holding up the unattractive bundle of feathers to the "child."

Constance Stanley had no father or mother, and, living with a brother who was endeavoring to effect the drainage of "the richest silver mine in the world," she wandered unchecked through the crowded, narrow streets of the old town, with a young *criada* her only safeguard.

She had often longed to explore a dark street that plunged downward from the paved and civilized one. It was damp and murky. A staircase of stone, with crumbling adobe walls, two and three stories high. Across the street's narrow width fluttered strings of washing. The women, with their red petticoats and blue *rebozos*, made bright blots of color. The men loafed about, lean and ragged. It reminded her of Naples. The doorways swarmed with habies and dogs—poverty marching always side by side with those innocents.

Down she went. The street made an abrupt turn. At the corner she was startled by seeing, protruding from a hole cut in a squalid doorway, several long, black fingers. They were withdrawn, and she saw, as she passed the door, two blood-shot eyes peering out like heast's eyes.

"*Ñiña, ñiñita!*" the good mother of God sent you, and see what gain will be yours!" Turning, Miss Stanley beheld Rosita at her heel. She had a plate to sell—a coarse, ironstone china plate, chipped and cracked. There was a look of intense anxiety on her old face, and her wee hands shook as she drew her treasure forth from under her *rebozo*. The plate was impossible, and Constance, breaking that fact very gently to the little dwarf, was astonished to see the tears gather and fall over her shriveled cheeks.

"For two days, *señorita*, I have not dared unlock that door," and she nodded toward the mean portal where the eyes had shone and the fingers protruded restlessly. "'Little brother' has nothing to eat, except the few *tortillas* the poor around here could give, and many of these go hungry from the sun's coming-up until the sun's going-down."

Constance sent her servant and Rosita to the plaza for some cooked food, and, while she waited, she talked in the doorways with Pepita and Lola and Juana. They told her how Rosita worked and starved for her brother.

"How old is he?" asked Constance.

"*Quien sabe?*" they said.

"Is he a child or is he big enough to work for her?" she asked, impatiently.

"Ah! he is *grandote*, but also he is *loco*, *un maniático*. See, that is José now who glares from the hole in the door."

Miss Stanley listened to them with that rapt attention we all give to tales of the mad. He dug deep holes in the earth-floor, hurrowing like an animal, sometimes he escaped in that way and then there was fear in the narrow street, and the police, after a bloody fight, would drag him shrieking back to the one poor room Rosita called home. She had always put food through the door to him before venturing to open it.

Once, for a long time, he had not menaced the peace of the street. That was when he killed the *sereno*. A policeman had teased him as he peered from the hole in the door, much as people tease a hyena snarling in a cage. The mad have memories, for José, one night when the moon was big, crept softly about the dark room, and, finding the key Rosita's small cunning had hidden, opened the door, crept again softly up the street to an adobe doorway where was sleeping a *sereno*, his head on his knees. The police have a day and a night shift, but one can not expect a madman to know everything. So it was an innocent man who had his neck wrung as the cook does a chicken's. They could only guess what then happened. There were only the pulsing stars looking silently down and the great, calm moon. However, it was evident he must have dragged, and worried, and teased that poor piece of clay for God knows how far or long.

They found him asleep by the dead *sereno*, and, although too polite in the "Land of the Noonday Sun" to manacle or chain, they took the precaution to tie with stout maguey rope José's slumbering hulk before six of the largest policemen would venture to carry him to the *cárcel*. José's kind of people are treated with deference in Mexico. So, after some time, the man was sent back for the dwarf to feed and care for, and Rosita's face took on more wrinkles each day.

By the time Rosita returned with the food, Constance, who understood Spanish very well, had heard much of the "little brother."

She declined to look through the peep-hole at him ravening over his dinner like a wild beast. Followed by Rosita's wordy gratitude, she climbed to the top of the street and there met Mr. Dysart.

Mr. Dysart had but lately risen from the following letter:

"DEAR MOLLIE: Tell father I am looking after the mining business in great shape. Mexico is rather jolly. I went to the governor's ball last night. Only one English girl there, Miss Stanley, awful pretty girl. I knew her brother, Dick Stanley, at Trinity. Won a cup at the three-mile. He's a pretty good sort. Tell Bob if he can get that liver-colored bitch of Oglethorpe for eight guineas to buy her. Look out for Tobin's foot. Don't let the old duffer from the Clancarty stables fool with 'em. Tell all the 'old folk' that Master Tony sent them love and wishin' them a good pratie crop. Love to dad and yourself."

"TONY."

After Tony Dysart had evolved this characteristic missive from his insides, he went out for a swallow of fresh air and to relieve himself of the strain of composition by a long walk.

Constance was very lovely at the dance, in a faint-green brocade, with a quantity of creamy old lace. Some crimson poppies were twisted round her ivory shoulders. One or two more of the flaming flowers shone from her pale-gold hair. Mr. Dysart completely lost his head over her; as he had a lot of possessions in Ireland, among them a rich father and an ancient and honorable ancestry, he could afford to do so.

He was thinking of her as she had looked the night before, when suddenly she appeared, with her servant, coming up from a street dark and deep, like a well, for already it was getting dusk.

On the strength of being at college with her brother, he began with true manly frascibility to take her to task for her imprudence. But Miss Constance tightened up her soft, haughty mouth and, giving him the rear curve of a tweed shoulder to study, led him a chase home.

The house the brother and sister occupied had been Señor Lopez's, but was presented to Dick, together with a mine worth millions, several black-eyed girls, and what other trifling property Don Felipe owned. However, Dick continued to pay the rent regularly and gazed on the girls from afar. The hanging-lamp was lighted in the *salon*; and when the *mozo* unchained the great double doors, a flood of melody and fragrance rushed out to greet them from the birds and flowers in the dim *patio*. Dick, in a smoking-jacket, lounged out from the *sala* to insist that Tony, old boy, should take tea with them. Which he did.

That was the first difference between the brother and sister. Dick adored Tony, and every night they pumped out the mine or rode to hounds over the *sala* floor. But Constance detested him, and, contrary to her usual reticence, said so. She tramped around the disreputable and filthy streets twice as much as before, for she knew it annoyed him. Sometimes she would see him following, and she resented his espionage.

"Why don't you like Tony?" Dick would ask. "You know my theory, Connie, that a sporty man like Dysart makes the best husband."

"Oh, Dick! who is talking about husbands? I think that a man who is utterly doggy and horsey and takes Browning to be an authority on pink-eye or glanders is a very poor companion. To quote your 'dear Tony,' 'we don't trot in the same class!'"

Dick gave a contemptuous snort. This was one day at luncheon, and Constance, instead of the good cry she pined for, took a walk. She had not seen Rosita for some time, and she turned her steps toward what Mr. Dysart called "those cut-throat dens."

She had never seen the street so deserted. All were taking a *siesta*, even the dogs. As she reached the sharp corner, she heard a thin little shriek full of appeal. She recognized Rosita's voice, and ran with her *criada* at her side into the low, open doorway she had before so shudderingly avoided.

There, snapping his teeth and rolling his bloodshot eyes, was Rosita's "little brother" tied with strong ropes to an iron pin in the wall—but his arms were free, and he stood naked to the waist, a giant in size. He had secured the key and had almost pulled the staple from the wall, but Rosita was clinging to his arm and calling for help. To and fro he swung her as a wolf might a rabbit.

He had the key in his black, cruel hands and he brought it down on her up-turned face. Then again, as Constance rushed forward with a scream, the key fell with a crunch on the little, old, gray head.

At that moment the pin gave way, for adobe walls are not strong. Constance turned with her hands thrown out wildly. Over Rosita's body the madman tripped with a crash to the earth floor; just as he fell, he caught Constance's gown in his grasp. She fell with him, and, falling, knew the room had filled with a clattering crowd, and that Tony Dysart, smooth-shaven and blonde, loomed above all.

Constance, with the help of her *criada*, got out in the street, where she listened, with beating heart, to the cries, curses, and scuffling going on inside.

There was one dominating, awful groan—then a sinister silence.

A moment of sickening uncertainty for that unemotional young Englishwoman, and Tony Dysart, panting, his clothes torn, and blood-stains on his face and hands.

He walked firmly enough, to give Constance a helping arm up the stairs.

He said Rosita was dead, and he thought the "little brother" would die also, for, while he was struggling with him, a policeman had crept up and struck him over the head with a heavy, iron bar.

"Here we are at the Casa Stanley," she said, as they stopped before the carved doors. "Come in. Dick will want to see you. He can thank you better than I."

"No one can thank me like you," Tony replied. "And I must go to the hotel. This arm of mine pains a little. No, not broken," he answered, trying to smile, "but 'little brother' wrenched it a trifle."

Constance, however, would not accept his easy assurance that it was all right. "You must come in, Dick will want you."

"Do you want me, though?" She did not answer that; but, as she let the knocker fall, turned with tears in her eyes.

"Will you come, Tony?"

"I will come," he insisted, "if you want me."

The big doors swung open.

"I want you," she said, slowly.

And the doors clanged behind them.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1897. EDITH WAGNER.

As showing the possibilities of intelligent farming in California, the following from the Santa Cruz *Sentinel* is interesting. The piece of ground—six acres—is a little larger than two San Francisco city blocks: "When E. N. Stocking came to California he was in search of health and a living, but discouragement stared him and his family in the face. To find employment seemed impossible, so he bought on the Branciforte Creek six acres of land. He put the land out in vegetables, berries, and tree fruit, and a chicken-yard. With the combination of thrift, industry, and economy, those barren six acres of a few years ago now fairly bud, blossom, and ripen. Last year three hundred and sixty-five dollars were harvested from a patch of strawberries of one-quarter of an acre and two rods. Just think of it, ye men who let the pennies slip away, and who cry hard times! In the winter he confines himself to raising chickens. Every inch of ground is utilized, and a happy, contented family is the result."

The Western Union for many years had a contract with the Bell Company, by which the Western Union agreed to stay out of the telephone field. That contract expired last fall. In anticipation of its expiration, the Western Union for ten or twelve years has been stringing copper wires for metallic circuit telephones, and now it has nineteen thousand stations connected by these copper-wire circuits. The Bell Company has only about eleven hundred long-distance stations. The Western Union can put its long-distance telephone system in working order by simply attaching receivers and transmitters to the wires it uses for transmitting messages.

The court of queen's bench has just decided that five hundred pounds is a fair price for procuring a peer as a director in a stock company. The Earl of Westmoreland was the peer in question. Mr. Justice Day said, in giving judgment: "I confess I do not understand this buying and selling of peers or any one else. It appears, however, to be a practice, and the plaintiff, having completed his part of the bargain, is entitled to judgment."

The *Westminster Gazette*, referring to the charity bazaar fire, draws attention to the fact that in "Old Moore's Almanac" for 1897 appears the following strange prediction for the last days of April, 1897: "We are almost positive that we shall hear news of a frightful fire in Paris which will make many victims, while a great crowd of people will collect around the ruins."

There is a strong suspicion in New York that Russell Sage and the Gould family have had a falling out. The impression is that Mr. Sage has for some time been quietly disposing of his interests in what are called Gould properties.

METROPOLITAN JOURNALISM.

News and Gossip of the Newspaper World in Gotham—James Gordon Bennett's Visit—Changes in the Staffs of the Great Dailies of New York.

James Gordon Bennett has come and gone, and the journalistic world of this burg breathes again. Mr. Bennett is a highly interesting personage in the eyes of all New York newspaper men. He may be tooling his coach along the smooth roads between Paris and Auteuil, or lolling about the sun-bathed deck of the *Namouna* off Monte Carlo, but he is always within easy cabling distance of the *Herald*, and he sometimes sends over a few words that have an effect on the staffs of his papers beside which a South American revolution is mere child's play. When he takes the trouble to cross the Atlantic, it generally means that something is going to drop. But this time the apprehensions engendered by his expected visit have been groundless, so far as the *Herald* has been concerned. There has been a lively "shake-up" in the *Evening Telegram*, I understand, but the *Herald* staff remains unchanged.

The only intimation of his presence that the paper showed, perhaps, was an editorial that appeared on the Monday morning after his arrival. There are people who always read the *Herald* when Mr. Bennett comes to town, and they think they recognize his handiwork in the remarks on "Dwindling Profits of Music Halls." It was apropos of an earlier *Herald* "story" on this topic, and, using the high salaries paid to amusement artists and the millions invested in vaudeville as a peg to hang an editorial on, it bewailed the degeneracy of the times, when employers have to secure their employees by contracts. "How many contracts," he sighs, "have been made in the last year with city editors, with managing editors, with editors of colored supplements, etc.!"

The fact is that Mr. Bennett does not like the condition of newspaper affairs in New York since young Mr. Hearst came out of the West. But Mr. Bennett has largely himself to blame for it, for it is his own career that Mr. Hearst has taken as a model. Mr. Bennett began newspaper work when he was a lad of seventeen, but he was twenty-five when the paternal fortune came into his hands. He was then a devotee of yacht-racing, pigeon-matches, and other lively forms of amusement, and older men shook their heads when the *Herald* passed into his management. He spent money like water, increasing the size of the paper and giving his subscribers the latest news of Europe with their morning coffee. He gave Henry M. Stanley *carte blanche* for the expenses of his expedition into Darkest Africa, merely giving him instructions to "Find Livingstone." He fitted out the *Jeannette* expedition regardless of cost. He subscribed one hundred thousand dollars for the relief of starving Ireland. He opened up free soup-kitchens for the poor of the city. All these were sensational innovations that made New Yorkers of that day stare. Similar lavish expenditures are now of almost daily occurrence among the new journals, but it was Bennett who set the pace.

But Bennett had not only a desire to startle and the money to gratify his fancy. He had a wonderful perception of what the people want. And he has it still. His news service, as regards the whole world, is still the most comprehensive and complete enjoyed by any metropolitan journal, and he is seldom "scooped" on any important event in local happenings. The editorial comments of the *Herald* are a trifle *bizarre* and unconvincing, but in the matter of news, local or foreign, the paper is "all there." And his Sunday edition is excellent, too.

It is no idle boast of our New York papers that they are getting out magazines every Sunday. That is, if you judge solely by the amount of printed matter and pictures they present—quality is quite another thing. In addition to the twelve or twenty-page paper of the daily issue, they comprise supplements that bring the total number of pages up to fifty or sixty. In some cases this supplemental matter is printed on paper of the usual size, sometimes it is in the form of a booklet. The latter fashion was started by the defunct *Recorder*, and its supplement still survives in *Twinkles*, a weak imitation of *Puck* and *Judge*, of which the *Tribune* became possessed along with the good-will of the *Recorder*, and which, because of certain contracts, it must keep going for a time. The *Times* took up the same idea, but its supplement is in black and white, cleanly printed on good paper, admirably illustrated by process reproductions of photographs, and filled with sensible and interesting matter. It is one of the most popular features of the *Times*. The *Journal* gets out a cheap and gaudy sixteen-page supplement of half-page size, and the latest example of this particular form of enterprise is the "fifty-page magazine" of the *Press*. This latest is twelvemo in size and is made up entirely of stories, poems, and pictures, all of the class that is generically termed "slush" in newspaper offices.

If the *Herald* men have escaped a "shake-up," there have been several notable changes in the staffs of the other papers in the past month. The most important followed the resignation of J. Sherwood Seymour, the publisher of the *Evening Post*. He has had control of that journal's destinies for the past six years, and in that time he has brought it up to a higher pitch of prosperity than it ever enjoyed before. Though its circulation is confessedly small, its advertising patronage is of the very best class and pays handsomely. Mr. Seymour's resignation took effect on June 1st, and he is now rusticated in the Maine woods, but he will be back here in a few days to become the publisher of the *Commercial Advertiser*—which, by the way, is just entering on its second century of existence. Mr. Seymour will take a goodly portion of the *Post's* staff with him to the *Commercial Advertiser*, including Henry J. Wright, his city editor, J. L. Parrish, real-estate editor, and Norman Hapgood, a fertile man in devising good "specials." The new publisher of the *Post*, by the way, is Edward Payson Call. He was private secretary of R. M. Pulsifer, of the Boston *Herald*, for sev-

eral years, and later was connected with its business department. Then he became advertising manager of the Royal Baking Powder Company, and for the past two years he has controlled the advertising department of the Philadelphia *Press*.

Mr. Hearst, of the *Journal*, still pursues his policy of getting good men away from other papers by offering them salaries that seem nothing less than princely to old-timers, and he scraped Mr. Pulitzer pretty badly, a few weeks ago, when he opened his Brooklyn offices. He had secured the old *Standard-Union* building, next door to the *World's* Brooklyn office, and when the place was all fitted up and ready for business, Jere Buck, the *World's* Brooklyn business manager, and the best men on his staff, picked up their hats and solemnly filed into the *Journal* office and went to work for Mr. Hearst.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, June 18, 1897.

During the last three years (says the *Medical and Surgical Reporter* of Philadelphia) nearly one-fiftieth of all deaths among physicians have been by suicide. This is a conservative estimate, as many instances of death are attributed to accidental overdosing, as the tendency is always to hush up a suicide whenever possible. But without including such cases, the fact remains that the medical profession is more prone to suicide than any other. These statistics may be explained by the development of morbid fancies in the mind of a doctor, on account of his constant association with the sick and dying, or of an actual indifference to death, or because he has the requisite knowledge of how to die conveniently and painlessly. Poisoning is a favorite method, but it does not appear from statistics that the cyanides or morphine have the preference which would exist if epicurean philosophy were carried into the choice of drugs. At the same time, physicians usually put their knowledge of drugs to a practical execution in selecting a poison for suicide. But if the mere knowledge of the painfulness of death by certain means is not a determining factor in leading so many physicians to suicide, probably the accessibility of poisons is. Suicide is largely a matter of insane impulse, and such an impulse can often be ascertained even in the case of those who have long been indifferent to life and have contemplated suicide. If a man must put on his hat and overcoat, walk to a drug-store, and tax his ingenuity for a lie with which to explain his desire for poison, he may postpone the fatal act from mere inertia, or he may meet a friend or have his interest in life aroused by one of a multitude of every-day occurrences, or physical exercise may bring him to his senses. If, as is the case with almost every doctor, he has simply to feel in his pocket or walk across his office to get a deadly poison, the impulse may be carried into execution before anything can happen to supplant it in the brain.

There have been a number of precedents for the appointment of newspaper men as ambassadors, of which several instances have occurred lately. Samuel S. Cox, well known as "Sunset" Cox, was a newspaper writer before he was sent as minister to Turkey in 1885. Caleb Cushing, contributor to the magazines, was minister to China in 1843 and to Spain in 1874. Thomas M. Foote, editor of papers in Buffalo and Albany, was *chargé d'affaires* in Vienna in 1852. John Morgan Francis, editor of the *Troy Times*, was minister to Greece in 1871. Rufus King, editor of the *Albany Journal*, was minister to Rome in 1861. Carl Schurz resigned as minister to Spain at the outbreak of the war in order to enter the United States army. White-law Reid was minister to France in 1889, and at the same time Charles Emory Smith, editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, was minister to Russia, and Watson R. Sperry, who had been managing editor of the *New York Evening Post*, was minister to Persia. John Russell Young was minister to China in 1882, and James Watson Webb was minister to Brazil in 1861.

A scientist has been investigating the cause of severe gastric troubles which occasionally follow the eating of *pâté de foie gras*, and finds, according to the *Medical Press and Circular*, that they arise from the presence of an excess of oxalate of potassium in the goose-liver. It appears that the producers of these diseased livers shorten the period of development and produce larger livers by administering to the bird "salt of sorrel," otherwise binoxalate of potash.

Attention was recently called to the proposed use of glass brick in building. It is now said that the Government of Switzerland has approved the use of glass for making weights to be employed with balance-scales. A peculiarly tough kind of glass is to be selected for this purpose. From England comes the suggestion that glass would be a better and more lasting material than stone for making monuments which are exposed to the wearing action of the weather.

Complaints from stockholders have led the Western Railroad of France to publish some curious facts about free passes given to the press. Passes were issued in 1896, which, if paid for, would have added to the receipts of the company three hundred and thirty-three thousand francs; to counterbalance this the newspapers printed free advertisements for the railroad, which would have cost it one million six hundred and thirty-four thousand francs.

The railway servants' unions in Austria have been dissolved by the authorities for having manifested tendencies which are regarded as incompatible with the interests of the state.

Gilbert Parker, the dramatist, has been in turn a Canadian bear-hunter, a dramatic critic, an editor, a novelist, and a playwright. He is still on the right side of five-and-thirty.

OLD FAVORITES.

Nell Gwynne's Mirror.

Glass antique! 'twixt thee and Nell
Draw we here a parallel!
She, like thee, was forced to bear
All reflections, foul or fair.
Thou art deep and bright within—
Depths as bright belonged to Gwynne;
Thou art very frail as well,
Frail as flesh is—so was Nell.

Thou, her glass, art silver-lined—
She too had a silver mind;
Thine is fresh to this far day,
Hers till death ne'er wore away:
Thou dost to thy surface win
Wandering glances—so did Gwynne;
Eyes on thee long love to dwell—
So men's eyes would do on Nell.

Life-like forms in thee are sought—
Such the forms the Actress wrought;
Truth unflinching rests in you—
Nell, whate'er she was, was true:
Clear as virtue, dull as sin,
Thou art oft—as oft was Gwynne;
Breathe on thee, and drops will swell—
Bright tears dimmed the eyes of Nell.

Thine's a frame to charm the sight—
Framed was she to give delight;
Waxen forms here, truly, show
Charles above and Nell below
(But between them, chin with chin,
Stu-rt stands as low as Gwynne).
Pair'd yet parted—meant to tell
Charles was opposite to Nell.

Round the glass, wherein her face
Smiled so oft, her Arms we trace:
Thou, her mirror, hast the pair—
Lion here and leopard there.
She had part in these: akin
To the lion-heart was Gwynne;
And the leopard's beauty fell
With its spots, to bounding Nell.

Oft inspected, ne'er seen through,
Thou art firm, if brittle too:
So her will, on good intent,
Might be broken, never bent.
What the glass was when therein
Beamed the face of glad Nell Gwynne,
Was that face by beauty's spell
To the honest soul of Nell.

—Samuel L. Blanchard.

Before the Mirror.

(WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE.)

White rose in red rose garden
Is not so white;
Snowdrops, that plead for pardon
And pine for fright
Because the hard East blows
Over their maiden rows,
Grow not as this face grows, from pale to bright.

Behind the veil, forbidden,
Shut up from sight,
Love! is there sorrow hidden?
Is there delight?
Is joy thy dower, or grief?
White rose of weary leaf!
Late rose whose life is brief, whose loves are light!

Soft snows, that hard winds harden
Till each flake bite,
Fill all the flowerless garden
Whose flowers took flight
Long since, when summer ceased,
And men rose up from feast,
And warm West wind grew East, and warm day night.

"Come snow, come wind, or thunder
High up in air,
I watch my face and wonder
At my bright hair:
Naught else exalts or grieves
The rose at heart, that heaves
With love of her own leaves and lips that pair.

"She knows not loves that kissed her
She knows not where:
Art thou the ghost? my sister!—
White sister there!
Am I the ghost?—who knows?
My hand, a fallen rose,
Lies snow-white on white snows, and takes no care.

"I can not see what pleasures
Or what pains were;
What pale new loves and treasures
New years will bear;
What beam will fall, what shower;
What grief or joy for dower:
But one thing knows the flower—the flower is fair."

Glad, but not flushed with gladness,
Since joys go by;
Sad, but not bent with sadness,
Since sorrows die;
Deep in the gleaming glass
She sees all past things pass,
And all sweet life that was lie down, and lie.

There glowing ghosts of flowers
Draw down, draw nigh;
And wings of swift spent hours
Take flight and fly;
She sees by formless gleams,
She hears across cold streams,
Dead mouths of many dreams that sing and sigh.

Face fallen and white throat lifted,
With sleepless eye
She sees old loves that drifted,
She knew not why;
Old loves and faded fears
Float down a stream that hears
The flowing of all men's tears beneath the sky.
—Algernon Charles Swinburne.

The President and Vice-President of the United States never travel by rail together, the idea being that if an accident upon the rail should cause the death of one of the illustrious men, the other would still be spared to the country. It was for this reason that ex-President Cleveland invariably rode upon the Pennsylvania road when he journeyed from the capital to Philadelphia or New York and Vice-President Stevenson traveled on the Baltimore and Ohio.

"THE LAND OF THE DOLLAR."

An English Journalist's Impressions of America—New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago—His Queer Statements about San Francisco Society.

The latest foreign critic of American institutions is G. W. Stevens, an English journalist who made a tour of this country for the London *Daily Mail* during the last Presidential campaign. His letters to his home paper, particularly those in which he described Chicago, were widely reprinted in this country, and excited not a little controversy. Now they have been reprinted in a volume entitled "The Land of the Dollar," and are being read with avidity on both sides of the Atlantic. They present simply the impressions of a hurried traveler—Mr. Stevens crossed the continent from New York to San Francisco, and visited many important cities, North and South, in the brief space of two months—but he is a trained observer and a graphic writer. His interesting letters from the Græco-Turkish War, whither he was sent in the interests of his journal, have abundantly shown these latter qualities. It can fairly be said, too, that he is unprejudiced. He sets down in plain terms the national peculiarities of our people as they strike an intelligent foreigner.

One of Mr. Stevens's first comments is on the extravagance of New York life and on an attendant evil—which, we hope, he exaggerates:

In New York, the stranger learns with amazement, a man will often take an abode whose income is but double his rent all told. It sounds incredible; but in New York almost everybody lives above his income, and especially lays out his money, or his credit, in directions where there is most swagger to be got for it. Women, many people will tell you, are especial offenders. While the husband works and worries himself into his grave at forty, many women, out of sheer ostentation, will hire a resplendent flat to live in, even though there be next to nothing left to live on after the rent is paid. But then there is always an alternative policy—not to pay. There is a class of people in New York who appear to eke out a precarious subsistence by living rent-free in flats. When the first month is out and the first rent is due, they explain to the landlord that they can not pay because they have no money. They then depart and put in a month in a new flat, and so on, at the rate of twelve annually forever.

In one way this existence hits the very ideal of the New Yorker. About a month in one habitation is just about as much as suits him. Compare the limpet Englishman and the gad-about American in this respect. Their respective stability is very significant. In London you can not easily get a shorter lease of a flat than seven years; in New York it is a bitter hardship to be tied down to as much as one. Other grievances of the flat-dweller are the tyranny of the janitor, who is allowed to make rules for the house at his own pleasure—another fact very illustrative of democratic, happy-go-lucky America—and the fact that they are not allowed to have any children. Anybody who has lived in a flat can fully understand the objection to this latter vice. But the Americans are too prone to be childless as it is, and anything which discourages increase and multiplication is almost a danger to society.

Philadelphia comes in for high praise from Mr. Stevens. In the course of his chapter on the City of Brotherly Love, he says:

It was only by luck that I left Philadelphia until the last of Eastern cities, but good luck it certainly was. Philadelphia is the most English of them all—English, that is, not in the way of outward seeming or slavish mimicry, but in the circumstances of its growth and the life and character of its people. Here is the purest Anglo-Saxon citizen body among all the large centers. Here is less luxury than elsewhere, but more comfort, and comfort extending deeper down. New York is a city of offices and palaces; Boston, of parks and villas; Washington, of public buildings and houses let for the season. Philadelphia is a city of homes. Of its two hundred thousand families, it has been estimated that seven-eighths live in self-contained houses, where elsewhere would be in flats or tenements, and that three-quarters of these own the houses they live in.

After the others, Philadelphia strikes you as beyond all things a civilized city—a city where people sometimes have a little leisure. Elsewhere they do business or seek pleasure; here they live. The very names of the streets—Chestnut, Walnut, Vine, Spruce, Pine—have a fresh and wholesome breath about them. It may be fancy, but the women here seem prettier and the men better set up. The New Yorker takes a tram-car to go a quarter of a mile, and grows fat; here the physical type is more athletic. The richer Philadelphians live out in the country and ride to hounds; the poorest rides a bicycle. The typical American woman's face—long, thin, pale, pure-eyed, like an early Italian Madonna—is here richer and less austere. Middle-class you may call the place, with its endless rows of sober red brick; but middle-class with little of dowdiness and much of rational stability. If there are few notable buildings, there are few slums. If few people are very prosperous, few are very wretched. In sum, the Philadelphians get more happiness per head out of their city than any other townsmen in America.

What probably struck Mr. Stevens as the most remarkable thing in the United States is described in this passage:

There appeared in the train at Pittsburg, or thereabouts, a phenomenon of far more interest to the philosophic mind than a hundred of the greatest storms and washes-out ever seen. This was Mr. McKinley's brother. It will probably be news to most Britons that Mr. McKinley so much as has a brother. Yet in the spectacle of that brother in the smoking-compartment, American democracy was writ so large as few people have the luck to see it. He was not unlike the pictures of the candidate. He was stout, and his trousers were tight; so very obviously were his boots. Of his discourse it is not needful to speak; it was shrewd and good-humored, rather than grammatical. He was not unkind of the spittoon. He talked quite freely about his celebrated brother, and he talked to everybody who liked to talk with him. The waiters in the dining-car chaffed him, and the conductor slapped him on the back. This morning I met him again in a Canton newspaper office; he was diverting his mind with a little larking among the reporters. Now, do try to imagine it. When you can conceive the brother of the man who has more than an even chance of becoming the first citizen among sixty millions larking with provincial newspaper reporters and slapped on the back by the conductor of a railway-train—why, then you will be a good step toward the comprehension of the United States of America.

Mr. Stevens's mixed panegyric of Chicago has been widely copied, but, as some of our readers may not have seen it, we reproduce it here:

Chicago! Chicago, queen and gutter-snipe of cities, cynosure and cesspool of the world! Not if I had a hundred tongues, every one shouting a different language in a different key, could I do justice to her splendid chaos. The most beautiful and the most squalid, girdled with a twofold zone of parks and slums; where the keen air from lake and prairie is ever in the nostrils, and the stench of foul smoke is never out of the throat; the great port a thousand miles from the sea; the great mart which gathers up with one hand the corn and cattle of the West and deals out with the other the merchandise of the East; wisely and generously planned with streets of twenty miles, where it is not safe to walk at night; where women ride straddleside and millionaires dine at midday on the Sabbath; the chosen seat of public spirit and municipal boodle, of cut-throat commerce and munificent patronage of art; the most American of American cities, and yet the most mongrel; the second American city of the globe, the fifth German city, the third Swedish,

the second Polish, the first and only veritable Babel of the age—all of which, twenty-five years ago next Friday, was a heap of smoking ashes. Where in all the world can words be found for this miracle of paradox and incongruity.

Less qualified is Mr. Stevens's praise of the American breakfast. He says:

Americans rise early; you seldom find a man who is not through his breakfast by eight. This life-giving air makes you hungry an hour or two before you could look at food in Europe. First you have fruit—wonderful pears that look like green stones and taste like the fruit of the Tree of Life—and peaches. In this country you call your sweetheart not a daisy, but a peach. Then mush—so they call oatmeal porridge, or wheatmeal porridge, or hominy porridge—a noble food with the nectarous American cream. Then fishes and meats, sausages and bacon and eggs. Then strange farinaceous foods which you marvel to find yourself swallowing with avid gust—graham bread, soda-biscuits, buckwheat (or griddle) cakes, with butter and maple-syrup. It is magnificent; but it is indigestion. All the same, I look forward to the day when America shall produce an invention that will let me go across the Atlantic for breakfast every morning. I shall take a season ticket.

The great strike of the Leadville miners was one of the happenings which Mr. Stevens studied at first hand, and in the course of his description of it he pronounces this eulogy on the first source from which our soldiery would be drawn in case of war:

If anybody is apt to think little of the United States militia by reason of the every-day looseness of its equipment and the apparent easiness of its discipline, he is in a fair way to be badly surprised some day. I know nothing of military affairs, but it was impossible for the greenest greenhorn to see these men without recognizing them as the real stuff that wins battles. Spare and active, hard as nails, with intelligence and determination stamped on every face, on the best of terms with their officers and each other, they were quite plainly the men for days of forced marching, with straight shooting at the end of it and shooting right on to the finish. Up here in the clouds, with spells of four bound sentry-go in the icy nights, with no air to breathe, the senior surgeon told me that he had only found half a dozen unfit for duty in almost as many weeks.

The Far West was not omitted from Mr. Stevens's tour. Here are his first impressions on reaching the Golden State:

The third morning we awoke in California. Here was another turn of the kaleidoscope, displaying huge well-tilled fields, fenced with substantial posts and rails, heavy stacks of hay and straw, and well-nourished stock. It was dry, for the rains will not come for a few weeks yet; but it looked like business. Indeed, California is the most versatile State of the Union, and wants only time to be among the richest. In the production of wheat she stands third to Kansas and Minnesota. Alone in California is found a wonderful harvester, which reaps, threshes, and sacks grain and stacks straw all at once. In the number of her sheep she comes first, exceeding even Mr. McKinley's soon-to-be-protected Ohio. Of the best-sugar States she is easily first, though Louisiana produces far more from the cane. Her vines and her fruits are famous all over America, and now she is beginning to do wonders with almonds and olives. As for her gold, who has not heard of it? She has put out nearly twice as much as all the other States together. When the long-promised, long-delayed high prices come in sight, there should be new fortunes to make in California and new palaces to build on Nob Hill in San Francisco.

We are curious to see a copy of the "local guide-book" from which Mr. Stevens derived his information about San Francisco society. He says:

San Francisco is the capital of the Pacific Slope—the metropolis of an empire, roughly, a dozen times the size of England. Here, so rumor says, Western freedom from restraint takes a special form; it is said to be one city of America where you can maintain a semi-official wife without the least prejudice to your position in society. "Many of the fair matrons of San Francisco," remarks the local guide-book, genially, "have memories of gallant times at the Cliff House that lie buried in their hearts as their greatest secrets. The history of many a midnight revel there will forever lie buried in oblivion." No doubt; but the fleeting stranger has not time to investigate these affairs. To him the outward aspect of San Francisco would almost appear tame and suburban but for the ground on which it is built. Standing on a stretch of billowing sand-hills, it everywhere exposes a panorama of roofs. You seem to have a more intimate knowledge of it than of cities where you can only see a few walls at a time. At night, too, the long, dipping lines of lights give an impression of distance and size, air and freedom.

"It's a very rapid slope," remarked a gentleman at Leadville of this portion of the country, and in the moral sense, in which he used them, his words were true. The newspapers are even more sensational than in New York.

No doubt San Francisco must be amused. It has a park, which may not be the biggest in the world, but is probably the most completely equipped for pleasure without overmuch profit. . . . When there is the Cliff House, remembered of fair matrons. . . . Then you are tired of that, there are gardens with white plaster statuary, and a monkey-house, and a terrace overlooking the sea. Hence you can watch the dirty-yellow sea-lions sprawling on the rocks below, and listen to them barking like retrievers. On the night a streak of cloud hangs half-way up the cliffs that form the northern pillar of the Golden Gate. In front the Farallone Islands, twenty-eight miles out—the last speck of west before west becomes east—make little dints in the orange flames of the sunset. The blackening rollers of the Pacific thud beneath your feet. Turning round, you face the hotel—busy, hospitable, discreet—where they are serving dinners for two in private rooms. A rapid slope? At any rate, the San Franciscans enjoy themselves.

In conclusion we quote this critic's estimate of the American people. It is his own estimate and, we hope, not founded on the information to be derived from "local guide-books":

The essential difference which new environment has grafted into the English stock strikes deeper than appearance and language. If I am asked to give it a name, it is hard to find one. The American is a highly electric Anglo-Saxon. His temperament is of quicksilver. There is as much difference in vivacity and emotion between him and an Englishman as there is between an Englishman and an Italian. Yet curiously there is just as much difference between him and the Italian. His emotion is not the least like that of the Southern European. For behind the flash of his passion there shines always the steady light of dry, hard, practical reason. Shrewd, yet excitable, hot-headed, and cool-headed, he combined the northern and the southern temperaments, and yet is utterly distinct from either. He has developed into a new sort of Anglo-Saxon, a new national character, a new race.

The key-note of this character is its irresistible impulse to impress all its sentiments externally by the crudest and most obvious medium. The Americans are the most demonstrative of all the peoples of the earth. Everything must be brought to the surface, embodied in a visible, palpable form. For a fact to make any effect on the American mind it must be put in a shape where it can be seen, heard, handled. If you want to impress your fellows, you must do it, not through their reasoning powers, but through the five senses of their bodies.

Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

During the last three years of business depression there has been one portion of the United States which has known nothing of hard times. The fortunate locality is the copper-producing district of the Michigan peninsula, where every resident can get work in the mines, there are no vacant houses, no strikes or lockouts, and the banks are overloaded with money. The reason is simple enough: copper is so largely used that overproduction is impossible.

BICYCLE GOSSIP.

The veteran actor, Joseph Jefferson, is now an enthusiastic cyclist, and has made application for membership in the L. A. W.

A Hartford inventor has secured a patent for a paper bicycle rim. It is light and strong, and will not split like a wood rim.

Elections to the Reichstag in the Duchy of Brunswick, this summer, turn on the attitude of the candidates toward the taxation of bicycles.

The Royal Academy people have recognized the gracefulness of a bicycle, and one can now gaze upon a portrait of a lady on a "bike." It is the handiwork of Mr. Thornycroft, R. A.

It is said that in Paris there is an international band of bicycle thieves, who have warehouses for the storage and sale of bicycles in all the large towns of Europe. A bicycle stolen in one country is sent to another, and the police are never able to recover it.

The Archbishop of Milan has strongly recommended cycling to his clergy, pointing out how useful it would be to them in their sacred calling. It is only a matter of a short time to see clergy of every denomination using cycles without comment. Apart from its use, cycling is peculiarly suited as a healthful recreation to all brain workers.

Miss Helen Gould has six bicycles at her country seat, Lyndhurst, at Irvington, for the use of herself and her friends. She is often seen riding on the macadamized roads of her private park, and sometimes takes a spin to Ardsley Casino. Miss Gould wears a short skirt, with waist to match, and a dark Alpine hat. She never rides on Sundays.

John D. Rockefeller is laying out a cinder bicycle-path on his country estate, Boxwood, Pocantico Hills, for his own use. His brother, William Rockefeller, has twenty-five wheels in his stable for the use of his family and friends. He has everything, from a tandem to a motor-cycle. The wheels are kept in his riding academy, which he uses on rainy days.

Cyclists in China lead an untrammelled existence. There is no system of road regulation outside the towns, for the simple reason that the roads are undefined, being neither bounded by fence or hedge. While the farmer has the right to plow up any road passing through his land, drivers of vehicles have an equal right, and they exercise it, too, to traverse any portion of the country at large.

When the Duchess of Aosta first rode a wheel, her royal kinsman, King Umberto, was so shocked that he ordered the guards not to present arms to her if she passed on a bicycle. The first sentry who did not present had his ears boxed by the angered princess. But times have changed, and now the entire royal family of Italy ride bicycles. Every day the queen, who is much more of an enthusiast than the king, takes a spin in the park surrounding the royal palace.

A Minneapolis architect has invented an acetylene gas bicycle-lamp, which is unusually small. The barrel of the lamp contains two chambers, one containing water and the other calcium carbide. The latter is in the form of a cartridge, and can be readily replaced when necessary. The gas is generated by the dropping of the water slowly upon the carbide, and one charging will last for five hours. The new lamp is said to be a great improvement on the ground of cleanliness, economy, and brilliancy.

A new bicycle lock has now been devised. There is not a trace of chain, key, or padlock about it. It is made of aluminum, with a steel centre, and is in the form of a ring, which locks around the pedal crank and frame, or to the sprocket. It unlocks by a combination, which is interchangeable, and no one who does not know this combination can possibly succeed in opening the lock. The ring is very strong, and defies attempts to twist or wrench it off. The operation of locking or unlocking can be done as well by the sense of touch as by sight, the mechanism being simple.

A young man went into a tobacco-shop in the Rue Richelieu, in Paris, to purchase some cigarettes, leaving his machine standing against the kerb in front of the place. When he came out of the shop, he found that the bicycle had been stolen. The office of the *Petit Journal* was not far away, and the young man went over there and inserted an advertisement that a gentleman would pay a good price for a second-hand bicycle, naming his preference for one of the same make as the one that was stolen. Next afternoon, sure enough, the thief came around and offered to sell the young man his own machine. The young man had the pleasure of getting back his bike and handing the thief over to the police.

Bridge nets to save the lives of reckless cycling tourists are not common. The Tour Club, of France, recently put one up, though, and it has saved some lives where, before, several were lost. The dangerous bridge on which the net is hung is at Ramingao, in the Maritime Alps. So many riders had charged the parapet of this bridge, in spite of the danger-boards, and been thrown into the gorge below, that it was decided to erect the net to catch those foolish riders in their flight. The erection of the net was completed on the 5th of April, and the first cropper occurred on the 9th, the rider emerging from the net safe and sound. Before the 25th of the same month two other riders had been "fished out." The nearest approach to this appliance in England is a case where the owner of a cottage at the foot of a steep hill, frequently charged into by runaway cyclists, banked up the end of his house with planking, which would stop not quite so sudden. At least, that is the intention.

LITERARY NOTES.

Marie Corelli's Latest.

Marie Corelli's turgid imagination has again relieved itself in the production of "Ziska." In flamboyant language, through which occasionally gleams undeniable literary faculty, it relates how a dancing-girl of ancient Egypt reentered the flesh to revenge herself upon a lover, who had wronged her in the olden time, and who, in his reincarnated form, unconscious of his previous existence, meets her without recognition or memory. They meet in Cairo, and his Nemesis, in the person of the Princess Ziska, exerts all her charms to bring him to her feet. She succeeds, and inspires a fatal passion. She lures him to a crypt deep down in the great pyramid, where she hopes to consummate her revenge. The tale ends, however, with a Faust-like apotheosis, in which Ziska's vengeance is appeased, the sinner is pardoned, and it is presumed, their souls depart to eternal peace.

Published by Stone & Kimball, New York; price, \$1.50.

The "Yellow Book."

The non-appearance of drawings by Aubrey Beardsley detracts not a little from the interest of the *Yellow Book*. With all his eccentricity and morbidity, Beardsley is a wonderfully clever draughtsman, and his work is always original and interesting. There are, however, a number of excellent pictures in this April issue of the Bodley Head quarterly. Perhaps the most notable among these are the drawings by Ethel Reed, whose clever work in designing book-covers is becoming widely known. Other artists who contribute to the issue are D. Y. Cameron, Katharine Cameron, Patten Wilson, E. J. Sullivan, and E. Philip Pinlott.

To the text, W. B. Yeats, Richard Garnett, Rosamund Marriott Watson, and others contribute verses, and the prose is by Henry Harland, Marion Hepworth Dixon, Francis Watt, Evelyn Sharp, Jennie A. Eustace, and others, concluding with two new "prose fancies" by Richard le Gallienne.

Published by John Lane, New York; price, \$1.25.

The New Life of Grant.

"General Grant," by James Grant Wilson, is the latest volume, the twelfth, in the Great Commanders Series. General Wilson first met General Grant at Cairo, Ill., in the summer of 1861, served under him at Vicksburg and elsewhere, and continued in friendly intercourse with him for a quarter of a century.

In addition to his personal recollections and the usual sources from which a biography of the famous soldier would be drawn, General Wilson has had unusual facilities in the preparation of this volume. In it are reprinted a series of letters written during the war by Grant to his friend, E. B. Washburne, describing such famous battle-fields as Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, and the Wilderness. They are of great historical interest. The volume also contains communications from Grant's surviving classmates at the United States Military Academy.

This biography of General Grant treats chiefly of his public career, especially as a soldier, as is to be expected in a volume in the Great Commanders Series. But the general's personal character and traits have been keenly appreciated by the author, and are admirably revealed in these pages.

Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

Idealized Indian Tales.

"Tales of the Sun-Land," by Verner Z. Reed, is a collection of short stories of Indian life and legend. It is on somewhat the same lines as his previous group of Indian tales, and possesses the same imaginative power that made them so acceptable to the reader interested in Indian character and romance. Fanciful and dreamy, or venturesome and dramatic, the inventive faculty of the author does not seem to have waned in the present volume, and it may be recommended as a collection of entertaining sketches of the idealized Indian. It is copiously illustrated by L. Maynard Dixon.

Published by the Continental Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

A Romance of the Italian Struggle for Liberty.

"The Gadfly," by E. L. Vornich, is a dramatic story of the first half of the century. It pictures the impetuous exertions and conspiracies of the Italians against the Austrians, at the time they struggled to free Italy from that power. The author introduces well-wrought dramatic situations with rare force, and the plot leads up to a powerful climax. The materials for the novel have been carefully and conscientiously collected, and students of Italy will find much congenial matter in these pictures of Italian life.

Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; price, \$1.25.

Richard Realf's Strange Career.

One of the most interesting figures in the literary history of California was Richard Realf, the eccentric poet who filled a suicide's grave in this city in 1878. Disconnected bits of his strange life have become known from time to time, but it is not until now that the story of his life, so far as it will ever be known, has been told. His literary executor, Colonel R. J. Hinton, has been for years collecting material for it—

and also for a book of Realf's poems, which is soon to be published—and he has given to the world as much of Realf's life as he deems it best the world should know, in a recent issue of *The Voice*. The story is condensed in the *Literary Digest*, which relates that, at the age of fifteen, Realf was taken as protégé in the refined home of Mrs. Parnell-Stafford, in London, where Lady Byron and Rev. Frederic W. Robertson were among his friends. Four years later he was sent by Lady Byron to Derbyshire to study real-estate matters, and a year later (at the age of twenty) disappeared. We quote from Colonel Hinton:

"When found by his father he was slightly demented, in rags, bareheaded and barefooted, singing for pence on the streets of Southampton. The story is an obscene one. That Realf was not wholly to blame is shown by the fact that so severe a moralist as Lady Byron aided Miss de Gardiner and Miss Stafford to facilitate his passage to New York and procure in advance a position with Mr. Pease, at the famous Five Points of Industry, where he served as assistant superintendent for more than a year. Resident in Derbyshire was a lady: one of the Noell family, bearing the prefix of 'Honorable.' She was somewhat older than our young Apollo. What actually transpired is not certain, but an irate elder brother returned from the Continent. The presumptuous 'peasant' was driven away, beaten severely over the head. The lady did not live long. The boy was ever after subject to occasional fits (as he once wrote me) 'of mental aberration.'"

He became a poet and lecturer; joined John Brown in 1857, going abroad to help raise funds for Brown's work; after the latter's death, while wandering near Lebanon, Pa., Realf was stricken with fever, cared for by the Shakers, and preached for them upon his recovery; joined the Union army, and at the close of the war was married and soon deserted his wife. Here are the facts concerning this desertion as given by Colonel Hinton:

"The lawful wife of Richard Realf, having left the world, in which she sorrowed greatly, the truth may be told freely, both because it explains why the publication has been delayed so long, also for the reason that it must end the association of another's name with that of Richard Realf. Here are the facts. At Furnessville, Valparaiso County, Ind., on the first or second of June, 1865, Sophia Emory Graves, sister of Mrs. Furness, of that place, and related also to one of the field officers of the Eighty-Eighth Illinois Infantry, was married by the Rev. J. J. Morgan, of Michigan City, a family friend, to Richard Realf, of the Eighty-Eighth Illinois and aid-de-camp on the staff of General Miller. A few days after Realf was mustered out of the volunteer service. Mrs. Sophie E. Realf never saw her husband again. One of the aberrations of his life seized him. I have found that he was still in midsummer near York, Pa., and then went to New York, where he was soon after taken sick with typhoid fever. On convalescence he enlisted as a private soldier. While on recruiting duty at Rochester he fell into intemperance, and during that time married again. . . . The wife in Indiana, a lady of refinement and good birth, attractive in person and of gentle ways, supposed him dead. She wrote everywhere for weeks, and could get no trace of him. Then she had a violent attack of brain fever, and, on her recovery, believing him dead, left Indiana for Maine to live with an uncle, assuming his name, that of Emory."

"All this I have heard from the lady herself. Some of Realf's letters to her are in my possession. The acknowledgment, some years after, to his sister was all stated to me. He sought at one time to find her whereabouts, but the removal made him believe also that she was dead. A long time after she learned of his being alive, but under conditions that frightened her so that she decided to remain as if dead indeed. I am not defending or extenuating. It is not necessary. The little lady so nobly forgave him that after his death she wished to adopt the boy he left, and did help some who were in part dependent on him."

Of Realf's second marriage, contracted while he was intoxicated, and its bitter consequences, Colonel Hinton says:

"Realf believed his deserted wife was dead. He so told his sister, Mrs. Whappam. In 1874 he sought and gained in the local court a divorce from the other. Feeling himself a free man again, he made a happy trip to England. On his return he found the divorce decree revoked by the supreme court, because, while there was abundant proof given of criminal cause, yet the particular acts specified in Realf's complaint were not fully established. The issue was purely technical, and a rehearing would have set the matter right. But Realf broke down entirely, especially at the loss of his editorial place. He declared it was useless to resist fate, and went away, forming a new connection. In New York children were born to him. Manfully, at least, he strove to earn means for their support by writing and lecturing. He failed, and his health did also. Army injuries and railroad accidents hurt his system. He had spinal and bladder troubles, and was at last taken with ophthalmic erysipelas. He was cared for in a New York hospital, and thence, half-blind, aided by friends, was enabled to travel to California. General Miller and others welcomed and aided there. After a while a workman's place was obtained in the mint, where he labored exhaustively till the end came, and his Nemesis punished him."

The Magazines and the Writers.

Mr. John J. Chapman, of New York, in a communication to the *Chicago Dial*, makes grave charges against "the magazines." He says that they are flat, and that the ideals of their editors are purely commercial. The editor, he points out, serves the publisher, and the publisher whose magazine has attained to a circulation does not want to imperil it by printing anything out of the ordinary run. He simply wants to plod along, making precisely the same sort of magazine that he has found to be acceptable to his readers. Accordingly, his magazine straightway develops a policy, and declines to print pieces with which that policy conflicts.

Mr. Chapman is heartily opposed to this method of doing business. "A magazine," he thinks, "ought to have no policy except the policy of discovering and publishing the live thoughts of living men and women, and the editor, in printing or rejecting, ought to be governed by his own personal feelings, his good sense, his taste, his beliefs."

By way of demonstrating that editors are not so

governed, Mr. Chapman adduces that he lately wrote a short article on a popular author, which half a dozen intelligent people thought to be well written and entertaining, but which all the leading magazines declined to purchase. Mr. Chapman knows why they do not want it. "It represents a slightly novel view of a very popular writer; each magazine is afraid that some portion of the public will pick up the number, glance at it, see an unsympathetic view of a favorite writer, and throw down the copy."

Mr. Chapman thinks the influence of the magazines peculiarly disastrous to youngsters of genius, whose early work "the more real and novel and vital it is, the more certainly will represent risk." These lads, finding that the magazines will not buy what they want to write, are starved presently into "providing some magazine with the material which that magazine is printing." Once a youth of genius begins to do that, it is, of course, the beginning of the end of him.

No doubt the leading magazines are conservative. They certainly do dislike to print what they think their readers will dislike to read; but that is pardonable, for, as E. S. Martin points out in *Harper's Weekly*, there is no surer and speedier way to get out of the magazine business and into the junk business than to print what readers will not read.

Readers have tastes and also strong prejudices. Both have to be considered, and though publishers and editors have prejudices sometimes with almost incredible daring, it is probably true that no conscientious editor cares to outrage the feelings of more than a third of his readers by any one piece or in any single issue. The leading magazines are popular publications and appeal to a popular taste. That they should not satisfy in all respects a more highly cultivated taste and heads that like hard reading is not a thing to wonder at. But most critics who rate them, as Mr. Chapman does, seem to have a notion that a deep stream of the creations of genius is always surging up around the magazine editor's desk, and that he is ever damming it back and turning it aside. No one who is in the habit of hearing magazine editors talk believes that this is true. Editors maintain, with at least an appearance of sincerity, that extra good copy is scarce, and that they would print much better pieces than they do if they knew where to find them.

New Publications.

Richard Henry Savage's "Princess of Alaska" has been republished in paper covers by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents.

"Estabelle and Other Verses," by John Stuart Thomson, a book of poems reprinted from the *Chap-Book*, *Peterson's*, and the *Canadian Magazine*, with a few other verses, has been published by William Briggs, Toronto.

"Doctor Luttrell's First Patient," by Rosa Nouchette Carey, is the story of a doctor and his cheery little wife, with an optimistic conclusion that is refreshing to the sympathetic reader. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25.

"Woodward's Book on Horticulture," by R. T. Woodward, is the title of a useful pamphlet on the raising of large and small fruits and on the diseases of the same, with some notes on the making and care of lawns. Published by R. T. Woodward, Boston; price, 25 cents.

"Fierceheart the Soldier," by J. C. Snaith, is an historical romance which describes the last rising of the Jacobites, in the early part of the eighteenth century. The Young Pretender is a prominent figure in this graphic story. Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"New Salads," by Mrs. S. T. Rorer, is a timely little book for the summer season. It contains some sixty pages of recipes for salads, sauces, and dressing prepared by the well-known lecturer and teacher of cookery, with a special group of odd salads and Ceylon salads. Published by Arnold & Co., Philadelphia; price, 50 cents.

"The Beautiful Miss Brooke," by Louis Zangwill, is a modern sketch of a very modern young woman. It relates a love-affair, a mere episode in her interesting, sophisticated, and comparatively unscrupulous career, and paints in clever and truthful analysis the characteristics of the type she represents. Published by D. Appleton and Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

"His Native Wife," by Louis Becke, has been reprinted in the Lotus Library. It is a mere novelette, but it tells a powerful story of a man who accepts the customs of the South Sea Islanders, among whom he has cast his lot. He falls in love with, and is himself loved by, a woman of his own people, the wife, and later the widow, of a missionary. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 75 cents.

"Talks to Young Men," and its companion volume, "Talks to Young Women," are both from the pen of the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, the well-known pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church in New York. His "Talks to Young Men" are terse, energetic, and vigorous; his "Talks to Young Women" are distinguished by aptness and originality. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.00.

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LITERARY NOTES.

An Idyl of the Seals.

"Matka and Kouk," by David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford Junior University, is an idyl of the Phillof Islands, in the Behring Sea. It recounts the life and manners of a colony of seals, and particularly the family history of a fine old seal, Agath, and Matka, his wife. The apparent purpose of this fairy-tale of natural history is to call attention to the wholesale destruction of seals in the Behring Sea. Dr. Jordan writes:

"The ships of the Pirate Kings swarm the icy sea. The blood of the silken-haired ones, thousand by thousand, stains the waves as they rise and fall. The decks of the schooners are smeared with their milk and their blood, while their little ones are left on the rocks to wail and starve."

Not by any means the least interesting contents of this quaint book are the illustrations depicting seal-life and the tiny vignette pen-and-ink sketches in the text by Miss Chloe Frances Lesley, a student at the Stanford Junior University.

Published by Whitaker & Ray, San Francisco.

A Woman Intervenes.

"Wide Asunder as the Poles," by Arthur Crump, is an aptly named novel. It sets forth the series of incidents by which a weak husband is attracted from his own fire-side, commits grievous sin, and then seeks reconciliation with his wife, a consummation which she, having come to know him thoroughly, denies him in a very dramatic scene.

The story is English in scene and characters, with a few types taken from cosmopolitan society to enliven the background behind the Anglo-Saxons who have the principal rôles. The gradual development of the husband's passion and the follies into which it leads him are skillfully developed, and as a whole the novel is a careful study of human nature under unusual conditions.

Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"A Woman's Part in a Revolution," by Mrs. John Hays Hammond, which is published in this country by Longmans, Green & Co., is enjoying a lively sale, especially in this city, where Mrs. Hammond is well known. Before Mr. Hammond was called to the supervision of the great gold mines in South Africa, he was for many years a resident of this city, and many San Franciscans have read with deep interest in this book Mrs. Hammond's account of the experiences of herself and her sister-in-law during the troublous times which followed the Jameson raid.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood is carrying on no fewer than four books this summer at her charming summer home on Mackinac Island.

T. P. O'Connor's second article on "The Celebrities of the House of Commons," contributed to the July *Harper's*, presents a familiar view of Lord Salisbury and relates new anecdotes of Parliamentary life.

George Moore follows David Christie Murray in declaring that Robert Louis Stevenson's friends are burying him with over-much praise. To show that "Stevenson is not the only man who ever lived who wrote English prose," Mr. Moore, writing for the London *Daily Chronicle*, quotes a passage from a new book, "The Secret Rose," by W. B. Yeats, and then says: "By the side of this beautiful prose, subtle, wistful as the moon shining upon mist, does not Stevenson's vision seem dry, hard, prosaic?" The passage quoted is as follows:

"It was one of those warm, beautiful nights, when everything seems carved of precious stones. The woods of the Sleuth Hound, away to the south, looked as though cut out of green heryl, and the waters that mirrored them shone like opal. The roses he was gathering were like glowing rubies, and the lilies had the dull lustre of pearl. Everything had taken upon itself the look of something imperishable, except a glow-worm, whose faint flame burned on steadily among the shadows, moving hither and thither, the only thing that seemed alive, the only thing that seemed perishable as mortal hope."

S. Levitt Yates, the author of "A Galahad of the Creeks," which the Appletons published recently, has had abundant opportunity to observe the East Indian life which he describes. His father has long held a secretarial position in the Government Office at Bombay, and he is himself a lieutenant in the Punjab Light Horse.

In his new novel, "Jean d'Agrève," M. Melchior de Vogüé discusses the question, whether there still occur, in our systematized, conventionalized modern life, instances of the blind, unquestioning, unreasoning love that has furnished the inspiration of nearly all the great epics of the world.

Victor Hugo left in charge of his literary executor a series of letters written in 1832. These are to be incorporated in a volume, the title of which will be "France at Belguée." There will be much in this book of Hugo's which has never before been printed.

W. D. Howells contributes a cheerful discussion of "The Modern American Mood" to the July *Harper's*.

"Natal: A Colonial Paradise," is the subject of Poultney Bigelow's ninth article on "White Man's Africa." It appears in the July *Harper's*.

Miss Ellen Mackay Hutchinson, who prepared in collaboration with Edmund Clarence Stedman "The Library of American Literature," was married recently in London to Royal Cortissoz. Miss Hutchinson has held an editorial position on the New York

Tribune for twenty-five years past, writing editorials and reviewing books, and Mr. Cortissoz is the art editor of the same paper and a frequent contributor to the leading magazines.

Of Mr. Barrie's story of his mother, twenty thousand copies have been sold in this country, and of "Sentimental Tommy," thirty-five thousand have been printed. In England, however, "Margaret Ogilvy" has run up to thirty thousand in three editions, "Tommy" falling some distance short of this number.

Here is the way a recent English reviewer hits off Bulwer, whom he places in the second class of novelists and not very high in that:

"The first Lord Lytton—Bulwer Lytton as he is commonly called—was already a notable personage in 1837. 'Pelham' was nearly ten years old, and for sheer cleverness 'Pelham' would be hard to beat. It was written before the author took to preaching and became a bore. Bulwer Lytton was one of the most intolerable preachers that ever lived. He was tedious, pompous, affected, and insincere. He was what Thackeray was not—a real cynic. The delicious impertinence of 'Pelham,' the frankly free love of 'Ernest Maltravers,' whatever else may be thought of them, are genuine. The rant of 'Night and Morning,' of 'Alice,' or of 'What Will He Do with It?' is on the intellectual level of a field preacher without his genuineness of conviction."

The leading article in *Harper's Magazine* for July will be "Sheridan's Ride," by General George A. Forsyth, U. S. A., one of the two aids-de-camp whom Sheridan took with him and now the only survivor of the ride.

An American woman has been endeavoring to procure the literary good offices of Andrew Lang. She addressed him the following note, which he gave to the papers as his surest defense against future hegulements of the sort:

"MR. ANDREW LANG, LONDON—Sir: It is thought that you would like this story, and would be able possibly to place it in some English magazine. If so, for your interest in the matter, please take one-half its value, sending the other half to Miss —, L— Street, C—, U. S. A. If not available please return L— to this address."

The tenth and last installment of George du Maurier's last novel, "The Martian," is published in the July *Harper's*. The illustrations, which include the frontispiece of the number, are in an unfinished state, and, with two studies from Du Maurier's notebook, give an interesting insight into his method of composition.

The troubles in the office of the *Arena* have apparently been arranged. John Clark Ridpath is the new editor, and B. O. Flower, formerly the editor, is to be a special contributor, furnishing a paper for each issue.

"Peter the Great" is the title of a new work by K. Waliszewski, author of the successful "Romance of an Empress: Catherine II. of Russia." It will be published by the Messrs. Appleton.

A hook of unusual interest which Longmans, Green & Co. have now ready is "The Bible: Its Meaning and Supremacy," by F. W. Farrar, Dean of Canterbury. It has been very highly commended by the English religious papers, and no doubt will be widely read in this country.

The fiction in the July *Harper's* includes the second installment of Frank R. Stockton's new novel, "The Great Stone of Sardis"; the first part of a novelette, entitled "The Kentuckians," by John Fox, Jr.; and three short stories by Robert C. V. Meyers, E. A. Alexander, and Laura Spencer Porter.

Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, in her "Lounger" columns of the *Critic*, takes a rather discouraging view of the pecuniary benefits of fiction-writing. She says:

"There are not many men, or women either, in this country making even three thousand dollars a year out of fiction. The person who makes ten thousand dollars a year out of that branch of literary work may count himself fortunate. I do not believe there are five writers of fiction in this country who make as much by their pens alone."

"Uncle Bernac," the new historical romance by A. Conan Doyle, pictures the adventures of a hero who crossed from England to France when Napoleon was encamped at Boulogne and meditating the invasion of England. It has just been published by the Messrs. Appleton.

Apropos of the fact that Mrs. Burton Harrison's new novel is to be published first in book-form, "the serial rights having been suppressed," an exchange says:

"Nowadays, in spite of the fact that magazines are so numerous as to be a nuisance, the serial market is glutted, and first-class authors are finding it difficult to get a fair price from a magazine for a continued story. This is a serious outlook for the author, for having books published is not very remunerative. One well-known American writer said awhile ago that the only good he had had him was to advertise him sufficiently to enable him to get good prices from magazines for his short stories."

Henry W. Lucy, besides having had one of the most interesting careers in journalism, is the quickest writer on the British press. He dictates all his work to a short-hand clerk, and he is declared to make the largest income earned by journalism.

It is said that on the occasion of the coming jubilee some of the leading English publishers will receive titles.

"The Private Life of the Queen," by a Member of the Royal Household, will be published immediately by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company. It contains

a comprehensive account of the queen's personality, daily life, habits, and immediate surroundings, and has been written with her authorization. The author, we are informed, is a woman.

In a recently published interview, Ibsen is quoted as saying that he has never placed on the stage a personage whom he has not himself seen in real life. This naturally suggested an inquiry about the Rat Wife in "Little Eyolf," and the dramatist replied: "She was a little old woman who used to come to kill rats at the school where I was educated. She carried a little dog in a bag, and there were tales of children who had followed her and fallen into the sea. That was just what I wanted for hinting about the disappearance of the ship-builder's son."

As for the "symbolism" which some critics seem to regard as the most important part of Ibsen's dramas, he had this to say:

"I refuse to be responsible for the different ideas attached to my plays by different people. This does not mean that those same ideas may not, as I write, cross my mind, too; but all that is of secondary importance. The great thing in dramatic work is action, life!"

"Equality," Edward Bellamy's new romance of the future, will be published at once by D. Appleton and Company. Publication will be simultaneous in the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Spain, Italy, and other countries.

It is said that Conan Doyle, following the example of many others, had a very hard time to find a publisher. After eleven had refused his first story, the twelfth gave him one hundred and twenty-five dollars for it.

"His Majesty's Greatest Subject" is the title of a dramatic romance of India, by S. S. Thorburn, which is to be published shortly by D. Appleton and Company.

RECENT VERSE.

The Hymn of Abdul Hamid.

When'er thy mosque I trod

I heard my sahré sigh,

"There is no God but God;

Believe in Him or die!"

"Abdul the Bless'd! You must

Pursue the Prophet's path!

Up! slake the eager lust

Of God's avenging wrath!"

Islam! a dreadful call!

Long, long I made delay.

"My hack is at the wall:

Look, Lord; I stand at bay!

"The eagles throng," I cried,

"Expecting me to die:

The Powers my throne deride;

I am the Sick Man, I!"

But there my troops were ranked,

A weapon to my hand;

And still my sahré clanked,

"Go forth, and purge the land!"

At last Mohammed's sword,

The Key of Heaven and Hell,

I drew, and at my word

A hundred thousand fell.

God-hated; in their day,

Foul cumberers of the earth;

Now theirs is ours, and they,

Fuel for Shetan's hearth.

Though journalists proclaimed

That things were at the worst;

Though Ministers were blamed;

Though poets sang and cursed.

Though priests in every church

Prayed God to shield the right,

God left them in the lurch:

They were afraid to fight!

Words, words they slung, while we,

Indifferent to the cost,

Fulfilled God's high decree

In slaughtering the lost.

The Powers blasphem'd beneath;

Above, Heaven smiled delight;

Ho! Europe gnashed her teeth;

And Greece began to hite.

They fell into the pit

They dug for our dismay;

The hater soon was hit;

The spoilers are our prey!

The Sick Man? No; the Strong!

Prestige is ours again!

God gives us a new song

Like sunshine after rain.

Grasping a shadow, lo,

The Dog has lost his bone—

The Christian Dog! Even so!

Allah is God alone!

—John Davidson in the *Saturday Review*.

On the sixth instant, Harper & Brothers, of New York, acquired the business established in London by the late James R. Osgood, of Boston, and Clarence W. Melville, of New York, under the firm name of Osgood, Melville & Co. It will be after he conducted under the style of the New York concern, namely, Harper & Brothers, who thereby come into the possession of several very valuable copyrights, including those of the late George du Maurier, as well as one of the best established and most popular of the younger publishing houses in England. Mr. Melville will continue to conduct the London business for the present as a vice-president of the corporation of Harper & Brothers.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY'S
NEW BOOKS.

Uncle Bernac.

A Memory of the Empire. By A. CONAN DOYLE, author of "Rodney Stone," "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard," "The Stark Munro Letters," "Round the Red Lamp," etc. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

This brilliant historical romance pictures Napoleon's threatened invasion of England when his forces were encamped at Boulogne. The story abounds in dramatic incidents, and the adventures of the hero will be followed with intense interest by a multitude of readers.

Woman and the Republic.

A Survey of the Woman-Suffrage Movement in the United States, and a Discussion of the Claims and Arguments of its Foremost Advocates. By HELEN KENDRICK JOHNSON. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

Mrs. Johnson considers the subject from every point of view—historically, legally, morally, and socially—traversing all the arguments of the suffrage leaders, setting forth some considerations that are entirely new, and incidentally giving a complete account of the progress thus far made by the suffrage movement in various parts of the world.

Marietta's Marriage.

By W. E. NORRIS, author of "The Dancer in Yellow," "A Victim of Good Luck," etc. No. 218, Town and Country Library. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cents.

As novel readers know, Mr. Norris is always to be counted upon for a preeminently readable and satisfactory story, and in this new book he has succeeded in showing himself at his best.

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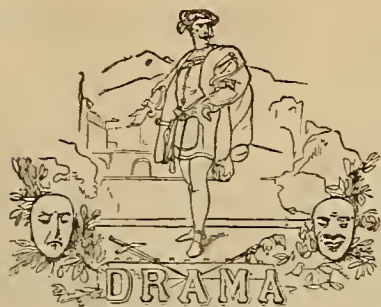
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STAGE GOSSIP.

The Lyceum Theatre Company's Opening.

It was a gala occasion at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday night, when the Lyceum Theatre Company began its engagement there. The play was "The Prisoner of Zenda," and, in spite of the fact that it had been presented here by pretty much the same people only a year ago, a very lively interest in the performance was evident from the large and fashionable audience that was in attendance. The people evidently came to the theatre with a sense of relief after the long dearth of good shows from which the city has suffered. Hackett, in the dual rôle, was admired as he was last year, but interest centred in the first appearance here of the new leading lady, Mary Manning. Despite the red wig exacted by her part, she proved as beautiful as we had anticipated, somewhat in the style of Maxine Elliot, but with much more play of emotion in her face. As an actress she surpasses the beautiful daughter of Maine, especially in the more tender scenes in the third act. The other new members of the company were quite equal to their predecessors in the same rôles.

Next week the company will present a play that is entirely new to us. It is entitled "The First Gentleman of Europe," and is the work of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and "George Fleming"—under which pseudonym a well-known English woman conceals her identity. The piece is what is known as a costume play, and Mr. Frohman has dressed his actors with historical accuracy as well as gorgeously. The play is something between Richard Mansfield's "Beau Brummel" and "His Grace de Grammont," and should prove a strong attraction for the week. Miss Manning, Miss Odell, James K. Hackett, Charles Walcott, and other members of the company, will be in the cast.

"A Social Highwayman."

The Frawley Company has been doing excellent business with "Shenandoah" during the past week at the Columbia. War and love-making judiciously mixed have a strong attraction for many theatre-goers, and those that Bronson Howard devised have been admirably presented by the Frawley players. "Shenandoah" will be continued this (Saturday) evening and to-morrow night.

The company has a novelty to present on Monday. This is "A Social Highwayman," which, although it has enjoyed a year or two of success in the East, has never been presented in San Francisco. It is a dramatization by Mary T. Stone of Elizabeth P. Train's successful novel of the same name, which came out in the summer of 1895. It makes an excellent play, full of novel situations and clever dialogue. It was originally adopted with a view to having Richard Mansfield assume the principal character, but he delivered it over to the Holland brothers, who achieved a great success in it. Still another new-comer will make his first appearance in the piece. This is Frederick Perry, who will play Hanby, a part in which he appeared in the Eastern productions.

Stevens at the Tivoli.

Edwin Stevens was greeted with an overflowing house last Monday, when he made his first appearance on the Tivoli stage in a number of years. He has been here since with the Daly Company, but the Tivoli patrons have not forgotten the days when he was their popular comedian, and they turned out in full force. The piece was "Wang," which De Wolf Hopper has played here before, and it was apparently as much enjoyed by the Tivoli audiences as it had been at the Baldwin. The management had given it a very elaborate mounting in the way of scenery, costumes, and the like, and its pretty music and amusing situations were well received. In addition to Edwin Stevens, there were two débutantes, Helen Harrington, who played the Widow Primousse, and Irma Fitch, as Gillette. The others in the cast were Elvia Crox-Seabrooke, Myra Morella, John J. Raffael, W. H. West, Maurice Darcy, Thomas C. Leary, and Walter Chamberlain.

"Wang" will be continued for another week at least, and is to be followed by "The Isle of Champagne." This latter operetta has never before been given in San Francisco. The book was written by Charles Alfred Byrne and Louis Harrison, and the music is by the former leader of the Tivoli orchestra, W. W. Furst.

The Orpheum's Anniversary Week.

Wednesday evening, June 30th, will mark the tenth anniversary of the opening of the Orpheum, and in honor of the event a souvenir in the form of

an eighty-page book, containing half-tone portraits of Gustav Walter, the Orpheum staff, and every performer who has appeared in the house since its beginning, will be presented to each lady occupying a reserved seat.

The programme will be an excellent one. Included in it are Smith and Fuller, bamboo bell-players, who will be the leading novelties of the week; Lew Dockstader, whose fun has been immensely enjoyed since Sunday night; Heindl, the clever Boston cellist; the Russell Brothers, in their amusing impersonations of chambermaids; Josephine Sabel, "the little woman with the big voice"; and Caron and Herbert, Canfield and Carlton, Conway and Leland, and Johnson and Dean. The bill is an excellent one in all its parts, and will doubtless draw crowded houses at every performance.

Notes.

Henry T. Chanfrau is to have another try at his father's well-known plays "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler," and "The Octoroon."

Frank Carlyle is to be the leading man in one of the local stock companies next season. He is expected to arrive here early next month.

Joseph Holland has tried his hand at playwriting. The result, "Granite Hills," saw the light in Hoboken this week, with what result we have not heard.

"My Friend from India," under the name of "My Friend the Prince," is a reigning success in London. At the conclusion of its run it will be followed by "Too Much Johnson."

"The Prisoner of Zenda" has proved so popular at the Baldwin that it has been decided to give two additional performances of it. They will be on Monday, July 5th, at the matinée and in the evening.

Mrs. Leslie Carter, who is to begin her next season at the Baldwin Theatre, will present Belasco's "Heart of Maryland" in London before the close of the season. She will take the entire company over with her.

Sir Augustus Harris's relatives refused to pay the ten-thousand-dollar bill of his medical attendant during his last illness, alleging that the famous manager of Drury Lane died as a result of malpractice. The physician has sued them for slander.

The various announcements of Yvette Guilbert's marriage to Dr. Max Schiller, of New York, which have been cropping out in the papers for the past two months, may have been premature, but they were all right. The marriage was solemnized last Tuesday in Paris.

Fourth of July week at the Columbia will be given up to comedy by the Frawley Company. Two Daily plays, "The Great Unknown" and "The Two Escutcheons," will be revived then. In the latter, Blanche Bates will be the Widow Stevenson, the part played here a year ago by Maxine Elliot.

The cable informs us that Verdi, the celebrated composer, is seriously ill. It is but a few weeks since he celebrated his eighty-third birthday by appearing in the market-place of the village near which he resides at five o'clock in the morning and chaffering with the farmers until he earned them all off to a banquet in celebration of his anniversary.

There should be excellent possibilities for W. H. Crane in the new play which Eugene Presbrey has written for him. It is entitled "A Virginia Courtship," and its leading rôle is built on the same lines as Bob Acres in "The Rivals." Mr. Crane's next tour will commence with his engagement at the Baldwin Theatre. His leading lady will be Annie Irish.

"The Girl from Paris" is such a success in New York that Manager Rice is going to send out three

companies to play it through the country next winter. One of them will come to San Francisco. In the meantime Mr. Rice is playing ducks and drakes with the original cast by giving a trial to every promising candidate for any one of the leading parts. Those who are successful will, of course, be blazoned abroad with all the glory of a New York production.

Alice Nielson has changed her mind about going to Europe. The projected trip may have been only a bluff, but if it was it worked. Hilda Clark, who has been alternating with Miss Nielson and would have had the field to herself, had a row with the management as a result of her pique at the preference shown the San Francisco girl, and the renewal of her contract fell through. The result was that the Bostonians made Miss Nielson such an advantageous offer that she accepted it.

There will be no interregnum at the Baldwin Theatre after the Lyceum Theatre Company's engagement; but, as the autumn and winter season is scheduled to begin in August, John Drew will have the honor of opening the next season there with his new play, "Rosemary." Isabel Irving will fill the position of leading lady in his company, left vacant by the resignation of Maud Adams. Miss Adams, by the way, will not make her début as a star in New York, as had been contemplated. Manager Frohman has changed his plans, and will open Miss Adams's season in London, placing the "Secret Service" company at the Empire Theatre in her stead.

When the Simplon Tunnel is completed, the Alps will possess three enormous perforations, each representing a stage in the swift advance of mechanical science. The Mont Cenis Tunnel, nearly eight miles long, was constructed about thirty years ago, at the rate of one kilometer—0.62 of a mile—per year, and each kilometer cost \$1,200,000. The St. Gotthard Tunnel, nine and a quarter miles long, was constructed about ten years later than the Mont Cenis, at the rate of two kilometers a year, and cost \$800,000 per kilometer. The Simplon Tunnel, twelve and a quarter miles long, will, according to the contract, go forward at the rate of four kilometers a year, and will cost only \$500,000 per kilometer.

The costliest macadam on record once paved the streets of Kimberley, South Africa. The celebrated road-bed was studded with diamonds, and hundreds of valuable gems were taken from it. A peddler, thirty years ago, while hawking his wares from farm-house to farm-house, found a shining stone by the wayside, and, thinking it might be of some value, sent it to a geologist, who at once recognized it as a fine diamond. That was the beginning of the great Kimberley diamond mines.

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Monday, June 28th, Fifth Week of THE FRAWLEY COMPANY in Another Great Play,

--- A SOCIAL HIGHWAYMAN ---

Week of July 5th—Comedy Week—Revival of "The Great Unknown" and "The Two Escutcheons."

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Commencing Monday Evening, June 28th.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

FOR JULY

SHERIDAN'S RIDE

By General GEORGE A. FORSYTH, U. S. A., who was one of the two aides-de-camp whom General Sheridan took with him, and who is the only survivor.

Illustrated by R. F. ZOGBAUM

FRANK R. STOCKTON'S NEW SERIAL

THE GREAT STONE OF SARDIS

Illustrated by PETER NEWELL

THE MILITARY ACADEMY AND NATIONAL DEFENCE By Captain JAMES PARKER, U. S. A.

THE CELEBRITIES OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS By T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P.

THE KENTUCKIANS

A Novelette by JOHN FOX, Jr., dealing with the broadly contrasted types of the mountains and of the Blue-Grass region. Illustrated by W. T. SMEDLEY

Brightest and best illustrated magazine in the language.—LONDON DAILY NEWS.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Farmer on the "Free Market."

WRIGHTS, June 21, 1897.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Referring to your article on the free market on the water front, I note your statement that "the farmers do not desire to make sales at retail." In this connection will you allow me to say that I do not think any one is yet authorized to say what the "farmers" do want. Those who have been instrumental in pushing the discussion to the present point do not live near the city and certainly do not wish to come there and sell their own produce at retail, or in any other way. We desire to sell through commission agents as heretofore; but so long as provision is made for that, we do not care what arrangements are made for others, but would gladly cooperate for anything in the public interest. Very little of the produce which comes in by rail or steamer can be sold by its producers, who will be at home harvesting more to be sent next day. As for those producers who live near to the city, so few of them are able to speak English that it is not yet known what they do want, if, indeed, they have ever heard of the proposed market. If we ever discover their wishes, they are entitled to consideration. Suppose the *Argonaut* invite them to make use of its columns for that purpose.

We understand by the word "wholesale," selling in unbroken packages, as a box of fruit, a sack of potatoes, a coop of chickens, or the like. Personally, I do not believe there is room upon the State property for any other kind of a market. In my opinion, the city would be greatly benefited by the establishment of a retail market adjoining that proposed to be established, although I suspect most of its patronage would come from the residents of Tar Flat, who are joint owners, with the rest of us, of the State property, and entitled to their share of its use. The city also, I should think, would establish similar markets elsewhere.

As to selling direct to consumers, the advocates of the market are not at present concerning themselves. As matters now stand our customers are mostly retailers, who buy of us through our commission agents. At present these customers are handed together to boycott any of us who permit our commission agents to sell to any one not in the trade. Our ultimate customers, the consumers, have made no objection to this arrangement, and in my opinion, should enough of us unite to employ a commission agent to sell direct to consumers, thus losing our trade with dealers, we should usually be left with most of our goods on our hands. I do not think any consumer would trouble himself to come down to us if he could buy as cheaply at his corner grocery, as he certainly could, for whatever prices we might make would be promptly met and probably discounted by the commission merchants handling the produce of our Chinese and other brethren, who are not concerning themselves with the public welfare. So, as I say, those who have thus far promoted the market are not concerning ourselves with this question. Personally, I do not think the perishable products coming into any large city can be distributed without the aid of a large number of persons, who must make their living by it, and I also find I do best when all who buy my produce make money on it and want more. But, of course, that is only my personal experience.

But producers are not the only ones concerned. We wish to sell dear, while our customers wish to buy cheap. In the use of State property, all are entitled to a voice. I wish the consumers, in some authoritative way, would make their wants known, and also those engaged in the trade who have the same rights as we. Among us we could make a fine market. EDWARD F. ABRAHAM.

He Caught Us Nodding.

PORT HOPE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

June 14, 1897.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Please find inclosed Canadian postal order to renew my subscription. Having for several years been a constant reader of the *Argonaut*, I naturally believe everything I see in that journal. You may picture to yourself, then, how delighted I was to see by a brief item in a recent issue that one Tallerman had discovered an infallible remedy for rheumatism, when I tell you that, although in other respects perfectly healthy, I do occasionally suffer awfully from rheumatism. I could scarcely wait to get to London. When I arrived there I went straight to Bartholomew Hospital. I inquired at the lodge about the Tallerman apparatus, showing the item from the *Argonaut*. No one in the lodge had ever heard of it, so I was referred to some one else within the walls, who would certainly know all about it. Well, he had never heard of it, but kindly sent a man with me to Dr. Forgethismine. I waited fifteen minutes. The doctor appeared, read your article attentively, and said he never heard of Mr. Tallerman or his process.

If you know who wrote your article, I shall feel greatly obliged if you will drop a big brick-bat on his head the next time he passes your office. Yours truly, H. H. KING.

[We regret that we can not visit the punishment our correspondent suggests upon the real culprit. Who he is we have no idea. We reproduced the item in all good faith from one of our New York contemporaries. Taught by sorrowful experience, we have come to regard with skepticism most surprising statements that we see in the daily papers. But in this case the statement was not improbable—the article was not even illustrated. Without these danger-signals of the newspaper "fake" to warn us, we were—we confess it, easily—tricked into belief. The New York paper's article was a column and a half in length, and gave names, dates, addresses, and other evidences of good faith in a most convincing way. But it seems that they were, as "Pooh Bah" puts it, "mere corroborative detail, tending to give an air of artistic verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative."—Ens.]

Prison Reform.

SEATTLE, WASH., June 7, 1897.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Permit me to congratulate you upon your editorials in your issue of June 7th, on the San Quentin prison revolt.

They have the true ring, and every sensible, law-abiding man who reads your paper must feel proud of the fact that there is one editor left who is not afflicted with that emaciating dry rot, superinduced by a sickly sentimentality, commonly known as "Prison Reform."

Yours truly, BOYD J. TALLMAN.

Byron's "Waterloo."

MARINE BARRACKS, NAVY YARD, MARE ISLAND, CAL., June 21, 1897.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The last issue of the *Argonaut*—June 21st—contains in the column of "Old Favorites" Byron's famous poem, "Waterloo." If my memory serves me correctly, I have somewhere seen a version of this poem beginning somewhat differently than it appears in the *Argonaut*—something like this: "Stop! For you tread o'er a empire's tomb." I am not sufficiently sure to quote with confidence or certainty, and I can not just now

find any copy of this poem which begins as I think I have seen it, and no one whom I have asked about it agrees with me as to the introductory lines, which I believe are usually omitted in popular publications containing the poem.

I know that the *Argonaut* rarely or never makes a mistake in a question of English letters or quotations, and I have therefore ventured to submit this doubt for your decision, requesting that as a satisfaction to one of its readers, if nothing more, I be informed if I am right, and if so, that the correct introductory lines be given in your next issue.

Apocryph of this, I observe also that in the *Argonaut's* reprint of this poem there is an hiatus—at least one verse having been omitted, that beginning "And wild and high 'd the Cameron's gathering' rose!" and ending "And Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears." I also take this opportunity of requesting the *Argonaut* to publish, when its space permits—if deemed of sufficient interest—a poem by, I think, Pope or Hood, I am uncertain, entitled "The Demon Ship." I heard it recited once by an Englishman in Sarawak, Boreo, but have never been able to find it in print. With apologies for taking up so much of the *Argonaut's* time, and with my appreciation of the excellent matter which I weekly enjoy in its columns, I am very truly one of its readers.

First Lieutenant U. S. Marines.

[The stanzas we printed under the title of "Waterloo" are but a fragment of Byron's "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." Our excerpt began at the twenty-first stanza of the third canto and continued through the twenty-eighth, omitting the twenty-sixth, which is as follows:

"And wild and high the 'Cameron's gathering' rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill: But with the heath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years.
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's
ears!"

It is the seventeenth stanza that begins:

"Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!"
but it and the three which follow are generally omitted in reprinting Byron's description of Waterloo.
"The Demon Ship" we shall reprint in an early issue under the heading of "Old Favorites."—Ens.]

That "Courier Problem" Again.

SAN FRANCISCO, JUNE 21, 1897.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Some years ago you published the following: "An army twenty-five miles long is commanded by the general to march. At the same moment the general sends a courier to the rear with a message, with instructions to bring an answer and to travel both ways twice as fast as the army is moving. How many miles does the courier travel in making the entire trip?"

Will you kindly advise me what the correct answer was, and oblige Yours respectfully,

MAURICE A. ROTHCHILD.

[As others of our readers may have forgotten this interesting problem and may care to essay its solution, we shall leave the question unanswered for a time, in order that such of our readers as desire to do so may have a try at it.—Ens.]

Tall Tales from Kansas.

Several stories which the reader can or can not believe, just as he sees fit, were started after the Seneca tornado, two years ago, had violated the State law in reference to the malicious destruction of property and departed for parts unknown. Probably the best one was this: A man was riding along on horseback with a jug of whisky tied with a strap to the saddle-horn. After the blow had ceased, the jug-handle was found inside the jug and the strap was sticking out of the nozzle, the jug having been blown inside out without spilling a drop of liquor.

Probably the story which better illustrates the position of the Populist farmer in Kansas than any told in recent years is this:

Kansas man (visiting in the East)—"Yes, sir, Kansas is the country for the farmers. Look at her vast prairies covered with crops! so heavy that they make whole counties sink down in the middle. Look at her corn crop, so vast that it crowded township lines into the river."

Same Kansas man (at the Populist meeting in his own neighborhood)—"Fellow-sufferers, dry weather, Hessian flies, and gold bugs prey like vampires on our State. Our once fair State is plastered over with mortgages so heavy that we have to bore a hole through them with an auger in order to plant corn. Rouse, ye slaves!"

There has been a premium offered for the capture of the man who started this clever lie: "A Kansas farmer planted his farm in popcorn, and gathered it into his barn. The barn took fire, the corn popped and filled a ten-acre field. His old mare, thinking it a snowstorm, lay down and froze to death."

In discussing the question in Western Kansas not long ago, a citizen from the short-grass country said: "I think that Kansas is in need of a good deal of irrigation. There are times when it is so dry in the western part of the State that you have to soak a hog over night before he will hold swill. There are places where water is wet only on one side."—*Kansas City Journal*.

A unique insurance case, where a mosquito-bite was the "external, violent, and accidental" cause of death, and in which the widow won, is that of Sallie Omberg against the United States Mutual Association. The New York court of appeals reversed the decision of the lower court, and, holding that death from a mosquito-bite is accidental, gave the plaintiff five thousand dollars on her husband's policy.

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A Deserving Charity.

A benefit performance has been tendered to Sister Cora in aid of her work among the poor children of this city. It will take place at the California Theatre next Thursday afternoon, July 1st, and the managers of all the prominent theatres in town have kindly tendered the services of their companies.

Included in the programme will be a comedy by John Kendrick Bangs, entitled "The Proposal," produced by well-known amateurs—A. W. Jones, C. N. Wilson, Miss Mabel Hazeltine, and Miss Ethel H. Knapp; "Look with Eyes into Mine," from "La Cigale," by Miss Mable Love, the well-known soprano; and songs by the Police Choral Society of thirty voices, under the direction of Mr. Robert Lloyd.

A number of young society girls will act as ushers, and the patronesses include several ladies prominent in San Francisco society.

Dr. Destot found that after long bicycle rides he experienced numbness in the fourth and fifth fingers. This was followed in time by distinct atrophy in the affected muscles. He considers the affection to be the result of pressure upon the branches of the ulnar nerve.

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VANITY FAIR.

In the last twenty years the women of New York have changed much (according to "New York Revisited after Twenty Years," by John Bonner, in *Leslie's Weekly*). "In raw beauty they are perhaps inferior to the Philadelphians, and decidedly inferior to the San Franciscans. But they are more highly cultured than either, and more cosmopolitan. Almost every girl one meets in New York appears to have gone through a course of high education. Croquet and golf, cycling and swimming, have developed their physical charms; the use of mucilage as an adjunct to the stocking-supporter has quite gone out." But it is in their style that New York women have made the greatest progress, of which Mr. Bonner relates this instance: "I observed a young New York matron meet a lady who was not in her set, nor indeed in any set at all. She did not flush, nor expand her feathers, nor gather her daughters round her, as the Countess of Bareacres did when Becky Sharp approached. She just saw the stranger as if she saw her not; as if she had no corporeal existence, and was a mere optical illusion. The act was perfectly lady-like; yet it was crushing. It could only have been successfully accomplished by a genuine *grande dame*." In nothing, he continues, has the New York girl improved more than in her voice. "It used to be shrill and sharp, as if her early youth had been spent in an effort to take the high C or perish in the attempt. Now screechy voices are very rare, and the ear of the patient husband has a rest. Well-bred Englishwomen are famous for their soft, low voices; just as pleasant speech is now heard in New York drawing-rooms. It is the work of patient training; the normal voice of the provincial is in the key of the bagpipe."

"In addition to our business of letting our wedding-dresses on hire," said a member of a well-known firm of costumers in the west central district of London, "we often perform our little services for the bride. In this great city there are scores of hard-working girls who are miles away from their relatives, and have been too busy to cultivate many friends. When these girls are about to marry young men who are similarly circumstanced, the question arises as to who shall give away the bride. I can answer that question for them at once, for I have connected with my business an ex-major in the army, a member of an ancient family, and a man, too, of unimpeachable character. He is poor, but he dresses well, has beautiful white hair, and looks the kindly father to perfection. I introduce him to the bride and bridegroom, and he, for a moderate fee, gives the former away. Sometimes he takes the whole arrangements of a breakfast and so on upon himself, and he is a fine speaker on occasion. He is always a welcome guest with these people afterward."

A man with an unusual idea of hospitality was Mr. Mathew, of Thomaston, Ireland, who lived in the earlier years of the last century. Mr. Mathew inherited an annual income of about one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. For many years he lived abroad in a very frugal manner in order to accumulate an amount that would enable him to indulge in a form of hospitality in his own country in harmony with the plan he had devised. His house in Ireland might be compared in size with a modern hotel. Each of those he wanted to visit him had a suite of apartments and ordered his meals at the hour that best suited him. He could eat alone or he could invite others to join him. All the visitors hunted, shot, fished, played billiards or cards at will, and all brought their own horses. There was a regular bar where drinks were served without stint. Mr. Mathew as host completely effaced himself. He mingled with his visitors as one whose stay was as definitely fixed as theirs. In fact, he conducted his house as if it were a hotel, with the exception that all was without charge. No servant was allowed to accept a tip. Violation of this rule was followed by the instant dismissal of the offender. This establishment, unlike other country-houses of Ireland of the period, was conducted with perfect order and method and without waste. His hospitality was lavish, and attracted to Mr. Mathew all of the more famous men of the time. The great sum that he had put aside during his residence abroad enabled him to indulge his hospitable instincts until he died.

The class of '97 bids fair to be enshrined among the traditions of Vassar by the nickname of "Pantalets." They had an awful good time in the "gym" on commencement day. No man was admitted within the sacred precincts. The "closing exercises of class '97" were the topics of conversation for weeks before the event. From the first it was determined it should be a circus, complete in every detail. Then it was decided that all the class should appear in the dress of little girls of the last century, with pantalets coming below the skirts. This idea developed into the feature of the show. Each classwoman had exercised her individual taste in the matter, and some were guided by the dictates of their pocket-books. Those to whom the "closing exercises" seemed an occasion worthy of the best and most expensive consideration, appeared with creations of finest white mulle, belaced and embroidered, between the extremities of their meagre skirts and the tops of their pointed little shoes. The audience

seated itself in the most circus-like manner, and the pretty peddlers, also in pantalets, cried out their fresh, hot roasted peanuts and pink lemonade. These peddlers finally gathered a group of their favorites about them and consumed all their wares. Back went the curtain, and the grand triumphal entry began, headed by the tortoise-shell comb band and three drummers. There was a comely elephant, not so very wabbly, whose hide was sewed by the fair hands of the class. Then came the trapeze artists, the tumblers, vaulters, clowns, and the ring-master. She had her ash-blond hair braided and thrust inside the rolling collar of her scarlet hunting-coat. Her silk hat was pinned securely to her coiffure at a staggering angle, and her top-boots were the shiniest and daintiest boots one could meet in a day's march. The tumbling, trapeze-work, pole-vaulting, and other numbers were gone through with in a manner that puts them above criticism. It was all very gay and delirious, and the fun wound up with a cake-walk.

The hike in Germany is giving place to the foil. The fencing-school of Berlin is crowded by the ladies of high life, and the wife of the university fencing-master is there to show them how it is done. Frau Teege, the lady professor of the new movement, has already given her proofs: she has a scar on the chin to the good and two front teeth to the bad—wounds inflicted in lawful combat by her lord and fencing-master. Fencing has entered all the American and English boarding-schools which ladies frequent in the Fatherland, but here the foil, like an instrument of torture used in earlier days yclept the hack-board, if it is painful, is also educational, and *il faut souffrir pour être belle*. It is different when we find that some ladies of the highest rank have discarded the foil for the broadsword and the sabre, and that after a series of lessons in the use of the Spanish dirk, "they would be in a position to advance upon any gentleman who may incommode them." The court ladies, it seems, still hold aloof, for the empress is a friend to riding, but not to the new sports. But as we have the lady student and the fencing, who shall say there may not be, in the fullness of time, the ladies' corps and ladies' dueling in German universities?

The luxurious nature of the cosmetics, perfumes, and unguents which were used by Old-World beauties almost baffles description—milk baths, strawberry-juice baths, and even wine baths were very much used. Diane de Poitiers, whose beauty was of world-wide celebrity, and who at the age of sixty still subjugated and charmed to the verge of insanity a king twenty-five years her junior, was a great lover of hydrotherapy. Massage was (according to a writer in *Vogue*) invented by her. She loved cold water mixed with an extract of elder blossoms, and she had had a large silver tank constructed wherein she splashed about immediately after awakening for fifteen minutes every morning. She fed exclusively on a small quantity of cold meats, cold vegetables, and fruit, and drank nothing else but old claret diluted with water. Very possibly this strict regimen accounts for her extraordinary preservation, for it is claimed by historians that Ninon de l'Enclos's wonderfully preserved youth was due to the same observation of the rules of hygiene. The ladies of the court of Catharine de Medicis were also extremely careful, both as regards their toilet and their diet; and in the scripts of the time uncleanness is cited as the most shocking and most ill-bred of all defects. Mme. de Maintenon, whose power and influence over the greatest king of France was so extraordinary and lasted so long, wrote that, while she was as yet a woman of small means, her only luxury consisted in the extreme cleanliness and daintiness of her person and of her *dessous*, for she claimed that a woman's charm does not lie alone in physical beauty or richness of costume, but in the minute care which she takes of her person and of the clothes which are not to be seen. Her plain black woolen dresses were almost rigid and puritanical, but her *lingerie* was the very perfection of fineness and spotless purity.

Very mistaken ideas seem to prevail in America with regard to the evening-dress that ought to be worn by ladies at evening entertainments at which prelates and priests of the Roman Catholic Church are present. Many fondly imagine that a high-necked dress is *de rigueur* on such occasions and *décolletage* out of the question. This is all wrong. At Rome, in the salons of the patricians frequented by cardinals and prelates, and likewise at receptions and dinners given by the cardinals, all the great ladies wear low dresses—that is to say, what at court in the Old World is regarded as "full dress"—and the same rule prevails at Paris, Vienna, Madrid, Munich, and Lisbon whenever diplomatic entertainments are given by the Papal nuncio, who is always an archbishop. Pope Benedict the Fourteenth used to lay great stress on ladies being in this kind of full dress at entertainments given by church dignitaries, and Pope Leo the Thirteenth does not hesitate to express analogous views.

In France, and often in England, it is no uncommon thing for an old lady to adopt a costume which suits her, and which is more or less individual, and wear it altogether, without any attempt to follow the changing fashions. There is something incongruous and rather undignified in age adopting every latest

freak of the mode, and yet in this country especially old women are as keen about the latest cut for a new gown as the youngest and fairest. On the other hand, however, there is no need that age should be unlovely, and it may be even picturesque without loss of dignity. The typical old French marquise, with her train, her high-heeled slippers, her stick, and white hair rolled over a cushion, is always a charming conception, whether in a book, a play, or in real life. A widow who is a widow indeed, with her simple and distinctive cape and plain, black gown, is always attractive. There is a beautiful old lady belonging to a family of social prominence who in the summer wears white altogether, and nothing could be lovelier than her perfectly white hair, her still pretty pink cheeks, and the folds of snowy muslin around her neck, which she invariably wears with her black or gray gowns in winter and her white gowns in summer. This, however, would not suit every one. Dead white is too trying for most people, and black is sometimes too harsh, but there are soft, neutral tints in abundance to choose from, and costumes that might, if adopted, make the old as picturesquely beautiful. These styles are not taken from fashion-plates, nor are they the suggestions of a fashionable dressmaker, but are obtained from old prints, or from the advice of artists, most of whom find age more beautiful and interesting to paint than youth, and who would recoil in horror from the up-to-date old lady clad in the latest French fashions.

Uncertainty.

Now that again the nearing sun slants warm each southern slope on,
Belinda, of a sudden, leaves the noisy town behind,
And slowly fares across the fields (with rubbers, let us hope, on),
While shadows on her forehead tell of something on her mind.
What is it in the spring-time drives a maid to meditation?
What brings her out to tramp the fields in chosen solitude?
Some matter of finance? or faith, or heart, or station?
It must be what would all these four and most things else include.
Oh, what is man, Belinda dear, that you are mindful of him?
Careds of fortune, can it be there's anything you lack?
Ay, there's the rub! so much to lose—so great a risk to love him!
And yet, who dares not love may miss what never may come back!
Take heed, Belinda! Life is long enough to discipline him.
Be sure he's straight, as humans go, and sound, and sane, and true;
Be sure he has withal the saving streak of iron in him
To make him deaf when sirens sing, and calm when notes fall due!
Wise choice to you, Belinda! Man's no easy thing to measure,
For now and then he justifies the shape he's molded in;
And then again he doesn't; still, an able woman's leisure
May find worse use than steering him, and helping him to win.—E. S. Martin in *June Harper's*.

John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, has purchased the cottage at Cape May Point which he and others presented to Mrs. Benjamin Harrison during the Harrison administration. The cottage is being repaired and made ready for occupancy.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mexicans are not very fond of Spaniards, and jokes are constantly cropping up in Mexico illustrative of the arrogance of the Spanish character. One now current in Mexico runs as follows: A Spaniard arrived at Vera Cruz and stepped ashore just as an earthquake occurred. Putting on a benign smile, he said: "Tremble not, Earth, I am not going to harm thee."

A man had been up for an examination in Scripture, had failed utterly, and the relations between him and the examiner had become somewhat strained. The latter asked him if there were any text in the whole Bible he could quote. He pondered, and then repeated: "And Judas went out and hanged himself." "Is there any other verse you know in the whole Bible?" the examiner asked. "Yes. 'Go thou and do likewise.'" There was a solemn pause, and the proceedings terminated.

A gentleman had left his corner seat in an already crowded railway car to go in search of something to eat, leaving a rug to reserve his seat. On returning he found that, in spite of the rug and the protests of his fellow-passengers, the seat had been usurped by one in lady's garments. To his protestations her lofty reply was: "Do you know, sir, that I am one of the director's wives!" "Madam," he replied, "were you the director's only wife, I should still protest."

David Hartley, member of Parliament for Hull in 1779, was called "the dinner-bell," because his rising had a similar effect in emptying the House. One day, when he had wearied everybody out, he moved that the riot act should be read, as a document to prove some assertion. Burke, who had been bursing with impatience for hours, bounced up, exclaiming: "The riot act, my dear friend! to what purpose? Don't you perceive that the mob has already quietly dispersed?" But the sarcasm was utterly thrown away.

There is a certain passage for the double-basses in one of Beethoven's scores which was at one time believed to be almost impossible of execution. Habeneck once conducted a performance of this work in Paris, and gave the passage in question to the cellos. Berlioz, who was a devout worshiper of Beethoven, met Habeneck soon after, and asked him when he meant to give the passage as Beethoven intended it to be given. "Never as long as I live," said Habeneck. "Well, we'll wait," replied Berlioz; "don't let it be long."

"When I was out West," says a business man quoted in *Hardware*, "a young man registered at the hotel and proceeded to make things lively. The first night he played poker with the landlord and cleaned him out; the next night he came home drunk and whipped the cakman; the third night he went up and down the halls singing at the top of his voice and daring the chambermaids to come out and embrace him. In the morning they asked for the key of his room and gave him his bill. He looked it over, and then said, with surprised pathos, 'Don't you make any discount to ministers?'"

In the court of sessions, in Scotland, the judges who do not attend, or give a proper excuse for their absence, are, by law, liable to a fine. This law, however, is never enforced; but it is common, on the first day of the session, for the absentee to send an excuse to the lord president. Lord Stonefield having sent such an excuse, on the president mentioning it, the late Lord Justice Clerk Braxfield said, in his broad dialect: "What excuse can a stout fellow like him hae?" "My lord," said the president, "he has lost his wife." The justice, who was fitted with a Xanippe, replied: "Has he? That is a gude excuse indeed; I wish we had a' the same."

In the daily dry-as-dust of the Fair will case, there is little of humor, despite the desperate exertions of the penny-liners to make it seem so. But over the desert ways of witnesses and testimony there flashed, the other day, some legal lightning which was not unamusing. Attorney Wheeler was objecting. Attorney Wheeler generally is. "The whole *mise-en-scène* in Mr. Wheeler's office is unnecessary," said Mitchell: "I move to strike out that *mise-en-scène*." "What is that?" said Attorney Delmas, with an air of extreme curiosity. "French," replied Attorney Mitchell; "I thought you were familiar with the language." "I am," replied Attorney Delmas; "it was the pronunciation I was not familiar with."

The students of one of our well-known colleges for women are accustomed to do their shopping in town through the medium of a certain John, who, lacking intellectual gifts, has a faculty for doing errands. John writes down his orders himself. One day his list closed with: "Tub rod madder 1," "choe cream 1p," "git a string." John pondered: "Get it where? What kind? Who had ordered it? Was it for an eye-glass, picture-cord, corset-lacing?" He couldn't remember and went back without any. But the moment he saw Jenny Peters tuning her

guitar at the window, and heard her call out, "Oh, John, did you do my errand?" he remembered all about it, and said to himself: "There now, why couldn't I 'a' thought of her gita' string—and written out so plain, too!"

Brahms was a hearty eater, and particularly fond of Italian cookery. One day he and Dr. Billroth, the eminent Austrian surgeon, visited Herr Wichmann in Rome and were invited to a breakfast *alla romana*. The host's cook, Mnra, did her prettiest, and the wine supplemented her efforts. "That's the wine that Horace drank!" said Dr. Billroth, enthusiastically. Brahms's thoughts were on the viands he had just enjoyed. In jovial humor he raised the question whether it was not his duty to take back with him to Germany a wife who could provide so admirable a meal as Mnra. Finally Wichmann, with mock seriousness, presented himself to Mnra as a suitor for her hand in behalf of a great German artist. "Moreover, he is a musician," he explained, "and you surely are fond of music, for you sing about the house all day. What say you?" Mnra's answer was classic. She looked at Wichmann, then at Brahms from top to toe, and, with an energetic gesture, replied: "Sono romana, nata al Ponte Rotto, dove sta il tempio di Vesta, non sposero mai un barbaro!" ("I am a Roman, born near the Ponte Rotto, where the Temple of Vesta stands—I never will marry a barbarian!")

Neander, the great professor and historian of the Christian Church of the Berlin University, was accustomed, when lecturing, to stand behind a curious, high desk, with an open frame-work, and with holes and pegs for letting it up and down. His costume was a very long coat, coming down to the tops of his great jack-boots, and with a collar which reached almost as high as his head as he bent over his desk, and with arms extended forward, twirled in his fingers a quill pen. If this quill dropped, there was a hiatus in the lecture until some one would pick it up and place it in his hands, and then the wonderful flow of learned discourse would proceed. It is said that when Neander went to Berlin, he happened, in going from his home to the university for the first time, to be with a friend who, for the sake of some errand, took a most circuitous route; Neander pursued this round-about course for years, and only by accident discovered that there was a shorter way. On one occasion, being jostled on a crowded sidewalk, in order to pass by the crowd, he stepped off into the gutter with one foot, keeping the other foot on the kerb-stone. When the crowd was passed, he continued absent-mindedly to walk on in this curious fashion, and when he reached home he complained of being fatigued from the disordered condition of the streets. An acquaintance, who had followed him, was able to explain his fatigue.

An Inquiring Wheelman.

This letter, published by the *American Field*, is said to be an order sent by a Kansas man to a bicycle company:

"DEAR SIR: I live on mi farm near Hamilton, Kan., am 57 years old and just a little sporta. My neffew in Indiana bot hisself a new bisicle and sent me his old one by frate, and ive learned to ride sune. Its a pile of fun, but my bisicle joits considerable. A feller come along yesterday with a bisicle that had bollow injun robber tires stuffed with wind. He let me try hissen and mi, it run like a kushin! He told me you sell injun robber just the same as hissen. How much will it be to fix mine up like hissen? Mine is all iron wheels. Do you punch the hollow hole threw the injun robber, or will I have to do it myself? How do you stick the ends together after you got it done? If your injun robber is already holler, will it come any cheaper empty? I can get all the wind I want out here in Kansas free."

EERNEEZEY V. JENSON.

"P.S.—How much do you charge for the doodad you stuff the wind into the robber with, and where do you start?"

"Two of the bravest acts ever done, but probably unrecorded, were these," writes Andrew Lang: "We were trying to blow up a gate, in the Indian mutiny, and the fuse failed. A young Scottish officer was smoking a cheroot. He strolled up and put the lighted end of the cheroot into the powder. He was blown up, fell into a ditch, and survives, but not to tell the tale. The other event was in civil life. A boat full of ladies and officers, going to a picnic, was swamped in crossing an Indian river. A lady and an officer clung to an oar. 'It is not enough for two,' said the man, 'say good-bye for me to the regiment.' Then he left his hold of the oar and of life. It is easy to see that a romance might be founded on this, but these are the plain facts."

"A Bundle of Nerves."

This term is often applied to people whose nerves are abnormally sensitive. They should strengthen them with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. After a course of that benign tonic, they will cease to be conscious that they have nervous systems, except through agreeable sensations. It will enable them to eat, sleep, and digest well, the three *media* for increasing tone and vigor in the nerves, in common with the rest of the system. The mental worry begotten by nervous dyspepsia will also disappear.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Time Wasted.
I kissed her first. Then for one more
Persistently I plead,
Until at last the maiden spoke:
"You talk too much!" she said.—Puck.

March of the Sweet Girl Graduates.

They are coming, men and brethren,
Many hundred thousand strong;
They are pouring forth an army
Exceeding wide and long.
They are smiling, they are nodding,
And their plumes are waving high,
As each maiden lifts her banner
To the glorious shining sky.

They are full of mighty wisdom,
And the world their oyster is;
They have huddled on the armor,
And are ready now for hizz.
And the one nice way to stop them
In their stalwart, onward stride
Is to woo them and to win them,
And to make each one a bride!

—New York Sun.

A Boston Lullaby.

Doff thy new spectacles,
Peregrine, darling one;
Minds are but obstacles
When work is overdue.
Lullaby, hushaby, slumber thou festinate,
Hushaby, lullaby, never procrastinate.

Lay down thy Ihsen, dear,
Browning and Emerson;
Sealed he thy cultured ear
Save to my benison.

Lullaby, hushaby, cherish obedience,
Hushaby, lullaby, captivate somnolence.

Dream thou of Lohengrin,
Siegfried, Brünnhilde fair;

Banish, my Peregrine,
Thoughts of the Pilgrims spare.

Lullaby, hushaby, sleep, dear, till night is done,
Hushaby, lullaby, mother's phenomenon.

—Life.

A Bike Ballad.

Oh, there's sulphur in the kitchen
And there's brimstone in the hall,
While oaths, loud and portentous,
Ricochet from every wall;
The women walk on tiptoe
Lest they feel effects of ire,
For father is attempting
To repair a punctured tire!

Oh, the baby's gone to gasping
And each breath seems like its last,
For it's swallowed half the stickum
And its insides are gined fast;
Little Johnny's lost the rubber
In his wish to help the sire
In his wild, misspent endeavor
To repair a punctured tire!

Oh, the gasoline for cleaning
Has exploded with a flash,
And the tub, for tracing hubbles,
Has tipped over with a splash;
Hush! 'Tis finished! Now he's pumping—
"Failed to stick!" and through the mire
To the puncture man goes father
With his still deflated tire.

—Chicago Record.



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Humboldt Bay, Steamer *Pomona*, at 2 P. M., July 5, 9, 13,
17, 21, 25, 30, Aug. 3, 7, 11, 15, 20, 24, 28, Sept. 1, 5, 9, 13,
17, 21, 25. For Newport, Los Angeles, and way ports, at
9 A. M., July 1, 5, 9, 13, 17, 21, 25, 29, and every fourth day
thereafter. For San Diego, stopping only at Port Harford,
Santa Barbara, Port Los Angeles, Redondo (Los Angeles),
and Newport, at 11 A. M., July 3, 7, 11, 15, 19, 23, 27, 31,
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SOCIETY.

The Grant-Macleay Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Edith Macleay and Mr. Joseph D. Grant took place at the First Presbyterian Church in Portland, Or., last Wednesday. The bride is the second daughter of Mr. Donald Macleay, a retired merchant of Portland, Or., who was formerly a member of the old firm of Corbett & Macleay. She was born in Portland, but was educated and has passed much of her life in England. She is a handsome young lady, is popular in society circles, and is prominently identified with charitable work. The groom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, of this city, both of whom went to Portland to attend the wedding. He is prominent in society, club, and mercantile circles here. He was until recently president of the Burlingame Club, and is also a member of the Pacific-Union, University, Bohemian, and Country Clubs of this coast, a director of the San Francisco Art Association, and a member of the Union Club, of New York city.

Only relatives and a few intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed at half-past twelve o'clock by Rev. Dr. Edgar P. Hill. The church was handsomely decorated with palms, ferns, and cordons of smilax and La France roses. The bride, who was given into the keeping of the groom by her father, wore a robe of white satin draped with white chiffon. Her sister, Miss Mabel Macleay, was the maid of honor and was gowned in white organdie, trimmed with pink ribbons. She wore a Leghorn hat with pink flowers.

After the ceremony the bridal party left for Mr. Macleay's residence, where a breakfast was enjoyed. The bride received many elegant presents. Mr. and Mrs. Grant left in the afternoon for New York city, and will sail from there next Wednesday for England on the steamship *Majestic*, of the White Star Line. They will visit the Continent and make a bicycle tour of Brittany. They expect to return here in October to occupy their home at Burlingame.

The Knowles-Coleman Wedding.

Miss Jessie Coleman and Mr. Harry J. Knowles were united in marriage last Wednesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Julia M. Coleman, 754 Eighth Street, in Oakland. The bride is the daughter of the late John W. Coleman, and the groom is the son of Mrs. M. E. Knowles and the late Captain J. N. Knowles, of Oakland.

White and green were the predominating colors in the beautiful decoration of the Coleman residence, where, at five o'clock, the marriage ceremony was impressively performed by Rev. J. K. McLean, D. D., of the Pacific Theological Seminary. Only relatives and a limited number of intimate friends were present.

The bride wore an elegant robe of white satin, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and carried a bouquet of white carnations. Miss Elsie Donaldson, of Philadelphia, was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were her two cousins, Miss Corde Smith, of Marysville, and Miss Edna Dickens, of San Francisco. These three attendants wore gowns of white swiss and carried pink carnations. Mr. Thomas Knowles, the groom's brother, acted as best man. After the ceremony and congratulations a dinner was served, and the evening passed very pleasantly. Mr. and Mrs. Knowles went north on their wedding trip, and will reside in Oakland when they return. The gifts were numerous and costly.

The Bridge-Smith Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Adelaide Smith and Mr. Arthur F. Bridge took place last Monday evening at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Smith, 427 Ellis Street. Rev. William Ingraham Kip, of the Good Samaritan Mission, officiated. The bride has been associated with the mission ever since her return from Europe. A supper was enjoyed after the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Bridge left on Tuesday to make a tour of

Southern California. When they return they will pass the summer at Belvedere.

Queen Victoria's Jubilee.

The celebration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee by loyal Britons here was marked by several enjoyable events, all of which were successfully carried out. Under the auspices of the British Benevolent Society, the St. Andrew's Society, the Thistle Club, the Cambrian Mutual Aid Society, and the Order of Scottish Clans, a festival was held at the Chutes last Saturday afternoon and evening, and the Sons of St. George celebrated at the same place on Monday afternoon and evening. On both occasions there were appropriate literary and musical exercises, terminating with dancing and fireworks in the evening. On Sunday there were special religious exercises in some of the churches, and a choral festival was given that afternoon at Metropolitan Hall.

The celebration terminated on Monday evening with a banquet at the Palace Hotel, which proved to be a particularly delightful affair. The spacious banquet hall was tastefully decorated under the supervision of Mr. Anadée Joulain, and about two hundred gentlemen were at the festival board. Consul-General J. W. Warburton was chairman of the evening, Mr. William Greer Harrison was the toastmaster, Mr. Donald de V. Graham the vocalist, and Mr. H. J. Stewart the musical director.

Consul-General Warburton introduced Mr. William Greer Harrison, who proposed the health of Queen Victoria and then that of President McKinley. Afterward Mr. Graham sang the English national anthem and Mr. Frank Coffin sang "The Star-Spangled Banner." Then the following toasts, responses, and musical numbers were enjoyed:

Toast, "The Queen," General W. H. L. Barnes; melody of British songs, Mr. Robert Park, Mr. G. St. J. Bremner, Mr. J. C. Fyfe, and Mr. Robert Blair; toast, "The Victorian Era," Rabbi Jacob Voorsanger; song, "All Hail the Glorious Reign," Mr. Donald de V. Graham; toast, "The Woman Victoria," Mr. Horace G. Platt; song, "The Gallants of England," Mr. Thomas Rickard; toast, "The Land We Live In," Mr. Robert Balfour; poem, "Victoria," Mr. Lucius H. Foote; toast, "The State of California," Mr. W. H. Hart; song, "Angus Macdonald," Mr. Frank Coffin; toast, "The City of San Francisco," Mr. Irving M. Scott; toast, "The Press," Mr. Arthur H. Barendt; toast, "Our Cousins Beyond the Sea," Mr. H. E. Highton; toast, "Our City," Mr. William Sanford Barnes; poem, "Victoria, Empress, Queen," Professor Knowlton.

Among the many present were the following:

Consul-General J. W. Warburton, Brigadier-General W. R. Shafter, U. S. A., General R. H. Warfield, N. G. C., Judge John Hunt, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Lucius H. Foote, Mr. George T. Bromley, General W. H. L. Barnes, Mr. William Sanford Barnes, Mr. Irving M. Scott, Mr. Henry E. Highton, Mr. Thomas T. Williams, Chief I. W. Lees, Rev. W. W. Bolton, Mr. Frank D. Brandon, Dr. W. F. McNutt, Mr. W. H. Hart, Mr. J. Eppinger, Mr. Henry Gray, Mr. George T. Marsh, Mr. James McNab, Mr. John McLaren, Dr. C. Max Richter, Mr. Henry Lund, Mr. Wilfrid B. Chapman, Mr. William Dosey, Rabbi M. S. Levy, Rabbi Jacob Nieto, Rabbi Jacob Voorsanger, Mr. William M. Bunker, Mr. Hugh Craig, Rev. J. Fell, Mr. Robert Balfour, Hon. W. W. Morrow, Vice-Consul W. Moore, Mr. Percy Beamish, Mr. Stewart Menzies, Mr. D. J. Staples, Dr. J. H. Stallard, Mr. N. T. James, Mr. A. H. Barendt, Mr. John Valentine, Mr. John D. Maxwell, Mr. William Landers, Colonel William Macdonald, N. G. C., Mr. William Babcock, Colonel Trevelyan, Mr. Robert Dickson, Mr. Colin M. Boyd, Mr. F. W. Dickson, Mr. George Buckingham, Mr. J. C. Bigelow, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. Frederick Yates, Mr. H. H. Smith, Dr. George Chismore, Mr. T. C. Rickard, Mr. Amadée Joulain, Mr. A. C. Laton, Mr. R. P. Rithet, Mr. H. J. Stewart, Mr. George de Golia, Mr. George Dornin, Mr. John L. Howard, Professor E. Knowlton, Mr. John Scott Wilson, Mr. R. Duncan, Mr. Robert Bruce, Mr. J. Theobald, Mr. Bernard Faymonville, Mr. G. W. Spencer, Mr. Thomas Archer, Mr. G. D. Fahnestock, Mr. H. R. Elden, Mr. J. G. Watson, Mr. Charles F. Mullins, Mr. Norman McLaren, Mr. C. F. Winans, Mr. J. A. Wallace, Mr. M. Godley, Mr. George A. Crux, Captain A. Fane Wainwright, Mr. John Shirley, Mr. H. L. Smith, Mr. John I. Sabin, Mr. Percy Rothwell, Mr. John R. Sexton, Mr. William Wilberforce, Mr. Julius Bandman, Mr. William Greer Harrison, Mr. James Horsburgh, Mr. T. T. Macdonald, and Mr. Andrew Wilkie.

San Rafael Hunt Club.

The San Rafael Hunt Club will resume its paper-chase hunts at three o'clock this afternoon, starting from the Hotel Rafael. There will be a dance at the hotel in the evening. There will be a series of twelve hunts in all, to be given each succeeding Saturday, with the exception of July 3d, when the tennis tournament at the Hotel Rafael will take place. Entries are now being made for the tournament, which gives promise of being very interesting. It will be for the gentlemen's singles championship of the Pacific Coast, and will be held on July 2d, 3d, and 5th. The winner will be called upon to play Mr. Samuel Hardy, the present champion. Some handsome trophies will be awarded.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Laura Leigh Gashwiler and Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge will take place on Monday, August 2d, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. John H. Gashwiler, on Central Avenue. It will be quietly celebrated. They will reside at the Palace Hotel after their wedding-trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lange have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Agnes Ruth Lange, to Major Lewis Smith, U. S. A.

Dr. and Mrs. Morton Grinnell (formerly Miss Jennie Catherwood) will sail from Southampton to-day for New York on the steamship *St. Paul*, of the American Line, after an interesting and pleasant tour

of Europe. While in London they were at the Hotel Albemarle with Colonel and Mrs. Baldwin and viewed the queen's jubilee pageant from the drawing-rooms of the latter on the first floor. They also enjoyed the hospitality of Mrs. John W. Mackay at a quiet dinner at her home. Mrs. Mackay also gave them the use of her box at the opera on the jubilee night when "Lohengrin" was produced and the theatre was thronged with royalty. Mrs. Mackay did not attend, as she is still in retirement owing to the recent death of her son. Dr. and Mrs. Grinnell also visited Prince and Princess Hatzfeldt, *nee* Huntington, at Drageot, Gerne, Chiffenham, the country-place of the Earl of Craileys. Upon their return to New York they will go direct to Audubon Park and later on will remodel the old Grinnell homestead at Milford, Conn., which the family has owned for the past fifty years. They will then reside there.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding gave a theatre-party last Monday evening at the Baldwin in honor of Miss Kate Thornton Salisbury. After witnessing "The Prisoner of Zenda," a supper was enjoyed at the University Club. The others in the party were Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Miss Kip, Miss Estelle Kane, Miss Pierce, Mr. Samuel H. Boardman, Mr. Albert Russell, Mr. George Lewis, Mr. Wright, and Mr. Keyes.

Mrs. George E. Morse gave a pleasant lunch-party at the University Club last Thursday in honor of Mrs. Fischer, of Seattle, Wash. The ladies invited to meet her were Mrs. Campbell, Miss Robbins, Miss Davis, Miss Jackson, Miss Sadler, and Miss Prindle.

An *Argonaut* reader in Mexico sends us the following anecdote, which will interest people familiar with the Spanish tongue. It is a sort of combination of the "House that Jack Built" with the *reductio ad absurdum* theory. The story is told of a "ranchero," which is about synonymous with our "hayseed," or "farmer," in the opprobrious sense. A *ranchero* riding along the road, meets a stranger. The latter salutes him with "Buenos dias, amigo mio," and passes on. "Mio" is slightly superfluous under these circumstances. It is as who should say, meeting a stranger on a country road, "Good morning, Cap." To say "good morning" is admissible, but the addition of "Cap" would render such a greeting slightly flippant. So with a Mexican *ranchero*. The "mio" to him is slightly superfluous, and he proceeds to ponder upon it to discover its hidden meaning:

"Mio! Mio! Mio! quiere decir gato. Gato come rata. Rata come queso. Queso esta hecho de leche. Leche sale de la vaca. La vaca tiene cuernos. Me quisio llamar cabron!"

It is impossible to translate the foregoing, owing to its cunning use of the pronoun "mio," which, rapidly pronounced, sounds not unlike the "meow" of a cat, which starts the ratiocination in the farmer's mind leading to the opprobrious epithet "cabron."

El Campo's attractions grow more and more upon the public, and greater crowds each week attest the popularity of this convenient, delightful bay-side retreat. The aquatic sports last Sunday were very much enjoyed. The big steamer *Ukiah* makes frequent runs to El Campo.

Monograms, Crests, and Coats-of-Arms. Steel and copper-plate engraving of every description of the highest standard—at Cooper & Co.'s, Art Stationers, 746 Market Street.

—TO-DAY, SATURDAY, JUNE 26TH, Miss Marion Holden gives a Field-Sketch Exhibition, between the hours of two and six, at the Sketch Club rooms, 609 Sacramento Street.

—FOR HIGH-GRADE DIAMOND-JEWELRY, GO TO Hirschman's, 10 Post Street (Masonic Temple).

—GENTLEMEN'S FULL-DRESS SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER. J. W. Carmany, 25 Kearny Street.

Dividend Notices.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb.—For the half-year ending with the 30th of June, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and two-tenths (4.2) per cent. on term deposits and three and five-tenths (3.5) per cent. on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1st, 1897. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN Francisco, 33 Post Street.—For the half-year ending June 30th, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on term deposits and three and one-third (3.33) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1st, 1897. GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN Society, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending June 30th, 1897, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and twenty-hundredths (4.20) per cent. per annum on term deposits and three and fifty-hundredths (3.50) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Thursday, July 1st, 1897. GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 222 MONT- gomery Street, Mills Building.—Dividends on term deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of three and one third (3 1/3) per cent. per annum for the half-year ending June 30, 1897, will be payable, free of taxes, on and after July 1, 1897. S. L. ABBOT, Jr., Secretary.



Don't go to the country without a cake of Dr. Hepburn's SKIN SOAP. Keeps the skin perfect. 25 cents a cake, at Greenbaum's, 128 Post St.

Hotel Rafael

SAN RAFAEL, CAL.

The Society Resort Winter and Summer of the Pacific Coast.

50 MINUTES FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

Average winter temperature 64 degrees. The State Statistics prove the climate to be the healthiest on the Pacific Coast.

IT WILL GIVE IMMEDIATE RELIEF TO THE WORST CASE OF ASTHMA.

The management is personally supervised by General Warfield, of the California Hotel, San Francisco.

R. H. WARFIELD CO., (Incorporated) Proprietor.

THE HOTEL RICHELIEU

N. E. Cor. Van Ness and Myrtle Avenues.

The Principal and Finest Family Hotel of San Francisco
HOTEL RICHELIEU CO.

HOTEL BELLA VISTA

1001 PINE STREET.

THE PIONEER FIRST-CLASS FAMILY HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. A. F. TRACY.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL

NEWLY REFITTED WITH ALL THE LATEST MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MAJOR WILLIAM B. HOOPER, Lessee
San Francisco, Cal.

THE WENBAN

N. W. cor. of Sutter and Mason Sts.

First-class family hotel; single rooms and elegant suites, each provided with private baths. Superior table.
CAROLINE BLITZ, Proprietress.

THE WESTMINSTER

614 SUTTER STREET.

First-class Family Hotel.

HOTEL VENDOME

SAN JOSE, CAL.

This beautiful hotel is in the "Garden City"—itself in the centre of a beautiful park—lawn, flowers, shade, rest—affording every comfort and enjoyment. For rates, illustrated souvenir, etc., address
GEO. P. SNELL, Manager.

THE LENOX

628 SUTTER STREET.
First-class quiet Family Hotel.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant sail for Europe June 30th on the White Star steamer *Majestic*.
Mrs. Lily H. Coit and her mother, Mrs. Hitchcock, arrived in New York city last Tuesday and will sail from there for Europe next week on the steamship *Fuerst Bismarck*.

Mrs. A. L. Holt has gone to Cloverdale for the summer.
Mrs. P. E. Bowles, of Oakland, is preparing for a summer voyage to Hawaii.

Mrs. J. E. Plater, of Los Angeles, is visiting here and will remain until about the middle of July.

Mr. A. Shilling has gone to the springs for a vacation.
Mr. J. Goldberg is in New York at the Madison Avenue Hotel.

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Miss Virginia Fair have decided not to come to the Pacific Coast this summer as they had intended. They have just arrived at Newport and are opening their house now for the season, which they will spend there.

Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker are at Newport.
Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dean and Miss Dean are at the Hotel Vendome for the summer.

Mr. D. O. Mills will spend the summer at Newport.
Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Osbourne and Miss Marjorie Ide, of Samoa, who went up to Lake Tahoe early in June, have decided to remain there until October.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith, now in New York, will go to Newport for the summer.
Mr. Harry Gillig sails from England to-day on the American liner *St. Paul*. He will rejoin Mrs. Gillig at Larchmont on the first of July.

Mr. George A. Newhall has moved to Burlingame for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Watson are expected home to-day from their trip through Oregon and Washington and excursion to Alaska.

Mr. James F. J. Archibald, Mrs. F. A. Archibald, and Miss Clara Y. Archibald have leased the residence at 3095 Jackson Street for July and August.

Mr. Alfred Gump is in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Wood and Mr. S. A. Wood, Jr., are making a few weeks' stay at the Hotel Vendome.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels have returned to their town house after a two weeks' rest and outing at their Aptos country residence.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond, now in London, have taken a house in Kent, and will spend the summer there.

Miss Alice Jones, daughter of Senator J. P. Jones, has graduated from Bryn Mawr, and is in Washington with her parents. They will go to Santa Monica in July for the summer.

Judge E. A. Belcher is about to leave for Glenwood to spend the summer vacation there.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Friedlander and Miss Amy Friedlander are guests at the Hotel Vendome.

Mr. Charles P. Eells and Mr. F. M. Michael spent a day on Mt. Tamalpais last week, and stopped at the tavern.

Mr. William F. Goad and Miss Goad have returned from a trip to Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, of Honolulu, have taken one of the Hotel Rafael cottages for the summer, and will go over there this week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Griffith visited Mt. Tamalpais and the tavern recently.

Professor R. E. Allardice, of Stanford University, registered at the California Hotel during the week.

Dr. and Mrs. Cooper and Miss Grace Clark sailed for Honolulu on June 24th on the Oceanic steamship *Marijosa*.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker have gone to Menlo Park for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. George Davis Boyd, Mrs. Kittle, Mrs. Esail Heathcote, Miss Bowie, Miss Friedlander, and Mr. N. G. Kittle visited the Tavern of Tamalpais last week.

Colonel Bernard Peyton and Miss Eugenie Peyton left Santa Cruz on Tuesday for a three months' visit to Berlin, Germany.

Miss Julia Redington was one of the late visitors to the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Gwin and Miss Mary Belle Gwin, who have been spending a week or more at the Castle Crags Hotel, will return to the city this week and then go to the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Mrs. C. O. Knowles and Miss Adams spent a day last week at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mrs. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy are spending the summer at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel and the Misses Borel ascended Mt. Tamalpais one day last week, and were guests at the tavern.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Green registered at the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Goodall have gone to Menlo Park for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson were among the week's guests at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Moulton and Mr. A. W. Moulton were among the week's visitors to the summit of Tamalpais.

Dr. and Mrs. A. O. Hazlehurst are passing the summer in Santa Mateo.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin and Mr. Peter D. Martin are making a brief visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. Herman Shainwald visited the Tavern of Tamalpais during the week.

Mr. Edgar D. Peixotto, who is now at Coronado Beach, will continue his stay there until after the Fourth of July.

Mrs. M. R. Lansing and Mrs. Helen R. Huse ascended Mt. Tamalpais last week, and were guests at the tavern.

Mayor James D. Phelan is enjoying a fortnight's rest at the springs.

Mr. J. B. Haggin will spend part of the summer at Narragansett Pier with his niece, Miss Voorhies.

Mr. George F. Whitney and Mr. R. N. Whitney are registered at the Hotel Rafael. They will participate in the coming tennis tournament there.

Mrs. J. A. Folger and Mr. Ernest Folger are at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall is a guest at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Miss Julia Crocker and Miss Brown are among the guests at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. Irvine and her sons, Mr. Cal. Byrne and Mr. J. W. Byrne, sail for Europe on June 30th on the White Star steamer *Majestic*.

Mrs. Homer S. King, Miss Genevieve King, and Mr. Frank B. King have returned from a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton is at her father's home, Delta Lodge, in Napa Valley.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee and Mr. W. F. Whittier are the

guests of Mr. and Mrs. Smith Brown at Delta Lodge, in Napa Valley.

Among the recent arrivals at the Hotel Rafael are: Mr. R. H. Beamer, of Woodland, Mr. E. P. Colgan, of Sacramento, Mr. C. Morehouse, of San Leandro, Mr. George L. Arnold, of Los Angeles, Colonel and Mrs. Greenleaf, Miss Edna Poulson, Mr. and Mrs. H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Johnson and son, Mrs. Alice Rix and son, Mr. T. J. Kelly, Mr. George S. Bradshaw, Mr. A. B. Bowen, Mr. Clarence R. Walters, Captain J. Ch. de Huibert and Miss Hubert, Mr. H. H. Ellis, Miss E. Harris, and Mr. H. C. Breeden, of San Francisco, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Haswell, of Oakland.

Among the week's arrivals at the California Hotel were Mrs. John L. Latham and Mrs. E. F. Day, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby Ogle, of London, Miss Selfridge, of Mission San José, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Senon, of Sacramento, Mr. and Mrs. L. Flagler, of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hall, of Chicago, Mr. L. C. Valentine, of Chicago, Mr. Andrew White, of St. Louis, and the Misses Humphreys, of Boston.

Among the week's arrivals at the Tavern of Tamalpais were: Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Runyon and Miss Runyon, Mr. Lovell White, Mr. A. Boardman, Mr. James Coffin, Mr. F. Deering, Mr. George W. Beaver, Mr. H. C. Campbell, Mr. Louis L. James, Mr. R. W. Davis, Mr. W. J. Trout, Mr. R. W. Hills and Mr. E. E. Hills, Mr. W. F. Hopkins, Mrs. A. K. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fretwell, Miss Asher, Mrs. A. E. Bulles, Mrs. Newton Talbot, Miss Atherton, Miss E. M. Cook, Miss Ida Chase Lee, Miss McCollum, Mrs. M. D. Marsh, Mr. and Mrs. Mills, Mrs. L. M. Cook, Mrs. H. E. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Burton, and Miss Lucia Little.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people who are known in San Francisco are appended:

Major and Mrs. John A. Darling, U. S. A., retired, will leave Madrone Villa, at Rutherford, on July 1st to pass a month at Castle Crag. Miss Ella Hastings and Miss Elizabeth Zane will join them there. Later on they will go to Del Monte.

Captain William H. Whiting, U. S. N., recently promoted from commander of the Puget Sound Naval Station, assumed command on Tuesday of the monitor *Monadnock*, relieving Captain George W. Sumner.

Captain George W. Sumner, U. S. N., relieved from command of the *Monadnock* on Tuesday and granted a month's leave of absence, has gone to Brooklyn, N. Y., where his family lives.

Second Lieutenant William M. Crofton, First Infantry, U. S. A., has creditably finished the course at the Infantry and Cavalry School at Fort Leavenworth. He will rejoin his proper station at any time before September 1st.

Ensign B. W. Wells, Jr., U. S. N., has been detached from the *Thetis* and ordered to the *Concord*.

Cadet Clarence Selby Kempf, U. S. N., recently graduated from Annapolis and assigned for further instruction to the *Oregon*, has been visiting at his home, in Oakland, since his return.

Lieutenant Delamere Skerrett, U. S. A., lately promoted and assigned to the First Infantry, arrived at the Occidental Hotel Thursday.

Lieutenant Milton F. Davis, U. S. A., who has been on leave visiting in the Southern countries and touring in Mexico, is a guest at the Hotel Rafael.

Ensign Richard S. Douglass, U. S. N., was among the week's arrivals at the Hotel Rafael.

Mrs. L. M. Fletcher and Miss I. T. Glennon have gone on a trip to Alaska. Miss Glennon is the sister of Lieutenant James H. Glennon, U. S. N.

Second Lieutenant James H. Reeves, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., having successfully finished the course of instruction at the Fort Leavenworth Infantry and Cavalry School, has been ordered to rejoin his regiment by September 1st.

Captain W. V. Richards, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been transferred from duty at Fort Sherman, Idaho, to Chicago.

Lieutenant George D. Moore, Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A., now in Danville, Ill., is going to Boston in a few days to spend a month or more, after which he will be attached to the Kemper School, Boonville, Mo.

Lieutenant Elmer W. Hubbard, Third Artillery, U. S. A., has been detailed as professor of military science at the University of Nevada at Reno.

Lieutenant Robert F. Lopez, U. S. N., has gone to San Mateo for the summer.

The Japanese man-of-war and training-ship *Hysei* arrived from Puget Sound on Tuesday night. She is commanded by Captain Uyenura. She will remain in port for two weeks, sailing hence for Honolulu.

The *Monadnock* and *Monterey* have gone to Portland to celebrate the Fourth of July there with the *Oregon*.

The *Camanche* starts on a seven days' cruise on July 3d.

Among the week's guests at the California Hotel were Lieutenant Lloyd England, U. S. A., Dr. R. Godfrey Broderick, U. S. N., Assistant Paymaster John Irwin, U. S. N., and Mrs. Irwin, Lieutenant J. M. Pickering, U. S. A., and Lieutenant J. T. Myers, U. S. M. C.

The Secretary of War has refused to permit three naval cadets to resign from the service. They are George Webber, of Arkansas, H. L. Collins, of Pennsylvania, and P. L. Pratt, of Illinois. These young men have just completed a four years' course at the academy, the last year being devoted to the engineering branch, and they desire to resign to enter into private business. Secretary Long learned that the engineering corps was in need of officers, and declined to accept the young men's resignations.

The ascent of Mt. Tamalpais is becoming more and more popular. It offers a welcome diversion because of its novelty and on account of the many other pleasures of the trip. The Tavern of Tamalpais, just under the summit, is open for the accommodation of guests and visitors.

The principle of the tubular boiler has been discovered in the ruins of Pompeii, where a number of bronze domestic boilers have been found with tubes inside, as in our most elaborate marine boilers. The tubes are made of bronze foil, bent and brazed or soldered.

The type-writer is not a modern invention, comparatively. The first one was patented in 1843 by Charles Thurber, a Massachusetts Yankee. It has taken more than half a century to bring the type-writer to its present state of usefulness.

Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York *Sun*, is confined to his home, ill. The family, however, expect him soon to get upon his feet again.

A Parisian Fable Up to Date.

Master Crow, accompanied by his Lady Friend, carefully propped up their nickel-plated bicycleettes against one of the fine trees of the Bois de Boulogne, and seated themselves beneath its umbrageous foliage. While enjoying the prospect, upon them came Master Fox.

"Give you good morning, Master Crow," quoth he, "and a fair morning to you, fair lady."

"Give you good morning," replied Master Crow and his Lady Friend.

"What a beautiful bicycleette you have there!" said Master Fox. "Can you ride it well?"

"In good sooth, I can," replied Master Crow, "and oftentimes I shall show you how fair and fetisely I do bike."

With that he deftly mounted his bicycleette and swiftly scorched away.

Being a bosom friend of Master Crow, Master Fox had, of course, a weakness for his friend's Lady Friend. He told her so, and, finding that she inclined to him a listening ear, he wrote this message upon a piece of paper, which he affixed to the bark of the tree beneath which they sat:

"Whoso listens to flattery, by flattery he shall be fooled. I have taken thy Lady Friend. [Signed] Fox."

In a few moments Master Crow scorched back, and found that his friend, his Lady Friend, and her bicycleette had all disappeared. He read the note, and laughed sardonically.

"Well, he is a jay," he remarked. "I have been trying to shake that girl for six months. This is a snap." And, smiling, he went into the Bar Américain and ordered a wiski cocktail.—*Englished for the Argonaut.*

Recently, to test the advantages, as assumed by many, of a nap after the dinner meal, Dr. Schule, of Fribourg, undertook a series of experiments on two normal subjects. In carrying out this purpose the contents of the stomach were carefully examined and analyzed a few hours after meals, some of the latter being followed by sleep and some not, the results indicating that such sleep weakens the stomach's movements, while the acidity of the gastric juice is increased; on the other hand, simple repose in a horizontal position stimulates the motion of the stomach without increasing the acidity of the gastric juice. Thus it is well to stretch one's self out for rest, but not for sleep, after a hearty meal, if the stomach is not too dilated or its juices very acid.

Some years ago, on one of the Prussian railways, a barrel which should have contained silver coin was found, on arrival at its destination, to have been emptied of its precious contents and filled with sand. Professor Ehrenberg, being consulted on the subject, sent for samples of sand from all the stations along the different lines of railway through which the specie had passed, and by means of his microscope identified the station from which the interpolated sand must have been taken. The station once fixed upon, it was not difficult to hit upon the culprit among the small number of employees on duty there.

Filial regard is not extinct in South London. A young man charged with hitting a woman over the head with a beef-bone, explained that she had been fighting from five o'clock in the morning till noon with his mother, and that he thought it time to stop it. A policeman testified that in the same street two women once fought all day long, stopping only for meals, till one went home and died. Her husband had looked on, calmly mending shoes, while the fight went on.

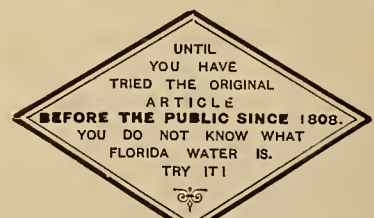
— WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS. MAGNIFICENT assortment to choose from at Art Store of S. & G. Gump, 113 Geary Street.

— WANTED—SECOND-HAND BICYCLE TRUNK. Address, with terms, "Bike," Box 17, Argonaut office.

After teething is finished, Steadman's Soothing Powders will be found useful to correct the minor disorders of children, up to ten years.

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MURRAY & LANMAN'S



REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

SALE OF THE HAWAIIAN HOTEL PREMISES HONOLULU, H. I.

ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1897, AT 12 O'CLOCK noon, at the front entrance of the Executive Building, Honolulu, will be sold, at public auction, the Hawaiian Hotel premises at Honolulu.

These premises are centrally located in the city, in the centre of the block bounded by and with entrance drives from hotel, Richards, Beretania, and Alakea Streets, and the grounds contain an area of 1 7/10th acres.

The buildings consist of the hotel proper, of two stories and basement; built of brick and concrete, with broad verandas at front and rear of each story.

The main building covers an area of 10,800 square feet, with Lanai or wing addition on one side 40x24 feet, and wooden addition on opposite wing for kitchen, 60x18 feet.

There are also four cottages on the premises, with ample provision for bath-rooms and closets.

The main building contains a spacious parlor, public and private dining-rooms, large billiard-hall and bar-room, and forty sleeping-rooms—the cottages contain about twenty additional sleeping-rooms. The main building cost a little over \$100,000 in 1874.

A water-tank, with capacity of 10,000 gallons, is placed on a tower at an elevation sufficient to give a good water pressure in second story of the main building. This tank is supplied from an artesian well on adjoining premises, owned by Dr. J. S. McGrew.

The buildings and grounds are thoroughly lighted with electric light.

Plans of the buildings and grounds can be seen at Hawaiian Consulate General, 206 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

Terms of sale are cash—in United States gold coin. Upset price, \$50,000.

In case there is no bidder to purchase the property at the above upset price, a lease of the same will immediately be offered for sale at an upset price of \$4,000 a year for a period of thirty years under the conditions set out in Act 7, Laws of 1896, and more particularly of Section 2 and 4 of said act, which reads as follows:

"Section 2. Every such lease shall contain a covenant on the part of the lessee that he shall, during the first four years of the term of the lease, cause to be erected upon the leased premises a fire-proof building of brick, stone, or metal in a workmanlike manner, satisfactory to the Minister of the Interior, at a cost of not less than fifty thousand dollars; and keep the same suitably insured at not less than two-thirds of its value for the benefit of the lessor; and shall keep the building in good repair during the remainder of the term of lease, reasonable use and wear thereof only excepted; and in case of damage or destruction of such building by fire, shall make good such loss or damage by the necessary repairs or reconstruction, or else surrender the insurance to the lessor.

"Section 4. Every such lease shall also contain a covenant on the part of the lessor, that upon the request in writing by the lessee or his representatives, before the expiration thereof, the premises, with the improvements, shall, if all of the conditions to be performed by the lessee have been satisfactorily performed, be put up at auction for a lease for a term of not over twenty years; unless said premises shall be required for public uses, of which the lessee shall receive at least one year's notice. Such auction sale shall be held not more than six months nor less than one month before the expiration of said term."

JAMES A. KING,

Minister of Interior.

GEO. MORROW & CO.

(ESTABLISHED 1854.)

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CHEAP FUEL



GET OUT into the Mountains!

SCENERY—Charming, picturesque, captivating, inspiring, majestic, sublime.

CLIMATE—Genial, bracing, invigorating, rejuvenating, upbuilding.

RECREATION—Rusticating, picnicking, camping, hunting, fishing, horseback-riding, boating, mountain-climbing excursions. Or rudo down to the

SEASHORE.

Magnificent hotels, toning and life-giving salt sea air, surf-bathing, boating, fishing, driving, wheeling, shell-gathering, and all sorts of pastimes.

The season for this sort of thought and action is upon us. All the world, and particularly that portion of it described by California, takes an outing once a year,—if it doesn't, it ought to.

While making up your mind where you will go, and concocting your itinerary, keep as many as possible of these places before your mind's eye:

Up Shasta Way—Tavern of Castle Crag, Sweet Briar Camp, Upper Soda Springs, Shasta Reata, Shasta Springs, Sisson's, Mt. Shasta Camp, Klamath Hot Springs, Lake County and Vicinity—Geysers, Aina Springs, Harbin, Anderson, Adams, Howard, Siegler, Highland and Bartlett Springs, Glenbrook, Soda Bay.

On Sierra Summits—Lake Tahoe Independence, Webber and Donner Lakes, Tallac, Deer Park Inn, Sunnyside, McKinney's, Rubicon Springs, Campbell Hot Springs, and a score more.

Yosemite and the Big Trees—

Santa Cruz Mountains—Los Gatos, Pacific Congress Springs, Glenwood, Felton, Ben Lomond, Boulder Creek.

Southward—Gilroy, Paraiso, Paso Robles, and Santa Vebal Hot Springs.

Along the Shore—Santa Cruz, Capitola, Del Monte, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Santa Barbara, Santa Monica, Long Beach, San Diego.

There will be REDUCED RATES to many of these places. If you haven't all needed information to complete that itinerary, call on the nearest Southern Pacific Company agent, or send to T. H. GOODMAN for resort folders.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From April 18, 1897.	ARRIVE
6:00 A.	Niles, San Jose, and Way Stations.	9:45 A.
7:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	8:45 P.
7:00 A.	Beocia, Vacaville, Runsey, Sacramento, Oroville, and Redding via Davis.	6:45 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Chico, Tehama, and Red Bluff.	4:15 P.
8:30 A.	Peters and Milton.	7:15 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Merced, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	Martinez and Stockton.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	Vallejo.	6:15 P.
9:00 A.	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, and Stockton.	7:15 P.
9:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	9:00 P.
1:00 P.	Niles, San Jose, and Livermore.	8:45 A.
11:15 P.	Port Costa and Way Stations.	17:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:15 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia, Vacaville, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville, and Sacramento.	11:15 A.
4:30 P.	Lathrop, Stockton, Modesto, Merced, Raymond (for Yosemite), and Fresno, going via Niles, returning via Martinez.	11:45 A.
5:00 P.	Los Angeles Express, Tracy, Fresno, Mojave (for Randburg), Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	7:45 A.
5:00 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	9:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.	7:45 A.
17:00 P.	Vallejo.	17:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	11:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge).

17:45 A.	Santa Cruz Excursion, Santa Cruz and Principal Way Stations.	18:05 P.
8:45 A.	Newark, Cotterville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Way Stations.	5:50 P.
*2:15 P.	Newark, Cotterville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz, and Principal Way Stations.	*11:20 A.
4:15 P.	Newark, San Jose, and Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts)

7:00 A.	San Jose and Way Stations (New Almaden Wednesdays only).	1:30 P.
9:00 A.	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo, Guadalupe, Surf, and Principal Way Stations.	4:15 P.
10:40 A.	San Jose and Way Stations.	6:30 P.
11:30 A.	Palo Alto and Way Stations.	5:00 P.
*2:30 P.	San Mateo, Menlo Park, San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, and Pacific Grove.	*10:40 A.
*3:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.	9:45 A.
*4:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.	*8:05 A.
5:30 P.	San Jose and Principal Way Stations.	8:45 A.
5:30 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
11:15 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.	17:45 P.

SAN LEANDRO AND HAYWARDS LOCAL.

7:15 A.		7:15 A.
8:00 A.		8:00 A.
9:00 A.		9:00 A.
10:00 A.	MELROSE, SEMINARY PARK,	11:45 A.
11:00 A.		12:45 P.
11:20 A.	FITCHBURG, SAN LEANDRO,	1:45 P.
2:00 P.		12:45 P.
3:00 P.	AND	4:45 P.
4:00 P.		5:45 P.
5:00 P.	HAYWARDS,	6:15 P.
5:30 P.		7:45 P.
7:00 P.		8:45 P.
8:00 P.		9:45 P.
9:00 P.	f Runs through to Niles.	10:50 P.
11:15 P.	f From Niles.	11:20 P.

CREEK ROUTE FERRY.

From SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market St. (Slip 8)—

7:15	9:00	11:00 A. M.	12:00	2:00	13:00
4:00					5:00 P. M.

From OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—

7:00	9:00	11:00 A. M.	12:00	3:00	14:00
5:00					6:00 P. M.

A for Morning, P for Afternoon, * Sundays excepted.

† Saturdays only, ‡ Sundays only.

§ Monday, Thursday, and Saturday nights only.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

She—"Are Mrs. Slinger's daughters at a marriageable age?" He—"Not now."—Puck.

Gildersteel—"They say there are microbes in whisky." Wilberforce—"And air-ships, too."—Puck.

"Miss Highsee is a beautiful singer, isn't she?" "Very. That was all that made her singing endurable."—Washington Times.

Waiter—"Gent at third table wants a hot roll." Cook—"Hot roll? He must think we have money to burn."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

When a tandem couple quarrel in Chicago they go into court and sue for separate wheels and maintenance.—New Orleans Picayune.

Getting around it: "Your wife bought these cigars, didn't she?" "Yes; how did you guess it?" "They're in such a pretty box."—Jugend.

Not coming their way: "New York people were disgusted with that earthquake." "Why?" "It moved from east to west."—Chicago Record.

"I don't believe Jagway will ever go on another yacht cruise." "Why not?" "He says he has lost all desire since he took the Keeley cure."—Brooklyn Life.

Just the thing: Author—"I have a dialect story I want to sell you." Editor—"In what dialect is it?" Author—"I don't know." Editor—"I'll take it."—Truth.

Base—"Was that baby talk your wife was talking as I came in?" Fogg—"That was mother talk; no baby I ever saw indulged in such gibberish."—Boston Transcript.

"How the dickens did you happen to speak of the 'bottle-ship Kentucky'?" asked the unwelcome visitor. "Association of ideas, I guess," said the editor.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Economical and wealthy father—"Do you know, my son, what strict economy would do for you?" Robert—"I know what it has done for me, father, and I respect you for it."—Harlem Life.

A real surprise: Ethel—"So he dropped right down on his knees and proposed? Dear me! Did you say, 'this is so sudden'?" Penelope—"Oh, no! It was so unexpected, you know!"—Puck.

Mrs. Peck—"If I had my life to go over again, I wouldn't marry the best man alive." Mr. H. Peck (his chance at last)—"You bet you wouldn't. I wouldn't ask you to."—Philadelphia North American.

The butler—"Hand hevery night at the hour of midnight the ghost happears and groans and wrings its hands." American tourist—"Ah! Must have died in the cucumber season."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Amateur theatrical heroine (indignantly)—"You say you don't think the persons in the back of the audience can hear us speak our lines?" Professional coacheer—"No; but don't let that worry you. They can hear the prompter; so they won't lose track of the play."—Puck.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—"Here's an item which says: 'In a railway collision in North Carolina a four-year-old child at an open car-window was thrown out of the window by the shock and escaped injury.'" Mr. Crimsonbeak—"How in the world do you suppose they ever managed to get the window open?"—Yonkers Statesman.

It was past midnight, and M. Ivremort was fumbling in the hall and mumbling angrily to himself. "What's the matter?" called out Mme. Ivremort from the floor above. "There's two hat-racks here," he answered, "and I don't know which one to hang my hat on." "Oh, hang one on each and come to bed."—Petit Journal Pour Rire.

"What would you do if I turned you down?" she shyly asked, as they sat on the sofa. The young man looked straight ahead, but said nothing. After a silence lasting about a minute and a half she nudged him with her elbow and said, "Didn't you hear my question?" He looked around, alarmed. "I beg your pardon," he replied; "I thought you were addressing the gas."—Puck.

"Last night," said the Pessimist, "I went all over this town trying to find a person who seemed to be enjoying himself." "How many did you find?" "Not one," said the Pessimist, gloomily. "If you had come up to my room about twelve-thirty," remarked the Optimist, "you might have seen one." "Humph," said the Pessimist, "and what were you doing?" "I was asleep," said the Optimist.—Boston Budget.

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